



Room Service

The tradeshow floor smells like carpet cleaner, burnt coffee, and cheap aftershave.

By noon, Zynelle is thriving in it.

You watch from your side of the booth as she leans forward — just slightly — resting her elbows on the table. It's not an aggressive move. It's barely a move at all. But it's enough to shift the balance of gravity in the immediate area. People stop walking. Conversations stall mid-sentence. Someone three booths down forgets what they were pitching.

Zyn doesn't notice any of this.

She's explaining the company's new enterprise logistics optimization platform, which is about as sexy as a filing cabinet. She talks about reduced overhead, streamlined vendor coordination, and scalable subscription tiers. Her voice is calm, friendly, and professional.

A man in a branded polo nods vigorously, eyes locked somewhere south of the product literature. Zyn smiles — warm, earnest, grateful — and reaches for a pamphlet. The neckline of her blouse dips a fraction of an inch.

You stand behind the seated demon. You're supposed to lend technical assistance when needed, but right now, the only support you're interested in is being performed by a bra with the kind of I-think-I-can attitude typically reserved for storybook trains.

Her blouse is unbuttoned just enough to suggest cleavage — until she sits, when suggestion gives way to abundance. You've been standing behind her all day, and your feet are threatening to go on strike. Your dick, however, is refusing to negotiate. Your brain is blissfully replaying your thirty-minute scroll through r/cumonmytits.

Zyn glances at you. "Oh! Did you want to add anything?"

You do a perfect impersonation of a guppy.

“Nope,” you say as the fog lifts. “You’ve got it.”

She beams and turns back to the prospect. Two minutes later, the man signs up for a demo, a premium tier, and something called the *Executive Synergy Add-On*. He leaves in a daze.

Zyn claps her hands softly. “I love tradeshow. Everyone’s so enthusiastic.”

You stare at the tablet, which shows another closed sale. “You’re a menace.”

She smiles, looking every bit the demon she is. “Is that... bad?”

“No,” you say quickly. “No, please keep being a menace.”

She laughs, unaware that three people nearby sigh wistfully.

By the end of the day, your feet hurt, your voice is shot, and Zyn has outsold every other rep in the region. Again.

“Great work today,” you tell her as you pack up.

“Team effort!” she says brightly. “Though I do feel a little low on energy.”

You think nothing of it until you’re back in the hotel room.

Budget cuts mean shared accommodations, which you had accepted with mild annoyance and zero expectations of sharing space with a literal succubus. The clerical error that paired you with Zynelle feels less funny now that she's kneeling in front of the open refrigerator, staring into its empty shelves.

Her shoulders slump.

"Oh," she says softly.

"What's wrong?"

"My meals," she says. "They're gone."

You peer inside. Two bottles of water. An untouched minibar soda. Nothing else.

"The maid must've cleaned it out," you say. "Sorry."

Zyn nods, but her wings droop a little. "They probably thought they were expired milkshakes."

"Milkshakes?"

You decide not to ask questions.

"How bad is it?" you ask.

She closes the fridge and sits back on her heels. "I'll be alright. I just... need to eat before I sleep. Otherwise, I'll be foggy tomorrow."

“Can we order something?”

She shakes her head. “Too late. And I can’t really go out like this.”

She gestures vaguely at herself.

You look. Really look.

She’s still in her work clothes — tailored skirt, blouse slightly wrinkled from a long day, heels kicked off nearby. Her skin has a faint sheen, not sweat exactly, more like warmth. Her eyes, usually bright green, seem deeper now, luminous in the low light.

“Oh,” you say, suddenly aware of how small the room feels.

Zyn looks up at you. “I’m sorry. This is awkward.”

“It’s fine,” you say. “We’ll figure something out.”

She hesitates. “There is... an option.”

You swallow. “Okay.”

She stands slowly, folding her wings in. “Succubi don’t need much...”

Her voice trails off as her gaze drops below your belt. You suddenly feel very aware of the number of times you ogled down her blouse.

Her cheeks darken. “It would only take a minute...”

The air between you tightens.

“So,” you say carefully, “...room service?”

Her lips curve into a shy smile. “A very personalized kind.”

You laugh — too loudly — and rub the back of your neck.

“I dunno, Zyn...”

Barney from Accounting warned you about this. You wouldn't be the first man to fall helplessly in love with a succubus. It's a relationship that very few humans can navigate. After all, would you agree to eat the same meal — morning, noon, and night — for the rest of your life? You wouldn't, and she definitely won't.

“I don't want to make you uncomfortable,” she says quickly. “We can just sleep. I'll manage.”

She doesn't move toward the bed. Doesn't reach for you. She just kneels there, hopeful and embarrassed and entirely unaware of the effect she's having.

You think of the show floor. The sales numbers. The way people orbit her without realizing why.

“Zyn,” you say. “You're not... doing anything weird to people, are you?”

Her eyes widen. “No! I mean — sometimes people feel drawn to me, but I don’t push. I just talk about the product.”

You snort. “That explains a lot.”

She tilts her head. “Does it?”

“Yeah,” you say. “You’re very... persuasive.”

“Oh!” She brightens. “Thank you! I’ve been working on my pitch.”

You step closer.

“Alright,” you say. “Let’s... take care of dinner.”

Her breath catches.

“I’ll try to be very quick,” she says solemnly.

“I appreciate that,” you reply, already feeling the room grow warmer.

Somewhere down the hall, an ice machine rattles.

Outside, traffic hums. Inside, Zynelle smiles at you as if you’ve just approved a very reasonable expense report.

Rising up on her knees, she brings her face within an inch of your fly. Your cock lunges against your zipper like the last puppy at the pound. She inhales dreamily. You exhale on her behalf.

Staring up into your eyes — looking for any signs of second thoughts — she unzips your pants. And your self-control. If you have any second thoughts, they revolve around how many more of them are going to tick by until —

“Ooooh. Very nice,” you hear her coo.

Getting your penis favorably appraised by a succubus is like seeing a row of tens from a line of Olympic judges. Your champion holds its purple head high. The national anthem swells in the back of your brain. “Oooh, say, can you seeeee...”

She can. And a small pool of saliva gathers in her mouth.

She gently places the tip of your cock against her puckered lips. You feel a ripple of electricity shoot through your body as she inhales your scent once again. With one hand, she slides your pants down. The other cradles your balls, as if weighing their contents.

And then, with a satisfied groan, she swallows you to the base. You can feel her throat muscles squeezing your glans. Her eyes roll back in ecstasy. Yours rattle around in your skull like dice.

She pulls all the way back, and then she starts bobbing her head on your shaft. Slowly, at first, but picking up speed. Her free hand snakes up your body, under your

shirt, caressing your stomach. She alternates between lovingly caressing your swollen scrotum and gently pulling it away from your body. The resulting tension is glorious. You can see veins you never knew you had popping out all along your length as it disappears into her greedy mouth over and over.

Then you feel it. It's not unlike the feeling deep in your core when you take the first hill on a roller coaster. Your testicles feel like cement blocks, and everything below your navel coils tight.

But it's when she gazes up at you with a mouthful of pulsating manhood and... whimpers. Soft, pleading, vulnerable. You come unglued.

Reflexively, your hands bolt out to grab her horns. Partly, it's about thrusting your erupting cock further down her flexing throat. And partly, it's about not wanting to fall on your ass.

Her fingers squeeze your balls, as if to milk every drop of cum out of them. And your swollen hose spurts long, thick ropes of semen down her waiting throat. Loud gulping sounds fill the room. Most of them are from her.

As your body slowly stops shuddering, she falls backwards on her ass. She heaves a satisfied groan that conjures images of your Uncle Anthony, pushing back

from the Thanksgiving table. She even pats her belly the same. Dabbing at the corner of her mouth with a slender finger, she breathes a genuine “thank you.”

As she rises to her feet to plant a grateful kiss on your cheek, you know two things.

Tomorrow’s sales numbers are going to be *exceptional*.

And Barney from Accounting can go fuck himself.



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