

Xeal was the first succubi to ever do porn.

Succubi were wicked spirits; shapeshifters that could take the form of beautiful women to seduce unsuspecting men. They fed on their victim's sexual energies, like a parasite, leaving the men weak and exhausted.

While stories often idolized succubi as creatures of wit and beauty, the truth was that their existence was often quite desperate. They were thin, frail, and inclined to fight with one another, such that existence was a constant struggle for sustenance. They didn't make gentle love, but ate voraciously, throwing themselves at their mates in bouts of bestial lust.

In their natural forms, they were thin. Bony. Ribs showed. Their bat wings were more frail than threatening, and their breasts, such as they had any, were flat. It was little wonder that they used their powers of shapeshifting to acquire targets.

Xeal lived in the United States in the year 1867. Like many succubi, she had followed the armies of the Union and the Confederacy, seducing away lonely soldiers. It was easy, for no one in the camp cared about a passing whore. But with the war's end, she was forced to return to proper human civilization—with its nosey priests and its laws against prostitution.

She was in New York, in the spring, standing on a street corner in her most beautiful disguise, when a young gentlemen in a fine coach approached her. She smiled and asked if he had business, and he said that he did, but his request was of a most unusual variety. He took her not to his home, but to a studio in the uptown, where he told her to strip naked and pose on a couch while a man took her picture. The whole process annoyed her. It took a good half-hour, and she got nothing out of it but useless *money*. By the time they were done, she could barely contain her bitterness, snatching the money out of her client's hands and storming out onto the street.

She was two blocks away when she felt a tingle in the back of her throat; a sensation so strange that at first she was certain she was imagining it. But when she took a breath, licked her lips, and cleared her mind, the sensation remained. There was nothing about her, nothing in her mouth, but what she was experiencing was the unmistakable feeling of a man's cock down her throat.

She licked her lips. Licked the empty air inside her mouth. It was as though the motion of her tongue urged him on, and she felt him pop, felt his seed splatter inside her. Of course she swallowed. All succubi swallowed every drop they were offered. And the sustenance was real, a little bit of his magical energies flowing into her stomach to sustain her.

It took her a full week to figure out what had happened. Men had painted portraits of succubi before, but nothing had ever come of it. And yet, something about the photograph caused it to

act as a link to her. When the gentlemen looked at her photograph and touched himself, he was, in the spiritual sense, touching her.

During that week, the wealthy gentlemen who took her picture masturbated to her image twice more, feeding her without her having to exert the slightest effort. And so she returned to the photograph, and gave him the money she had once thought useless, paying him to take another dozen identical photographs of herself.

Tentatively, a hint of a smile on her face, she handed the photographs out to her usual clients, and then returned to her apartment to wait. Within an hour, she felt a man's cock slide gently into her pussy, the nature of the insertion evidently depending on the nature of his fantasy. Groaning, biting her lip, she squeezed her herself around his shaft, and urged him on with her body exactly like he was there in the room.

He popped. She fed. Not half an hour later, her second client slid himself between her breasts.

Xeal was a beautiful whore, someone who could demand high prices when she cared to, and while she enjoyed having an apartment to herself, she didn't eat or have many other mortal expenses. Over the next several weeks, her whoring amassed a significant amount of money, all of which she spent on photographs. Sometimes she was naked, sometimes in lingerie, sometimes with handsome men. She handed out dozens of the things.

A month later, there was a gathering of succubi—a *coven* was the traditional term. While they were not friendly spirits, they could work together temporarily to discuss matters of common interest. Members of the coven warned of new priests in town who were capable exorcists, or of law-men intent on enforcing morality statutes against prostitution.

Of course, the entire meeting was conducted in disguise. What if a passing mortal blundered in, or peeked in through the window? The form Xeal had chosen for the gathering was classic: a blonde woman, early twenties, hair down well past her shoulders, thin waist but full C-cup breasts, and clad in an elegant dress. She socialized with her fellows, talked about this and that, but she hadn't intended to mention the photographs. They were her idea, and she didn't see a need to share the information.

Until, partway through the meeting, someone with one of her photographs touched himself, and she felt his shaft slip into her ass. At first, she enjoyed the challenge, squeezing him and urging him on as she continued to smile and make smalltalk to the others.

But then, by a stroke of bad luck, a second client began to touch himself at the same time, and she felt him slide into her slit. Then another, pawing at her breasts. Xeal couldn't hide her pleasure: she was biting her lip, groaning, bucking her hips.

"What's she doing?" someone asked.

“She’s feeding,” said another, though in tones of disbelief. “How?”

Put on the spot, Xeal opened her mouth to explain, but a deep moan overtook her. “I’ve been taking up sorcery,” she stammered. “My spells let me drain men anywhere in the world.”

“You’re not a sorceress,” scoffed a succubus named Tael, an old rival of Xeal’s. “She’s acting. Pretending she has a man to—”

“Tael,” Xeal groaned. “Not to interrupt you, but it’s getting a little hard to focus on what you’re saying when I’ve got two dicks inside me.” She moaned, pawing at her own breasts. “And the one in my ass is pretty big.”

The whole room fell silent, watching her as she thrust her hips in the air, moaned, groaned, and finally got all three of the men off, soaking in their energies. As she straightened up, grinning and sweaty, someone asked: “Why did you make your breasts bigger?”

“What do you mean?” Xeal asked, but when she looked down, she found that her breasts were indeed bigger—her imaginary blonde’s respectable C-cup now closer to a D-cup. After a moment’s uncertain contemplation, she dropped her disguise.

The room gasped. Xeal had breasts—real ones. Small, to be sure, only A-cups, but she was the only succubi in the room whose true form wasn’t flat as a board. And there was more. While she was thin, her ribs didn’t show. Her bat wings didn’t seem quite so frail as they once had. Her hair was not ratty, but taking on a rich red shine.

It only made her grin brighter. The dress had been a part of her disguise, and so she was buck naked as she placed her hands on her hips. “See?” she said. “Sorcery.”

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Of course, there were several succubi who yet suspected she was not a sorceress, but none of them were brave enough to speak up. And Xeal left the meeting feeling quite smug, and while succubi could never be sexually satisfied, she was certainly pleased with how her session had gone.

A normal succubi, working hard, might be able to have sex with two or three men a night. But Xeal distributed photographs until she was receiving the energies of two or three men an hour. She’d lie back in her apartment, moaning, groaning, sucking, being squeezed and handled and pounded, always eating her fill.

Her natural form grew strong. Rail-thin limbs grew taut muscle, scraggly knot-hair turned to rich red strands, her two little nubs grew out into full ram's horns. She began to look healthy, powerful, and others noticed.

One day, Tael knocked at Xeal's door. When Xeal answered, she was in a form much like that from the coven—blonde, curvy, young and elegant—but her chest was of a greater size, now a full double-D.

"It's me, Tael," she identified herself. "Can we talk?"

"Sure," Xeal said, letting her in. "But word of warning, a man might come for me at any time."

"Yeah yeah," Tael grumbled, looking over Xeal's place. It was unfurnished, save for an expansive bed. "Why did you make your breasts even bigger?"

"It's hard not to," Xeal explained. "The bigger my real breasts get, the bigger all my disguises get. I can 'suck in my gut' if I try." By way of demonstration, she momentarily shrunk her breasts down to B-cups. But with a sudden sigh, she let herself go, and they swelled back to their former size. "But it's an effort."

"Oh. How, um..." She hesitated. "What does your real form look like now?"

"If I'm getting naked," Xeal teased. "You have too as well."

They both dropped their disguises. Tael looked the way a succubi was supposed to look: thin, scraggly, weak, dirty. But Xeal?

She was a young woman. Mid-twenties, tanned skin, eyes like coal. Her hair was a rich, shiny blood red that spilled down to her waist, and that hung trapped between the curves of her two massive ram's horns. Her skin was smooth, her teeth a brilliant white unmarred by the presence of her fangs, and from her back spilled two muscled bat wings.

Her womanly features had grown too. Grown until neither of them doubted she was more of a woman than Tael. Her breasts were not as large as those of her disguise, but they were still plump C-cups, her hips had flared out into a rich curve, and her rear had become plump and taut.

"Like what you see?" Xeal grinned.

"Teach me," Tael begged. "Teach me how to do this. I'm... I'm hungry, Xeal. I'm always hungry and you clearly have more than you need."

"I'll help you," Xeal agreed at once. "But I won't teach you the trick. If you're hungry, do as I say, run my errands, serve my interests..." She reached down with a hand and slid a single finger into her pussy. "And you can feed on me."

"On you?" Tael hesitated. "But we're both women. I..."

"I'm *horny*," Xeal grinned. "A real succubi would know what that's like. So if you want to eat? Get over here..." She gestured at her own waist. "And kneel."

Slowly, naked, Tael knelt before Xeal. She leaned forward, pressing her lips to Tael's pussy, and slid her tongue in between her lips. She ate as much as Tael would let her take.

Which was something, but not as much as she wanted. They were interrupted when two men slid into Xeal at once.

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Tael didn't know why Xeal needed money, but she faithfully completed the missions she was given, raising funds and handing it over. Xeal fed her, and in their coven, the two became known as lovers.

The distribution of pictures continued, using all the money at Tael collected. Soon there were hundreds of them floating around New York. Xeal was dozens of different girls, depending on what photo she was in. Every hour, she was screaming in bed, thrashing, moaning, making Tael and the neighbors jealous.

When the time came for their next coven meeting, she told Tael: "I'm going to recruit more people like you. More minions. I have the energy to spare. I want a *harem*."

"You don't think you get enough sex already?" Tael asked.

"Never." Xeal laughed. "I love having you as my servant. It makes me feel powerful. Just think of how good it will feel when dozens of those stuck-up bitches are kissing my ass." She winked. "Don't worry though. You'll always be number one."

"Sure," Tael said, with a sigh. "Well, let's go."

They both assumed their disguises. Tael was going as a slight colored woman, with rich dark hair and striking green eyes. Xeal planned to go in her usual blonde form with the double-D breasts. But no sooner had she assumed it than her breasts swelled up, up and out. Her dress tore, and her body pitched forward.

"They're the size of melons!" Tael gasped.

They were indeed. Xael's breasts had swollen past any mortal woman's proportions, each of the size of a cantaloupe, plump and firm and topped with tiny pink nipples. The weight was so much she couldn't quite sit up straight, and her torso leaned forward a few degrees.

"It's... fine," she groaned. "I just need to suck it in." Which she did, shrinking them back down to double-D cups.

But a moment later, a man inserted himself into her pussy, and she lost her concentration. Her breasts burst forward to their full cantaloupe size, their tiny pink nipples only emphasizing how large her bust had become. She groaned, shivering with the delightful sensation.

"A... a man," she hissed. "Give it a second. I'll fix it once he's done."

But then she bit her lip and said. "No, there's a second. This one's in my ass. Oh!" She groaned. "And a third in my bust. This is the most I've ever had at..."

A fourth man started to squeeze her nipples, but she couldn't say anything. The fifth man had already put his shaft into her mouth, and she was sucking for all she was worth. She moaned, groaned, cried out with the joy of the sex.

And as Tael watched, her bust slowly swelled.