

# Sucks to Be a Succubus (Uptight Lady Boss to Lusty Succubus)

By FoxFaceStories

*An uptight and overbearing boss is constantly hounding her workers to do better, offering all the stick and none of the carrot. But when she runs afoul of a demonic artefact, she finds herself turned into a sexy red-skinned succubus, complete with horns, fangs, and a sultry tail to go with her red skin. And, of course, a desperate need to pleasure her employees to lift their worker spirits.*

## Sucks to be a Succubus

Becca moaned as she sucked on Greg's big, thick cock, using her extended forked tongue to wrap right around it and tug him off. He tasted wonderful, all manly scents and masculine essence, and despite his overweight figure and bald spot there was nothing more sexy in her eyes at that moment. It made her tail flicker, whipping against his leg lightly as he held her horns. It kept her head in place, ensuring she would finish giving him the best damn blowjob of his life. Not that she needed the encouragement: she didn't just desire this, her body *ached* for it. *Yearned* for it.

Had been *made* for it.

"S-so close!" Greg grunted in his milquetoaste tone. "Ahhh, you're the b-best, boss!"

She stroked his shaft with her red fingers, loving the contrast of his pale flesh to her fiery tone. She cupped his balls, squeezing them just lightly enough that he finally gasped and released. What followed was a veritable *torrent* of cum. It spurted from his fountainhead and right down her throat. She had no gag reflex; he was buried deep within her and it was entirely wonderful. She deepthroated him, taking in all of his manly juices, drinking in the warmth of his seed and letting it settle in her belly. It caused her to orgasm too, her large red breasts bouncing freely as she moaned. Her golden, black-slitted eyes rolled into the back of her head in response to it all, another wave of orgasms hitting after the first few.

Finally, she pulled back, polishing off any semen remaining from his cock and then standing up to run her nails down his chest.

"Mhmmm, did you like your performance review, Greg?" she asked.

The large man nodded excitedly, sweating from the experience.

"S-sure did, boss. Wow. Thanks, boss!"

"Call me Becca," she said, licking her lips. She posed, unable to help herself, placing one taloned hand on her wide hip and letting her spaded tail flicker to one side. She knew she looked damn hot - literally, given her demonic status - and was more than happy to show it off, especially to lift the spirits of her staff.

“B-Becca,” Greg said nervously, pulling his pants back up. “I’m so glad you liked my work.”

She moaned, grinning as she bit her lip. She stepped forward, her taloned feet possessing a natural high heel that was even better emphasised by the way she moved one foot directly in front of the other. She slid her fingers down his chest, cooing as she drew near his face, so very, very close.

“I’m very pleased, Greg,” she said, purring into his ear. “But I think we both know that you’ve been taking too many meaningless breaks during rush hour.”

He gulped. “Oh, um, yeah. I supposed I have.”

She kissed him on the cheek, slid her hand down to cup his still slightly-hard cock in his pants. “I’ll tell you what. I’ll let you keep using *this* on me, if you have the courage to be there when the big calls come in. Think of it as a quid pro quo, Greg. Something for someone.”

“Um, I think it’s something for *something*.”

She turned away, letting him look at her red derriere as she flicked her tail near his face. She turned her expression back to him, aware that she was putting on a show.

“Trust me, I know what I said, Greg. Now go on and be a good little employee. And make sure to send in Harper. I want her to know just how much I appreciate her latest margins.”

He hurried out, thanking her awkwardly, and letting the curly-haired, dark-skinned woman in next. She was young but ambitious, but still had the smell of youthful naivete to her. She gasped as she saw the succubus. Everyone knew that Becca was one now, of course. She strutted around in her tight-fitting business suit, her cleavage on display, her horns and tail and talons and red skin all obvious thanks to its special tailoring. But now she was wearing only her black lingerie, and she grinned deliciously at Harper’s entrance.

“Um, you wanted to see me, Ma’am?”

Becca could already feel the heat rising within her. That need. That hunger. The life energy she needed that could only come from the sinful pleasures of the flesh.

“I wanted to see you, Harper, indeed. All of you,” she said.

She strode forward, already aware that Harper was captivated by her demonically attractive form.

Becca hadn’t always been this way, of course. Once she had been an uptight and overbearing boss, severe in her appearance despite her natural attractiveness, and always hounding her workers at every opportunity. She wanted to climb the ladder in her corporate sector, and that meant making sure her office branch was the best in the damn state - no, the best in the damn *country*! She knew the office workers hated her, and it also meant she had a high turnover as well, something she viewed as a weakness in the workers who were

unable to get, as she put it, “with the program.” All that matters was making sure the line of profits went up, and the costs of doing business went down. She would keep people working during holidays, cut bonus pay at the local level, and always be hovering over the shoulders of the computer boys and call centre groups to ensure they were never, ever taking more than their most minimal breaks. She even interrogated them when they were within the acceptable limits, just in case.

Becca assumed that her path would lead to her becoming a widely respected and feared individual. Instead, she had an altogether different kind of change. One day, she received a package at work, apparently left to her by a former employee. She assumed, foolishly, that it was simply a series of papers and documents that were required to be handed over. Nothing could be further than the truth. Instead, when she opened it, she found a strange glowing rock; black volcanic shard with a kind of living flame within. Curious, she touched its warmth, somehow hypnotised by it.

The effects were immediate and very, very public.

Her body rapidly transformed, pleasure and heat rushing through her in a way that was impossible to fathom for anyone else. She moaned aloud in orgiastic ecstasy, horrified but unable to halt the waves of bliss, even as her clothing burned away to cinders. Employees rushed to see what was happening, but they could only hold back, watching from a distance, as the hot flames continued to surround her and transform her.

Her blonde hair turned dark, spilling out from its tight ponytail to luscious curls down her back. Her skin turned a dark crimson red, losing all signs of blemish and age, leaving her looking thirty years old, thirty five at the very most. Her breasts grew, becoming large and heavy and teardrop perfect, more than a handful for any man. Her figure became even more attractive, with wide hips and a thinner waist, and her legs grew longer. In fact, she gained several inches of height, leaving her a statuesque stunner. But other, even stranger changes occurred. She developed two dark red horns from the top of her forehead. Her ears developed points. Her eyes turned golden with black slits like those of a snake. A long spaded tail slid out from above her now impressive rear. Her teeth became sharp, particularly her canines. And most of all, she developed an overwhelming lust that could not be controlled. She felt it immediately; a need to have sex with not just one of her employees, but all of them, multiple times.

The flames died down, and the crowd bore witness to the birth of a new succubus. It was only then that she saw the message in flame in the air before her, slowly fading into nothingness.

*‘You were such an uptight bitch of a boss, Becca. I hope you have a ‘hell’ of a time living as a sex-starved succubus, because that’s what you are now!’*

Her long fork-tongue slithered out of her mouth as she took this information in, as well as taking in the men (and women) around her. All were now attractive in her eyes, no matter their age or size or gender. She had never, ever slept with someone at work before, let alone an underling. But as several people began to ask if she was alright, her mind was already in the throes of addiction.

“I need . . . I need all of you to go back to work,” she managed to mutter. “And I’ll c-call each of you in f-for a personal discussion of what just happened. Okay?”

One can imagine what those ‘personal discussions’ actually entailed

Ever since then, Becca has gone from a hated boss to a beloved one. Her sexy demonic form is always very much on display, and she is constantly lifting the spirits of her workers. No longer does she just provide the stick - unless one is *into* that, of course - instead she is far more likely to encourage one of her employees to do their best by pleasuring them several times a week, in whatever positions either desires. She can’t help herself, of course: as a succubus, she is quite literally dependent on sex energy to survive. And while that took time getting used to, now Becca embraces her freer form and the way her employees get aroused just at the sight of her. She loves to toy with them, tease them, and ultimately have her way with them. They get to make love to a sexy demoness, naturally, but she doesn’t just pump their members, but their numbers as well. And if she keeps it up, she may just end up with that promotion after all. Not that she would accept it at this stage; her crew are too special to her.

Besides, it was high time that the newbie Harper learned the ropes from her boss. Funny, how many applicants were always striving to work under her. But then, she always did like to be on top.

**The End**