

Lady Kasadya

#1

and Ethan

An erotic comic

by Syrinxo



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Ages 18+ Only

Made with



VIRT-A-MATE

 @Syrinxo1

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*Lady Kasadya,
Mistress of Lust and Lechery*

*Dominatrix of the
Second Circle of Hell
Eternal Watcher of Sins*

*Sister of Lilith
Primal Lieutenant of Yegon the Defiler*

*First Demonic Consort of a
Mortal Man*

... surveys her
domain of *fire*
and *pain*.



Damned souls scream and echo
around her, burning eternally for
their lustful, wicked *sins*.



However, not
all in this
timeless
realm is
satisfactory.

FUCK.
So
BORING.



Her surroundings
are bleak, but
Kasadya's *powers*
will entertain her
tonight.

And, perhaps, until
the end of *eternity*.

I must party.

But no drama!

What kind of mortal
would be amenable
to play...?

Ah! I
know.



First...
A ritual is necessary.

Come to
me...
a key to a
heart...

Woom woom

A key!
...
IT IS
FOUND!

Ping! Ping! Ping!

Already, I have it!

Never before has the
search been so easy...

VOOP

MUHAHAHaha!

Kasadya

Aramaic: ܟܫܕܝܐ

Also called: "Kasyade," "Tāmiêl"

- ★ *Ancient – one of the first fallen angels, a Watcher tempted and corrupted by observing humanity*
- ★ *Her fascination with human carnal pleasures led her to become a demon of lust – a succubus*
- ★ *Feeds on human sexual energy, but unlike lesser succubi, abhors violence*
- ★ *Rarely leaves Hell – prefers to lure her prey to where she has the most power*
- ★ *In Hell, she has great power over her physical reality: can change shape and size at will*



- ★ *A potty mouth; tends toward archaic speech*
- ★ *Has found that breasts and pet names put humans at ease*
- ★ *Knows all human languages, but occasionally interjects with the wrong ones*
- ★ *Spends too much time on the internet (is her own ISP)*



Tsk...

It proves, at first, to be confounding.

And what is **THIS** for? Must I ply this man with gifts?

However, every **Key** has its **lock*** - and Lady Kasadya has a **Knack** for putting one into the other. ...Heh.

Humans have built their own **hell dimension** of cruelty and lust... Where they go to act as each other's demons...

The **INTERNET.**

I love it.

14.4kb/s dial-up noises

Let's try something.

And it's so much more fun with a credit card!!

Hey **GOOGLE!**
Beep boop, motherfucker!

AHA, first try! Excellent!

So *this* is his kind of *shit*, eh?
Ha! We may get along.

Now, to unlock it with the card...

*Not actually true.

A quick swipe attunes her eldritch powers to the portal.



*The card, pathetic as a nexus for focusing such potent
cthonic energies, bursts into flames.*

*As Kasadya discards it, the unlocked portal thrums with
unholy magic's.*



*Reaching... grasping... swallowing
whomever is on the other side...*

Ethan Wolfram Sparfeld

Hebrew: אֵיטָן - "eytan"
means perpetual, enduring

- ★ *Feels ancient – staring down the barrel of 30, leaving a youth of past regrets and missed opportunities*
- ★ *His fascination with sexy fantasy characters has led to subscriptions on certain dubious websites*
- ★ *Feeds on Wheat Thins, coffee, and a chicken pasta pot a week*
- ★ *Rarely leaves home – hates to admit how much the pandemic hasn't affected him*
- ★ *Currently in between relationships, which average two discontented years each*



- ★ *Not super socially adept; suffers from Foot-Mouth disease*
- ★ *Has found that breasts put him at ease; flexible on the species*
- ★ *Knows a lot about Warhammer 40K*
- ★ *Spends too much time on the internet (uses a VPN)*

And the trap is sprung.



*Caught unawares and indecent, her prey arrives...
at an unexpected size and velocity.*

*Ancient and powerful as she is, Lady Kasadya
did not see this coming.*



The arrival was ungentle.

*But might human physical frailty be irrelevant, in so
ethereal a realm as this one?*



Nopel! Still relevant.



*Is she large, or is he small?
It's Hell! What's the difference?*



My computer!
Where... where
am I?

...Really?

Hey, I don't know! I
mean, I've got my
dick in my hand!
Am I hallucinating?
Dreaming? Or...

dead?

No, no, and no.
You are a mortal
in Hell. This was a
summoning.

'Twas I who looked
through the ether,
found the key to your
desires, and brought
you here.

To Hell.

Tsk. We've
been over
that.

Well, there goes
MY worldview.

And you're a
real demon! Jeez. And
so... Um, so TALL.

I am Lady Kasadya,
Mistress of Lust (and
various other titles), at
your service.

Uh. Hi.
Ethan.

Ah! Eytan,
"the
enduring."
Greetings.

And thank you for
noticing my size!
Proportion and
mass are my
playthings. I bend
physics to my will.

Not gravity, I guess. OW.

Well, my physics.

But... why me? I was just yanking my crank online... Did I hit a threshold of sin to get here, or something?

Tsk! Foolish humans, always thinking it's about them.
No, mortal Egtan.
Nobody down here cares about autoeroticism!

Fate found you for me.
Your Internet is but a conduit.
You were standing in the doorway with your pants down, I simply unlocked it and opened it from this side.
And, VOOP.
You are mine, muahaha.

I even found your credit card number.
It was STOOPIID easy.

Bewildered and very distracted, he stumbles, offering oafish observations.

Whoaaa.
Just... that 3D porn site? They have demon stuff, you know, like you!! A coincidence? But you look more human than their models, no hooves or tail or anything... kinda basic.



Tsk!

"Basic"?



"Like a HUMAN"?

She is not amused.



BWAHAhahaha!

Haha... this form is to please you, Master Egtan! This is a courtesy for my guest!



OKay. She IS amused.

She can't help but expose herself for effect.

Lady Kasadya transforms, shifting bodies -



Hah! Me,
HUMAN-like!
AAHahaha!

shooOOP

Wha...

Tell me,
mortal!
Shall I dispense
with the
courtesies?

HAaahahaha!



I am
whatever I
WILL!

...
HOLY CRAP.



This is a form I
find most
comfortable!

Perhaps it was my
first one?

Who
knows!
Nya!

So, tell me!

Am I **BASIC**?

- then back again.

*He is nonplussed, but unafraid.
She hides her relief that he hasn't spooked.*

shooooop

No! I'm SO sorry!! Your "courtesies" are great, O Lady K! I wasn't criticizing, really!

Ha. Apology accepted. It isn't easy, you know, to will my bosom to be - just so.

You are, uh, breathtaking. I was being an idiot, and rude, comparing you to some 3D porn crap.

She had come to expect only horror and revulsion from mortals witnessing her primeval form - though the impact can be useful.

A reward is deserved.

All is forgiven, pet! Indeed... you may kiss my hand.

↳ What?

No, don't shake it! Tsk.

Is the youth so distracted by her infernal display, or only by her looming prow?

Eytan:
I shall now accept a formal gesture of friendship and affection.

You kiss it.

Oh, okay. Dope.

Either way, Kasadya is patient.

They are getting along.



Heehee!
Enchantée,
monsieur!

Such a small gesture,
yet it affects Ethan
profoundly.

Kissing a succubus?
What did he expect?!



Whaa

Oh, shiiiiit - is
this your lust
magic, or
something?

With his humours
unbalanced by
prolonged chastity
and primed by her
nudity, her skin is
electric on his lips.

Hehe! It was
only my touch.

His constitution, and
verticality, fail him.

So sure,
yes.

That, or a
concussion
from your
arrival.



FUCK!
Poppet!

Got you
this time.

An Infernal, perhaps,
but she feels some
responsibility for her
guests.

This guy swoons.

*And yet, here we are.
And, it will be fun. I promise.*

*Uhhh.
This can't be
real. You can't
be real.*

*Breathe deeply.
You'll be fine.*

Cough

*Apologies for
the brimstone.*

*Maybe - do
breathe less.*

As vertigo swirls, she gently probes his mind. Then, further.



Corruption: Moderate kink.
Consent: Very likely.

Heart: Strong sinus rhythm. QT
interval under 0.4 sec.

Mhmm.



*Good,
good.*



*She will free him from the
trappings of shame.*

*His jeans are weak. They
offer minimal resistance.*

*Feel better
yet?*



*Hey! My
pants!*





Here, you
need no pants.

Like me, you
can be free!

Dude... just
ask first.

I judge thee not! Be not
bashful.
Indeed: Look at me!

Did she misread him?
Or is he playing games?

... I can't not look
at you! But you're
always naked, it's
not the same.

Not the same?? So,
my figure is meat
for display, but
yours is fit to be
armored in denim
and pride?!

No, no. Look: being
naked is your choice
here, yeah?

My choice was clothes.

Ah.
I see.

I assumed wrongly.
Your garment, sir.

Thank you.
But now I
don't want it.

What?
Why?
Stop being
confusing!

I have manners! I
wouldn't dare to wear
pants - around the
"Mistress of Love"!

-LUST.
... Hahahaha!
Warugaki! You brat!

I was afraid I'd need
to resort to pouting,
hahaha!

He's playing with her, like how a mouse toys
with a cat.
Unwisely.

However, the cat endeavors to assuage its diminutive prey.

Mortified by her "faux pants," She reveals why her disposition has become so genial.

I must apologize. Human men are often thrilled to have me remove their pants unexpectedly.

It WAS thrilling, but you're... big. And demonic. You coulda done... anything to me.

Quite so. A trespass, for which I beg forgiveness.

Nah, it's fine, we're cool.

Eytan, I wish for you to trust me. May I gift you a secret of mine?

OK...

That other form you saw is special to me. An ancient memory from eons past. A fondness.

But it is not... well received.

So I hide it, or I act the monster, even as I suffer being seen as one.

Some demons feed on fear and revulsion. But I?

They poison my heart.

Word. I get that. Thanks for, uh... sharing?

You did me a great kindness, Enduring One, for not recoiling in terror from my peculiar self.

May I hug you?

He ponders the potential dangers. Briefly.

Oh, SHIT. Oh, God. Oh, man. How? Uh. Yes, please?

Don't...
don't bow to
me.

Stop it,
goober!

That's not
even a
proper bow.

I'M NOT BOWING!
I'm just holding my...
never mind.

...OH.
Keeheel!

I take it that
nobody's ever
touched you like
this before.

Haha! Being held
like a Ken doll?
You think??
It's so weird, but
somehow... relaxing.

Well, not
ALL of you
is so relaxed.

Sorry.

Ahahaha!
You apologize for
your arousal?

Lady Kasadya is
prudish, you
fear? Ha!

Right! Not...
thinking.

Tsk.
To be expected.
But I'm pleased
you're staying
conscious this
time!

...Right?

Eytan?

Sorry! Sorry,
I'm here! I'm
just... Mmmm.

He resists
stupefaction,
though the dosage
is excessive.



So, tell me about your life, Eytan.

What? Really?

Mmmmm.

OK. Well, I work from home. I do market analytics.

It pays the rent. Boring. Lonely.

Mmm.

Working at home. You must be wanking constantly.

Haha, yeah. But everyone's at home, with the pandemic.

Yes. And everyone's wanking. Tsk! I hate Pestilence!

Pendejo. Such a dick, that guy.



They share a little, each in their own way.

I can feel - around the world - the waning lust, as people stay home, alone, unfucking. All the masturbation sustains me, but its energy is so hollow.

Anyway... your family? Girlfriend? Boyfriend?

Eytan! Again: self-pleasure is not a sin.

I would know!

Mmm. Hollow.

Wow, awkward question for right now!

Post-coital clarity would be far more awkward.

It's a bloody waste, is all.

Ooh. Good point. No, no family. Just a roommate. No girlfriend, only living in sin with myself.



But here with me, no energy will be wasted.

Ooh!

And where are you off to, Welpenliebe?

Just... mmmf... down a little.

You looked like you could use some support.

Mmm, I like your sup-

EEEEK! Your foot!

HEEheheeee! EYTAN! Have care where you tread!

Mmf fmf! Sorry!

Please, do not smother yourself.

I fear I would be distraught.

Mmf.

Ethan loses track of time, ensconced in the red valley of the succubus.

They chat.

For a while, all he knows is the immense softness of her breasts, her sultry but muffled voice, and the raging boner quietly menacing her navel.

Finally, she breaks the reverie.

*Psst.
Eytan.*

Don't be surprised, but:

I think I shall change into someone more... comfortable.

*Mmf.
Founf goof.*

*Wait.
Someone?
Why? Who?*

*Haha.
I shall descend to you, then tell me of your desires.*

Ready to land on your feet?

Feet...?

Uh-oh.

WHOOAAUGH

*Again?
But, I warned you this time!*

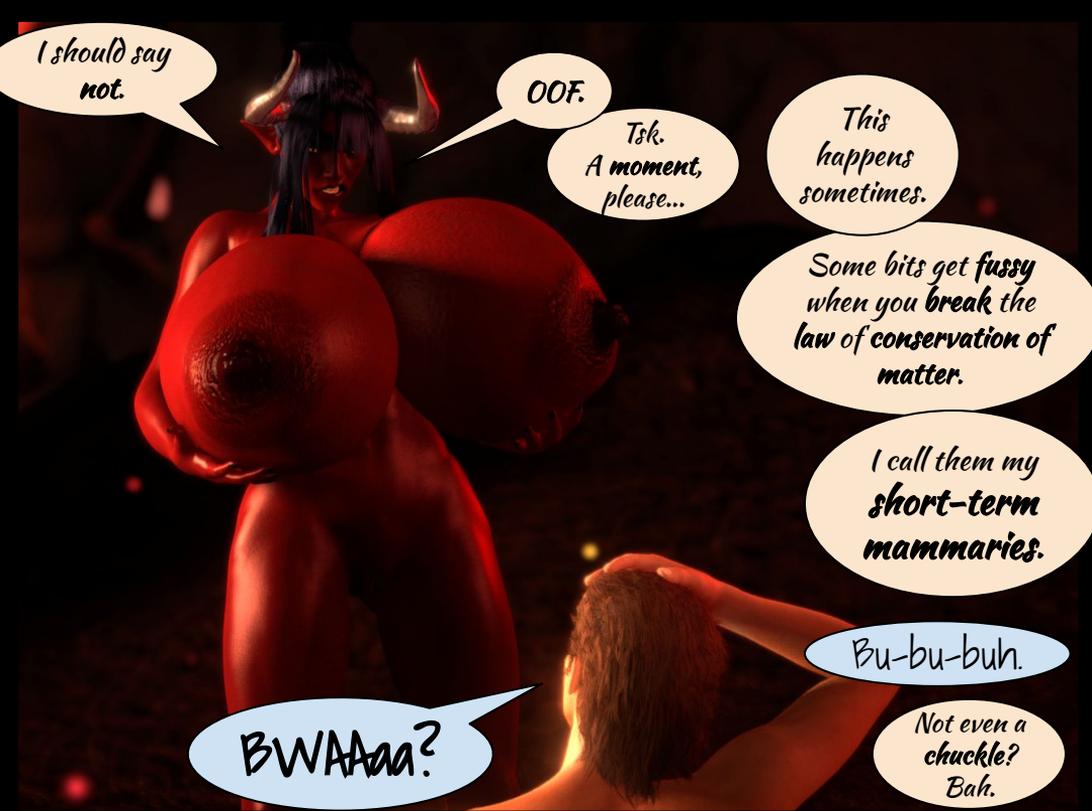
shooooop

**T
H
U
D**

OW.

Again.

But, I am not a cat.



I should say not.

OOF.

Tsk.
A moment,
please...

This happens
sometimes.

Some bits get *fussy*
when you *break* the
law of conservation of
matter.

I call them my
short-term
mammaries.

Bu-bu-buh.

Not even a
chuckle?
Bah.

BWAAAAA?

Are her powers so fallible? Or is this a deliberate display?



Ah, there we
go.

Fu-fu-fuu!

Kind of you
to say.

BONGeee

SHOOoop

BWONGeee

Either way, she appears to have broken the fellow.

Now, where were we?

GUH.

Ah, yes. Tell me, cherub: What is your wildest fantasy?

Argle-blargle.

Yes. Big boobs. Now snap out of it.

Huuuuu!

Sorry, Lady K. I'm in a weird place right now.

Indeed.

OK, fantasies! Focus, Ethan! Uh... time travel? Eternal life? World domination?

She's a little impressed. Generally, saying "snap out of it" doesn't help.

Um, helloo?? Hell to Eytan!

I'm not a fucking genie.

Come on back to breasts, honey.

Right. Sorry.

Tsk!

But honestly, it's hard to top THIS, right now.

BOORRIING!

Let me help you, here.

Stand back this time, OK?

I can be ANYTHING. Just pick.

Youthful redhead?

Mature, severe, but still flexible?

Darker and pretty? And great abs.



shooOP



shooOOP



shooooOP

Or maybe, short and stacked.

Mm, I do enjoy the jiggles!

Light and STRONG!

Heey, Eytan.

Hmm... how about a little something... extra?

Not... today.

Aww, too bad! This thing is fun.

Unhh...

SHWANGGgg!



shooOPPe



-oop!
-oop!
SHOOOP!

Look, maybe just...



O-kay! A sexy monster?

A goblin?

or Orc?

Exotic and tawny!!

Mmm, slippery. And mostly cartilage.

So weel!

WANT SNU-SNU, HUMIE!

Keeee hee hee!

No?! Raww



shreeEEp!

You'd be really lucky to catch one of these on Earth!



shwip

SHWOOPPITTY



shrrrrrrp

grrrrRRR EYTANNN!

Mount me!!!



STOP! Dammit, you're driving me **NUTS!** Please, I'm just here with the **Lady Kasadya**, and loving it.

I get that you can be anyone, but that feels... even more unreal.

A couple horns, a minor head trauma or two, maybe more boob hugs, and talking to the immortal behind the "meat display." That is what I want.

shoo

*What does he think he's doing?
Some kind of tragically misdirected chivalry?*

Oh, Eytan, that's sweet. But don't be daft.

I can see that you want more than that, muffn!

And if you think yourself a gentleman: You are withholding my own desires.

If that wasn't clear.

Yes, well. I've got layers of desire, this one just stands out.

ooop

Very well, onion boy. You want me like this? Fine. I play no longer.

Come take me.

No.
Please.

What. The fuck.

Are you fucking with me again, urokrake? Troublemaker?

Not remotely.

You're the most incredible being I have ever met. Boner or not, I can't reduce this experience to just ...nuttin'!

Rejecting an offer of sex is a great way to make any girl feel like absolute shit, however noble the rationale. Even (or especially) this girl.

REDUCE?? How dare... *sigh*. I ELEVATE it! I am LUST!! I can do ANYTHING, Eytan, BE ANYONE!

But only for one purpose! Understand?!

Come on! Don't you have an ex you pine for?

And I'm not actually sure who that is.

shooooop

Oh, I know! Want to mate a celebrity?!

D-damn! Come on, Lady K, please. I want the real you.

Frantic, she sees her night going down in flames. So much for "no drama."



Sweetling.
That's... not
a thing.

FUCK.

Silly fool.
You had better
not think
you're in love
with me.

I am the
embodiment of
physical desire,
is it so hard to
grasp?

I love to talk, too.
But I brought you here to
fuck, boy!
The more pleasure we
have, the more I exist.

She's known
all the types.

And why deny? Your
animal soul has been
panting for a whiff of
me ever since you first
discovered your dick.

Meanwhile,
whatever your "layers"
yearn for? That isn't me,
any more than it's a
poster of Audrey Hepburn.

Find that thing, for real,
somewhere else.



Not at all,
Lady K.

I want love,
sure.
But that's not
why I said no.

I've been around.
I'm not a kid who
latches onto every
warm and fuzzy
feeling.

If he's not a beta simp, then what's going on?

He, too, attempts to categorize the unfamiliar.

Thing is, I've known humans like you. All about the dick.

I've had feelings, and got burned after rushing the... physical aspect.

But you are something else. Obviously.

If hanging back gives me one more minute with you, I'll take every moment I can.

I've felt like old gum, chewed up and spat out, one too many times.

Let me stick to you for just a little while, please, as real as you can be. Before I wake up with messed sheets and a feeling like I'm forgetting something amazing.

Oh, Eytan, sweetling.

You're not old gum to me just because I want you to ravish me!

I was having a great time with you, baboga! You idiot!

You take the time to make me smile. That doesn't happen every day. But - too much time.

Listen to me:



*You, sir, are
a lovely night out to me.*

A gourmet meal.

Not literally, right?!

NO! Haha!

*All mortal things
must end in time,
and you must
recognize my
nature.*

*Lust.
Eternal.*

*And this...
is **OUR**
moment.*



She can't love. He sees that. She lives in different time.

*But he wonders: Is she incapable by nature?
Or simply from walls she's been building... for eons?*

Either way, can this foolish mortal reach her?



Okay. I'll stop wasting it.
But one question:

You could **take** what you **want**
from me at **any moment**...
but you **haven't**. Why?

That would be too easy!
BORING, haha! Oh, and
against my very being.

I'm no angel, Eytan, but
I'm not that kind of
demon!

Lust has to be
shared to taste
good.



I got lucky with my
demon overlord
then, I guess!

If he's fishing for a sappy answer... this one was practical.



Alright, Kasadya.
Mistress of Lust,
I'll sleep with you.

But not like this.
You said I get to
choose.

Mmhmm!

Whatever
you want,
poppet.

OK, I've
decided.
I want you
to be...

...your most
comfortable.





YOU...!

You're
**FUCKING
PLAYING**
with me!

*Requesting her most hideous form?
Is this fool mocking her only shared secret?!*



Nope! "I judge thee not!"
No fear, no revulsion.

Only the
realest Kasadya you can
muster.

Also, I crave passion.
Can I kiss you?
If you want nothing but
animal lust, find that
somewhere else, heh.

Wha...

He's not mocking. Anger extinguished - rendered speechless.

This is inconceivable.



FINE.

Damn
you.



shooooop

Damn
you.



DAMN you to
HELL, mortal!

Thank you, m'Lady.
I'm happy to
be here.

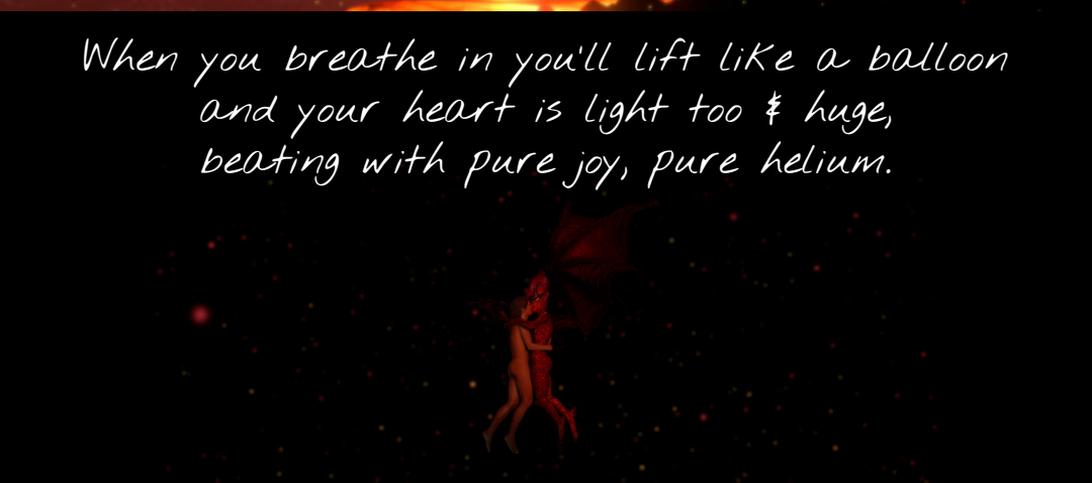




*"Your lungs fill & spread themselves,
wings of pink blood, and your bones
empty themselves and become hollow.*



*When you breathe in you'll lift like a balloon
and your heart is light too & huge,
beating with pure joy, pure helium.*



*The sun's white winds blow through you,
there's nothing above you,
you see the earth now as an oval jewel,
radiant & seablue with love.*

"It's only in dreams you can do this.

*Waking, your heart is a shaken fist,
a fine dust clogs the air you breathe in;*

*the sun's a hot copper weight pressing straight
down on the thick pink rind of your skull.*

It's always the moment just before gunshot.
You try & try to rise but you cannot."

Flying Inside Your Own Body

by Margaret Atwood



C'mon,
Ethan.

Falling asleep
in the middle
of a wank.

Let's do this
and get to
bed.

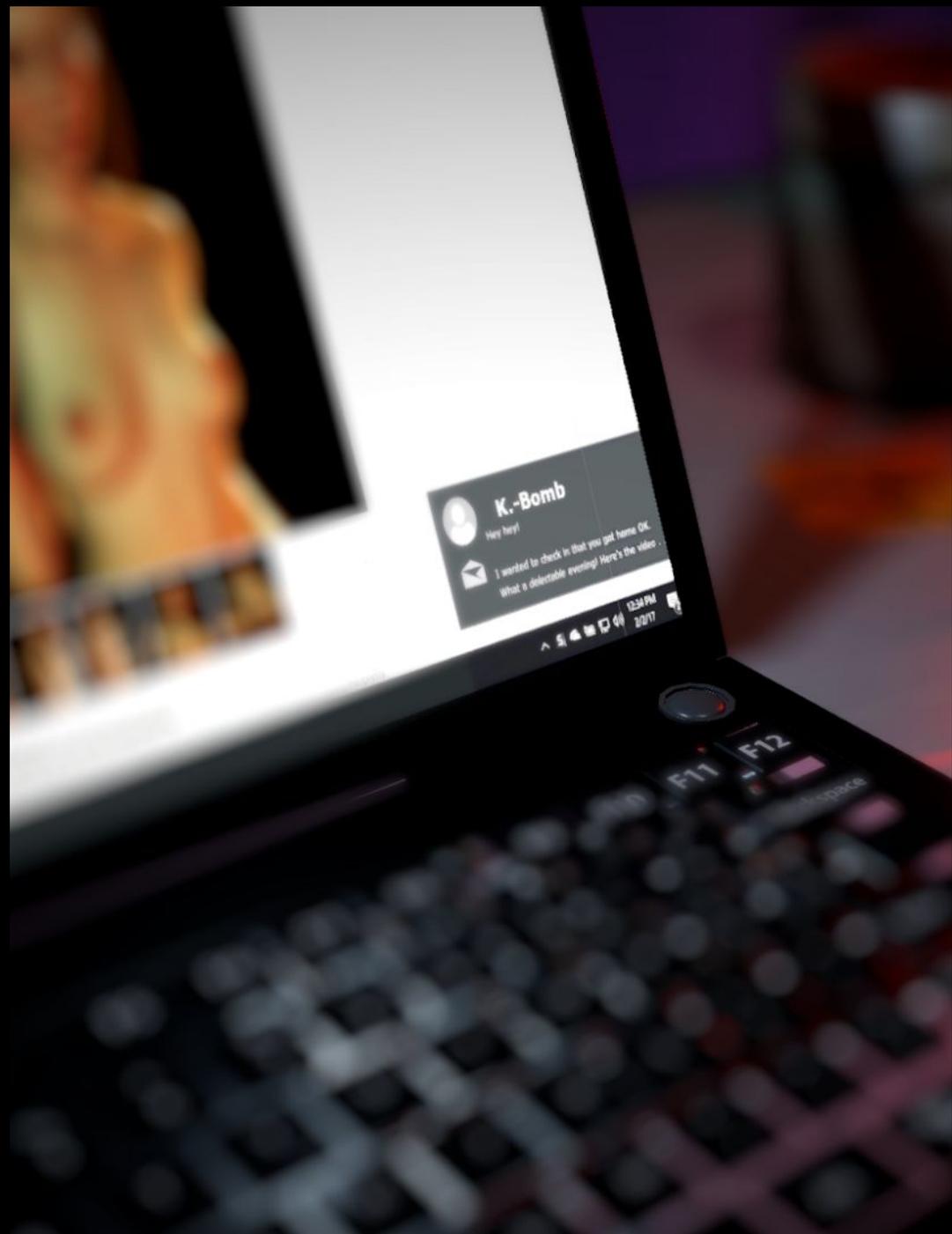
yawn

fap
fap
fap

Hm! She's
a new one.

VOOP

WHA-



To be continued...

Credits

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