

De'Monica

An original short story written by [MtG-Ti] Hoss and based on art by [Magic_moonarts](#).

*“Cute? Single? Innocent~? **Broke~!** Mmn, mmn, mnn~! You're makin' this too damn easy for me, baby~!”*

....

Sitting on a dented but sturdy steel folding chair in an almost claustrophobically small but impeccably clean office directly above a hole-in-the-wall take-out-only Chinese restaurant, you couldn't stop yourself from wondering just how big of a mistake you'd made by thinking this was where you'd get the help you so desperately needed...

Twiddling your thumbs to burn off some of the nervous energy coursing through your veins at what felt like a million miles a minute, you reminded yourself that if it weren't for Ms. Monica — ***just** Monica, actually, since she'd insisted you drop the title after the first couple times you let it slip out* — you would, *quite literally*, be completely out of options because she was the only lawyer in town willing to take your case given how little you were able to pay for it.

So your life was in her immaculately manicured hands now... If you didn't beat that speeding ticket, you'd lose your car for good.

Actually, you'd lose your license instead of having your baby towed away to some cold, dark, lonely impound lot where she didn't know any of the other cars and wouldn't fit in, but the end result was the same. *At least, to you.*

With how hard you'd worked to scrape up enough money to buy her right before you started college, she might as well have been set on fire right in front of you. That's how much you loved her and how much it hurt to not be able to drive her. She was basically your only lifeline when you were a broke college student living far from home in a town you didn't know the first thing about.

So what if her roll-up windows stuck every now and then? So what if her 8-track player popped out of her console if you hit an especially deep pothole going just a little too fast? And so what if you'd never be able to take a girl to Make Out Point because her single bench seat didn't recline? You could still haul groceries, meet your friends for movie and game nights, and get to school from your low-rent show-box of an apartment on the outskirts of town without freezing your ass off!

Which is why you couldn't, and *wouldn't*, go back to riding your bike. Least of all when winter was right around the corner again. *...Frostbite was a **very** real concern in the winter, as it turned out, and you weren't willing to take any more chances.*

So, when wrapping your well-worn jacket a little tighter around your body to stave off the memories of how cold it got last year didn't work, you instead reminded yourself over and over again of just how **bullshit** your latest ticket was.

Getting your blood boiling was sure to generate some heat, right?

That was something that Monica understood, thankfully. Sympathized with, even. When you first told her your story over an order of wontons and chow mein that she insisted counted as her consulting fee, she looked happy, sad, sorry, and angry both for and with you in all the right places and at all the right times. She'd even cooed and pinched your cheek while calling you "*poor baby*" by the time you finished the tale and launched right into begging her to take your case.

You knew the neighbourhood you'd been driving in when you got that fateful ticket like the back of your hand, and you definitely weren't speeding! The brand new speed-limit sign hidden behind an overgrown tree branch should've been more visible! How could that possibly be your fault? You'd been driving the exact limit of the previous sign anyway, not a mile higher or lower!

It was a conspiracy, is what it was...

Speed traps like that one should be illegal, and when they came with such dire consequences, you had no choice but to get yourself some professional legal representation! ...Well, as professional as your bank account would allow, anyway, *not that you doubted Monica's credentials as the dollar-store picture frame holding her diploma hung off one of those plastic hooks that wouldn't damage the drywall like a nail would when it came time to remove it.*

Anyone in their right mind would want some high-powered lawyer in their corner to tear the cop and maybe even the whole damn police department to shreds, and since you couldn't afford one, you took the advice of anyone on campus who'd give you the time of day and listen to enough of your sob story to take you seriously and went to see Monica.

As it turned out, the lawyer that you could afford came with all kinds of wild, nasty, and downright crazy rumours, *plus a handful of cryptic, conspiracy-tier online reviews*, but none of that mattered when she was so che— *affordable*... After all, her record didn't matter if you couldn't hire her, so as long as she knew what she was doing, you were in the clear, right? It was a totally open-and-shut case!

Turned out she had a pretty decent track-record though. A really decent track record, in fact! *Hopefully one you wouldn't end up ruining...*

. . . .

"Don'tchu worry 'bout a thing, sugar, I'll be sure to get you off~!"

The sultry voice, carefree smile, and sound of the thin excuse for an office door closing behind your lawyer snapped you out of the hunger-fueled trance you didn't even realize you'd been in.

It all made sense now: why she'd set up shop above the hidden gem of a restaurant *and* why she'd asked you to buy her lunch for your first meeting. Hell, you were still trying to wipe the drool from the corners of your mouth as the delicious smells wafting in from downstairs finally started to thin out.

If worst came to worst, you thought, at least you'd found a new place to go to for late-night Chinese... Ha ha... Ha...

Faking a cough to try and cover up the growling and gurgling of your empty stomach, the airy little chuckle Monica let out told you she'd heard it but understood what you were going through. Which was probably why she'd closed the door.

There'd be time for piping-hot spare ribs and tongue-tingling General Tao later.

Speaking of things that made your mouth water, as Monica slid past you to squeeze herself behind her desk, you had to take a minute to thank whoever was responsible for letting you meet a woman as beautiful as she was.

Six-foot-and-then-some in a pair of tan stilettos that matched her stylish leather skirt, the way they clacked against the cheap floor anytime she had to get up and leave the room was like music to your ears. Barefoot, she might have an inch or two on you, you guessed, but it suited her to a T.

Milk-chocolate skin, long black hair that went past her shoulders, and a figure that was the envy of hourglasses everywhere... If you didn't have the utmost respect for her, she was the kind of woman you'd let run through your head all day any day, her bounteous chest and door-jamming hips just what you wanted in a—

The heat wafting off the fresh stack of papers clutched in her hands made you recoil, bringing you back to Earth as the dots connected themselves and you wondered where she'd even gotten the massive sheaf in the first place. The short, empty hallway at the top of the stairs that led straight to her office didn't have any other doors along the way, or a photocopier or printer, let alone room for either one...

How Monica managed to squeeze herself down the narrow passageway flitted through your head too, but there wasn't any time to question the impossible after looking into those *gorgeous eyes* of hers again.

The way they stared into your soul put you right at ease and told you not to sweat the small stuff. *You could get lost in those amber pools for **hours** if you weren't careful...*

"That sign's been a problem for months now!" she began to say after clearing her throat and snapping you out of your latest stupor, getting more than a little worked up as she

angrily tossed her long, silky hair over a shoulder to punctuate her emphatic gesticulation.

The massive hoop-earring she exposed bounced in place as a result, and the way it caught the light snared your attention yet again as you traced it and its sister's circles one at a time, your eyes going back and forth in a figure eight and stopping for just a fraction of a second to take in the gorgeous neck between them...

A light, airy chuckle drew your attention to a few pages Monica had laid out from her fat stack this time. She pointed out just a few of the apparently many complaints the city had received with her dangerously-sharp-looking nails. She didn't say where she'd gotten copies of the complaints from, or how, but she must have brought them from somewhere downstairs since you hadn't seen any kind of computer or a filing cabinet in all the hours you'd spent talking to her.

"The fact that the city still hasn't done anything about its visibility after countless reports makes them complicit! So they'll basically tear up your ticket on the spot once I tell the judge~! ...*Then you won't have to worry about losing that pussy wagon of yours~♥* At least, not before you give **me** a ride."

Huh...? *When did you—!?*

Ignoring the dazzlingly saucy smile the woman just across the tiny desk was giving you, *and trying your hardest not to stare at her full, undoubtedly soft, irresistibly-kissable lips*, you blinked your eyes a few times to shake off the haze her voice had put you in when it got deeper and sultrier and—

Good lord, *how long had you been staring at her bra!?* Monica was visibly bulging out of the black lace brassiere currently fighting for its life to keep her 'assets' from spilling out right onto your face, and it looked like it was losing the battle...

You were about five seconds away from having to awkwardly shift around in your seat to hide the erection not-so-slowly growing in your not-baggy-enough pants as she traced those long, pointed, oh so dangerous nails down her neck and towards her heaving bosom as she made sweltering eye-contact that felt like she was both giving you permission to look and maybe daring you to do something more afterwards...

Taking a slow, measured breath and gulping in a way you hoped wasn't audible, you had to try to calm yourself and gather your wits, but Monica stood up and actually seemed to stick her chest out towards you as she sidled out from behind her desk this time.

Had you always been able to see the lace of her bra in such intricate detail!? Was her fashionable-yet-sensible top always so low cut!? It suited what little you knew about her so far given the way she carried herself, *but had the unbelievably deep canyon between her dazzling breasts always looked so... inviting!?*

You couldn't shake the idea of drowning face-first in them as—!

Wait a minute, you found yourself thinking as if dunked in an ice-cold bathtub of water as your marbles finally slid back into place long enough to think a coherent, non-horny thought for the first time in what felt like minutes, she obviously knew you drove a car — you wouldn't have been in her office otherwise — but why had she called it a—?

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry~!" your lawyer suddenly apologized, either reading the confusion on your face or maybe just your recently one-track mind. "I just assumed, given how... handsome you are~" came the smooth-as-butter conclusion that made you... that made you...

"You don't have a thing to worry about, baby," the undeniably hypnotic voice massaging your brain kept saying as your vision went blurry and Monica started to massage your shoulders with both of her surprisingly strong hands. "All you need to do is put your faith in me and let me handle it ..." she whispered into your ear before nibbling on your lobe.

The way she unbuttoned your shirt to place a warm, comforting hand on your chest meant there wasn't much left to do or think about at that point. Even less that you could do or think about, so surrendering to the darkness already creeping into your vision, you did the only thing left and slipped into unconsciousness...

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"Good boy~" Monica whispered seductively, her voice adding a few extra layers to the dream you felt you were in. "Sleep until I tell you to wake. You won't remember a thing between closing your eyes and me snapping my fingers, but you'll wake rested and refreshed and just a bit hornier than before~!"

"Mmnn, fuck, speaking of—!"

Tracing her nails up your chest, across your neck, and over your shoulders, Monica couldn't resist how much better than usual playing with your hair felt to her. She couldn't pinpoint why it felt better, only that it did, and the hot flush that climbed up her chest and into her cheeks compelled her to ask the question she'd planned on saving for later right then instead:

"Now, tell me, do you have a girlfriend?"

. . . .

*Monica did, in fact, have a last name. Of course she did. She was just protective of it, that's all. There weren't many who knew where the name **Lilorin** truly came from, or what it meant, and even fewer who would ever even believe she was a member of the clan with a long and storied lineage behind it. Still, it was safer for her as an honest-to-goodness **succubus** to leave it off her business cards.*

Not that she had any of those anyway.

She was only a half-blooded succubus — *her full-blooded mother having fallen in love with a human man a few centuries ago* — but the plucky young lawyer that stepped out into the world did so on her own terms so she could make something of herself her own way. The right way. The family way, as it turned out.

‘*Succubi with **standards***’ was the family motto, after all. It got more than a few snickers and eye-rolls from those in the know whenever she attended the kind of events that saw her rubbing elbows with the damned and infernal, but it was something Monica took great pride in. Sometimes too much pride, but her mother had always insisted she carry herself a certain way even before she fully awoke to her heritage and those lessons had always served her well.

That had been one hell of a talk... When her mother sat her down and spelled everything out to her — *her potential abilities and the responsibilities they entailed* — Monica took it more seriously than anything else in her life up to that point. A good sense of morals — *albeit a tad twisted given their unique... needs* — paved the way to a good, but more importantly, safe, life. Which meant keeping her clientele small. Exclusive. *Hand-picked.*

Word of mouth was the *only* form of advertising Monica wanted, trusting that the right people would be drawn to her naturally. *Just like the young man currently in her thrall and sitting in her office had been.*

There had certainly been moments of weakness where the pain — *the all-consuming **hunger** that all succubi felt at least once in their lives* — necessitated — *dictated, even* — that she do whatever it took to feed herself, but there were always ways around that as long as she planned ahead. Which is how Monica managed to avoid the more... *distasteful* and *unpleasant* methods of feeding her unique hunger.

It wasn't so much that she looked down on 'tradition' and 'necessity' — *she understood perfectly well how and why succubi had earned the reputation they currently held* — she just preferred to do things... differently. To play the long game, for example. Taking what she wanted, when she wanted it, or when she needed it, didn't please her. Didn't entertain her. *Didn't sit well with her, either.*

Building trust, and then a relationship, and finally feeding with consent on a partner who knew everything about her and everything their coupling implied — *as sappy and weak-willed as it sounded to other succubi, something she was constantly reminded of* — meant delaying her gratification until it reached just the right fever-pitch that it could shatter glass and atomize her panties — *at least, if she was wearing any at the time* — but breaking her fast and indulging herself, ***gorging herself***, on what she wanted more than anything...

Suffice it to say, Monica liked to savour her meals.

Which is why she considered herself something of a gourmet gourmand living in a world besieged by fast-food. One-night stands were fine in an *emergency*, of course, but they were low-quality junk food in her eyes. Unfortunately for her, though, with the modern world changing so quickly that it now preferred easy, no-strings-attached hookups, it was getting harder than ever to find a good meal she could properly enjoy.

Intimacy was the greatest spice she'd ever known, after all, and she preferred her meals well-seasoned. Over-seasoned, even.

How was she supposed to ensnare a man's senses and monopolize his attention as his one and only woman when the majority of men she came across just didn't seem to be interested in that anymore? The fact that she was tall, and smart, and worked hard at the job she'd ended up earning the long and old-fashioned way seemed to have turned the difficulty up a bit too high as what few men weren't intimidated by her for one reason or another were still driven away in flocks for some other equally ridiculous reason or another...

She only ever fudged her age by a digit or two for Lucifer's sake!

It was infuriating to say the least, but Monica had never been bothered by a challenge. That in itself was just another spice to add to her slow-cooking gumbo. Sure, she had to siphon a little lust off a bozo or two as a snack whenever they walked into her office and imagined doing certain less-than-loving things *to* her, but besides charging them double for her totally professional services, she was out of luck.

At least until her latest morsel walked in.

Anon Y. Mous was someone younger than her — *but not so young that walking down a hallway or into a hotel together would draw undue attention* — single — *with no time for or interest in juggling multiple women, by his own compelled admission* — an out of town student — *who didn't have any pesky relations around to talk him out of what might end up being the best relationship of his life* — and best of all, who just-so-happened to be a cute lil' white boy that fit dead-center in Monica's strike-zone!

While nowhere near a deal maker or breaker, the extra contrast of his skin next to hers would be a fun little cherry on top of her favourite sundae. Good presentation only enhanced an already delicious meal.

Best of all, of course, was that the current of attraction he felt for her was buried so deep beneath, and mixed so thoroughly with, a professional respect and a desperate need for help that even the smallest of sips of his desire was downright inebriating! The fact that he hadn't popped a stiffie until she got more-than-a-handful of him while he was 'sleeping' only piqued her interest more.

Which is why she'd put him under her hypnosis in the first place.

Her half-blood status deprived her of the full toolbelt of succubus powers, but the ones she did inherit were plenty strong and more than enough to serve her well so long as she applied them sparingly and with finesse. A touch here, a flash of something there, and the young man was under her complete control and more than willing to answer just about any question she could come up with both openly, and most importantly, honestly.

So what if he was into older women and only called her 'ma'am' so many times because he'd actually wanted to call her 'mommy' out of instinct!? Or wondered how good she'd look in an all-white wedding gown before they'd even had their first date~!?

...Assuming the Chinese food didn't count, of course. The kind of innocent lust boiling away inside him was her favourite, and got her wetter than anything else. *It also inspired an almost magnetic attraction between her knees and the floor,* but sucking anyone's soul out was always best when they were fully conscious.

And more than a little desperate for it, too.

What was the point if she didn't get the full accompaniment of moans and groans before hands timidly found their way to her head~? *Or had to be put there herself~?* She could resist the urge to nibble on her all-you-could-fuck buffet until the time was right and his lust was fit to burst, right?

Right...?

. . .

"*Wakey-wakey, Nonny~♥*" a voice called from somewhere in the darkness, the world around you returning as a spring— *no*, as an **eggroll** was waved in front of your face.

Seemed you'd nodded off somehow, probably due to how hungry you were, so biting into the eggroll Monica was offering you with her chopsticks was probably the best way to avoid blacking out again.

Fuck, the deep-fried snack was one of the best you'd ever had, and as you looked around for some duck or plum sauce to dip it in — *not that it really needed it, unlike some others you'd had* — you couldn't stop yourself from smiling once you saw Monica fit to burst into a laughing fit at your impressive no-hands-needed eating display.

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The contented moans tickling her ears were the sweetest music Monica had heard all month. *In fact, she'd have pinched your precious little cinnamon-roll cheeks if you got any damn cuter! ...That, or maybe given in to her desire to dive face-first between your legs if you didn't stop moaning like the eggroll she'd given you was better than sex.*

It was definitely a good roll, but nowhere near as good as *she* could be, and the more noise you made, the more she wanted to show you just how loud she could *make* you be. *It was something of an insult to all women, is what it was!* That was the *only* reason

she was rubbing her legs together hard enough to start a fire if her panties weren't still sopping wet.

Damn, but the way you scarfed the thing down and looked at her with barely-contained puppy-dog eyes as you whimpered for more! ...*Okay, the whimpering was purely in her head*, but it wasn't like it wouldn't fit the situation!

. . . .

"Hope you've got room for more. Dinner's on me tonight~"

Standing up from her *incredibly* sturdy desk — *since it didn't wobble or shake at all when she lifted her mouth-watering badonkadonk off it* — it took a good few seconds before you spotted the veritable feast hiding behind Monica's equally tasty-looking—

No, no, she was your lawyer! She was going to save your license *and* your baby! She was the only thing standing between you and lethal levels of frostbite! You couldn't embarrass yourself by letting your libido get the best of you!

...*You'd just have to save those thoughts for home.*

Right now, Monica was holding out a paper plate overflowing with noodles, and you weren't stupid enough to turn down a free meal, least of all one that came with such a gorgeous view. A small blush sprang to your face as you realized you must've mumbled something in your sleep or given away what you were going to order later because everything she pointed to or named was one of your favourites.

What a life saver.

Smiling around the chopsticks currently in your mouth — *since you had sense enough not to turn the plate into a funnel and let the food slide right down your throat hole* — you offered up your thanks and a silent prayer that Monica would hit it big and get herself a much bigger, nicer office on the ground floor of an extra-swanky office building.

...*Preferably somewhere nearby, or with just as delicious food, though. You couldn't monkey's-paw her like that!*

. . . .

Human food be damned, Monica was filling up on the sights, sounds, and emotions pouring off her latest client and filling up ***fast!*** He really was an all-you-can-eat buffet! Appreciation, hope, gratitude, platonic love, *a little bit of the romantic-kind mixed in with some extra-spicy lust*, and just enough restraint that she didn't get sick from feeding on it too quickly! Without an intimate *physical* connection, she'd be hungry again in 20 minutes or so, but at the moment, she was enjoying every sip, bite, and swallow, and her pussy couldn't agree more.

It took a few seconds for her to realize the wet and squishy noises weren't coming from *you* as you slurped down another portion of noodles, but once she did, she had to fan herself and pretend she'd bit into a spicy pepper.

Monica Lilorin was wetter than ever. Never in her entire infernal life had she felt so *compelled* to feed on a human man before. Her lower lips were practically numb with the way they were humming, her clit was starting to cramp from twitching so much, and if her skirt wasn't made of leather, there would've been a great big wet spot on it from how hot and humid things were getting between her legs.

I don't know if I can wait until this case is over... she admitted to herself, ashamed of her weakness as she took a bite of whatever was on her plate and stood in awe of the college-boy that had her heart and soul shaking in their metaphorical Jimmy Choos.

*Was she just hungry? Was cute lil' Anon something special? Should she fess up and get the awkward conversation out of the way so the two of you get straight to finding out just how sturdy her itty-bitty desk **really** was~? ...And how much better than an eggroll **she** was~?*

*No, **no!** She had a job to do, dammit! Unless... **No!** It could wait... It'd hurt, but it would be so much better, feel so much better, if she waited. ...If she **could** wait.*

. . . .

With a belly full of MSG and just about every type of meat God put on this great green Earth, you waved goodbye to your lawyer and headed for the nearest bus stop.

Monica had offered to give you a ride — *insisted on it, in fact* — but you couldn't put her out any more than you already had. Dinner was delicious, and she was hilarious as she kept joking about tying you up and taking you back to her place so you didn't run into any weirdos near her office, but you could tell from that huge stack of papers she'd shown you earlier that she had an awful lot of work ahead of her. You had some papers to shuffle around of your own for that matter, having an essay due on Monday that you really needed to get cracking on just as soon as you slept off the food-coma you could feel coming from a mile away.

You'd see her again real soon anyhow, since your court date was only a week or so away and she wanted to prep you on giving your testimony. '*You don't have anything to worry about, but better safe than sorry...*' she'd said, biting her thumb and getting lost in thought as her eyes glazed over just a little bit.

Maybe after everything was settled, you could invite her out for a drink, or, uh... dinner! Just to repay the favour, of course. ...*Unless she was into younger guys and didn't mind that you didn't have a car at the moment.*

'*Gosh, she's pretty...*' you kept telling yourself like a *total dweeb*, the thought stuck on repeat. Even slapping your cheeks with both hands couldn't get the smile off your face!

I wouldn't mind slapping both of her cheeks— “Aaaaargh!” you roared towards the nearest bush before muffling yourself with the inside of your elbow and after making sure there wasn't anyone around to give you funny looks.

Monica was an awful lot more than just 'pretty,' but you didn't want to be another one of the infinitely long line of creeps telling her how gorgeous and drop-dead sexy she was... **Fuck**, you'd almost popped a boner in her office! **Aargh**, and you'd fallen asleep, too! *Probably mumbled something stupid while you were out!* No wonder she was smiling and laughing so much! **Christ!**

Spotting the bus making its turn onto your street a couple blocks away, you hustled for the stop and lazily waved one arm so you wouldn't have to spend another half-hour replaying every dumb thing you said and did at Monica's office.

That'd have to wait for home too...

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*He **doesn't** have a girlfriend, he really **didn't** run that sign either by accident **or** on purpose, and he's well-bred— well-raised enough to wait at least a **week** after the case is wrapped before making a move! He's thinking lunch since dinner's a little beyond his means right now, but he won't turn down a celebratory dinner the same day as long as it isn't too expensive... We've already **done** Chinese, though, so I'll have to—!*

Monica was taking stock of the answers she'd managed to pull out of her latest client — you — while he was under hypnosis and couldn't lie even if he wanted to. By some miracle of the universe, she'd managed to resist asking him what he **really** thought of her and what he'd **do to her** if given the chance because if she hadn't, there'd be no resisting gobbling him up the next time she saw him and she really, *really* wanted to hold back for the big night she was already planning out.

No point setting off firecrackers when a great big light show's already in the works! she reminded herself, feeling the steam rising from her aching nethers and condensing on the underside of her hand as if she were holding it above a boiling kettle.

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The one thing that the two of you could agree on at that moment — *that you'd be willing to admit out loud* — was that the appointed court date couldn't come quickly enough...

To Be Continued...