

Surely, he couldn't get a room in a fancy place like this. Surely not.

The hotel into which our panda stumbled looked as venerable as any spooky old mansion he had ever seen, with oodles of 'time-worn old world charm' - if you were feeling particularly charitable in describing it that way, and not merely purposely neglected. Everything inside The Cuthbert's antique walls looked like it hadn't been renovated since propeller-driven aircraft had first taken to the skies, and everyone who dared to step through its ornate wooden entrance into the lobby beyond needed to be thrice-descended from the Earl of this or the Duke of that.

One thing that could certainly be said is Dante would be the first *naked* guest to walk through their doors. Well, mostly naked, he did have a messenger bag slung about his shoulder and to preserve his modesty when he felt it might be wise and to hold his worldly belongings. An enthusiastic and *cheeky* nudist, something told him that modesty, or at least as much as can be provided by a canvas bag strategically hung, might be called for when dealing with an establishment such as The Cuthbert.

"Here goes nothing! YOLO!"

All he wanted was just a warm and cosy bed to sleep off the headache it seemed the poor red panda, one with the longest and fluffiest ears you've ever seen, had been enduring for most of the day. Ha! The 'Get Lucky' potion had seemed to have the opposite effect, all things considered. Since imbibing of what had been sold to him as a little bottle of liquid fortune and swaggering to the local casino to put his good fortune to the test and strike it lucky, he had emerged an hour later both poorer and in considerable discomfort. He had but eighteen dollars to his name now, a sympathetic gift from someone with more skill and luck at gambling than Dante. Perhaps he would have similar good fortune when it came to engendering sympathy from the snooty and distinguished basset hound behind the lobby desk?

"I see, *sir*," the aristocratic canine rumbled in a slow, measured manner and refined accent as he gazed down over his spectacles at the hopeful panda. Dante smiled wanly as he endured the cold, calculating look; sympathy was something he felt that the hound did not readily indulge in. That he had turned up without a shred of clothing on his body probably didn't much impress the sourpuss doggo, either. Thankfully, his potential host for the night was too much of a professional to remark or object to Dante's state of undress; perhaps he had dealt with it more often that one might initially consider? "Can *sir* pay for such a room?"

"Uhm!" Dante beamed up at tall and severe concierge. The hound was dressed in an imposing scarlet and gold-embroidered overcoat that much like the hotel itself displayed much in the way of threadbare fading glory. "I have... let's see..."

The concierge watched with a carefully impassive expression on his wrinkled face as Dante dug into his bag and pulled out a small collection of coins, bills, candy wrappers and other detritus of a mischievous life. The remainder of the 'Get Lucky' potion was among them. The stone-faced expression softened enough for the haughty hound to raise an eyebrow as Dante promptly heaped it down onto the reception desk and began sorting through it to retrieve what cash he had on hand. It was not much.

"I see Sir likes to collect... *things*," the concierge remarked with barely audible huff of disdain.

"Thirteen... Fourteen, oh, yep!" Dante did not look up for a second as he hastily fished through the pile for all the coins and bills and separated them from the rest of the 'personal treasures'. He seemed completely oblivious to carefully subdued sarcasm clear in the concierge's tone. "Eighteen dollars! Would that... uhm... get me... anything?"

Ah, that infamous cheeky and hopeful smile now playing on Dante's face, and the charming twinkle in his eyes that had got him out of—and into—so much mischief. Against the sour, yet respectful, disposition of his would-be host, though, it was if it were a puddle of seawater sloshing up against the Cliffs of Dover and hoping to pass over.

"I see..." the concierge paused as if to give the offer of a meagre sum of money for the honour of staying at a hotel as prestigious as The Cuthbert some consideration. It left Dante to grin in a somewhat strained fashion, shifting anxiously about on his footpaws.

*Twinkle-twinkle...*

A glimmer of movement in the corner of his right eye drew his attention. For a moment after he turned and looked, and in the afterimage of his mind's eye, he could swear he saw... someone... *something*... a flicker of something red... a *smile*...?

"Ahem."

Dante rather guiltily snapped his attention back to the stuffy dog. Much to his surprise, a very, very, slight smile cracked the severe and haughty expression on the concierge's face, and he was handed a rather ornate key. "I believe we have a room free in the *Red Wing*, Sir. Room 327. Does Sir have any... other bags he needs carrying?"

"Oh, uh, no!" Dante was still a little befuddled by the offer of a room and needed a few moments in which to engage his mental cogs. Then he grinned, swept his belongings back into his satchel and snatched the key out of the concierge's handpaw. "Just me!" he declared with an indicating pat of his chest.

"I fear I might not be able to carry you, sir," the concierge ventured in a dead-pan tone as he stepped smartly forward ahead of Dante to open the door leading to the guest room corridors. Then he stopped and turned to gaze at his new guest with the same lack of outward emotion, and a grave expression on his face that leached away any possible humorous relief from the moment. "That was a joke, sir."

"Oh, haha, so it was," Dante forced an insincere laugh that wilted the moment it left his lips, much like how he did under the solemn gaze until his host turned around again. "Ha... ha..."

The only other denizen of the hotel at that time—and the permanent resident of the infamous Red Wing—gleefully clapped her hands as she danced back away from the railing and did another little happy dance.

“Ooh! Here he comes now! A new *playmate*!”

What a *handsome* panda boy!

The Krumpubus, red-haired, eager, lithe, and lovely in a distinctly *devilish* kind of way, skittered back and forth from one foot to another. The little bat wings, framed in neon purple much like the bulk of her spade-ended tail, fluttered in their own display of eagerness. It had been far too long since she had last had someone to play with!

“Sweet boy, oh you sweet, sweet boy!” the krumpubus gushed as she recalled the cheeky sincerity she had seen in her new playmate’s face as she secretly observed him while he had tried to book a room for little more than pocket change. “You’re going to be so much fun!”

It was a *fine* arrangement she had worked out with the stuffy hotel owner. In exchange for a favour or two that could only be solved through magical means, any handsome boys who wandered in through its doors could stay for whatever money they had in their pockets. Oh, and she had a comfortable room and free candy! Yes, perfectly fair recompense for someone as *fabulous* as the Krumpubus taking up residence at The Cuthbert.

Now all she had to do was slip back into the room and wait...

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“Up there, Sir. Third door on the right. Enjoy your stay.”

With a stiff half-bow at the waist after coming to a sudden halt on the mid-floor landing, the concierge indicated that Dante should continue without him.

“Oh, uh, thanks?” Caught off guard, Dante blinked in surprise and then hastily mumbled out his appreciation; he had been expecting to be led up to the room itself and shown the room and asked if it was to his satisfaction—just like he’d seen happen in old movies.

“Sleep well, Sir.”

“I...will, you too, sleep well that is. When you go...to...uh, sleep. At whatever time that might normally be, haha.” Too nervous to stop himself from babbling, Dante winced as he managed to bite down on his wagging tongue. A rosy blush warmed his cheeks as he collected himself again, grateful now that his host had moved on back down the stairs mid-way through his babble.

“327... 327...”

Too eager to dwell on his embarrassment for long—or on the abnormality of the service provided—Dante hurried up the stairs. A long corridor stretched out either side of the foot of

stairs and turned a corner at the end, with the door numbers increasing to his left and decreasing to his right.

“Right... quick to go right, right? *Right.*”

*Creak...*

Much to his surprise as he approached it, he found that the door to room 327 was slightly *ajar*. Had there...been some sort of mistake? A mix-up on which rooms were currently occupied and which were not? Or...perhaps...it was just being cleaned. Yep! That could be it.

*Knock-knock-knock...*

After knocking somewhat timidly, Dante stood a little back from the door, clasped his hands behind his back and waited.

And waited. *And waited.*

Five minutes went by. In that time, Dante hadn’t dared but take a surreptitious peek through the crack in the door, through which visible light spilled. Not that he could see very much when he did, just a warm, yellowish light. He put the faint *tittering* he thought he heard at one point down to his imaginat-

“Well don’t just *stand* there, silly; aren’t you going to come on in?”

A melodic, mischievous and noticeably feminine voice coming from within ‘his’ room startled Dante out of his reverie, fur bristled, and ears perked as he considered his next course of action.

*Knock-knock-knock.*

He felt rather foolish knocking again, but that was all that his jumbled brain could come up with at that particular moment. He did however venture a greeting to go with it, albeit a rather hesitant one. “H-Hello?”

More giggling, this time loud enough for him to be sure he’d heard it. “Who’s there?”

“Um, D-Dante?”

“Dante who?”

“Uh... just Dante?”

“No, silly!” admonished the as-yet unseen speaker. “You’re supposed to finish with a punchline. Just...just open the door and get in here, handsome boy.”

*H-Handsome boy?*

Dante blushed. Of course, he thought of himself as handsome, dashing, and with an endearing cheekiness about him, but it still made him embarrassed any time that a girl complimented him on his looks.

"A-Ah, okay!" Dante took a deep breath that steadied his nerves; he even managed to crack a smile as he felt them settle, and a little of his confidence return. "Well, here I co-"

"Well, *hello there!* I'm glad to see you're as handsome as you looked from a distance."

Dante gawked at the pretty red-haired humanoid girl standing in what was supposedly *his* room for the night and giving him a cheery wave. She was several inches taller than he and sported curved horns, long, elfish ears; a pair of grey and purple wings; and a cheeky spade-tail curled around her right leg. Her attire was a curious mix of casual, intimate and fancy, with knee-high black and red stockings contrasting with similarly coloured shorts and a scarlet bra.

"Wow..."

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"Wow..."

It was no less emphatic than the first breathy exclamation Dante had released. No other words came to mind, though, and honestly, it best summed up his immediate thoughts about the tall, leggy red head before him.

"Is that all you have to say, *handsome boy?*" the Krumpubus, or 'K' as she preferred to be casually called, giggled and shook her head. Then she looked coquettishly demure. "Not that I don't enjoy *being* wowed at."

"W-" Dante bit down on another repetitious reaction and cleared his throat as his throat went dry. Suddenly, and with a hot blushing flush to go with it, he was acutely aware of his nude state in the presence of a lady. K just tittered to herself as he shifted his bag to cover his member, which had started to embarrassingly stiffen as he took in the fine, lithe physique and the mischievous beauty of the foxy succubus before him. Not that he was aware of her nature, though the cute little bat wings and forked tail would *certainly* be a clue.

Still grinning, K rocked back on her heels. "Whatcha hiding there, cutie?" she asked.

"Oh, uh," Dante, never one for confidence when it came to pretty members of the opposite sex, blushed deeper still and fiddled with the edges of his bag as she looked down at it. "I, um, just some stuff."

"Such as...?"

Nope, she was not going to let him off the hook that easily. And yet, the kinky part of Dante's psyche, the one that enjoyed foreplay and seduction as part of a *game*, was already revelling in it and keeping score: Dante 0, Hot Chick with Wings 1. "Just some personal stuff, potion bottle..."

"Oh, is that what you call it?" K's eyes twinkled merrily. She leaned forward, hands bunched into fists on her hips and gave her plaything for the night a suggestive look. "I've never heard it called *that* before."

Dante's mouth fell open, then the redness under his cheek and neck fur spread and deepened further still. It didn't help that he self-consciously looked down at his bag at that very moment. "O-Oh, I, uh, meant, um, an *actual* potion bottle. I don't call my, uh, tha-

*Shut up, Dante, shut up...*

A merry tinkle of laughter brought to a merciful halt and punctuated his attempts to clarify himself. The Krumpubus had now raised an inquisitive eyebrow. "A potion bottle, you say. I wonder what kind. Mind if I take a look?"

Before Dante could object or reach into his bag, the Krumpubus had closed the scant distance between them. Quite a bit taller than our blushing panda, K gazed down him, eyes twinkling with mischievous mirth, and reached down to his bag. "Mmm, hmm, hmm!" she hummed to herself. "Let's take a look at your... *package*."

Oh my, Dante was certainly out of his depth here! Not a single objection left his lips as she unbuttoned the flap of his bag and reached down inside. That her fingertips strayed to feel the stiff little outline of his member protruding against the fabric of the bag was certainly accidental, surely. Being a sensitive thing, even this muted contact was enough to make him flinch and bristle his long, fuzzy tail.

"Ah yes, here we are," K declared with a smirk as she got in one teasing squeeze before wrapping her fingers around the bottle and pulling it out. "Let's see what we've got here..."

Dazed and disorientated, and most certainly *turned on*, Dante watched the foxy femme examine the label on the bottle. The way her nose crinkled, and a little frown furrowed her brow as she read was just... so damn cute!

"Oh ho!" K remarked with a knowing chuckle. "I wonder where you got this from, you *naughty* little boy. This is potent stuff... in the right hands."

"I, uh, bought it from a fortune-teller," Dante replied honestly. "She...She said that if I had a swig of it, I'd have good fortune in all things for one night..."

"I see..." K took a step away, now cutely pressing a pair of fingers and hooking her thumb under her chin as if in deep contemplation. Then a sly smirk spread across her lips, and she looked sidelong at Dante. "Did she... tell you what else it could be used for?"

"Oh, uh, I don't... think so?" It was Dante's turn to furrow his brow as he tried to recall anything else he might remember the teller saying. Nothing did.

"I see..." K repeated. The playful succubus shook the bottle between thumb and forefinger, neatly pulled out the stopper and then proceeded to dribble a little of the remainder of its contents out onto the fingertips of her dominant hand and rub them together. Almost at once, a sticky warmth blossomed there.

"Um, what are you doing? And, uh, who *are* you, by the way?"

It was a fair question. Dante had learned practically nothing about the unexpected occupant of 'his' room, even down to something as basic as her *name*. Certainly not what mischief she had planned next; he had just been swept along for the ride.

"Oh, I'm the *Krumpubus*. Mmm, K for short," the sexy demoness replied matter-of-factly as she pocketed the bottle. Such things were better in *her* keeping than in the hands of mortals. Then she stepped forward, reached back down toward his satchel, and this time deviated to stray underneath and touch the naked flesh of his stiff little member.. "And I'm very pleased to meet you, cutie..."

"I...I..." Dante was stunned...shocked! It also did not help his state of embarrassment that a) K's modest cleavage was now directly in his eyeline, b) that her long, prehensile forked tail was now in the process of wrapping itself possessively around his waist, and c) that most key of all, her fingers had taken hold of his manhood!

"What's the matter, cutie? *Succubus* got your tongue?"

Succubus! A shock of recognition ran through Dante as he belatedly realised that's what K was. Did such fanciful creatures of demonic mischief and seduction really exist? Well... obviously, because there was one right there...with...um...rather nice *assets* right before his eyes. But it still sounded incredible.

"Ah...I...oh..."

What capacity Dante possessed for analytical evaluation of the nature of K was fleeting, swiftly banished to a quiet corner of his mind the moment she began playing with the *tip* of his naughty bits. Smearing it with the warm stickiness of the dual-purpose potion that also served as a pleasure-inducing lubricant of sorts. Now, Dante was a panda of the world, and they had certainly been touched before by hands other than his own, but this...was something different. He found himself unnaturally sensitive to every teasing squeeze, ever lusty rub that the *Krumpubus* subjected him to. All while smiling sweetly down at him as she were doing nothing naughty at all.

"My, oh my," K mused as she stretched out her fingers to graze down lower and encompass more of him in her exploitative grip. "What do we have here...?"

Never one for coarse speech, and always ready to seize the opportunity for a timely quip, Dante inhaled and cleared his throat to steady his voice, now smiling as he gave her an answer. "My...*potion bottle*?"

The last thing he had expected was to be suddenly bundled up in her arms and pulled into a fierce hug. Practically lifting him off his feet in the process. "YOU ARE JUST TOO CUTE!" she declared emphatically, squeezing the side of his face into her bosom and smushing him with the strength of her sudden emotion burst of affection.

"Urk...Yrk..." Dante strangled attempts to speak fell on deaf ears. On one hand, he'd been granted momentarily relief from being fondled, albeit pleasurably, but on the other, what

breath he had remaining in his lungs was now being squeezed out of him. Thankfully, he was just as swiftly released, dishevelled and panting, but not entirely from the saucy embrace of the demonic minx who intended to extract her due from her new playmate.

“Aww, poor boy...” said the Krumpubus, a mock-sympathetic expression playing out on her face that contrasted strongly with the gleaming mischief in her violet eyes and smirk twisting her full lips. “That bag looks heavy. I should help myself to... I mean, tee hee, help relieve you of such a heavy burden...”

“Oh, um, I-I’m quite alright!” Dante’s protest came out in a frantic, embarrassed squeak as K pointedly reached both hands toward him without waiting for him to address her mischievous intention. It was all-too clear what she intended, and Dante, even with him being a naughty little nudist, was certainly not ready to be stripped naked by a sassy succubus.

“Don’t be silly!” K giggled, playfully slapping away his attempts to politely hold her back and taking a firm grasp on the straps of his messenger bag.

“B-”

“Oof!” K’s penchant for theatrical behaviour was on front-line display as she appeared to struggle to pull up his bag by the straps to reveal the nudity behind it. “I knew this was heavy! And oh my, hee, what have we here...?”

“A-Ah...”

Frozen by embarrassment—and perhaps more than a little kinky enjoyment at being treated in such a fashion—Dante could only gape and splutter as the bag was lifted up-up-up off his shoulders and his full nudity exposed for one and all to see.

“There! Much better!” declared the Krumpubus. Now standing with her fists balled on her hips and a sly, triumphant grin on her lips, the winged temptress gave her nude plaything a good, long look from head to toe; she certainly liked what she saw!

“Ooh... I... um...”

It greatly amused the Krumpubus to watch Dante squirm beneath her lascivious gaze, twisting and turning himself into a metaphorical knot and cupping his little maleness to hide it from the smouldering eyes that looked upon it so very hungrily. Customarily, Dante bore his nudity proudly and usually felt little in the way of self-consciousness. Taking any gasps of shock along from stunned onlookers in his stride. But here, before the Krumpubus, he felt... *naked* in a way that even unclothed he never normally felt. And she didn’t let up either with her sounds of delight, titters of laughter and mischief as held her gaze upon him without mercy.

“Okay!” ‘m satisfied; you’re coming with me,” K abruptly declared, shaking Dante out of his shy, bemused reverie by seizing his right hand and pulling him over with her as she practically marched toward the queen-sized bed dominating one half of the posh hotel room—Dante in tow.

“W-Wh-”



Dante's next splutter of surprise was interrupted by the hearty spin around and then push that send him sprawling backwards to land on the expensively upholstered bed in a most untidy heap of blushing panda. He managed to pull and push himself up at the end to see that she was standing before him.

"Tee hee, make yourself *comfy*, hun," the Krumpubus gazed down at her hapless boy, again with her hands on her hips. Not sassily bunched though this time, for her fingers were moving toward the zip of her shorts as she swayed her hips to and fro in a silent, sensual dance.

*Riiipppzip...*

Down went the zip and slip went the shorts, slipping down the Krumpubus's hips to expose more of the pale violet panties that had been so teasingly hinted at. All while a fresh deep blush crept higher and higher up Dante's cheeks as he watched the impromptu striptease that next claimed her panties. The silky undergarments pooled with the shorts in a heap at her feet to reveal clean-shaven intimate lips glistening with naughty anticipation of sensual mischief to come. Now, faced with such promiscuous semi-nakedness, heat was certainly gathering in one certain place too, resulting in a certain *rising* that was very much to the liking of the saucy demoness.

Off came her top next, dropped from paired fingers with a teasing wink, to reveal small, pert breasts. "There! I'm as nude as you are now, you *naughty* boy," declared the Krumpubus, now striking a model-esque pose and then turning to look over her shoulder at him, grin and wiggle her cute little tushie at him.

*Wiggle-Wiggle!*

"Oof!"

So bemused had Dante been by the swaying of her hips and the jiggle of her petite breasts as she sassily approached him that he was once again caught off guard as the Krumpubus, ever one to seize the moment, advanced after him, lowering herself down and crawling onto across the bed with the predatory grace of an approaching panther. And where had the ribbons come from that she now held? Had they been in the room or conjured up by demon magic? Dante wouldn't find out, that was certain, but what he would discover—and very, very soon—was what she intended to do with them...

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“Oh my, *Dante...*”

Why had he let her do this to him? This is the question that dominated Dante’s thoughts. The aforementioned panda had been promptly and strategically wrapped in that same red ribbon that K had brought with her as she straddled him on the bed and set about her intended task—culminating in her tying a big, showy bow on his chest. He was, for all intents and purposes, a rather pretty present for a certain Krumpubus to unwrap and enjoy. As instructed, he had shifted his posture to that of kneeling on the bed with his hands clasped behind his back and keeping his eyes closed to remain oblivious to whatever else the horned temptress was planning next—something that K had found it very easy to encourage him to do. As with pretty much anything thus far had asked him to do; Dante was finding, once again, that he was a dyed in the wool *sub* when it came to a pretty face and charming, seductive personality who readily took the lead—and placed a firm hand on his metaphorical leash.

“...aren’t you just the cutest present anyone could ask for?”

*Scratch-rub.*

“A-Ah!”

Dante shivered and let out a gasping groan as K, also knelt on the bed next to him, curled her finger and oh-so-lightly scratched his sensitive flesh in *just* the right place that caused a *little* pain to spice of the pleasure of his erect, aching sensitivity.

“My, my,” K purred as she shuffled over and reached up and under the ribbon hiding the stiff member from view to give Dante’s ‘potion bottle’ a playful squeeze. “For something so *small*, it certainly has a lot of energy, tee hee!”

Dante’s fur bristled. It was true that he certainly didn’t have the *biggest...* potion bottle, but then, it wasn’t how *big* it was, but the, uh...*contents*, and how...bubbly they were and how tasty. Or something like that!

“A-Ah... O-Oh...!”

*Shhhh...*

The length of ribbon tied around his hips to temporarily shield his stiff little member from view caused such a delightful friction to the protruding head as K plucked the loose knot holding the ends together apart and pulled it slowly off and free. “Tee hee, the *best* present...” she chortled to herself as she clapped her hands with faux delight, as if she had never seen it before. “Even if it’s not the *biggest one* I’ve seen...”

How dare she! Dante practically puffed up with prideful indignation at this not-so-subtle jibe at the size of his manhood—and not the first one. Oh well, water of a duck’s back and all that; Dante warranted that he could outperform anyone! Confidence went a long way, he should know.

*Scratch-Scratch.*

“A-Ah!”

One thing that was *absolutely* certain was that he was damned sensitive. Dante now struggled to hold his kneeling balance and keep his eyes squeezed tightly shut as she teased and stroked his unrestricted, proud-as-punch and stiff as a, uh, very stiff thing indeed. Every point of contact with his little shaft was exquisitely pleasurable—and a little painful. *Especially* when she dug her claws in ever so gently, just enough to spice it with a little *sharp* sensation.

“Tickle-Tickle...”

Now the teasing became less languid and more staccato, intent on making him squirm a bit more for her mischievous enjoyment. Squirm he did, panting and flicking his bristled tail about in spasmodic bursts as he struggled to hold himself in place and not... not... lose. It was a game, yes, all a game; a contest of wills to see who would be declared the winner of this naughty little game. He would come out on top: Dante 1, naked... sexy... *ravishing* minx... z-zero...

“Alley-oop!”

With very little warning, Dante felt himself once again being pitched backward via a firm, double-handed push against his shoulders. Again, he unfolded messily, the remaining ribbons rustling and becoming somewhat dishevel as he wriggled against the bed in an effort to disentangle his limbs.

“Round two, Dante. Keep your eyes closed for now... ooh, this’ll be a *fun* game...”

“O-Oh boy...”

Before he had chance to react in any way, she was on him, straddling his hips with her knees to keep him firmly pinned in place. He did as he was bid, keeping his eyes firmly closed and relying on his wild imagination to imagine what she had in store for him. It could only be one thing...

Well, not quite—but certainly enough to get him all *hot* and *bothered* and extract the Krumpubus’s due! Rather than, ahem, *taking the plunge*, Krumpubus put the nimble gyrations of her hips she had earlier displayed to good use. She lowered herself *just* enough for him to feel the tell-tale moist contours of the petals of a most *womanly* flower brushing against the swollen head crowning her boy-toy’s, well, *boy toy*. Only just enough contact to send him into a spasm of panting, and a needy groan as a more intimate form of contact was made—if only for an excruciatingly short time. So mean! So teasing! But hey, it gave her pleasure and enjoyment and it kept Dante in an aroused state for longer, so it was win-win in her books. Poor old panda, though; he ached to sink deeper between the moist petals of K’s steamy flower and couldn’t!

K grinned and inhaled deeply to savour the aroma of sex filling the room as she squeezed her knees and gyrated slowly atop Dante. Her own fair skin was rosy and flushed from the sensual pleasure of the bump-and-grind teasing, and the familiar, intoxicating enjoyment she always received from dominating mortal boys. All for a good cause, of course! The cause this time being extracting a rather public exultation—and orgasm—from her lover. He’d resist of her

course, trying to beat her in a game of endurance that he knew he was *absolutely* destined to lose. Perhaps, though, he actually enjoyed being beaten this way?

He certainly did and beaten he would be—more than once. This first time though, it would be a doozy. Not for lack of trying to hold off, though, and win the contest. But when the talons of a sexy succubus are wrapped the base of your already-aching dick, giving all kinds of... mmm... delicious squeezing to compliment the teasing embrace of warm, moist lips dripping with demonic honey, then, well, you're already on a losing streak.

What a dishevelled mess Dante was! A mess of panting flushed furred flesh, rumpled bedsheets and ribbon. He was a helpless contestant in the kind of game he, deep-down, loved to play—and lose. Oh, he'd boast about wanting to win, even go through the motions, but he already knew he craved to be the *best* kind of loser—one who came first.

"Ooh, tee hee," K chortled to herself as her masterful manipulation of Dante's little 'potion bottle' was being rewarded by the kind of tell-tale groans, panting and squirming she was very familiar with. "I can feel it, hun. It's a *cum-ing!*"

*Tick... Tock... Tick...*

Down in the lobby, the reserved Basset Hound quietly read from a rather austere novel with a subject matter as proper and severe as he. The near silence was interrupted only by the dusty turning of each page and the steady passage of time measured by the antique grandfather clock dominating one particular alcove.

*Tock... Tick... Tock...*

The canine concierge raised his eyebrow as the girlish outcry, followed by a loud giggle and muffled cries of protest, reached his ears from the floors above. Ah, it was getting close to *that* time, was it?

Back in the hotel room that had become a den of demonic vice, Dante waved his hands in a frantic and gentlemanly warning—or at least tried to. Krumpubus though, she was a seasoned succubus and knew just when mortal boys were just about to orgasm. With practised deftness, she shifted her weight and rolled off Dante just in time to see a spurting fountain of white erupt from his member—complete with an emphatic groan from our panda. It was a marvellous display at the sight of which she clapped gleefully and hummed a tuneful victory song not unlike that featuring in a certain console role-playing game series.

Victory!

*Rattle-rattle-rattle-thump...*

Louder and more muffled cries giggles, and the sound of bedposts scraping across the floor as K celebrated her victory with enthusiastic back and forth swaying. Clearing his throat, the Basset remained focused on his book; when one played host to a succubus, one expected all kinds of noises.

"OH DANTE... AND FROM SUCH A SMALL BOTTLE TOO!"

*Tick... Tock... Tick...*

A rather more masculine series of groans then punctuated the saucy demand. The matured hound, who had never really gone in for that sort of thing and preferred a bracing walk in the countryside, sniffed haughtily and turned another page as girlish cries of delight then mixed with louder and more breathless, very recognizable groans. So, it was *him* this time, eh?

*Tock... Tick... Tock...*

She had claimed her due and Dante, well, he'd got an experience with her that he wouldn't soon forget. Especially not after she used her magic and extracted from him a second... third... fourth... fifth...

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Dante groaned as he gingerly made his way down the last flight of stairs. He was sore, well, all over, but mostly in his naughty bits. Which were still stiff and outwardly *hot-to-trot*—even after so many times. Jeeze, didn't he deserve a break! There was nothing for it, he had to escape! Resist the urges, his own bodily cravings. Deny the sexy minx he knew he could be back in the arms of within the space of a minute. Hole up at home and wait for the magical effects of the 'Got Lucky' position to wear off. He had gotten lucky quite enough, thank you very much!

"Good morning, sir. I do hope you enjoyed your stay with us."

"Morning!" Dante declared amiably. He would act nonchalant. Yes, totally natural, as if nothing at all was wrong. At least as much could be allowed by hiding a big *stiffie* behind his bag. This facade of airy demeanour threatened to crumble away almost immediately as the refined hound gazed at him with the kind of expression he felt was judgemental. So, an apology felt in order. Dante puffed up and raised his nose in what he felt was a snooty fashion. "Sorry about the noise last night, old chap."

Was that a twinkle in the hound's eye? It was! Like the wry quirk...a smile? And rather than berate Dante for his, um, enthusiasm, the concierge actually flashed him a knowing wink.

"Think nothing of it, sir. I'm... quite used to it by now. Now, let me see..."

Dante smiled wanly as the hound appeared to busy himself with shuffling through papers, supposedly looking for a misplaced form, and then a 'lost' pen. It was getting really... *really* difficult not to think about sex! And his raging boner! And the lovely Krumpubus upstairs, who had surely realised by now that he wasn't coming back from his supposed 'bathroom break' any time soon. Time was ticking...

"U-Um, is ev-"

"My apologies, sir; I'll be right with you in just a moment..."

*Tick-Tick-Tick...*

The time bomb in Dante's metaphorical pants was on the verge of exploding. He was dancing from foot to foot now as the stiffness and the urge to find some sort of relief besides surreptitiously rubbing against the coarse fabric of his bag was becoming really, *really* hard to resist in a race against time. If he didn't hurry...

"O-Oh no..."

*Swish-Swish-Rub.*

"I... uh... um..."

The concierge paused going through the motions of rustling through some more papers and raised an eyebrow as he watched Dante bend over a little and clutch his bag to his crotch and go into what could only be described as a parade of hip-twitches complete with a symphony of spluttered, only partially-muffled moans as he ground his erection against his bag. The friction was once again exquisite, perhaps even more so than before thanks to the numerous orgasms he had already enjoyed!

"I think... I'm gonna..."

*Splatter!*

Dante failed to pull his bag aside in time to prevent it being smeared by the effluence of a very unexpected public orgasm. It landed in a wet smearing glob on the back of his satchel as he clutched it tightly to his crotch and bent over, face contorted into an expression of profound pleasure as he capitulated to yet another orgasm—this time a public one.

*Drip-Drip-Drip...*

As Dante stood there in a mortified half-crouch, the expelled seed dripping right onto the polished tiles of the lobby, the rarefied concierge inhaled through his nostrils, let out a harrumph and then... laughed. It was a rich, mocking guffaw that certainly became him. "...spend another night with us, sir?" he then went through the motions of checking through the reservations book, still with a subtle smirk on his lips.

Had he the opportunity to do so, Dante might well have bolted for the door. However, the sudden shadow falling over him from behind and the coy 'tut-tut-tut' that followed were signals that he had dallied too long.

"THERE YOU ARE, YOU CHEEKY BOY!"

"Bu-"

"YES, DANTE WILL BOOK HIS ROOM FOR ANOTHER NIGHT!"

"H-"

"Very good, Madame. Sir."

Before he could do more than squeak out in surprise and mouth a silent ‘HELP ME’ to the smirking doggo, Dante found himself seized by the hand and promptly dragged away again by the ever-insistent Krumpubus.

“YOU’RE COMING WITH ME, HANDSOME BOY! MINE!”

“Hel-”

“SHUSH!”

The stern facade of the hound seemed to fall right away as Dante and K made their cacophonous exit. Practically cackling with unrestrained joy, he called out after them — even doing a little scampering dance behind his desk.

“GAME OVER, BOY! GAME OVER!”

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