

# Demonessvania Part 2

40 Years Ago

His eyes blinked as he adjusted to the light coming through the window. Sleep came with difficulty the night before. No wonder, this was the first time he would be going on an actual adventure! With The Captain and The Elder as well!

It was what he had been training for since he was barely ten years old. Helping people from foul demons, that was his life's calling. The eagerness ran through his muscles as he jumped from the bed and began dressing himself.

Soon afterwards there was a knock on the door his room, right before The Elder came in.

"Ahh... you are already awake." The old man said with his gentle voice. "Eager I see."

Nicolas nodded as his blonde hair fell over his face grinning face. He was dashing and he knew it. Many of the girls from the town looked at him as if he were a hero from a song. Which he used to get away with sneaking into their beds. Of course, he loved the feeling, it boosted his ego. Yet he knew, even though he was young, that motivation like that should also be used in training.

Fully dressed in his armor of chainmail and boiled leather, he left the room with The Elder and walked out in front of the house. It was a large building, made for The Captain and his men to live in and train. The early sun of the day fell upon them, announcing a warm day ahead of them.

"Finally!" The Captain bellowed in his hard yet cheerful voice. "I thought we would leave without you."

Nicolas only flashed a grin, one of those that the girls loved and retorted.

"Hardly anyone is awake my lord. And I doubt any demon slaying would be possible without me."

The Captain barked a hearty laugh, while The Elder chuckled silently.

Soon afterwards more men came into the yard and they all got upon their horses before the party left the town behind and went straight into the forest.

"Seems like yesterday we found you in these woods." The Elder told Nicolas warmly. "I am so proud to see you become such a fine young man."

"A fine young man with a thirst for women!" Barked The Captain again.

"Don't tease the lad. It's his first hunt." The old man added gently.

“It’s alright Elder. He has the right of it. But I’m ready. My thirst for saving people, helping all of you... it outweighs anything else in the world.” Nicolas said with a confident glint in his eye.

“Did you read the report lad?” Asked The Captain.

“Yes.” Nicolas nodded. “A succubus castle has appeared. We must enter it and slay the head succubus or they will continue spreading. Infesting the land with their corruption until all, men AND women become their slaves.”

The Elder nodded solemnly.

“There is still much for you to learn lad. But you are ready for this. I believe in you. Succubi are cunning, intelligent and conniving. But their strength is lackluster. Be smart yourself and you will come out alive.” The Captain told him with a proud pat on his back.

Nicolas felt proud as well. This is where his story began.

A few hours later they were in front of the sinister castle. The smell of blood was already thick before they even entered. But, much to Nicolas’ surprise, there was something else. Something sugary, maybe even sweet in the scent as well.

He could not concentrate on the smell for long as, even the main luxurious entrance was filled with corpses. Smearred with blood and a white liquid that he found rather strange. Most of the bodies looked like husks, with a surprising look of joy plastered across their crooked faces.

“Tis the work of a succubus lad. They will drain you of your life whilst cutting you and bringing you great pain, but in time you learn to love it. Yearn for it.” The Captain explained. “That is how they enslave you.”

Nicolas nodded as the sounds of sinister, female chuckles echoed in the distance followed by terrible screams. Before the captain could give them the order the entry room started melting, devouring the bodies upon the floor and forming into dozens of different shapes.

Next thing he knew, as the melting and molding walls came into place, he was alone. Not a single member of his party was to be seen. He knew he could not call for the others, the element of surprise, if it was even there anymore, was on their side.

Nicolas took a deep breath, drew the blade The Elder had made for him... and walked into the darkness of the halls. He wandered for what seemed like hours, carefully checking corners and doors. But there was no one to be seen. Yet the cackling always felt nearer and more sinister... more sadistic.

Finally, he opened a door that seemed like any other. Yet, beyond it, he saw a picture that chilled him to the bone.

In the middle of the dark, richly decorated room, stood a demoness. Her strong, tight, leathery tail held one of the party members by the throat, clearly making it hard to breathe for the man. He was blue in the face yet, just like the men he saw in the entry hall, he had a stupefied smile on his lip.

“Ahhhhhhh...” She sighed as she turned towards Nicolas. It was a sight of pleasure, one that came with sadism and eagerness to harm others.

Even through her demonic features, or maybe because of them, she looked stunning. Devilishly so. Her sharp beauty and hourglass figure were impeccably hugged by a dark catsuit, thigh high boots and long gloves. To his eyes, it was difficult to tell if the outfit was a part of her or only clothing. A drip caught his eye, as it fell from her claws, violet in color.

“What a handsome young man we have here.” She said while casually turning towards Nicolas. Absently, she cut the chest of the dangling party member with her sharp claw. Drawing blood, Nicolas could see the violet liquid enter his bloodstream.

“Let him go.” Nicolas said striking an overly dramatic pose. The team member struggled in her clutch and it was only then that Nicolas saw that his cock was standing as high as a pole. Even his eyes started rolling to the back of his head.

*Her beauty, that is why I didn't notice that he was naked. She is hypnotic and she has barely done anything.*

“Oh?” The demoness pouted, her dark lips twisting into a sinister smile. “Are you jealous already?”

Her claws ripped at her victims skin as he moaned in delight.

*He loves this... so this is the power of a demoness...*

“No. I just want to see you dead.” Nicolas spoke with a taunting tone. “I find you repulsive.”

She grinned evilly, as he lied, before she flicked the cock of her prey.

“Repulsive? That is what brave boys say before they fall upon their knees before me. So shall you.” She giggled and the intonations seemed to reverberate like earthquakes deep within his soul. Nicolas felt his knees buckle and his bravery falter as the man shot his load into the air.

The demoness licked her cum soaked claw and continued to smile, barely paying attention to her captive. While Nicolas stared at the sight, not daring to move, as the bound man continued to cum into oblivion. His face became an even darker shade of blue as the demoness tightened her grip, yet it seemed the more she strangled him the more he came. His body was rocked with orgasm after orgasm.

“This will be your fate as well.” She chuckled as she placed a gloved hand upon her hip. With the other she tickled the man's chin. “I will turn you into a mewling, stupid, slave that thinks of nothing but pain and pleasure at my feet. Your soul and mind will break beneath my boot until there is nothing left of your former self, nothing at all. Then, your life will come to an end. You will love me even as I kill you, yet I will feel nothing for you. You shall be nothing but another empty husk that I have drained of willpower, life and sanity.”

Her voice was oppressive, lofty with conceit and sadism. But it also encased his mind in fear and longing for the promises she had made. Evil as they were.

Clearly bored of her victim and without giving him another look, the demoness snapped her victims neck, his shriveled form falling upon the floor at her feet. Gently, with enchanting movement, she placed her boot heel upon the man's neck before lifting her playful, evil gaze towards Nicolas.

“My name is Evelyn. But soon, you shall call me mistress.”