

# MISTAKEN IDENTITY



• ALTERNATE POV FROM THE OFFER •

FIRST MEETING WITH TOBIAS

## **MISTAKEN IDENTITY**

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## NOTE TO READER

### **SPOILER WARNING**

While this is a Tobias POV of his first meeting with Adie, it contains spoiler information not revealed until Succubus Harem 25.

Read at your own risk!





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“**Y**es, I know, I’ll be back in time for the meeting.” I ignore the glances I receive as I climb out of my sleek, black sports car in front of the coffee shop.

Heat instantly beats down on my head, and I regret not leaving the suit jacket at the office. It’s ridiculously hot, even for mid-summer.

“Are you listening?” Emil demands, his voice frosty through the speaker pressed to my ear.

“No.” I pocket my keys and glance both ways down the busy sidewalk.

His annoyed huff fills the line. “If she’s a good fit, bring her back to the office. I’m starting to frost even when I don’t mean to.”

“Then maybe you should have been nicer to our last—” I cut off and eye the passing humans, then settle for, “Roommate.”

Few who overheard me talking about succubi would take me seriously, but there's always a few occultists around who might pause to listen.

"I don't see a reason to pander to a contractee's delicate feelings." Emil sniffs. "She was well compensated for her minimal services."

"And she bailed the second her contract came up, leaving us without a safeguard," I growl, fire burning under my skin to add to the heat.

"That's not my fault," he snaps, and the line goes dead.

Annoyed, I check the time and step away from my car, eager to get this over with.

Over the centuries, we've run through hundreds of succubi, few of them agreeing to stay on for another term, and I lay most of the blame at Emil's feet.

The fussy ice demon can't unfreeze long enough to realize that the succubi we hire aren't just a way to offload our excess power to prevent destroying the city around us. They're living beings with feelings, too, and no matter how much we offer in compensation, it's never

enough for them to put up with three demons of destruction long term.

Since our last succubus fled in the middle of the night, we've struggled to locate a new one to sign on. That wouldn't be an issue except having a live-in succubus is part of the bargain Kellen, Emil, and I made with the higher-ups to be allowed to stay on the human plane when the other demons of destruction were called back home.

A meeting with Landrogath the Great Devourer came at too convenient a time, making me wonder if the retired incubus didn't make his fellow sex demons scarce in the city specifically to put us in a desperate situation.

He arrived at K&B Financial earlier in the week with an offer we couldn't refuse.

His newest trainee is having issues dealing with her position as a succubus and needs a safe place to grow in power. He'd been reticent in the details, though, and set up Julian, another incubus, as our go-between in the introduction to this trainee.

Julian arranged for us to meet the little succubus tomorrow but had called today to let

us know where she'd be at two o'clock if we wanted to take a look beforehand.

Impatient to get her signed on and moved in, Emil sent me to go fetch her, an order that still chafes. But I feel the same impatience in my bones, in the slow crawl of landslides and the zap of summer storms. The urge to tip the balance, to nudge at the Earth's plates to buckle and heave, grows stronger every day.

It takes conscious effort to reign in my power, to stop the loose screws in the door hinges from twisting free as I pull open the cafe's glass door.

My eyes sweep over the busy shop as I walk inside, and I take a deep breath in search of the telltale scent of ozone from another demon. It's almost two o'clock, but everyone in the room registers as human.

Frowning, I step up to the line at the counter, resigned to waiting.

The woman in front of me fumbles her cash, and a wadded up bill falls to the ground.

"Here, allow me." I crouch to collect the fallen money, only half aware of my action as my senses sweep the shop once more.

Rising, I'm startled by the large sunglasses

the woman wears as they reflect my face back at me. Beneath their mirrored surface, lush, rosebud pink lips part on a shaky inhale. Her cheekbones stand out sharply above hollowed-out cheeks, her chin pointy above an oversized sweatshirt. My focus shifts her hair, long and white, with pale blue at the tips.

Eyes narrowing, I take a deeper breath and frown. She has all the markers of a succubus, but she doesn't register as anything.

Annoyance ripples across her face, the desire of a moment before vanishing.

She snatches the bill still in my hand and turns back to the cashier to pay for her purchase.

"How long will my coffee take?" she demands, her throaty voice dragging forth images of heated sheets and sweaty bodies.

It's not a voice that belongs with the emaciated woman in front of me, huddled inside her thick winter wear and fur-lined boots. That voice belongs in lingerie, strapped down to a bed, and whispering pleas of surrender.

I miss the exchange with the kid behind the counter but catch her pointed look before she shuffles off toward a service hall. Intrigued, I

quickly order a drip coffee, shove cash at the kid, then chase after her.

The only door in the hall leads to a bathroom, and curiosity gets the better of me. For all her lack of power, she's bold. Did Julian tell her I'd be here? Is she that eager to sign a contract?

I slip inside the single-occupant bathroom, locking the door behind. She stands out starkly against the warm, coffee-brown interior, all cool tones and sharp angles.

She stands at the sink, tracking me in the mirror. "Julian sent you? From HelloHell Delivery?"

Surprise shoots through me. How can she possibly mistake me for one of the low-level demons who work for her cousin? Then I take in her too-thin body again and nod in realization. She's starving and probably can't register my power level in her current state.

That works just fine for me. I can test her out and dump some of the every that urges me to rupture the pipes in the bathroom.

"You ordered a meal?" I shrug out of my jacket and hang it on the back of the door. "Succubi don't usually let themselves get so..."

“You’re not being paid to care about my appearance.” She shoves away from the sink and marches over, her shoulders set with determination.

When she grabs my arm, I let her drag me forward. This isn’t the type of interview I was expecting, but I’m more than willing to comply. While bathrooms aren’t my preference, a little public sex can be exciting.

“Sit on the toilet,” she commands.

“Whatever works for you.” I reach for the hem of her sweatshirt. “Let’s make you more comfortable.”

She slaps my hand away. “I don’t need that.”

Surprised, I eye the toilet seat to make sure it’s clean, then sprawl on the closed lid. I lift an eyebrow as I stare up at her. “Won’t it be better for your wings?”

She scoffs derisively. “Like a quick energy pull will get my wings out.”

Despite her bold control over the situation, the hands she places on my shoulders shake, and her lips part on a needy breath, her hunger clear.

Reaching out, I slide my hands up her leggings, feeling the tremble in her thighs. The shaking grows as I near her waistband, and her

hold on me tightens. “Are you sure? You seem pretty desperate.”

Her hands move to cup my neck, her skin cold against mine. “Should food talk this much?”

Despite her bravado, her need to feed pulses through her body. As low on power as she is, it still calls to me, a light curl of energy that strokes down my chest and stomach, then burrows into my jeans.

Maybe it’s her desperation, maybe it’s her defiance, but I suddenly want to claim this succubus, to bend her to my will. But, despite the desire on her face, she seems hesitant to come closer than necessary, like she’ll bolt if I make the wrong move.

I stroke her outer thighs again, warming her chilled skin. “Can I interest you in an upgrade?”

Her head dips as she takes in my body, and she licks her lips, every motion yelling \*yes\*, but she forced out a strangled, “What I ordered is enough.”

Is she refusing because she thinks I’m one of HelloHell Delivery’s employees? She seemed low on cash at the checkout counter.

I stroke back up to her hips. “I’ll give you a discount.”

Her lips press into a thin line, her muscles tensing beneath my touch. “Shut up. My coffee’s going to get cold.”

Before I can say another word, her lips seal over mine, her tongue darting past my lips. A shiver rolls through her, followed by a hungry mew that I feel in my balls. When her thumbs stroke my cheeks, her head angling, I open wider.

She steps closer as her tongue thrusts deeper into my mouth, and the urge to tip the balance, to cause destruction, slips from me along with the energy she takes. The whimper of relief she releases tugs at my cock, as does her greedy, unrefined hunger as she tilts her head the other way, her nose bumping against mine without finesse as she drinks down my power.

My tongue strokes along hers, urging her deeper as I cup her hip, then slip my hands beneath her sweatshirt to find skin. She already feels warmer, the fine tremble in her limbs fading, her muscles turning languid. I stroke up her spine, searching for the sensitive place

between her shoulder blades where her wings hide.

She stiffens in my hold, and even through the sunglasses, I see her eyes snap open. The dark shades mask their color from me, and a primal part of me demands I remove them, that I see the color of her eyes, see her blown pupils as she fights back desire. The barrier between us needs to go, as do her cumbersome clothes.

She pulls away, her soft pants entreaties against my lips to pull her back, to feed her more.

But she straightens with a force of will I'm surprised she possesses. "Thank you for the meal."

I lick my lips, tasting her sweetness, and my power floods to the surface, barely dented by her feeding. "You're not done yet, are you?"

She shivers in my hold. "It's enough. Thank you."

When she goes to step back, I pull her closer, unwilling to let her escape. "You paid for more. I can't let you go half-finished."

"I'm full." Despite the protest, she doesn't try to step back again.

"Liar." I bend closer to her stomach, inhaling

deeply to catch a hint of ozone. “I can barely smell you.”

She trembles and shakes, her hands returning to my shoulders, as if unwilling to let me go as well. No matter her protests, her body doesn't lie. She wants me, needs what I have to offer.

“Come here, little succubus.” I reach up to tug on the strings of her hoodie. “Let me feed you.”

That's all the urging she needs before she falls back over me, her hungry lips finding mine. My power, already at the surface, pours into her. Her body heats under my hands, and I cup the back of her thighs, urging her onto my lap. As she straddles me, her hot core settles over my straining cock, and I curse the thick denim that traps me.

She whimpers and grinds against my hard length, trying to connect us through our clothes. Kissing is all well and good, but succubi feed through sex, and only with my cock buried deep inside her core will she be fully satisfied.

I pull back, then nip her plump lower lips as she whimpers in protest. My hands grip her hips, controlling her frantic movements to show

her a better pace. She's taken too much control over our encounter, and I'm tired of playing at being her snack.

I rock her against my cock. "Do you want that, little succubus?"

Her thighs tighten around me in answer. Gone is her need for control, her resistance. She melts in my hands, panting and shivering with want. If we were at my house, in my room, I'd have her strapped down to my bed, spread open and vulnerable.

Excitement rolls through me. "I'll give you what you need."

She trembles harder, restless in my lap, but I hold back, wanting to tease, to draw this out a little more to make the final claiming all the sweeter.

My hands find their way under her sweatshirt again, tracing the groove of her spine. Her muscles ripple, the shift of feathers brushing against her skin. How much color will they have? Not much if she's still a trainee. Will the small feathers close to her spine bring pleasure? My fingers burn with the need to know.

I stroke her quivering muscles, encouraging.

“That’s it. Let your wings out. Show me how much you want it.”

Stiffening, her palms slam against my chest as she shoves me back. The toilet digs into my back, the porcelain rattling with the force of her push.

Her hands leave my body. “You’re not from HelloHell Delivery, are you?”

I slowly straighten, not wanting to spook her. “Does it matter? I’ll give you better service than some low-level, gigolo demon.”

“Fucking hell.” She scrambles off my lap to stand halfway across the room, just out of immediate reach.

My power surges through her, filling out her flesh, turning her hollow cheeks to softly rounded and gentling the point of her chin. New fullness fills out her baggy clothes, and my hands burn with the need to learn those curves, to test the suppleness of the body beneath.

A scowl twists my lips at the separation between us. Would she \*prefer\* it if I were an imp? My cock aches with unfulfilled need and too much energy still hums beneath my skin. “What’s the problem with using me instead?”

“Where’s your gain?” She pats over her body,

as if in search of something. “What were you going to get out of this?”

The demand catches me off guard. Do I tell her now who I am? That I’d like to sign her on as our succubus? Somehow, I don’t think she’ll be agreeable to that after I pretended to be someone else.

I stand and adjust my aching cock to ease the strain. “Isn’t sex gain enough?”

“For an incubus it is.” She takes a step toward the door to maintain our distance. “But you’re not one of my kind. What are you?” Her head lifts, her nostrils flaring as she scents the air. “Some kind of chaos demon?”

“Does it really matter?” I stalk forward to close the distance.

If I can get my hands back on her, I can make her melt again. She’s still hungry, and so am I.

But she backs away, reaching for the door. “Fuck yes, it does.”

Sudden fear fills the bathroom, stinging my nose. She’s ready to run.

I freeze and hold up my hands to try to calm her. “Hey, there’s nothing to be scared of. I don’t want to hurt you.”

If anything, her fear grows stronger, and she fumbles with the lock. “Who said I’m scared?”

Her shaky hands belie her bravado, and she rises to the balls of her feet, already in flight mode. My muscles tighten, the instinct to chase, to pounce, strong as I take a cautious step forward.

Power floods the bathroom, turning the small succubus into a blur of motion. The bathroom door flies open, and before I can take another step, she’s out in the hall, then in the main part of the cafe.

I follow, but out among the humans, I can’t snatch her up the way instinct urges me to. The law that forbids exposing us to humans reigns in the need to dominate this succubus, to show her all the reasons she should never run from me.

She stops next to the coffee bar, snatches up a large cup, then turns and thrusts it against my chest. “Here, payment. We’re even.”

I stare down at the cup in disbelief. “I don’t want your treat.”

Her lips press into a mutinous line, and she grabs my hand to wrap it around the drink. “It’s all you’re getting.”

Affronted by the payment, I thrust it back at her. “Take it back.”

She tucks her hands behind her back in refusal. “No, it’s payment. If I take it back, I’ll still owe you.”

I study her fearful, determined expression. If I force the issue, I’ll lose her anyway. The power that rolls through me teeters. My next decision will either ruin any chance we have to sign her or leave a path still open to what we both need.

The sunglasses she wears make it difficult to read her expression, to know which direction to take.

I consider the cup again, the scent of chocolate and raspberry rising from the lid. “I’ll throw it away, then.”

Her lips part in instant protest. “But that’s mocha raspberry bliss.”

The way she says it lets me know this really is a treat, something she doesn’t indulge in often and really wants. From the crumpled dollar bills she forked over to pay for it, it’s unlikely she’ll be able to buy another one.

Eyes still on her, I set the cup on the counter and step away, letting the barista know I don’t want it.

I ignore the response, watching her indecision as she stares at the cup, then back to me. It's now abandoned. By demon law, that makes it open for anyone to take, even the original owner.

In her distraction, I lean in close, inhaling her true scent for the first time. She smells like sugar and spice, of soft sheets and even softer skin. It makes my mouth water with the need to claim her, but I reign in the urge.

Instead, I find the delicate shell of her ear, and murmur, "I'll see you around, little succubus."

Before she can push me away, I step back, grab my small drip coffee, and head out the door.

Every instinct in me protests leaving her here, but our paths will cross again soon.

Sliding back into my car, I look up the number for HelloHell Delivery, then demand to speak to Julian.

Apprehension fills his voice as he answers the call. "Yes? How did it go?"

"She ran away," I growl.

Julian curses. "I told you not to approach her today. She's skittish."

“So I discovered.” I thrust the key into the ignition and my car purrs to life. “Get her to Kellen’s club tonight. I want him to meet her.”

“How am I supposed to—”

“Figure it out.” I hang up, then call the office.

Emil answers on the first ring. “Are you on your way back with her?”

“No, this one is going to be tricky.” Excitement builds in my veins.

It’s been a while since I got the challenge of a chase. And something tells me this little succubus is just what we need to shake us out of the stagnant existence we’ve all fallen into.

“I don’t like tricky,” Emil snaps.

I grin. “She’s going to push your buttons.”

I can practically hear the ice crystals forming. “Find someone else.”

“No.”

“Why not?” he demands.

“One, I’m pretty sure Landrogath put the word out to the other succubi not to sign with us because he wants his trainee in our house.”

“And the other reason?”

The cafe door opens, and the little succubus

darted out, the mocha clutched to her chest. “I’m interested.”

I hang up on his protests. Kellen’s going to like this one, and with both of our votes in, Emil won’t stand a chance.

As I focus on my icy friend, the scales in my head tip. This succubus belongs with us.

We just have to pin her down long enough to figure out what that means.

