

Mischief Maker

Authored by HYPERLINK "<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/milkjunkie>" [MilkJunkie](#)

A HYPERLINK "<https://inkbunny.net/dnltiger04>" [DNLTiger04](#)/ HYPERLINK "<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/pervynamek02>" [Pervynamek02](#) commission

When Adrien moved into his home, he did so with two of his close friends. The first was Eva, a fairly tall Golden Retriever Adrian had known since high school. She had always been fun, but seemed almost riddled with a serious case of Attention Deficit Disorder – and ADHD, its hyper-active cousin. She was bouncy and absent-minded, and only really seemed to maintain her focus on things like movies or video games, which basically bombarded her brain with information. She was a bit hard to deal with at times, but kind-hearted and sweet.

The second was Brownie – an originally named brown feline. She was a bit shorter, more robust than Adrian and Eva, and much more serious than Eva was about almost anything. She was passionate, but level-headed about almost all things... especially baking. She worked at a bakery in town, and enjoyed her work more than being at home, and as such took every opportunity to work she possibly could.

Adrien rounded out the misfit group of roomies as the only male under the roof. He was a tiger, though oddly blue instead of orange. He was quite tall, taller than Eva even was, but a slender, gentle guy who wore glasses and was so shy he would scarcely dare to bother a fly. He managed to stir up his fair share of trouble, but ultimately did everything he could to keep his head down and stay out of sight. Unfortunately, life always seemed to have other plans.

... One such plan took the form of his newest roommate. Well, “roommate” was being overly generous. She could have been called a “house guest” however most preferred to label her as a “squatter.” Her name was Asmodaea, a Demonic Cat summoned into the world by way of black magic. One of Adrien’s friends had unwittingly summoned her and she nearly bound herself to the young man had Adrien not interrupted the ritual. However, rather than save the day and cast Asmodaea back to where she came... Adrien simply found himself bound to her instead. He’d been unable to shake her ever since.

With all the girl roommates he had, it was common for Adrien to be surrounded by women. Be it his roommates, their friends, their sisters, even their mothers, Adrien saw more fine female forms in a day than most modeling photographers. A lot of them didn’t give him much of a second glance however, so he got used to falling into the background, taking a back seat to their girls’ nights or whatever else they did. Being a third wheel wasn’t as bad as it sounded... he at least got to spend plenty of time with Asmodaea. She was forced into agreeing to stay out of the house’s business for the most part, and with Adrien off to the side as well he was able to watch over her and try and keep her out of trouble.

“Adrien.”

The tiger was sprawled out on his bed, holding a book above him to read. When Asmodaea spoke his name, he turned his head to look at her. She was such a strange creature... her fur would have been a dusky blue tone with a gray underbelly if she didn’t glow the way she did. Her eyes lit up like neon blue nighttime signs, and the tips of her curled down horns shared the same radiance. Her purple hair faded into bright pink tips that also

glowed a bit, and she wore a leather choker with a crescent moon ornament that once again shared the same colour and glow. A couple of gemstones embedded into her thigh-high leather boots also glowed pink, and it seemed like even the tip of her pink-furred tail presented the same bioluminescent qualities. Black latex gloves hugged her all the way to her biceps, the fingertips giving away to sharpened, glowing blue nails, and the rest of her form was hugged in a latex bodice that hid absolutely no more than it needed for her to maintain modesty.

She did not stand, but instead hovered as her bat wings fluttered on her back. “You have a house guest,” She said matter-of-fact.

“Wha?” The blue tiger cocked a brow, always suspicious of the demon-cat.

She seemed to roll onto her front in mid-air, her feet dangling up behind her as she kicked her feet. She peered down at him with an ever-present smirk and a display of her fangs. “It’s the mouse girl you have on your computer,” She said, her hands creating a platform for her chin to rest on, “The one with the giant boobies and the glasses.”

“The hell’re you...”

DING-DONG

The door bell rang, interrupting Adrien’s suspicion. Immediately he gestured to her and opened his mouth to tell her to stay put.

“I won’t go anywhere,” She waved off his expected command, “Cross my fingers and hope to die.”

“I think you mean cross your heart,” Adrien muttered.

“Did I say fingers?” Asmodaea rolled her eyes, “Whooooops...!”

Adrien narrowed his gaze in an accusatory glare, but another ring of the doorbell reminded him of more pressing matters. He turned away and made a bee-line from his room to the front door of the three-story home, feet stomping down the stairs and into the front hallway. Fortunately his visitor was patient, and opted not to ring the bell again before he opened the door to see her standing there.

As Asmodaea had said, it was a mouse girl that Adrien had seen on several occasions. Her name was Milkette – a rather tomboyish girl with Earth-shattering proportions. The way her head-sized melons stretched her pink top to slight transparency to hint at fully-packed cups of a bra beneath was more than a little distracting, and the cleavage exposed from the modest neckline didn’t help. Adrien took a few lingering moments to lift his gaze to her lovely sapphire eyes, cute, adorable, dorky round glasses, and the fact she had her chocolate brown locks pulled back into a loose ponytail that day.

“Hey,” Milkette said. The way she greeted him told volumes of her sharp wit was – she had definitely noticed him gawking at her chest, no matter how discrete he had tried to be.

“Uh, hey, what’s up...? Milkette, right?” Adrien answered.

She nodded, “Yup. Is Eva around?”

“Actually...”

Adrien leaned back to look just inside the door to confirm what he was sure he already knew. Eva’s shoes were gone, so the golden retriever had gone out. “Right,” He said to himself before turning his attention back to the mouse, “She got called into work earlier.”

Milkette turned her gaze aside as if to ponder over the news. “Wow,” She huffed, eyes widening briefly, “Lame. Well! I guess I’ll just give her a call and come back later. You’re Adrien, right? You wanna tell her I stopped by? Just in case she doesn’t get my message or something.”

Adrien would have answered her if he hadn’t noticed Asmodaea just over Milkette’s shoulder. The bothersome cat had floated down from above, silently stalking Milkette from behind. Before Adrien could bring any attention to her though, the cat suddenly gave the mouse a shove forward. Milkette was startled, and let loose a shrill squeak of fright as she fell straight into Adrien. To his credit, the tiger boy was able to catch her without touching her inappropriately... even if her breasts did squash up against him oh-so-warmly.

Asmodaea stuck out her tongue and zipped back upwards and out of sight past the front door’s frame.

“Are you okay?” Adrien turned his attention to the mouse that scrambled to stand up once more. Even she looked back out towards the door to see no one.

“I...! What the...?” She was confused, and rightly so. But Adrien wasn’t about to explain Asmodaea’s presence to her, “I... dunno what happened there. Uh, maybe I ought to sit down; it was kind of a long walk.”

Asmodaea, who then sprawled out on her front along the very center of the angled roof, wrung her hands together and then simply faded from sight completely. Using her powers, she made herself invisible and snuck back into one of the upstairs windows so she could... have a little fun with her new house guest.

Milkette let out a deep breath as she settled into a seat on Adrien’s sofa. She gently rubbed her thighs, legs encased in the blue denim of her jeans, trying to feel out if she had some kind of weakness she hadn’t quite noticed. Aside from some slight shakiness from toppling over for almost no reason however, she couldn’t figure out anything. “Hm,” She hummed curiously, “... Hey, you know, can I maybe use your shower? I know it’s a little weird, but a good shower is relaxing, you know?”

“Wha?” Adrien felt rather confused at the sudden request... but also knew better than to question a girl, “Well, sure. Here, come with me.”

Adrien simply lead Milkette upstairs to the closet where they kept their towels, and then directed her to the upstairs bathroom. The two were unaware however that Asmodaea was watching them closely, stalking them whilst out of sight. Her devious little mind plotted and planned... As a succubus, she enjoyed no shortage of pranks, many

of them sexual. It'd been a while since she had any fun at someone else's expense. But Adrien was on to her... She could tell by the way he looked around as if paranoid. He knew what she was capable of...

... It didn't mean she had to be careful though. All that meant was that Adrien had unwittingly volunteered to be the butt end of her pranks.

"Alright, I won't be long," The mouse girl gave Adrien a thankful smile before disappearing into the bathroom and closing the door behind her. She locked it once inside. Adrien was a passive boy, but she didn't fail to notice the way he looked at her... Better safe than sorry! That, however did not last long.

The lock on the door was a simple twist-lock – the kind that could be opened easily by pushing a butter knife into the slot on the outside knob and turning it. Asmodaea found that one of her claws worked just as well, and she unlocked the door ironically while Adrien scoured the upstairs hallway and bedrooms trying to find her. He wanted to scold her ... he was always a bit of a stick in the mud like that. She smirked as Adrien kind of bumbled around. There was no way he was going to find her, she was practically incorporeal.

For the first of many misdeeds, it came to her so simply. She waited until Adrien was passing by the door once more, gripping the door knob and turning it slowly and quietly.

"Asmodaea! Asmodaea, I know you're here somewhere!" Adrien tried calling for her, but in a hushed whisper. He'd been caught trying to talk to his demonic familiar while she was invisible more than once... it was embarrassing to say the least.

Her answer came in the form of flinging the bathroom door open.

Adrien was standing front and center to a show of a quality most men would have had to pay for. Just having removed her shirt, Milkette stood dumb-struck by the sudden intrusion. A modestly tight pink bra cupped her enormous chest snug, and the matching thong she wore was no less confining of her rear. With her back to the door at first, she had twisted around in a flash to stare at Adrien, her eyes bared of her glasses. She hadn't even gotten her top all the way off, the garment hanging off of her wrists.

Neither said anything as they stared at one another for a moment.

Milkette's shirt then fell to the floor.

"Dude, seriously?!" She squeaked at such a pitch, "What the hell's wrong with you?!"

"It just blew open!" Adrien immediately set to defending himself.

"Bullshit!" Milkette snapped back, "I **locked** it."

With a bit of a huff, Milkette stepped towards the door and leaned out, pushing her hand against Adrien's chest to shove him away from the door. "Hope you took a picture!" She squeaked again, before shutting the door once more. The lock clicked back into place loudly.

“Jesus...” Adrien recollected himself, taking a few deep breaths in hope that the act might drain the red from his cheeks, “Damnit, Asmodaea.”

In the bathroom, Milkette finished undressing and stepped into the shower to run the water. The spray started, and warmed up quickly. Her big ears twitched as water droplets showered down on them, and soon pinned back to keep from filling with water. “Jeez...” She muttered to herself, embarrassment finally washing over her initial anger. She flew off the handle a little bit, maybe... but on the other hand, no one had ever been bold enough to sneak such a blatant peek at her – at least, not anyone she didn’t want to see her already.

She let the hot water of the shower wash over her, wetting down her hair and her fur, and surrendered herself to the comforting feeling. She took a deep breath and sighed, simply basking in the spraying water for a short while. The poor thing didn’t even know that she wasn’t alone.

A very invisible Asmodaea stood behind the oblivious mouse. The water sprinkled her form just as much, but it seemed to simply run off. The demon feline was dry as she stalked the girl, the sprinkling water developing a semi-clear outline of Asmodaea’s form. Milkette was hardly paying attention though, finding soap to lather into her fur. She was completely open to the demon’s wandering hands...

For her part, Milkette wouldn’t feel the direct physical contact of Asmodaea’s hands against her. Rather, the touches of the demon’s hands stirred feelings within the mouse that were beneath the surface. So, as the mouse cleaned herself off, invisible hands wandered her body. A trailing of fingertips along Milkette’s stomach offered a ticklish sensation that built a heat in the mouse. It seemed to go straight to her loins.

“Oh, come on...” She grumbled to herself. The mouse immediately related her feelings of arousal to Adrien. That instance where he’d opened the door was naturally the most fresh in her mind. She didn’t remember checking him out when she had the chance, but clearly, she thought, her body was trying to tell her something. Asmodaea seemed to play on this perfectly... The mouse felt like her chest was tingling, almost as much as her nethers. She had no idea it was because some ghost of a cat was feeling her up, teasing between her thighs and over her breasts without actually physically coming into contact.

Given that she seemed turned on, Milkette entertained a thought. Was Adrien really that hot? As far as she could remember, he seemed pretty average... He was tall, yes, and that was nice at times, but then most people were taller than a five-foot-three-inch tall mouse. He was pretty well-built too... Not the cute, waifish sort she usually had her eye on, but certainly not bad to look at. He had a nice chest at least...

... And he was interested in her too. That was certainly something.

She wiggled her hips as if to shake off Asmodaea’s grabby hands, and succeeded in making the demon feline pull her hands away. The mouse took a deep breath and sighed, letting the warm water relax her once more. Perhaps, she thought, she could give the guy a chance. He seemed nice enough, even if he was a little... lecherous. But then, who wasn’t? Seemed everyone she met had some perverted tendencies, and she was no better in some select cases. Why judge entirely on that?

Asmodaea lightly blew on the mouse's ear, causing it to twitch and her to giggle, before she darted from the shower and the bathroom. The shower curtain barely moved and the demon was akin to a breeze as she made a bee-line for the living room.

There, Adrien sat, busying himself with whatever he could find on television. He was obviously plenty frustrated at not being able to find Asmodaea. But the problem quickly solved itself as Asmodaea appeared rather suddenly before him, nestled on her knees and resting mostly against his lap. Her lush breasts, encased in her latex outfit, squished against his knees as her likewise latex-wrapped fingers frolicked along his thighs in tender, teasing caresses.

"Ah! Jesus, damnit...! Asmodaea!" Adrien gasped in surprise. He still wasn't used to her appearing out of thin air like that.

The demon cat responded with a pout and a big-eyed, sad-looking stare. "Awww, don't be mad," She cooed, "I was just having fun."

She blatantly rubbed a palm over Adrien's crotch. She knew that despite her endless agitation, the blue tiger couldn't help but get aroused at her mere touch. As expected, the fly of Adrien's jeans had a building mass behind it: a fat, swelling erection! The poor boy, he may have looked so average, but that manhood was anything but! If nothing else, he was rather extraordinary. Adrien however was having none of that, he dropped the television remote to grab both of Asmodaea's hands and held them away.

"Don't give me that," He said, "Cut it out already. This is why we can't ever have company!"

"That's simply because you never let me enjoy myself," She quipped in return. Her pink, soft tail swiftly took her hands' place. It displayed a rather dexterous talent in how it squeezed against and played with Adrien's crotch. "As the one I am bound to, it's your responsibility to see that my needs are met, is it not? But instead it's 'Asmodaea, don't do this,' and 'Asmodaea, you can't do that.' You can only blame yourself!" She added.

The young man lifted one of his legs to pin Asmodaea's tail beneath it, saving him once more from her teasing. "You're perfectly capable of doing that sort of stuff **away** from here," He said.

"But I'm bound to you, Adrien," She responded, "You sustain me..."

Parting her lips, Asmodaea's bioluminescent, blue tongue swung out like a snake poised to strike from within her wicked grin. All of Adrien's limbs were tangled up trying to keep the demon cat off of him, he couldn't stop her from lapping her tongue all over the crotch of his pants like she were licking a lollipop. The male's body writhed and twisted to try and keep her back, but she pressed her weight into him to pin him using as much of her torso as she could. In her lean, she displayed her otherworldly talents by drawing back the zipper barring passage to the arousal hidden below using only her teeth.

Ignoring Adrien's protests, her tongue struck like a viper, extending from her maw with nigh infinite capability to shoot into his pants and all-too-skillfully wrap around his manhood. Withdrawing her tongue, she

pulled it free from the opening, making Adrien wince as his impressive endowment was exposed to the open air. Despite having seen Adrien's shaft on numerous occasions – be it spying on him during his supposed 'alone time,' or being confronted by it directly – her bright blue gaze regarded his tool with a sense of wonder. Perhaps her being bound to him was something of consequence, as she rarely let up her mischievous streak until presented with Adrien's lust.

With barely a flick of her wrists, Asmodaea's hands escaped Adrien's restrictive hold, and instead embraced his hands with finger-entwined holding. Her tongue coiled around his stiff rod and angled it towards her maw as it parted slightly more. Her following plunge stopped short however, her lips barely coming into contact with Adrien's tip. Something caught her attention. She reeled back all too suddenly, her tongue snapping back into her muzzle like a measuring tape. Adrien stared at her, confused and clouded by lewd thoughts.

In but a moment, the succu-cat sat back, grinned up at her master, and then snapped her fingers. She instantly faded from sight.

"Hey Adrien, I--" Milkette just came down the stairs, dressed once more. But when she turned the corner to spot Adrien there, his dick standing stiff from his open fly, she froze. Both of them had dumb-struck looks on their faces.

"No. Way." Milkette sputtered a bit of a laugh, "No way!"

"Whuh... Nuh... no! No, it's not what it looks like!" Adrien gasped, covering himself.

Milkette shook her head, hands on her hips in a stern and disappointed manner. "Oh... my... god," She tsk'd, "Adrien, I don't believe you."

"It was Asmodaea!" Adrien blurted out, "She just--!"

"Shut up."

Milkette let out a sigh, closing her eyes for a moment to gather her thoughts. When she opened them again, she cocked a brow as she studied Adrien's erect tool. She could see the tip peeking out from behind his clumsy attempt to hide himself. She took just one last moment to consider her options with the hopeless tiger, crossing her arms beneath her bust as she came to a decision. "Just this once," She said.

"Just this once?" Adrien repeated her words in confusion, "What?"

"Just this one time," She repeated, "You're kind of cute, so... if you really want it that bad, then you can have it. Just this once."

Adrien must have looked stupid sitting there, barely covering his shame, with a blank stare. His lips were parted in a gob smacked sort of manner. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Well? You waiting for a written invitation?" The mouse chuckled. She wasn't entirely unused to such

reactions from a few guys in her past, “Come on, you... what would you want me to call it? A pervert? Or maybe ‘hentai.’”

The rodent didn’t wait. She turned and stepped back up the stairs, leaving Adrien to follow her. The tiger lingered for only a few moments where he sat, thoughts swirling around in his head. Ultimately however, he deemed not to look a gift horse in the mouth – or a gift mouse in any case. Rising from his seat, he made way for the stairs. He was just able to spy Milkette’s tail retreating into one of the rooms when he reached the top... Brownie’s room. He stepped delicately to follow her, peeking around the open door into the room before he would decide to step inside.

The mouse had just finished peeling her shirt up over her head. Her violet bra caps were reasonably sized, and contained her hefty jugs comfortably by the looks of it. They had jiggle-room, but support. Adrien hesitated only a moment, but stumbled into the room as he was suddenly shoved – likely by Asmodaea. He tripped in, which was even more awkward given his exposure. His heavy shaft bounced and bobbed with his every movement.

The girl’s eyes met his. “I’m not going to lie; this is kind of random... But I’ll admit, I haven’t, uh... had a roll in the sheets for a while?” She grinned, her front teeth lightly dragging along her lip as she once again cast a gaze to his erection, “You’re pretty impressive too. I never would’ve guessed if I hadn’t walked in on you like that.”

“Thanks,” Adrien grinned back awkwardly. His eyes scanned the room for any sign of Asmodaea. Of course there was nothing to be seen, but Adrien knew better. She was lurking somewhere and watching. He’d have been lucky if a bit of exhibitionism was the worst of his worries.

He pushed the idea out of his head and tried to simply forget about it. He made use of his idle hands to remove his pants and underwear the rest of the way, exposing himself near entirely to the mouse. Milkette took it in stride; she had seen naked men before and Adrien was nothing new. Her pants were the next to go, followed quickly by Adrien’s shirt. Milkette halted her undress, leaving her bra and underwear on as she turned her attention to Adrien.

“I didn’t think you’d be so... hm, firm?” She plucked her glasses from her face and set them on Brownie’s end table, “Your body, I mean, not your dick.”

“Not firm? You thought I’d be fat?” Adrien questioned her. She simply shook her head as she approached him and pressed a hand to his chest.

“No, no, I mean like... toned!” She reiterated, “I mean you’re pretty much the hallmark of a timid, nerdy guy.”

“Look who’s talking!” Adrien blushed.

“With bazongas like mine? Hardly,” Milkette huffed, and then giggled at Adrien’s none-too-subtle smirk,

“Sorry, been playing Tales of Xillia lately. Aaaaanyway...”

“What game is th-AH!”

The mouse grabbed the cat by the arm and tugged him hard enough to make him trip. He fell onto his bed face-first, and turned quickly onto his back only to find the girl climbing atop him. She sure wasn't playing around, straddling his body and keeping him pinned to the bed. The way she sat over him – with her back straight and her chest pushed out – she was obviously... lording over him, he wanted to say. Of course, why wouldn't she? Adrien knew she was acting this way only in some sense of benevolence. She was granting him his wish... a wish he knew he had, but never really was so bold as to act on it.

Perhaps he should have been *thanking* Asmodaea.

The mouse loomed over him, heavy breasts hanging, and canyon of cleavage drawing his eye into the abyss of furry bosom. She grinned a little. “Wait; don't tell me,” She said, “I think I know what you want.”

“Uh...” Adrien didn't say much at all, Milkette just moved all on her own accord. She hit the proverbial nail on the head however as she pushed herself back off the bed to get down low where she was able to tuck Adrien's stiff shaft up between her breasts. With her bra still on, it was a bit of a snug fit, at least as snug as such soft and warm tits could be. Adrien's body tensed up as a momentary burst of excitement washed over him, and the mouse grinned at the face he made.

“Heheh, yeah,” She purred, playfully poking the tip of his member that jut out from between her breasts, “This is probably the most popular ride in the park.”

A shiver ran through Adrien as she tickled his tip and she giggled outwardly at his reaction. It seemed now the interaction between them was more light-hearted... She was playing with him. Not exactly the sort of situation he always dreamed of, but certainly not one he could complain about. Looking back, there was a possibility she was simply going to build him up, but not give him the push he'd need for a climax... it would have been a rather fitting punishment for what she thought were his previous actions.

Asmodaea loved the whole thing. But she could hardly just sit and watch from that ripple between realities she occupied, an invisible spectator to the lewd games the two were playing. She settled herself unnoticeably astraddle Adrien's body, deliberately sitting her rear on his face if for no other reason than the fact he wouldn't even have been able to tell she was doing it. With a wicked grin, she pushed herself forwards to watch the fun up close. Oh, had she been more... tangible, it would have been a fun scene, but she knew better than that. She remained hidden, but that didn't mean she couldn't have her fun. She parted her lips and closed them around the very tip of Adrien's dick. He only felt the slightest of sensations as the demon-cat interacted with him from beyond the ephemeral... at least, only a little bit until she... blew.

Adrien's whole body seized up in a sudden jolt of mind-blazing pleasure, and he threw his head back with a heavy groan that surprised the mouse smothering his lap. He lifted his hips from the bed desperately, making the

girl gasp. “Whoa...! What the heck--?”

Her words caught in her throat as Adrien’s manhood... grew. It expanded steadily, the already healthy shaft surging upward, inflating like some lewd balloon animal. Such a comparison was spot-on, as Asmodaea was to blame. She exhaled into the tip of her master’s cock to blow it up and make it bigger. Oh, certainly, she didn’t have to do such a thing to make her powers over flesh and the sins thereof work, but it was fun! It was hard not to giggle around the tiger’s growing man-muscle as she puffed into it, making the veins more pronounced as the turgid flesh grew more red and uncomfortable. What could have nearly matched a stallion’s member now dwarfed them. Adrien’s cock had swollen into a monolith, piercing the girl’s cleavage and jutting skyward. So thick it was that her bra was painfully packed... at least until the frontal clasp between the cups snapped.

“What the fu--?” Milkette grunted with a wince, but when her bra... quite literally overflowed and gave way, she sighed at the rush of relief she felt. Such feelings were only momentary however, as she grabbed hold of Adrien’s brand new member. She couldn’t even close her hands around it. Adrien himself was panting – such a sensation nearly had him lose consciousness. Things were such a pleasure-drunk blue that he couldn’t even think to blame Asmodaea for it.

The succu-cat was hardly done with just that. She made her move on the mouse-girl next, who would find her arousal building unnaturally quickly. Milkette’s hips gave a sudden jerk as, all at once, the slight camel toe snug between her thighs became puffy, hot, and wet. She would have no idea that it was directly due to Asmodaea’s influence, the demon hardly being gentle as her incorporeal fingers frigged that rodent’s cunt relentlessly. All Milkette would know in her mind was that her body felt hotter than it should have, and her thighs trembled as her violet panties became drenched in her own lust. She panted, hot breath washing over Adrien’s cock as a momentary shudder washed over her, and made her gasp.

There was no question in the mouse’s mind. The only way she could respond was by crushing her tits around Adrien’s shaft and beginning to pump his meat between them. It almost felt spontaneous as she snapped into action, such quickness noted by the tiger as he moaned and writhed beneath the sudden onslaught of mammary-wrought delights. His hands grabbed for the sheets, holding on for dear life as Milkette clumsily jerked him off with her chest. That warm, smothering prison of cleavage was exquisite, but couldn’t hope to fully encompass a tool of his size. To finish the job, the rodent employed her mouth. All too eager, she sealed her lips around the flared glans, to tug on the spongy crown, dance her tongue around the goopy, leaking slit at the peak, and suck with all the intent to siphon his essence from deep within him.

Adrien had never been sucked off so hard in his life. He squirmed beneath her simply from being overcome by the intensity, his eyes rolled slightly up while he clenched his teeth tightly and just tried to withstand. The building pressure deep in his loins was hardly going to be gentle with him however. The desire to let loose, to unload was more powerful than he’d ever felt before. Asmodaea hadn’t been gentle with him, and Milkette was ruthless in her efforts to draw out his seed. The squeezing pumps of her tits urged it all to a point, and the heavy suction sought to take control away from him. In mere moments, her succubus-induced wish was granted. Adrien shut his eyes tight and roared as his release came crashing down on him in waves of ecstasy... and crashing into

Milkette in waves of hot spunk.

His cork was popped, and Milkette froze as her hips rocked and rolled in eager delight. She too felt orgasm bearing down on her. It distracted her for merely a moment; before she realized that the utter hosing of salty cum into her mouth had filled her cheeks, puffing them out almost comically to the point where it spilled out where it could. The tight seal of her lips gave way to a creamy eruption of excess, and even her nose succumbed briefly to a rush of Adrien's seed. She wrenched back and freed herself from his erupting spire with a coughing, gasping for air as the flow was freed. It shot up above her head in a mighty arc of virile might, and rained down over her body gloriously. She could do little more but bask in the hot feelings of her creamy shower, as the mess sopped over her head, her face, and her breasts especially.

Adrien's mouth rested agape in silent gasps as the crashing storm that was his orgasm subsided into a gentler lull. Likewise, the flow eased up as well, until only a trickle of the torrential downpour remained. He felt like he'd loosed a year's worth of pent-up lust all in several agonizing moments... And yet, his shaft seemed to throb in defiance of any fatigue. But where he was content to rest, his partner was anything but. Milkette was quick to climb him again, tearing away her useless bra and throwing it across the room as she pressed her weight down atop him. She was a vision of depravity, with her lovely chocolate fur dripping with male juices, and her needy grinding of her swollen sex against Adrien's abs as her hands rested firmly on his shoulders to pin him down.

Asmodaea was tickled, and overjoyed at the scene. She could feel the satisfaction they experienced washing over her, invigorating her. But she also felt the tremendous need her influence had left them under. They were far from finished.

"Oh god...!" Milkette groaned. The rodent felt an utter tightness all over her body, but was far too gone to even realize that her breasts were steadily expanding, filling heavy, laden with milk. It started to drip from her erected nipples onto Adrien's chest, joining the already soaking mess of his cum as it hung heavily from her body. Adrien watched those lovely boobs grow. He nary thought they could have ever been larger, dominating her torso as they did... But now he'd be hard-pressed to spy her stomach beneath the mountainous swells of her bosom, even from his angle.

"Adrien...!" Her moaned plea was music to the tiger's ears. He was spurred into action, almost as if through forces other than his own will.

He lifted himself to sit up, holding firm to her in order to get close. So much tit-flesh mashed up against his body, pillowing between them as his hands made a grab for her rear. The flesh of her cheeks billowed between his fingers, pressing out in bubbly softness that swelled outwards. Her underwear was tight to her frame, tighter than before. Her rear had grown, or was growing... He couldn't rightly tell any longer. In any case, his still-stiff cock found a nice, comfy home pushed between her cheeks, and her hips set into motion immediately, rolling and grinding back against the shaft in near desperate need.

Adrien didn't waste time enjoying a hot-dogging when there was so much more to enjoy. With swift and precise movements of his hands, he pushed the girl's underwear down, at least enough to expose her sticky nethers.

There was only a moment where the messy mouse and the horny blue tiger's eyes met before they scrambled into a new position. Milkette lay out on the bed, legs spread wide to welcome Adrien as he settled in over her. The mouse grabbed hold of the sheets tightly to prepare herself for what was to come. For all intents and purposes... such a tool was never meant to fit into such a short girl.

Asmodaea would never have such complications interfere with her fun. Instead of splitting pain, when Adrien's fist-sized cock-tip pushed against Milkette's waiting puss there was only pleasure. It pushed her swollen lips apart and plunged into her depths with a mighty thrust of Adrien's hips, sinking in further than any shaft had a right to be. It made the girls almost scream in pleasure. She angled her back, arching it as pleasure ran all throughout her body, and her tongue escaped her parted lips for a dopey, but happy look of satisfaction. The insertion went so far as to leave a distinct shape bumping out against her stomach, and yet she felt no pain.

Her legs trembled, and for a moment she tensed up and caught a squeak in her throat. Holding her breast, she let it out in labored panting as she orgasmed just from entry. For a moment, it all simply stopped for her, time was frozen, and she squealed in delight. It all came crashing down on her, and the sweet juice of her release squirted around Adrien's buried member. She relished in the moment, but hardly had time to relax. Adrien's hips began to move, pounding that far-too-large shaft into her depths far too quickly to start, and far too hard. A gradual build-up was but a thing of fantasy.

Instead, he sought to ravage her. Deceptive as his form was, he put all his often overlooked strength to use in utterly battering the mouse girl's womb. The force of his lunges shook the bed, and slammed the headboard off the wall. Had anyone been home, there would have been no doubt to any audience what the pair was up to. The thumping of the bed was percussion to Milkette's heavy-volume moans and high-pitched squeaks of exerted, toe-curling pleasure. Adrien had a hard time controlling his own volume, labored grunts escaping him as he pinned his hands to the bed and gave it everything he had.

Such earth-moving sex couldn't last forever. The sheer intensity of the act made the climax come that much swifter. Adrien couldn't hold back the building pressure in his loins any more than he could before, nor was he at all interested in restraining himself. No warning was necessary... the both of them were gasping and panting in such short breaths, it was far too obvious that they were close. Their movements got more desperate, needier, and Adrien's body seemed to tense up just so... Milkette knew the look well. He was about to blow!

And blow he did. The sudden rush of seed surged out into the mouse's deepest depths, pushing some of the flesh in her lower stomach out under the pressure of the torrent. Adrien filled her, and quickly, pumping her womb so full that her stomach began to round out. In a moment of careful thought, he withdrew as not to fill her too much, content instead to release the rest of his load over her body yet again. The already messy mouse, full of warmth, and shuddering in pleasure, got a new coat of Adrien's seed, thickly applied to her full stomach and swollen tits.

Milkette could do little more but lay there and take it. Her arms and legs were limp and felt heavy, and her chest rose and fell with her heavy breathing. She basked in Adrien's gift, closing her eyes and letting out a pleased

coo as she felt her front half get absolutely coated in spunk. It was a thrilling feeling for the mouse in particular, a fetish she indulged more often than was proper to admit. It made her tingle all over, but the storm had passed. She calmed down, as did Adrien, after cumming for what felt like ages, he slumped in beside her, panting for breath.

The mouse rested. She seemed to doze off as Asmodaea's influence wore off. Adrien too felt everything come down to being respectable, and relaxed. By the time they woke, it was likely they'd be back to normal, and perhaps none the wiser - a job well done, if the demon cat had anything to say about it. She beamed so brightly, proud of herself, fulfilled, nourished... Oh she'd get an earful from Adrien when all was said and done, but it was well worth the effort.

Asmodaea felt something a little off however. Another presence arrived at the house. She grinned to herself far too wide.

“Oh now Brownie's home! This should be interesting...”