

House of Lust – Part 2

Daphne woke slowly; in that lazy way you do on a late summer mornings after an amazing night out. She stretched out her muscles, enjoying the way the smooth satin felt against her naked skin and basking in the subtle warmth of the room. It was only when she opened her eyes and took in the flowing silks that she remembered all that had transpired last night.

Now fully awake she shot up in bed to take stock of her body. Still red skinned, devilish and most notable of all, *female*. Her night with Veronica and Amon hadn't been some strange dream, she really was a succubus in service to The House of Lust now. She took stock of her surroundings, it was a small alcove with flowing silk for walls much like a tent, the only furniture a dresser, mirror and the considerable bed she had found herself in. Despite the small space everything was of the finest make, even the carpet felt plush and luxurious under her bare feet as she stood. In her life as a human man she had never experienced such luxury and yet, she was conflicted. Already she could see how Veronica had decided to stay even after earning her soul back; there was something intoxicating about this place and Amon especially. It would be an effort to remember what she was fighting for.

Already she was sure she could feel Hell's magic changing her. For one, she felt like a *she* not a he. Damien, her whole human life almost seemed like a phase, a thing to be forgotten. Lacking any better idea she walked to the mirror and stared at the demon woman who met his gaze. There was fire in her green eyes.

"You are Damien." She reminded herself, "Maybe not right now but you will be him again. One day."

Silently she vowed to do this each morning in order to remind herself what she was fighting for. Her cord like tail curled and lashed with nervous energy as she continued to stare her reflection. She both loved and hated what she saw there; the full breasts, the round ass, the dainty feet. She was beautiful, exquisite even. This was a body built for sin and she hated how much she adored it.

A warm breeze made her turn to see Adeline, the blonde demon from the night before peering into her little chamber with a smile.

"Ah, you're finally awake." She greeted, "You slept pretty late but I don't blame you, a night with Amon is..."

She didn't finish the sentence, instead giving a little moan and biting her lip. Daphne felt her nipples harden as memories of her time in Amon's bed flashed before her eyes. Quickly quashing them down before she could get too excited.

“Anyway,” Adeline shook her hair as if to clear it, “I thought I’d get you up to speed before your first lesson.”

“Veronica mentioned training last night before...before.”

“Yes well, you have a whole host of demonic powers, not to mention a whole new body to figure out.”

Adeline entered fully now, Daphne noted she was wearing a loose black negligee that covered only a fraction of her skin and did very little to hide the parts it did.

“Is that your uniform? Do I have one?”

Adeline burst into a fit of laughter and she felt her cheeks burn. Turning away to try and hide the embarrassment Daphne searched through the dresser finding a number of outfits for every occasion, though a disproportionate amount seemed to be lingerie of some kind.

“Uniform! You’re too much!” Adeline giggled, “No, I am just wearing this because I like it, some girls go around in their birthday suits. We’re *very* informal here, Daphne.”

Lacking any better ideas, she grabbed the first thing she saw, a pair of dark tights and tight-fitting workout top that showed off her midriff. She had a little trouble sitting the waistband under her tail but at the very least they were not transparent in any way. Adeline took her hand and showed her out into the main chamber where she’d entered last night, it seemed the cloth walls were actually doorways to the various succubi’s private quarters where they slept and ‘entertained’ guests if the sounds coming from a number of them was any indication.

“There are seven Houses in Hell, one for each of the deadly sins. Each house has a demon in charge, for us that’s Amon obviously, and they report to the big man himself.”

“Have you ever seen him, the ‘big man’?” Daphne asked wide eyed. The idea that the Devil was real and could pay her a visit was concerning to say the least. To her relief Adeline shook her hair.

“He only talks with his top brass, like Amon. Anyway, when somebody dies on Earth, their soul goes to Heaven or whatever but, if they fall for the tricks of a devil belonging to the Seven Houses their soul is sent here, giving us demons power and life before being sent back into the great

beyond to be reborn. Those who are pure find it easier to resist us, the darker your soul the easier it is to nab 'em."

"Is that what your necklace does? Collect souls?" She pointed to the red gem around Adeline's neck, the twin to Veronica's.

Adeline nodded.

"You'll get one too once you pass your initiation, but first! It's time for your first lesson."

Adeline gently placed her hands on Daphne's hips and she was instantly aware of that ever present ache between her legs. Adeline leaned in close, lips brushing.

"Pay close attention now, darling."

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Time passed strangely in the House of Lust and as a result Daphne had no idea how long she had been here. Days, if they were days, blurred together in a haze of pleasure. She had cum more times since arriving here than she had in her entire human life. Her mantra in front of the mirror was the only thing grounding her to her old life and at this point but even that's effect was beginning to wane.

Maybe it didn't make sense to miss her old, shitty life but that was just it. It was *her* life. Maybe it was crappy and destined to be short but at least that was her choice. When she'd tried explaining this to some of the other girls, they'd simply looked at her with bewilderment and a little condescension.

"Why would you want to do anything else?" They'd laughed, thoroughly indoctrinated into this life by Amon no doubt.

She couldn't blame them for that, even she felt powerless against Amon's draw. She couldn't decide whether or not to be thankful she hadn't seen him since her orientation, her training instead had been left to Veronica and Adeline. They had taught her how to hide her horns and tail, how to change her skin tone from pinkish red to a more human hue. Even how to focus her mind to read a man's thoughts and desires. She was yet to master summoning portals or contracts though, instead their focus had been on her powers of seduction.

“It’s all in the pheromones!” Veronica reminded her, “Deep down, humans are animals, all you need to get their attention is the right set of smells and touches.”

Daphne now realised she’d been at Veronica’s mercy the moment she’d entered the bar. That smell coming off her hadn’t been perfume at all but pheromones designed by Hell itself to put men into a frenzy.

“A truly talented succubi can make a man cum with her looks and smell alone.” Adeline added. “Just focus on that desire in your gut and it’ll happen.”

Daphne did as she was instructed, it wasn’t hard. The others hadn’t been wrong, she really was horny all the time. For the most part she could live with it, that subtle stirring in her gut but all it took was a few errant touches to ignite those embers to flames. His teachers breathed deep and both gave approving hums.

“That’s it, girl!” Veronica smiled at her heavy lidded, “You smell *delicious*.”

“I think it’s time we did a bit more physical practice.” Adeline nodded with approval; Daphne shivered.

Physical practice had taken up much of her time since arriving here. Kissing, touching and far more; the other succubi had made her intimately familiar with her new body as well as theirs. How much of this was actual training she had no idea, many times it simply seemed like a way to release themselves.

Until Amon and the more senior demons were happy with her performance, she was unable to travel to the human world to gather souls. Though Veronica assured her that she was making excellent progress and that soon she would be ready for her initiation test.

Veronica and Adeline circled her; the former at her back, hands resting on her hips while Adeline embraced her so that their large tits pressed together.

“Ready?” She breathed; Daphne nodded.

“Try to hold out as long as you can.” Veronica breathed, lips coming to rest at her neck.

This was a test they had done many times. In order to take a human soul, she would have to learn to hold back, to not cum until after her victim had but as one of her fellows had stated, this was easier said than done. Especially when she had two such adept seducers as her teachers. She was yet to

pass, the first time she had barely lasted a minute under Adelaide's touch before squirting all over her fingers. This time though, she was determined.

They both ran their hands over her, Veronica's curling around across the small of her stomach while Adeline stroked the planes of her shoulders and back. Both sent ribbons of heat across Daphne's skin in a way that made her moan the first time they had done this. She managed to hold back this time, barely.

"Remember, you want to make noise. They'll get off on you enjoying them." Adeline mumbled, placing a kiss at the hollow of her throat, "Just don't get caught up in it."

"A-alright..."

She tried not to focus on the feeling of Adeline's breasts against hers; how the soft flesh rubbed against her own but as her teachers' nipples hardened against her she couldn't help but whimper. Remembering her lessons, she tried to return the favour, she had to try and make at least one of them give in before her. She placed her hands on Adeline's hips, raking her fingernails across the curve of her ass eliciting a shiver. Firmly she gripped the soft flesh in her hands and kneaded it, slowly lowering one hand further and further before bringing it around to rest on her crotch.

Adeline shuddered as she slowly ran a finger along her folds, teasing more wetness out as she did so. Pressing her free palm into the small of the succubi's back she pulled her closer, gently pushing a finger up into Adeline's hole. She felt her nipples harden further against her own as she began to tease the bundle of nerves buried deep inside Adelaide's pussy and a sense of victory began to fill her. She could feel how wet Adeline was, how her inner walls squeezed at her fingers, she might pass this test yet.

Then Veronica stepped up her game. Her lazy kisses along her neck started to increase in pressure till she was biting and sucking strongly enough that she'd leave a mark. Daphne shivered as Veronica ran her tongue along the indents her teeth left, hands snaking downwards to her folds. Her grip on Adeline's ass increased as she moaned in response. Daphne took the opportunity to place her mouth firmly on her teachers, gently nibbling on her lower lip. Their tongues danced, almost battling for domination. At first, Daphne was winning but then a gasp escaped her mouth as Veronica's fingers dove between her legs, swirling around her clit. The pleasure made her muscles tense, her fingers stuttered inside Adeline before resuming their rhythm. Adeline resumed kissing but this time, she was in control, one hand firmly on the back of Daphne's head to hold her in place.

It was getting harder and harder to focus on what her own hands were doing. Veronica's mouth and fingers working in tandem with Adeline's breasts against hers; it was all becoming too much. Her legs began to shake, even standing was becoming difficult. She moaned into Adeline's mouth and desperately tried to focus; curling her fingers against Adeline's G-spot and swallowing the wonton sound the movement caused. In retaliation, Veronica did the same to her, slipping her fingers into her wet hole and slowly pumping. The movement was intoxicating, she couldn't ignore it. The wonderful friction, in and out, in and out. Without even realising it Daphne began to thrust her hips against it, burying the fingers deeper into her.

“You’re getting close.” Veronica’s mouth was against her ear, tongue flicking against the shell as she spoke.

“We’re going to make you cum.” Adeline teased, lowering her lips back to Daphne’s neck, hips rolling against her fingers.

A ragged groan escaped her mouth as she tried to refocus, pumping her fingers harder into Adeline and making her cry out. Firmly she rubbed at the little bundle of nerves deep inside her, watching with glee as Adeline began to lose the battle against her own body. Her hands were now gripping at Daphne’s sides for support, hips stuttering and mouth agape. Their breasts rubbed together, stimulating both their nipples torturously as they both raced toward the edge.

Daphne just had to hold out a little longer, she kept her fingers thrusting and moved her thumb to Adeline’s clit while desperately trying not to focus on her own. Her insides were tightening, she was so close but so was Adeline; she could feel her inner walls squeezing around her fingers.

Suddenly, a hand slipped between her breasts where they were pressed against Adeline’s. Gentle fingers tweaked her nipples in time to the swirls at her clit and Daphne realised she was lost. Her whole body tightened and she gave a ragged cry and she crested over the edge, Adeline following a second later. Wetness soaked her fingers as Adeline came and she could feel that same slickness running down her thighs as the waves of pleasure passed through her. They writhed against one another until the waves eased leaving Daphne light headed.

Gently, Veronica lowered her down onto a plush silk pillow, placing Daphne’s head in her lap and running her fingers through her hair.

“That was good.” She praised, “You almost made it.”

Daphne groaned in frustration and covered her face in her hands, she could smell Adeline on her skin. The blonde succubus joined them, curling her naked body against Daphne’s and tracing circles on her flat stomach.

“A quick study indeed,” She cooed, “Usually I can hold out much longer.”

“It’s not fair, it was two against one.” Daphne complained. At this rate she’d never be able to go out and earn her soul back.

“This is Hell, sweetheart.” Adeline giggled, “Did you really expect things to be *fair*.”

Daphne stuck her tongue out before quickly getting a hold of herself. She'd noticed things like that, little feminine actions she'd never have done in her life before slipping out occasionally. Girlish giggles, fluttering eyelids and other such affectations. Was it this succubi body? Amon's influence? She wasn't sure. Still, she couldn't help but worry about who or what she was becoming.

"Don't look so serious." Veronica smiled, turning to face her. "I think you're ready for your initiation. You've done so well these last few weeks."

Weeks?

She'd been here for weeks? How had the time passed so quickly?

"What exactly is the initiation?" Daphne asked.

"You get to show off your skills," Veronica grinned, "If you can successfully seduce one of Amon's incubus' commanders, you pass."

"Wait," She scrambled to sit up and face them both, "There are male demons in the House of Lust?"

"Of course, surely you've heard of incubi?" Adeline scoffed, "They are like us, just male."

"But...why did I become this then?" She cried, "Why not an incubus? Why was I changed to a woman when I could have done the same job in my old body the whole time?"

Veronica laughed, though not cruelly.

"I love your confidence dear but...you weren't going to be seducing anybody in that old body of yours."

Self-consciousness stabbed at her for the first time since her night with Amon. Veronica had a point; her old body hadn't been terrible but he was hardly eye catching or even handsome.

“Hell’s magic made you this way because that was its will.” Adeline shrugged, “Who knows, if you earn your soul back maybe you can change yourself to an incubus.”

The fact that both women just assumed she would stay at the House of Lust when she did finally earn her soul back concerned her. She’d asked around as subtly as possible in those first few days and it turns out that a majority of the succubi had already earned back their debts and those that hadn’t had no plans to leave once they had. Would she become like that? Would she totally forget Damien? The longer she stayed here, surrounded by beautiful demons having constant sex, the more appealing staying forever sounded. Yet, she wasn’t quite ready to let go of Damien, that human life that had been wholly hers.

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Daphne’s tail curled and uncurled itself nervously as she paced. After many, many more lessons Adeline had recommended her for initiation. She had been sent deep down into the lower levels of The House and told to wait outside the door to the incubus’ domain.

“Why don’t we all live together?” She’d asked when Adeline had given her the directions, her teacher had fallen into a fit of giggles.

“Honey, we’d never get any human souls in here if the succubi and incubi were together all the time.”

That should have eased her nerves, the incubi were just as horny as their female counterpart it seemed but it wasn’t her ability to seduce that concerned her. She would have to impress him and considering this man had spent most of his existence having amazing sex, that set the bar rather high. If she didn’t do something memorable, she could kiss her soul goodbye.

Her training, if she could even call it that, with the other succubi had been going well. She’d learned many tricks of the trade, how to use this new body to its full advantage but the task ahead still daunted her. She would have to remember every lesson and apply them fully, without letting herself get carried away.

One such lesson she had taken to heart was her appearance. While her naked body was something to behold but sometimes less was more. With that in mind she had selected an outfit to show off her assets in the best possible way. She had selected a pair of silver and white lace panties paired with a matching corset. The latter lifted her breasts and pressed them together to show off her impressive cleavage while also being easy to remove with a simple tug to the strings at the back. Her dark hair had grown in her time here, now bouncing off her shoulders in flowing waves, accented by the small silver headband and chain around her neck.

She resisted the urge to pace and rid herself of some of her nervous energy, instead she leaned against the doorframe and waited. Trying her best to look bored and confident. The time for being meek was over, she was determined that for the first time since all this started, she was going to be in control.

The door opened and fighting back her curiosity Daphne let her eyes slide to the figure who stepped out, doing her best to look uninterested. Unlike the other demons she'd met this incubus' skin was a dusty grey that perfectly defined his muscles; he had nothing on Amon, who could? But he was still a marvellous sight to behold. His eyes were ink black as was his hair which managed to look tousled and wild without looking messy. With the loose loincloth around his waist, he was the picture of confidence and sex appeal, were it not for the curled black horns coming from his forehead and the tail swishing lazily between his legs he could have stepped out of a Hollywood film reel. He glanced around before spotting her, leaning against the frame where she pretended to inspect her perfectly manicured nails.

"You must be Daphne." He smiled lazily.

"Must be." She responded, still not meeting his eyes. 'Make them chase you.' Veronica had told her.

The demon approached and placed a hand by her head, leaning in with that same confident gait as before. She could see his abs now, each easily defined against his muscular chest but the real distraction was his smell. She could detect that uniquely male musk wafting off him that she had been denied since her night with Amon.

"For a succubus whose job is on the line, you don't seem too nervous." He teased.

"I have nothing to worry about." Daphne replied simply, raising her heavy-lidded gaze to meet his, "You on the other hand well, I do hope you don't have any other appointments today. For your sake."

The words came out confident, far more confident than she felt, she hoped he was as distracted by her scent as she was his. The incubus gave a short bark of laughter and pressed close enough she could feel his body heat.

"Shall we?" Daphne nodded toward the door, "Unless you wish to have me out here in the hall...?"

“Luis.” He finished for her, wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling them flush together. Daphne could feel the outline of his cock through their thin clothes, she did her best not to appear impressed.

Luis effortlessly picked her up bridal style and carried her through the doorway, kicking it closed behind him. The room was much like Amon’s, though smaller and less ornate; she expected nothing less from one of his top lieutenants. She reached her arms around his neck, ensuring to rub her breasts against his chest so that he could feel the hardness of her nipples where they slipped free of the corset. Unable to resist, she flicked a tongue against his clavicle and sighed in contentment at the salty taste of his skin. Her insides began to swirl with desire, it had been so long since she had been filled, properly filled and she was more aware than ever of the empty ache between her legs.

He placed her down on the bed where she quickly gathered herself on her knees looking up at him. Daphne could feel the warmth in her cheeks, her pupils were blown wide, she was sure she looked the picture of lust right now.

“Let’s get down to business, shall we?” Luis said, climbing onto the bed with her.

Instinctually she rose up on her knees to meet him, wrapping her arms around him and smoothing them over the planes of his shoulders. Marvelling at the sturdiness and strength she found there. Luis slipped both his hands around her waist, sliding his hands past the waistband of her panties to cup her firm ass. She gasped, rushing forward and seizing his lips before they could form that cocky smile again. She nibbled on his lower lip before firmly pressing her tongue inside, running her fingers through his soft hair. She could feel Luis tense, the length between them twitching slightly as it began to harden, the desire began to pool within her as she felt it against her belly.

For a few moments they battled, tongues dancing, hands grasping at skin as they made out. Daphne could feel herself getting wetter as Luis hardened but neither offered the other release just yet. Luis slid his hands down, taking the silver panties with him forcing Daphne to break away so they could be removed fully. She spread her legs for him, allowing him a full view of her pink, soaking pussy. Luis made a sound that was half approving, half lustful and moved back up her body, tugging at the corset strings while Daphne kissed at his neck. Somehow, Luis managed to taste as incredible as he smelled and she felt a fog descend upon her mind. Focusing fulling on running her tongue along his skin, only stopping to kiss or bite gently as he undressed her. The corset came loose and Luis threw it aside to be forgotten.

Now naked save for her jewellery Daphne got ready to pose, to let Luis fully take in her form but she never got the chance. Instead, he dove for her chest, running his tongue down her cleavage while his hands grabbed great handfuls of round mounds. The sudden onslaught of sensation knocked the breath out of her, forcing her back onto her elbows which only allowed Luis more access. The warm, rough tip of his tongue traced over the curve of her breasts leaving a warm trail in its wake before finally settling at her right nipple. With a touch that was featherlight he licked, circling the nipple and causing Daphne to moan.

She needed to take back control, to touch him and reverse their positions but that touch just felt *so good*. Pleasure lanced through her chest as he continued to lick, only to double when he took the nipple fully in his mouth. With each suck he drew another gasp or moan from her, each one

seeming better than the last. When he finally stopped, she barely had a moment before he was on the other, teasing and overstimulating it in just the same way. She was helpless against the pleasure that familiar tightening pressure already starting low in her gut.

Somehow, Daphne fought through the lust, pushing herself up and forcing Luis to stop his ministrations. He gave an arrogant laugh and allowed himself to be knocked backwards as she pushed herself against him. Now atop his chest she looked down at him, lips still wet and glistening.

“Almost had you.”

“Almost.” She admitted, “Your turn.”

She raked her nails down Luis’ chest, following one of the sharp trails of pain with her tongue. Down the firmness of his chest and abdomen before coming to rest just above the loincloth. His musk was strongest here and Daphne found her mouth watering. She had never, in either of her lives, given a blow job. For obvious reasons that hadn’t been part of her training upstairs with the other women; but now some new demonic instinct was driving her.

With deftness that surprised even herself she undid the tie and moved the front of the loincloth aside. His manhood rose to meet here, rock hard and already dripping, he hid it well but Luis was just as turned on as she was right now. She gave a hum of satisfaction as she took the length in her hand, holding it steady as she ran the tip of her tongue from the base to the tip, lapping up the precum as she went. It tasted incredible. Luis made a strangled sound, as if he were trying to hold back and Daphne smiled coyly before returning to the job at hand. She squeezed the hardness gently in her hand, moving up and down far too slowly to be anything but a tease and lowered her mouth further. She rested her lips against his balls, kissing and licking at them before gently taking one in her mouth and sucking. This time Luis couldn’t hold back his moan. She had him.

Switching positions she took the tip in her mouth, moving her soft fingers to gently cup and squeeze his balls as she sunk down to the hilt. She didn’t gag, this body was built for such acts, she was sure. Hollowing her cheeks and began to rise and fall, bobbing on his cock and eliciting more wonderful sounds that went straight to her pussy. A hand came to rest on her head, guiding her movements while the other gripped the bedsheets tight enough to tear tiny holes in the fabric. She swirled her tongue and moaned, letting the vibration flow along the shaft. The hand on her head curled to a fist, gripping her hair before pulling up and forcing her mouth off his cock with a pop.

Daphne straddled Luis’ hips and ran her fingers through her hair to neaten it, ensuring her headband was still in place. He looked up at her with a wicked grin, mirroring the one on Daphne’s own face. This was a battle both of them were determined to win and the competition was turning them both on all the more. Luis reached up, firmly holding both her breasts in his hands and squeezing. Daphne groaned as he pressed down on her nipples, causing her head to fly back and eyes to flutter closed. The sensations flowed down to her very core and she could feel wetness seeping from her onto Luis’s body below. His cock was straight and hard, the shaft pressing gently against her clit.

Unable to wait anymore Daphne refocused, leaning forward and allowing Luis better access to her chest as she raised her hips. She could feel the tip pressing against her hole and she ached for

it. For a moment she flashed back to when this position was reversed, when she as Damien was in Luis' position waiting for Veronica to let him enter her. The memory sharpened her focus allowing her to think through the haze of desire; that body and life is what she was fighting for right now. With renewed determination she stared down at Luis and lowered herself onto him.

Daphne shuddered as she descended, fighting the urge to go faster, to let Luis fill her totally. It was rapture, his length stretching her inner walls and making them burn in a satisfying, delicious way only a man's cock could. Luis' hold on her breasts loosened, moving to her hips and he bucked up, slamming into her G-spot and making Daphne see stars. So overwhelmed by the sudden sensation she froze, hovering enough that Luis could roll his hips up and into her over and over again. That satisfying burn increased, becoming pure pleasure and she began to roll her hips in turn, pressing them flush together ensuring he was buried right to the sheath. She could feel every inch of him inside her, the length pressing against her walls and tip resting against her G-spot. Daphne leaned backwards, arching her back and bracing herself against Luis's legs allowing him to pound up and into her with ease. She rolled her hips to meet him and they both lost themselves to their nature. Perfectly in tune they started slow, it could almost be considered lovemaking; sensual and languid. Both trying to tease the other into taking the next step.

Finally, Daphne found the need within her starting to become untenable. Her hips began to increase their thrust and speed and she could feel Luis's hips beginning to stutter. An unspoken signal passed between them and simultaneously they both picked up speed. Fucking in earnest now Daphne could barely string a single thought together. She felt one of Luis' hands release its iron grip on her hip, thumb moving to her clit and pressing down. It was too much. Ecstasy was pooling in her loins, muscles tightening, she knew she was approaching the edge. On some level, she knew she had to stop, refocus or she would lose this fight but the sensations were too much, all she could think about was how good Luis' cock felt in her and how she wanted, no *needed*, more.

Daphne fell forward forcing his hand away. She braced herself against his broad shoulder and met his gaze. His mouth was open, panting with exertion, gone was that arrogant, confident smile. His thrusts were becoming desperate she had him! She just had to hold out a little longer. She began to bounce on his cock, sliding it almost entirely out of her before slamming back down. Luis' keened and she gasped in turn. The hand still on her hip gripped so tight she was sure it would bruise and then Luis's eyes rolled back into his skull and he groaned. A sound of pure pleasure and defeat.

Daphne felt his cock pulse within her, pumping her full to the brim. The look of ecstasy on Luis' face and the knowledge of her victory was all it took. Daphne tumbled over the edge with him, pussy tightening around his cock as she rode through the orgasm, milking them both for all they had. Waves after wave of pleasure coursed from him into her until finally her hips stuttered to a stop and she felt him soften inside her.

With a groan she withdrew him before flopping to his side on the bed. For a few moments they both caught their breath, drinking in the scent of sex that permeated the room. Then, Luis propped himself up on his elbow and turned to face her, roguish grin now firmly back in place.

"That was something else." He growled, "It's been a while since a fresh recruit got me off first."

Lazily he ran a sharp fingernail around Daphne's nipple.

"What can I say, I'm a quick study."

Luis chuckled, giving the nipple a light kiss.

"It goes without saying," He whispered, "That you pass."

Daphne closed her eyes and hummed in acknowledgment, enjoying the post coital haze settling over her and the feeling of Luis' gentle touch. Sex with him had been fun, almost like a game. Already she was making plans to sneak back here and have him again in the future. The hand vanished for a moment only to return a second later along with something new. The feeling of cool metal against her skin broke the reverie somewhat and she opened her eyes to find a necklace, the same one all the others wore, resting on her clavicle.

"May the Devil have mercy on the mortals who cross your path."