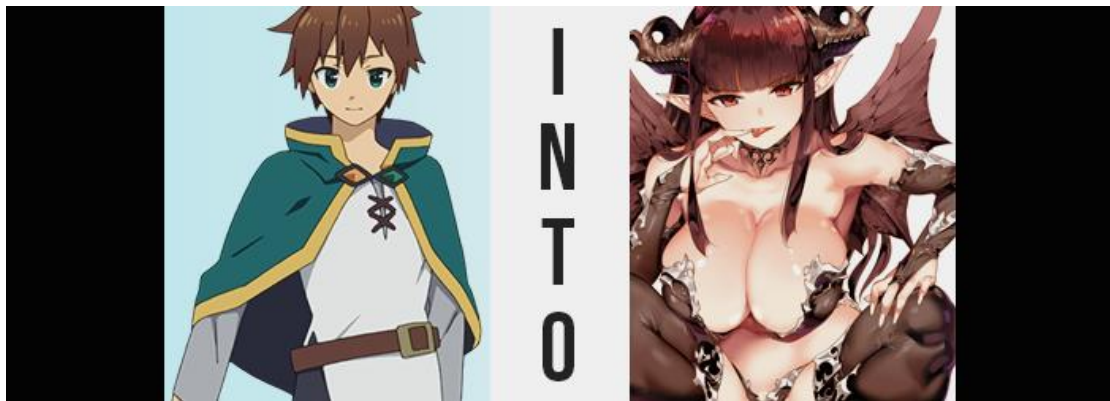


THE CAFE BACK ROOM

DECEMBER REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



"It really is just a normal cafe during the day, huh?" Kazuma Satou mused as he took a sip of his coffee, sitting at one of the tables closest to the counter in the Succubus Cafe. It was a popular snack and beverage spot during the daytime, and yet the boy also knew its deep, dark secret. At night it was no better than a brothel; an establishment of distorted dreams where any many could live any sexual pleasure to his wildest fantasy. Not that he was a regular patron, but it was a necessary evil in trying times -- that's how the young man saw it. It was a well-kept secret and needed to stay that way.

He'd been visiting that morning just to grab a drink and check on things, not thinking to bring Aqua, Megumi, or Darkness. It wasn't *supposed* to be a concerning visit -- after all, the cafe front of the business was actually pretty damn good. But eventually the young adventurer found his peace disturbed by the most powerful of enemies. **"Damn... I really need to piss."** Well, sitting around and drinking coffee all morning wasn't necessarily the kindest thing to do to one's bladder.

He moved cooly to the cafe's back room, navigating the space by memory since he'd used the toilet there before but... The room he found himself in? Wasn't a bathroom at all. It was dark and the scent of sex hung in the air. Toys were scattered about, at least from what he could see thanks to the light filtering in through the open door. There was something almost sinister about it. Was that BDSM gear in the corner?

Kazuma was torn. Horny as always he was infinitely curious, but also he knew better than to mess with the succubi here. Though... they clearly had no issue with messing with him, as a pair of small hands pressed up against his back and shoved him inside, door slamming shut and locking behind him. **"H-HEY! LET ME OUT!"** If he was just

trapped under normal circumstances then it wouldn't be as bad, *but he really had to piss!*

Banging on the door didn't seem to yield any results. He was pretty far back he guessed, so maybe that was to be considered. The light of the room was so dim that he didn't even notice the gas that wafted in from the floorboards below, dark purple in color and potent in scent -- it was the source of the 'sex smell' he'd identified previously. "Well, it's their fault for locking me in here so..." Shuffling over into the corner of the room he began to piss without shame in the corner. It was brief, but he found his mind wandering as he emptied his bladder.

Weren't piss kinks a thing? How would a succubus optimize fulfilling that fetish? Did they just have to hold it a long time, or was there some kind of spell? It wasn't just idle wondering though, it almost felt a little personal -- like it was something he desired to know so he could do it later if needed.

"Uhh..." Which, yeah, wasn't something he'd ever weighed before. "**It's getting a little chilly in here too... WHA!?**" It didn't take him very long to realize why. Going to re-button his pants, he took hold of the material and it just evaporated. It wasn't unique to his pants either, and before he knew it he was standing butt naked in the windowless sex room. "**Grr... Now I'm going to get *those girls* to buy me new clothes too.**" There was a weird inflection when he spoke of the cafe staff. It held something like longing; no, desire? It was almost weightless and flirty, like he was thinking about how he might toy with them.

And as tongue ran across his lips, he found himself doing just that.

Unbeknownst to Kazuma at the time, the curves of his ears were beginning to narrow and sharpen, notable points taking shape like one might expect on a demon. Or a succubus.

His loins physically ached, dick found hard after he completed urinated. He had enough sense to keep fingers off of it in case someone was watching and this was some sort of trap, but a rippling need was beginning to assail him from the top of his head to the tips of his toes. Naturally, he begun to register that more was wrong than just a mere loss of attire. "**Uh... Is staying in here bad?**" His attention turned back to the door, the adventurer found each step was becoming little more than a slog. He didn't feel like he was tired or out of energy, it just felt like his form was resisting the fundamental plan to leave. Or was it his subconscious? Did he actually *want* to stay here on some level?

Pressure began to build at four points around the boy's body. Two spots atop his head, each just slightly above one of his now long and pointed ears. Two spots just a little above the dead center of his back. The intensity of this pressure grew and grew until Kazuma himself thought his body was about to burst, and in the end? It did.

All four points at once erupted, blood splattering up and out depending on which part of his body the point was located on. Atop his skull it was a pair of horns that emerged, dark and curled towards the back. But behind him? A pair of wings that twitched uncomfortably as his nerves and brain adjusted to their existence. All it took was the boy looking back to let out a scream so loud it was almost deafening. **"I look like a fucking monster!?"** Of course this was merely his initial reaction, and after a moment where the pain subsided and chills began to wrack the boy's body, he came to a different conclusion. **"Aren't these like the succubi that work here? Am I becoming an incubus?"** It would have been the logical conclusion all things considered. Logical, but logic did not predict the next sentence that would come out of his swelling lips. **"I really want to *ride* an incubus."**

A pause hung in the air, filthy thoughts that had temporarily plagued him settling into mind. **"WAIT WHAT THE HELL!? I'VE NEVER WANTED TO FUCK A DUDE BEFORE!"** It was almost an anguished cry. Or would have been had he not licked his lips immediately after, taking stock of how pronounced they'd become.

In fact it wasn't merely his lips. Looking at his body now, it was almost as if he were glowing. Not in the literally sense -- his body wasn't emitting light. It was just, compared to the barely chiseled shape he normally possessed, there was an unforgettable plumpness overwriting his form at every point. Arms no longer looked muscular, instead looking just the slightest bit plump in a sexy way, like you could dig fingers into them and leave impressions. His stomach? There were abs, but they were vaguely concealed encroaching fat that buried them and retained strength only for flexibility. The overall shape of his stomach had begun to crunch inward as well, bringing Kazuma a more androgynous appearance while very slowly shifting him from one side of the spectrum to the other. After all: for every inch his stomach crunched *in*, his hips would flare *out* an inch.

Brown hair soon tickled the boy's neck, the browns of his eyes too mixed with a reddish glow that brought with it an enhanced ability to see within this darkness. He could see all of the sex items scattered around with more clarity now, and while he definitely couldn't have fathomed how to use them before, that knowledge was very quickly being implanted within him. He wanted... to use some. But more than anything he wanted to *fuck a person*? That wasn't too different from the norm, but the intensity and indifference to the person was. Under normal circumstance he 100% would have only settled for a hot girl, but right now it didn't even matter if she was hot. Hell, he would have almost preferred that it wasn't a girl.

"What is... happening... to me..." The boy's Adam's apple had faded, and with each word spoken, his voice was corrupted; pitch shooting higher but gaining an intentionally provocative hum to it so that it could entice anyone into laying with him. He could no longer keep fingers off his rock hard dick, but once now-clawed and softened digits ran across its base, he found it had almost dwindled into obscurity. Which, admittedly, was for the best considering the resistance he'd felt to even putting his hand between his legs.

His thighs had swollen dramatically, and they were pressing into each other to the point that if his dick had been at full-mast it would have been crushed under their shiny and supple skin. Ass ballooned in kind as well, the shifting weight bringing Kazuma to stumble as balance attempted to accommodate. Red eyes flashed behind him, but with the wings in the way he really had a hard time seeing even as they became round and fleshy. Somehow he could picture their size in his head, though. Not to mention all of the fun things he could do with them. He'd never considered taking it in the ass before, but wasn't it sounding like a much better idea?

The farther he fell into fantasy, the deeper the crimson upon his cheeks became and the more feminine the shape of his maw was overall. Plump lips aside, there was now girlish flutter to his lashes that really brought the narrower facial structure together. **"I really want to fuck."**, she practically moaned, and she the woman most certainly was. What was left of the nub of her dick slid inside of her, and no sooner than it had did two fingers plunge in after it. Pubic hair above rearranged itself into a heart-shaped pattern that pointed towards her new pussy, which *really* brought the ensemble together.

Needless to say, she had become completely overwhelmed by the true nature of a succubi. She was a little too intense about it though, almost like she couldn't fixate on anything else. Removing the fingers from her snatch they were wet and sticky, but she merely smeared the fluid on his inner thigh as she walked with natural, sultry gait towards the door. Ever step saw her huge ass bounce from one side to the other, a newly emerged and forked tail wriggling around.

Kazuma banged on the door again. **"GIVE ME SOMEONE TO FUUUUCK!"**. She wanted prey. She was hungry. And the hungrier she became, the more her tits soon swelled. Just a little at first, bringing the sex of a woman to an otherwise bare and masculine chest, but before longer they'd swelled up into a reasonable cup size. The succubus was desperate and slammed her whole body into the door, resting her chest against the wood even as it was expanding. That served to be fruitless however, and as they bounced into G-cuocs she found herself pushed back by the squishy flesh, and she soon began rubbing her nipples desperately against the door.

All while hoping she didn't get a splinter.

"Um... Onee-sama...?" Eventually a flap opened in the top of the door, revealing light and peering eyes that illuminated the room just a little. It was another succubus, a much younger one than that. **"Oh... Did someone throw you in here? Poor thing. No mortals are supposed to enter the back room, else... they become one of us. But um..."** Seeing the sorry state Kazuma was in, she could only think that maybe this was good? She looked needy and her form was so abundant and supple. They could bring in a lot of money with a body like that. But first... she had to be broken in. **"I guess I can get you... someone to fuck, that is..."**

Didn't the owner know a rather burly minotaur man?