

Encounter -- Dancing For Her Demon: First Lesson Cynthia Sax

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Dancing For Her Demon: First Lesson

My female. Nac, Silbannacus, watched the sassy little blonde hustle toward him, her hips swaying, her generous breasts nearly bursting from that tight red shiny thing she was wearing. *She simply doesn't know it yet.*

"Where's Bal?" Saffron scowled and employees scattered around them, fearful of their tiny boss.

Nac grinned, neither frightened of nor employed by his succubus. "Busy." *Nursing a broken nose for daring to look at my female.*

Her brilliant blue eyes narrowed. "Huh." She looked him up and down. He flexed, sucking in his already toned gut. Her gaze paused on his cock. *Hard as rock, just for her.* "I guess you'll have to do." She patted his thigh as though she were examining a horse. "Do you know what your role is?"

"To stand still while you give me a hand job," he rumbled. "I'm a lust demon." He rippled his ab muscles. "I think I can handle it."

"You had better handle it." Silver lightning bolts flashed in her eyes. "I don't want you embarrassing me." She huffed. "You're not to come until I tell you to, nor are you to move or speak." Saffron opened the door. "Stand at the front."

“Yes, professor.” Nac strutted into the room and the irritating chatter stopped. Heads turned toward him. Girls gasped.

And they *were* girls, the scent of innocence cloyingly sweet. He wrinkled his nose in distaste, preferring females with more experience, more specifically, the female with more experience now glaring at him.

He stood at the front as instructed and allowed the girls to gawk at him, their open admiration hardening his cock even more.

“For the rest of the classes, I’ll demonstrate techniques on a live model.” Saffron’s prim and proper instructor voice rang through the small space and Nac straightened his spine, his desire for her compounding exponentially.

“This is Nac, a lust demon. Even in human form, as you can see.” One of her fingertips skimmed his cock from base to tip, her feather-soft touch leaving a trail of decadent sensation. “He’s larger than the average human male.”

Fuckin’ right. Nac slid his gaze to Saffron.

“In demon form.” She drifted her hand over his stomach and his muscles fluttered. “He wouldn’t be able to penetrate me. We’d have to rely on other sex play. I’ll show you those options in later classes.”

Looking forward to it, professor.

“Going straight for his cock.” Saffron pressed her palm against his shaft and he inhaled sharply, taken by surprise. “Will shock even the most jaded of lust demons.” She grinned mischievously, appearing as young as the girls she taught.

“Normally, you’d start with kissing his lips.” She stood on her tiptoes, he obligingly lowered his face, and she brushed her lips teasingly against his. “And everywhere else.” Saffron licked down his neck, over his chest, and he folded his fingers into fists, struggling not to touch her.

“But I know you’re curious about his cock.” She covered him again, tapping his balls, and Nac swallowed a groan, his female driving him crazy. “So

I'll use my hands to bring him release, allowing you to see him come." Her voice lowered huskily.

"The bead of moisture on his slit is pre-cum, a signal he's ready and eager to fuck." Saffron ran her thumb over his tip, smearing his essence across his skin, and Nac dug his fingernails into his palms, the pain distracting him from the pleasure. "His cock and balls are sensitive. Be careful with your fingernails and teeth."

She wouldn't. He met her gaze. She gave him a saucy smile.

"Use a firm grip on his shaft." Saffron curled her small fingers around his shaft and pumped him leisurely up and down, up and down, his skin heating. "Friction is not your friend. Ease it with either lubrication or saliva."

She held out her palms. He licked them with his demon tongue, tasting salt and female, and she shivered, her reaction gratifying.

"As I stroke him with one hand," she worked him as only she could, perfection in her every stroke, "I might play with his balls with my other hand." Saffron cupped his balls. "Rolling them in my fingers." Her demonstration weakened his knees. "Squeezing and releasing, squeezing and releasing. Not too hard." She gripped him hard and he yelped. "You don't want to hurt him." Her voice lilted with humor.

My damn female. Nac's lips twitched.

As she pumped him, some of the girls drew nearer, their curious gazes fixed on her fingers and his cock, their arousal scenting the air. Saffron's nostrils flared. *She smells them too.* Her grip on him increased, her strokes faster, harder, stripping away his control layer by layer.

I should close my eyes. But he couldn't look away from Saffron, her face too beautiful, too determined, her lips flattening, her eyes glittering.

"As he prepares to come, there will be some signs. Your demon's balls will tighten, hugging his shaft." She fingered his sac and he clenched his jaw, grinding his teeth. "And his shaft will expand slightly."

Please. Please. Please. He gazed at her, willing her to give him permission to come, his thighs shaking. She stroked him, his evil succubus, tormenting him, torturing him, pushing him past any normal demon's endurance.

"Saffron." A whimper rose in his throat, Nac past embarrassment, past shame.

She smiled smugly. "Come for me, Nac."

Thank the gods. He thrust forward and roared his release. The girls jumped back, scared, unable to handle a powerful demon such as himself. Only Saffron could handle him, pumping hard jets of cum out of his cock, his essence arcing through the air, landing with a splat on the tiled floor.

"Once they have spent, some males are sensitive to touch." Saffron milked his cock. "Watch his face to determine if your demon likes or doesn't like to be fondled." Nac smiled sleepily as she played with him, liking to be fondled too damn much.

Saffron leaned toward him. "We'll have to work on your control, demon," she murmured, her warm breath wafted on his arm. "Go clean up." She pushed him toward the door. He allowed himself to be moved, his succubus having the strength of a flower fairy. "And then see me after the class dismisses. We'll go through some exercises."

We'll go through more than that. Nac swaggered out the door, aware that her gaze followed him.

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