

Succubuns - Year of the Bun 2023

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1 Ch. 1 Mochi Harvest

Character(s): Dan, Shibani

Word Count: 989

Summary: Shibani helps Dan harvest some rice for mochi.

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They made it this far... yet there's more work to be done. Shibani wasn't all too thrilled with the idea of doing much heavy lifting or even a lot of bending, but if it's with Dan? He maaaybe can make an exception. Maybe. As in he's already here, with Dan, after trekking so far into the darkness and climbing into this beautiful cavern. Alone, with Dan. And a bunch of rice, too, that his friend needs for his mochi.

Which is important.

Shibani shakes some of the tiredness out of him, which comes naturally, and continues to commit what he already agreed to. He accepts the burlap bag and sickle, smiles over to Dan, and gets to work. Sometimes he swears Dan flashes a *knowing* smirk at him before turning to the waterlogged paddies. Heh. There's always that smirk. The little one that lets Shibani know there's something in it for him be it the satisfaction of Dan, seeing him glow with the praise he'll get, or even cuddles after the long day.

His soft fingers curl around the handle of his tool, remembering the warmth of the mochi maker under his touch. Anything with Dan made tasks like this, where he has to move a lot, so much

better. He'd complain later, of course, until he can get those sweet, sweet cuddles and maybe a piping hot bowl of rice. Fresh! From these very fields.

The ones that were currently making Shibani's stockings wet, causing the pure white fabric to become transparent and expose the silhouette of his toes. He can see the mud and how it molds around his feet and separates into clouds of brown just up to his ankles. A giggle escapes him while finding himself playing about and splashing until he gets Dan's attention on him, goofing off. Ah, oops. Without any words, he knows that the work needs to be done, and of course he chooses to move to the side and step over into another of the tiny pools and harvest some that way. He always heard of a team splitting up in movies to get work done more efficiently so... that's good, right? He's smart.

And work continues.

It's hard. But the complaints don't come. Just soft grunts as Shibani bends over, his sleeves getting bits of the plant stuck in them or even wet while he slices into the stalks of rice. He keeps going despite this, rolling up his sleeves and tucking the frilly ends under the red ropes at his shoulders and chest. If he says so himself, looking like a working man could be a cute look for him, but only sometimes! And perhaps just for Dan, because the holiday coming up makes it all feel so special.

Just like that little glow at the corner of his eyes.

... What even is that, anyway? Shibani doesn't lose grip of his borrowed sickle just yet, glancing upward and notices that he's made quite a lot of progress in his collection, one of his sacks being practically full by now. Yet, this glow was so pretty, drawing him closer to it (all while harvesting even the minimal of rice, mind you!) and seducing him into crossing over a small stream to get as close to it as possible. Dan is far behind him, bless his hard working heart, and not even noticing what's going on. Not that it seems to be *bad* per se, but Shibani stares at the glow and looks at all the rice that just had this *otherworldliness* about them. They look fuller, more nutritious and definitely prettier. Like they were expertly crafted by things other than nature itself. At least, the somewhat more intellectual part of his brain (thanks, Hutch!) tries to tell him.

The rice is perfect. And Dan needs perfection, right? So. It's a no-brainer now. With a big smile, eyes glistening and determination risen, the white colored Succubun dives into the shallow crevice and slices at the lovely plant. He's careful to get as much as he could; plentiful for a good run of mochi and still have some extra to spare! Heh, mochi just for Shibani...

He hears Dan's voice, loud and calling. It causes a itty sound to come from Shibani's throat as he rushes off to get back up and visible to his companion, waving his sleeveless arm as he climbs up and out of the crevice and back to the main part of the paddies. With a small headshake, Dan tut-tuts him mildly and gets nothing but an innocent shrug before they both get to finishing up.

The buns power down in their natural forms to preserve energy, despite how much more useful their doll forms would be. The rice isn't too much for their little cloven paws to grasp, considering nearly everything Dan does seems to be perfectly designed for either form. They are nearly finished no matter what, with the mochi maker explaining that it's best to leave some behind, not that they shouldn't take it - but because they shouldn't carry too much weight. They have to make the long way back out of here soon.

And Shibani nods in agreement, face lightly soaked with sweat and smudges of dirt and stray grains and grass across his body says much more than that. All in all, the two made a great team and even if one of them is dead set on getting back and keeping things in sequence, the smaller of the two gets his long awaited cuddles and hot bowl of freshly steamed rice.

Maybe, just once in a while, he could help out like this again, if it meant feeling the warmth of Dan and hearing his anticipating heartbeats in a big ol' glowy, watery cave can be like... a date or something?

Making him happy is just as important as it is to fall asleep using him as a pillow.

2 Ch. 2-A Mochi Blessing 1: Mercy, Please

Character(s): Mercy, Shibani

Word Count: 1319

Summary: Shibani bribes Mercy for some holy water.

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It was almost comical, the way that the nun had gone from kindly declining the favor to “Well, *actually...*” and offering the service expecting something of great value. The comical bit? Oh, that’s Shibani’s face when he realizes that he brought nothing of *monetary* worth with him. Other than his current favorite pillow, but like blazes is Mercy getting that. Maybe later, they can get it from him when he’s done and the poor nun needs something to rest their head on after all the book keeping?

Something about Sister Mercy’s expression told him that they wouldn’t be very interested at the moment anyway, especially not with a curious glint that wasn’t playful nor inviting for... you know. Cuddles. Not at the moment at least.

“Well... can I get back to you on that?”

The nice Sister is understanding, right? Perhaps knowing full well that no matter how long it takes, he’ll come around. They don’t look cross because of it, and lower their hand to dust off something on their habit before nodding, never once raising their voice.

“Don’t dawdle too much though, dear. I’ll be here in the office should you need me.” They say, grey eyes closing and dainty hands pressing together before bowing their head. Sister Mercy gives a tiny farewell to Shibani before twirling around and getting right back to duties and chores, trusting that the other doll will find his way out peacefully.

Of course, with a little more baggage, mentally. He honestly didn’t think of coming with something to give that is either carats or something super, duper nice enough that would meet those monetary requirements AND more.

But, if you’re someone like Shibani, you may not be the richest person in the *traditional* sense... but in other ways!

It's not like he wouldn't want to share, there's plenty to go around and he wouldn't even care if the nun herself wouldn't ride on up to his pile and just take things for themselves. But they're so busy already, and Shibani may be selfish but he's not *that* selfish, right? Right. Plus, look, if he helps Sister Mercy, then he helps not only Dan but the Church of Sulfur too, so he can cash in on some good boy points with that as well! So he can take longer naps and no one can say anything. Best. Ever.

Since he's all cleaned up, well rested, hopes soaring high and knowing he got this in the BAG, the sweet, slothful bun skips off to - hopefully - not get distracted before getting some things from the pile. There's bound to be truly lost things in there and other stuff kindly donated to his nest of treasures which he only really cares about the soft, perhaps fluff filled, ones.

He thinks about a scenario in his head from earlier... the talk with the older bun was so nice, as usual. Though, the price was kiiinda steep. Just, kinda. Not their fault in the slightest! What needs to be done is just that. And so is shooing away the squealing murder of corvats from picking away at the *p-oh nooooo-!*

Corvats??

Shibani had been just minding his own business, passing along the streets down to Dan's Dango and then *these* guys are here? It's been a while since he encountered such a large number of them, but if they are here... then they're after his pile! AND Mercy's sh- stuff. Mercy's stuff, that they need, for the thing. Yes.

"You little pests!" The white bun exclaims, being spurred into more heated action against his will. Despite what his brain lazily tells him not to, he picks up his feet more and tries to sprint into the crowd of bird-like shadows. The squawking intensifies as they seem to get out of the mildly raging doll's way, only to return again as if never disturbed. They land here and there, in the street, on the shop's sign and even hop into the building itself, following its shadowy friends deeper inside. To Shibani's hoard... and to Dan's dango!

The peaceful moment that was had before is all but gone as hands are waved, feet are pounding on the hardwood floors and tails are swishing back and forth as the owner of said parts is busy trying to get the majority of them to get out. From the corners of his eye he can see

that, despite being clean for the day, there's some remnants of mochi and other treats like caramelized sugar in corners of dishes are picked at. Tiny shiny trinkets from the top of his hoard are snatched and having him try to pry them from the mischievous avians.

He'll take it all back. He can and *will* be selfish in this situation. But only because he promised Mercy for, well, mercy! He needs that water blessed for Dan! Fluffy hair and fur get shook out of place as he tries and fails to save whatever the corvats had stolen from in front of him, and with each flap and screech, they succeed in getting away and leaving happily. They all seem to be laughing at the poor guy now, evading him and shaking him off until he loses grip, trips and falls back onto his pillows.

Well... fine! Be like that! He would have just gave it all to them if they asked! And he *knows* they can at least *mimic* saying as such and intelligent enough that if they do this one thing, they'll get handsomely rewarded- ah well.

... Shibani blows hot air from his lungs and pushes his now tuckered out self from the hoard of pillows and whatever *other* trinkets still remained. Luckily, if ever, there's some things still left behind, and have Murmur give mercy to those imps if they didn't at least leave something worthwhile for the poor nun!

Dusted off, hair not bothered with other than getting out of his eyes, the defeated doll gathers as much rich-looking stuff he can, the shinier and more expensive looking the better, and huffs. He hopes that Dan will give his own mercy to him later with dibs on a taste test for those amazing mochi later.

...

"Ah, you've returned." The kindly nun, taking a break from their deep concentration, greets the returning guest from earlier. A curious look spreads on their face when they spot how disheveled he looks.

"Oh my, did you get into a... fight? With someone? Dear."

“Huh? Oh no! Of course not, I know I’d lose... I’d be late to the first punch. Sleeping it off is better, anyway.”

A pause, lifting the objects in his arms.

“I had to get the donations ready!” He’s so proud of himself, and not that he really fought with those imps more or less just tried to shoo them off. Ah well, perhaps they are making cute nests of their own... maybe in a way, he helped out those little turds as well. Huh. The wheel of kindness continues to turn? He stares at Mercy as he dumps the whole lot onto their desk; gilded dishes, gemstones on chains of precious metal, bookmarks...? Uh, maybe there’s some empty wine bottles in there, those could be worth something? Or the glasses? They look really old, older than any of them, and all these coins - who uses those anymore - and a commemorative pin?

Oh right, and whatever carats he had on him, too. Just tossing them all into the pile has the nun’s brows raised, but they seem to be pleased.

“Well. You went through all this trouble for our church... you’re clearly devoted, at least when you feel like it.”

Another pause. Then, slowly, those dainty hands come back and just casually drag all that stuff closer to their chest, giving a smile, then leans to speak.

“Now how about that blessing for you and your partner~?”

3 (R18) Ch. 2-B Mochi Blessing 2: Sins of the Father

Character(s): Oleander, Shibani

Word Count: 888

Summary: Shibani bribes Oleander for some holy water.

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“Help me unwind, won’t you~?”

That hand on his backside is making him blush more, leaning closer with wanting, as Father Oleander is just so warm. But instead of sleep, he suggests they do something much more interesting. More... *fulfilling*. The smaller doll had thought he'd get to do something like this as soon as he stepped foot inside the church, and while he wasn't planning to? He wouldn't mind at all, giving into lust just a little bit.

Or more, as that hand goes lower and long fingers curl around the curve of his full rump.

He giggles.

"Well, I think I can do that much, Father."

That smirk is telling, those eyes heavy with wanting as much as their bodies want it. Shibani can feel himself getting more excited by the minute but he couldn't just jump into it. Oh no, it's got to be eased, relaxed, and then promptly bent over a table.

Not Father Oleander but himself, of course.

... Unless?

Curiosity wells up and shows its face as a little nibble on his lower lip. Could he? The man so close to him, lifting up his chin with a featherly light touch and a kiss that could make demons sing, perhaps he could get away with such a thing? All he can do is ask, really. Even if he really, really just wants to be the one to lay down and take it, this holiday season has been keeping the petite doll in a *mood*. Also curious, as the Father has been nothing but kindly to him and the rest of the parishioners.

His big rusty eyes gaze up at Oleander, petting him in return and sliding his pale fingers across his thighs.

"Ah, Father? I do want to make a confession."

"Oh? Pray tell... over here. In the confessional."

Moving backwards, the priest guides Shibani to one of the nearby booths, his boots lightly clicking on the tiled floors until he pushes aside the heavy velvet curtains. The smaller succubun follows him and keeps close, keeping his eyes up at him in longing. A favor for a favor... would this count as a favor in a favor for a favor? It might not matter much as the curtain falls back in place, blocking out most of the light outside and leaving just the crystal candles to dimly illuminate the tiny space.

“Now then, confess, my child. Feel free to do it on your knees, the floor is padded for a reason.” Father Oleander whispers softly, brushing his leg against Shibani while they both get more comfortable, and this is when the smaller doll squashes their bodies together and pinning Oleander against the back of the booth. It actually surprises the priest a little and gets a soft “Ooh!” from him, before beginning the confession.

“Bless me father, for I’m about to sin... for it’s been a while since I had asked anyone if I could be *on top*, and I’m sure you know what I mean.”

Both of them can fully tell how aroused they are getting, Shibani rolls his hips forward against the barely hidden bulge behind those dark robes. An already shaky hand shoots out to stabilize his stance against the wall, long braid bunching up around his shoulders as Father Oleander sinks, bending his knees to meet with Shibani eye-to-eye.

“Oh my, then that means... you wish to fuck your good priest tonight, don’t you~? Ah, so sinful...” As vulgar as it sounds, they are speaking privately and what more blunt way to do it than this? White hair and ears bounce lightly as the owner’s head bobs up and down in an approving nod which just kicked those flood gates down. A rare side of Shibani is out now, even if he’s not very strong to do all the cool stuff *Dan* can do, but he can still put a rod in an awaiting socket if that makes sense~!

The long haired bun is then allowed to slide down onto the bench and, with some quick maneuvers, gets his spread legs high up into the air. Now, see, here comes the problem - Shibani hasn’t thought about how they are gonna get their clothes off. This really doesn’t deter their libido in any way, both of them just pawing at each other for quick snaps, zippers and stretchy fabric that could go for miles before weakening. Underwear is flown over a shoulder, the skirt of Oleander’s robes is flung to the side and his growing arousal springs up and his

thoroughly loved hole is open to the quickly warming air and already stretched and prelubricated for Shibani's use.

Boy is always prepared 24/7 isn't he... less work for the 'Bani!

It wouldn't take long for him to figure out how to get his cock out, but once he does he finds that the priest has procured a small bottle of lube, just for extra slickness. The way that they both can enjoy it better.

From there, it wouldn't be long before the both of them are deep into the moment, moans and rocking from the wooden confessional can be witnessed by anyone nearby... it feels good, and Shibani might do this again, but perhaps? With Dan?

Maybe if he asks nicely... he could pound Dan's "mochi" instead.

4 Ch. 3-A Mochi Borrowing 1: Hop To It

Character(s): Hops, Shibani

Word Count: 928

Summary: Shibani asks Hops for some mochi flavoring.

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As the pretty looking drinks are slid over to him, the mildly nervous man giggles a bit unintentionally. Since the idea of getting drunk might have him spend *more* time is a bit scary, he could sleep through Mochi Moon! It'll mean that all the hard work for his beloved friend would go to waste and the man will be so very disappointed... plus those strawberries are so sweet he and Dan could have made the best mochi out of them.

They *will* make the best mochi out of them.

"... Shibani. You don't have to - I mean you really *shouldn't* drink the whole thing, hon." Hops' voice can be heard from the side, clinking glass and moving screeching chairs against the floor.

He looks up at her and admires her busywork for a few seconds, then snaps out of it as he grasps onto one of the expertly crafted and finely decorated glasses.

“Oh! I know, I just... ha ha, if I get drunk, I need to watch the time even more!” Shibani explains, raising the martini glass to his nose and swishing it around a bit. The fragrances that once laid dormant waft in the air and the strong alcoholic smell hits him. It’s strong and the citrus is undeniable. Looking up once, he catches the wagging tail of the waitress who is dipping in and out of the back, cleaning and sweeping and bending over or ducking under things to ensure that the Rabbit Hole is as spotless and shiny as Angora is. Just how she likes it. It makes Shibani give a small smile as he brings the sour tasting drink to his lips.

“Mm...” His lips pinch together as he squeezes his eyes shut for a few seconds. Indeed, this one is very sour. Yet, it is still good, maybe not really his favorite of the new drinks so far and at least it looks cute? What with the slices of colorful fruit stuck onto the rim of the glass to give it some charm.

“You work so hard, Hops.” He compliments her, sticking his finger into the liquid still inside and swirls it around to get some more drops of it onto his finger. Just a tiny drop will be okay, before the palette cleanser at least.

“Would be a shame to not be able to snag a break, drinking alone sounds like no fun at all.”

The pink lady’s heels clicking come to a brief pause, where the owner makes a quick sideways glance at him, placing her free hand on her hip and shaking her head with a smile.

“I know what you’re trying to do. And it’s not gonna work! I just told you I can’t let myself get too drunk!” She isn’t angry, but the opposite in fact. Very amused, perhaps, and actively fighting against the urge to sit down at the bar with him to do the taste testing. And perhaps the long expression on his face made her add,

“... Maybe in a little bit! But only a coupla so, okay?”

“Oh, you don’t have to, barkeep~” Shibani had since set the martini glass down in favor of a big hurricane nearby with fun little umbrellas in it for him to pluck and play with.

“Was just a suggestion.”

With that, Hops took a moment to watch him, sipping from the spiral straw in the new glass before moving and arranging more bottles and containers after cleaning up a little more. Her tools of the trade are laid out in front of her including some lovely fresh fruits, syrups and other good looking things... ah. This one is sweet, like she is.

“Ooh, I like this one.”

“Well don’t just chug it like that, use the straw! Tiny sips!”

The pale doll kicks back in his stool and laughs a little, hiccuping after which caused another eruption of laughter. It gets Hops going as well, especially when he goes for a third drink that she was making - to which she drags away from him, teasing him.

“Hey now! I’m still work on that... you can have this old fashioned one!” She exclaims, flicking her knuckles against a short glass filled with a rich amber brown colored liquid with a twine cord tightly tied around it. He didn’t have the heart to tell her how boring it was... and because he thought it was likely made as a joke, because of just how *plain* it is.

“But it’s just amaretto I can smell it from over hereee...” He whines in retaliation, leaning over the bar to reach for it anyway, and snatching an almond or two from a dark wine colored bowl nearby and pops them into his mouth, once shelling them.

“Okay I *know* you can’t be drunk yet! You barely touched the martini and that hurricane is mostly juice and sugar!”

She laughs more with him and eventually, she ends up joining him as she said earlier.

The drinks, even though they were various flavors and amounts in the alcohol content, were so much sweeter with her. Laughing, chatting away, throwing almonds at each other and taking turns pretending to be a pirate because he just *couldn’t* get over the amaretto thing... It was great.

Eventually, they both were varying levels of tipsy, with Shibani being even more so.

At least, the strawberries are his. He'll have to come back later to help again and maybe get more of that sugary goodness for himself one day, perhaps as a new favorite drink just for this season.

5 Ch. 3-B Mochi Borrowing 2: Exquisite Taste

Character(s): Angora, Shibani

Word Count: 0 / 700

Summary: Shibani asks Angora for some mochi flavoring.

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Angora

6 Ch. 3-C Mochi Borrowing 3: The Hand that Feeds

Character(s): Hutch, Shibani

Word Count: 0 / 700

Summary: Shibani asks Hutch for some mochi flavoring.

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Hutch