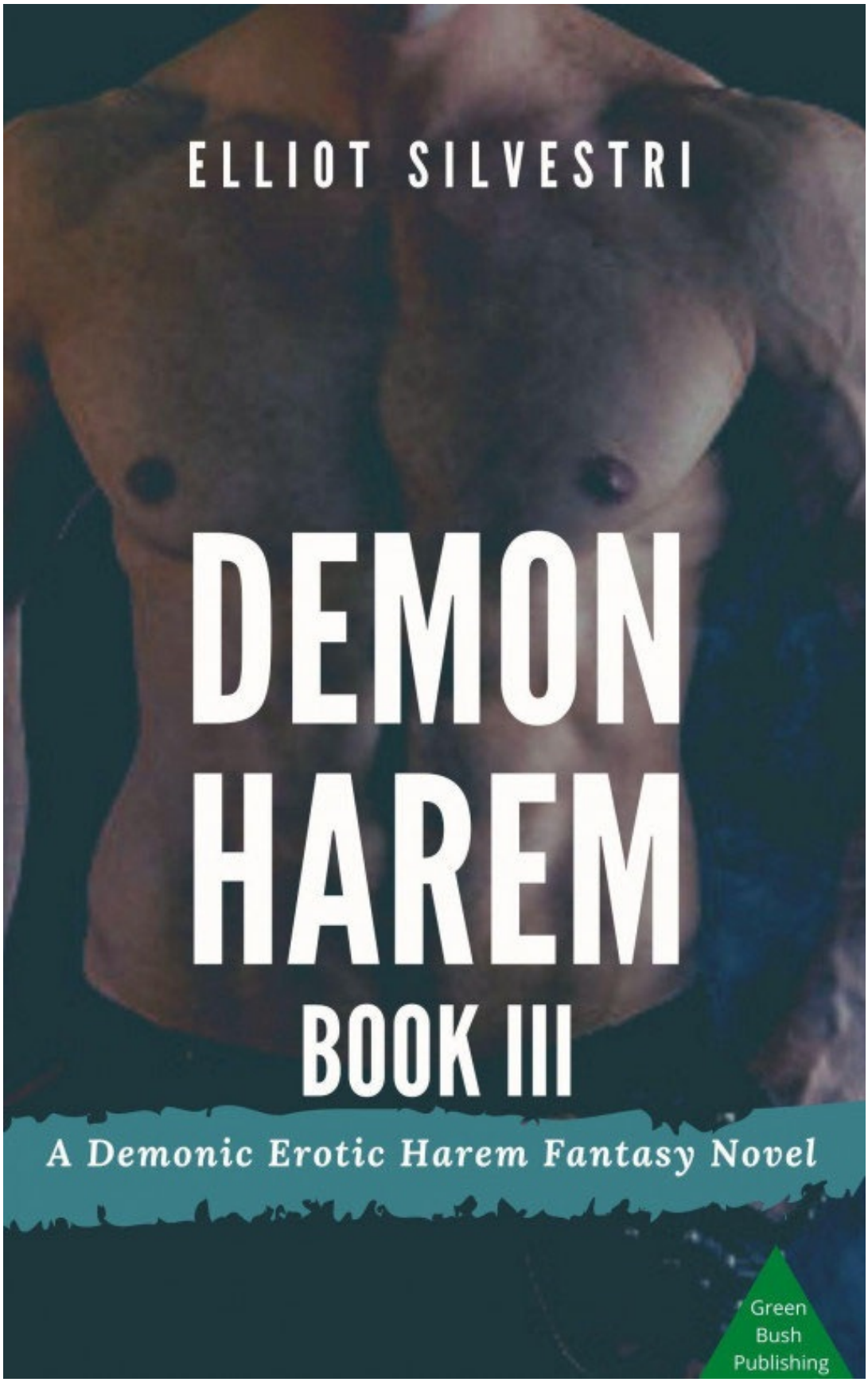
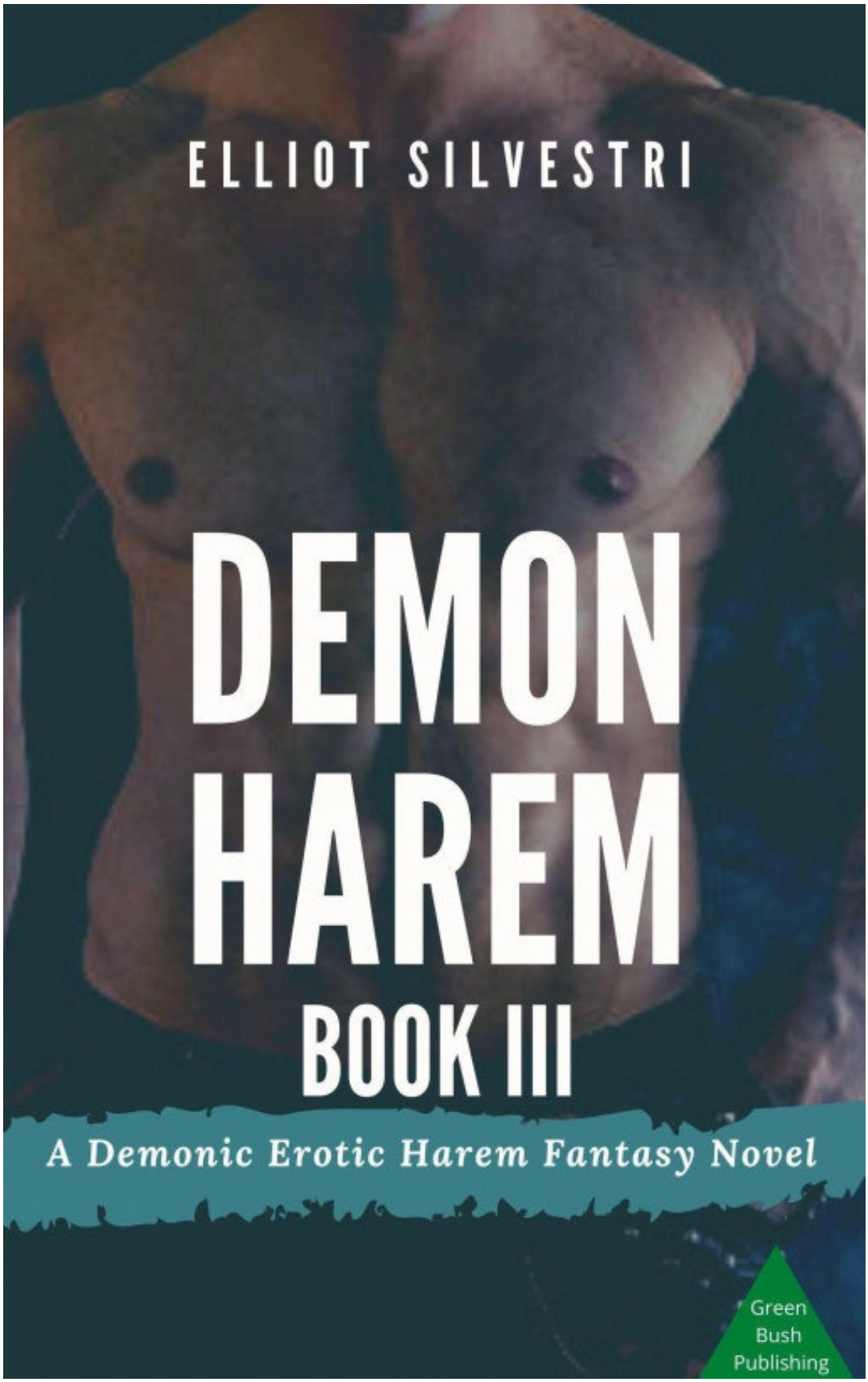

ELLIOT SILVESTRI
DEMON HAREM
BOOK III
A Demonic Erotic Harem Fantasy Novel
Green Bush Publishing


ELLIOT SILVESTRI
DEMON HAREM
BOOK III
A Demonic Erotic Harem Fantasy Novel
Green Bush Publishing

Demon Harem

Book III

An Erotic Harem Fantasy Novel

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Demon Harem

Book III

An Erotic Harem Fantasy Novel

Copyright © 2022 Green Bush Publishing

Second Edition

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Contents

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Preview

About the Author

Book 3

Chapter 10

The three of us were left blinking and coughing from the sulfurous smoke that filled the room. I was still in the center of the women's circle, all of them touching my cock and balls and asshole. They were still eating each other's pussies.

In the small bit of space between the bed and the door there now stood Killenne, the succubus who was supposed to be watching over me.

"Why in the name of all the vile and unholy fucks have you summoned me?" she demanded as she glared at the group of us.

Killenne was in full succubus form. Purple skin. Horns. Claws for fingernails. Big tits. Luscious thighs. A prehensile tail. An outfit that could only be described as an inadequate leather corset and impossibly tiny G-string.

In short, she was hotter than the hell she had come from.

The women were looking at me. I didn't know what to say.

"Uhh…I didn't summon you, Killenne. I left your stone in my room."

She glared at me. Her expression softened slightly at the amount of naked female flesh on display, but then refocused on me. "I forget you are new to this. You aren't used to your demonic nature…though you're taking full advantage of the control you have over human women."

"Control of women?" asked Judi angrily.

She wasn't able to maintain her anger, not with her finger up my ass and Evie's tongue on her clit. I had to admire the brunette. She didn't stop licking her new lover even in the presence of a succubus.

"Never mind that," I said softly to Judi. Turning back to Killenne I said, "I didn't summon you!"

The beautifully seductive succubus sighed and shook her head. "Right. You didn't realize what you were doing. You're in the middle of a circle of fornicating women. They're all touching your cock—"

“And asshole,” Janine pointed out.

Killenne ignored her. “All of that combined is a very simple summoning spell. That’s why I’m here. I don’t like being summoned to Earth unless it’s a very serious matter…or there’s a serious reward for my presence.”

“Reward?” asked Evie.

“I didn’t know we would accidentally summon you by…having sex?”

I felt like an idiot.

Judi carefully withdrew her finger from my ass. That was slightly disappointing. “Is she a succubus?” Her words came out in a quavering voice.

“Now’s not the time, Judi,” I said to her and carefully stepped over their bodies. I had to move carefully not just so I wouldn’t crush one of them by accident but because my erection hadn’t abated yet. It bobbed uncomfortably in front of me.

“Now’s the perfect time,” Killenne purred. “She’s a pretty one.”

Judi gasped but didn’t make any objection to the bold flirting from Killenne.

I rolled my shoulders. “It’s pretty crowded, but if you want to join in,” I said to Killenne.

“Tempting, but not right now. We have other business.” She didn’t move her eyes from the trio on the bed. It was Evie who was eye-fucking her, even with her face between Janine’s legs. “Although I could be persuaded to delay… No! Not right now.” She was talking to herself. “Later.” She refocused on me. “We need to talk, Seth.”

“Okay, what about?”

I was impressed that the women were taking this all in stride. It isn’t every day that one sees two demons (okay, a half-demon and a succubus) in their bedroom having an argument.

“We need to talk about your father,” said Killenne.

Those words were enough to make my cock start to shrink.

I didn't want to think about my invisible father whom I had never met.

Killenne's eyes dropped to my cock, just like my cock had dropped from a proper erection to dangling flesh. She frowned in disappointment.

"Maybe we should talk about this some other time?" I suggested to Killenne. I was in the middle of a minor orgy and I was completely unprepared to talk about my father—whoever he was—with a succubus who was supposed to be keeping an eye on me.

"No. Now." She licked her lips while looking at the three women still on the bed.

"Fuck. Fine." I looked down at the naked female trio. "I'll be back in a few minutes, ladies. Amuse yourselves."

"We will," said Judi right before licking Evie's pussy.

I was missing out.

But curiosity was killing me.

After all, my demonic nature was because of my father, a man—or rather, a demon—that my mother hadn't seen since he impregnated her.

I suppose I was just lucky that she didn't abort me.

Killenne and I left the bedroom and I closed the door behind me. We went down to the living room where we wouldn't be able to hear the three of them having sex.

"Can we make this quick? There are some women upstairs who are anxious to have my cock."

Killenne scoffed at me. "They'll be fine by themselves. Besides, don't you want to know about your father?"

"Not really. I've lived most of my life without him so…" I trailed off. The truth was I did want to know.

Always before my reasoning for hating and/or not caring about my father was that he fucked my mother when she was young and impressionable (and she had told me on more than one occasion stupid as well) and just left. Disappeared. I figured he was just a high-tier asshole.

It now dawned upon me that he wasn't just an asshole, but he was a demon. He fucked a human woman, something I now understood he couldn't have stopped himself from doing, and then left because he got what he wanted.

It didn't make me like him any further, but I understood now.

"Okay, I'm a little curious now that I know he's a demon," I said as I took a casual position on the couch. I tried not to think about the fact that I was completely naked, and in my demonic form. It wasn't like Killenne was covering up all that much with her corset and tiny thong. I wanted to fuck her just because she was there in front of me, but I pushed that thought aside. "Who is he?"

She paced back and forth in front of me. "If I told you his name, it wouldn't matter because you wouldn't recognize it. It's not like if I told you he goes by Wildor Padilla and you would know who that was."

"Humor me. Give me his name. Human or demon, I don't care."

Now she frowned. "Aye. There's the problem. I don't know his name."

"What the fuck, Killenne?! Why are you wasting my time?!" I stood up.

"I don't know his name because I don't know the name of the fucker who fucked your mom," she barked at me.

"So?"

"That's a huge problem! It's not like there are teaming masses of demons that can simply show up on the material plane, summoned or under their own power, and fuck a human female."

"How many are there?"

She hesitated. "Maybe a couple thousand."

“That’s a lot.”

“Not really. There are eighteen billion seven hundred fifty-eight million two hundred forty two thousand and fifty seven lemurias in existence currently. Those are the lowliest forms of demons. They’re slugs. So a few thousand is nothing. The problem is I checked on all of the incubus-level demons. All of them. None of them is your father.”

“Well…one of them is lying, right?”

She smirked at me. “No. I compared your seed to all of those incubuses. That’s for the fuck, by the way. Demons have DNA similar to humans. That is why we can interbreed. None of the incubuses are your father.”

“Oh. Well…that’s weird, right. Maybe he’s died since I was born?”

“Eight incubuses have died permanently since your birth on Earth. I tracked down their remains. None of them either.”

“So…what does this mean?”

Killenne looked nervously left and right and then leaned in to me. I smelled her scent. She smelled like sex.

“I think your mother fucked an extremely high level demon,” she whispered in my ear. “Shh.” She backed away.

“So, this is a secret?”

She nodded. “There are certain things demons are supposed to do and certain things we aren’t. Now, someone who isn’t an incubus could breed with a human…but that causes all sorts of problems.”

“I see.”

“I’ll have to get back to you on this.”

“Sounds good.” I tried to be casual about the whole affair. Nothing about this was normal.

She leaned in close again. “Just be careful. I wouldn’t be surprised if a demonic hit squad was out there ready to kill you.”

It didn’t seem like she was kidding around.

I just stared at her and she nodded at me.

I didn’t even dart my eyes downward to check out her bouncing tits.

A second later we were both startled by the front door bell ringing.

“Relax,” she reassured me. “Demonic hit squads don’t ring the bell. They just barge in.”

I took a breath and focused myself. After closing my eyes and feeling for that sensation I couldn’t describe, I managed to change back to my human form. Only then did I head for the door.

Killenne stopped me. “You might want to put on some clothes first, Seth. Or at least a robe.”

“Right.”

I dashed up to my room, fingers in my ears so I couldn’t hear the women fucking in Evie’s bedroom, tossed on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, before dashing back downstairs.

When I opened the front door I was confronted by Kari who had a puzzled expression on her face, and hand upraised to knock since I had taken so long to answer the door.

I recognized her distinctive and pretty face right away. My body, as always, betrayed me and I got an erection immediately upon seeing Kari. I don’t think she was looking at my crotch.

Probably.

“Hi!” There wasn’t anything else to say.

She did check out my very casual clothing before speaking, “I didn’t expect to

find you home, but when I was passing I saw the driveway had cars parked in it so…"

I saw her peeking over my shoulder. I tried to ignore her gaze. Had one of the trio of women wandered downstairs? Was Killenne doing something inappropriate?

"I don't have to work today. It's nice to see you." I didn't want to invite her inside. I already had four horny females in the house and I didn't think adding a fifth to the mix was a great idea.

She gave me a winning smile. She was dressed in running clothes which were form-fitting but not restrictive. I let my eyes roam over her body and the brightly colored Spandex that defined her lean body.

"I'm going to be honest with you, Seth," she said.

"Great!"

"I came over here hoping to fuck you again." Her smile, already sunny, brightened further.

I opened my mouth to speak but before I could form any words, Killenne was suddenly next to me, in her human form, thankfully. It was hard enough to explain my demonic nature without having to explain Killenne as well.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea," said the succubus in human form. She nudged me aside and grabbed Kari's hand, drawing her inside the house. "I'm Kellianne. I'm an…associate of Seth's."

Upon seeing that I wasn't alone, Kari's demeanor changed. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know that you had company. I should go." She pulled back, but Killenne wasn't letting her escape so easily.

"No! Please stay! I overheard that you wanted to fuck young Seth and I strongly encourage that. Would you mind if I watch?"

The feral expression on Killenne's face must have worried Kari because I saw the way her eyes opened wide and she suddenly didn't know what she was getting into. "I think this is a mistake." She pulled against Killenne's strong grip

and looked to me with desperation.

I should have expedited her retreat. Instead, I gave in to my demonic nature and pressed in behind Kari.

“Ever fuck two demons at the same time?” I asked her.

“N-n-no,” she stammered.

There was a moment of silence that was filled by the sounds of three distinct voices in the throes of passion.

“There might be some women fucking upstairs,” said Killenne. “Don’t worry about them.”

Kari gave me a strange look. She was trapped between me and Killenne, both of us in human form, but now she didn’t seem too worried.

“Are you running a bordello or a harem here, Seth?” she asked me.

“Something like that,” I conceded. “So do you want to fuck or not?”

I realized that just being close to a woman was more than enough to make her change her mind about sex. Of course Kari had come over to my place with the express purpose of getting laid. It didn’t take much to convince her.

She looked nervously, but also a bit eagerly, at Killenne. “You want to watch while I have sex with Seth?”

Killenne licked her lips. “I want to watch while he fucks you.” She leaned in quickly and gave Kari a kiss. “And then I want to join in.”

Kari just nodded. I knew that she would.

She didn’t resist at all when I started helping her out of her clothes. I shied back when I pulled off her top. I was still behind her and Killenne was in the front. The succubus admired the ample cleavage Kari’s athletic bra created. I had forgotten about the Japanese woman’s back tattoo. When it came into view, even partly obscured by her bra straps, I shied away and winced.

It wasn’t really painful. It was more like looking at someone vomiting. Not pleasant, but it wouldn’t cause lasting damage.

“What’s the matter?” asked Killenne upon seeing my distress.

“Her tattoo on her back,” I said, my face a sour mask.

Curious, Killenne turned Kari around. The attractive dark-haired woman hissed and reverted to her succubus form. This elicited a surprised yelp from Kari.

“It’s hideous!” Killenne declared and then glared at me. “You’ve fucked her before?”

I nodded. “Just once.”

Killenne’s highly arched eyebrows went up even further on her forehead, nearly reaching the horns that grew just behind her hairline. “Impressive. Was she a good fuck?”

“More than good enough.”

“Good enough to fuck a second time?”

“Definitely.”

“Hey!” Kari protested. “Don’t talk about me like I’m not here!”

Killenne fixed her with a withering glare. “Who tattooed you?” she demanded.

“A place in the city,” Kari said. “Friend of a friend. I think the place is called the Devil's Designs.”

“Does it matter?” I asked.

Her purple lips curled back. “No…take off your bra and put your shirt back on.”

“Why?” Kari was confused.

“Because I want to fuck you with Seth but I can’t do it with that hideous design on your back. Do you want to get fucked or not?”

Kari nodded once and pulled off her bra and quickly replaced her shirt. She had the sort of body where any slightly loose garment would hide how big her tits were. I was sad to see them hidden away but then Killenne knelt down and helped Kari remove her shoes. A second later Kari was naked from the waist down.

That was all that really mattered.

Not even giving me a chance, Killenne leaned in and licked at Kari's pussy. Seeing that this was going to happen, I pulled off my shirt and dropped my shorts, revealing my erection.

Kari grinned and reached out for me, stroking my length.

"I've never done anything like this before," she confessed.

"You're going to love it."

Apparently having her pussy eaten by a succubus in the middle of my living room wasn't too strange for Kari. We re-positioned ourselves and I found myself kissing Kari's lips.

Wanting to get a taste of what Killenne had sampled, I went down on my knees and pressed my face between Kari's legs. She elegantly put one foot on the coffee table, opening up her sex to me.

I had just driven my tongue up her slit when I realized I wasn't alone between Kari's legs. Killenne had pressed her face between the Japanese woman's buttocks and was eagerly eating Kari's ass.

Kari wasn't objecting so I just went with it.

This had to be par for the course for demonic sex.

I loved the noises that Kari made as I sucked on her clit while I had two fingers buried in her pussy. Killenne was still licking her asshole, maybe had stuffed her tongue up where no man had ever reached.

"Don't stop," Kari begged. "Please…don't…stop…FUCK!"

She came abruptly. I admired her for how long she held back from cumming at all. How many women can resist for more than a minute at having her ass and pussy eaten at the same time? Whoever they are, I don't want to meet them. They're not worth my time.

Kari had one hand braced against the wall, but I could see she was barely remaining upright, even with the assistance Killenne and I were giving her.

I backed away but Killenne seemed interested in continuing to eat her ass. "Wanna get fucked?" I asked her again.

She nodded her head with enthusiasm, her eyes slightly unfocused and glazed. "Oh, fuck yes. Where's the bed?"

"Right here and right now."

I moved her around. Hoping that it would hold up, I placed Kari on her back on the coffee table that had seen better days. Her ass was off the edge which was perfect. I moved around a bit, getting into position, but eventually was crouching over her, shoving my cock in her pussy, fucking her hard.

Killenne quickly clued in to what I was doing and crawled under the coffee table. She used her long succubus tongue not to just continue eating Kari's ass, but she let it wander around, licking my balls and taint as I fucked Kari. It was inelegant and raw and nothing more than pure sex.

I was able to hold out long enough for the two of us to make Kari climax twice more before I shot my load into her.

The moment I withdrew from Kari's cunt, Killenne moved in and started licking up my cum.

Kari was still on edge and super sensitive. The succubus didn't care about that; she was simply eager to eat the cum I had left behind. I found it fascinating and ego boosting at the same time.

Killenne wrapped her arms around the smaller woman's legs and wouldn't let go. Her face was literally buried in Kari's cunt as she hungrily consumed my very essence.

Kari wasn’t quiet about her appreciation of Killenne’s talented tongue exploring and cleaning her pussy. She writhed around on the coffee table while Killenne attempted to pin her in place. It was fascinating to watch. I didn’t interfere, but I was a bit worried that Kari’s screams would alert the other women upstairs.

I didn’t know what I was worried about. If they were curious, they had a right to come and see what was going on.

“Fuck! Yes! Fuck! Yesss!” Kari screamed over and over. She grabbed Killenne by the horns and held her in place exactly where she wanted the succubus’s tongue to go.

It was a great instructional moment on the affection lesbians had for cunnilingus.

After giving an ear-piercing scream of appreciation to Killenne’s talents, Kari collapsed back onto the coffee table, just barely quivering, her body covered in a sheen of sweat, her chest rising up and down as she breathed heavily, her tits shaking with her every movement.

I doubted that Kari could have gotten a better workout from a run around the park.

“She’s a keeper,” Killenne declared, licking her lips with her long tongue, tasting both my cum and Kari’s amrita.

Kari just moaned incoherently.

“Sure. It seems like she knows the value of a good fuck,” I agreed.

“Once you fuck a woman,” said Killenne, “they’ll be beholden to you effectively forever. It might be fun to go slinging that cock everywhere, but you need to be careful as well.”

“You can fuck my cunt anytime,” Kari moaned and Killenne laughed at her.

“You didn’t change,” Killenne pointed out to me.

I looked down at myself to confirm what she said. I was still in human form. I hadn’t changed to my demonic state when I came. Was the orgasm that weak or

was I getting control of myself?

Before I could answer Killenne, there was the sound of feet thundering down the stairs. I looked up to see Evie and Janine coming down from the second floor. Evie had a souvenir baseball bat in her hands, a relic left behind by Alex. Janine brandished a tennis racket that needed restringing. Both were wearing thin cotton t-shirts that must have belonged to Alex. They were showing a lot of leg, a bit of ass and pussy, plus the outlines of their nipples through the material.

They were hardly threatening but they were extremely sexy. If they were coming to save someone from murder, they were poorly prepared.

“What was that screaming?” Janine demanded.

“Uh…just Killenne eating my cum out of Kari’s pussy,” I said, trying to make it sound like the most common of events.

The sight of a succubus in the middle of the living room should have given any normal woman pause, but apparently Evie and Janine were completely in my thrall now.

“New girlfriend?” asked Janine, swaying her hips as she came down the stairs, tossing aside the tennis racket.

“You could say that.”

Still in her corset and thong, Killenne got up from her position between Kari’s legs. She gestured to the moaning and trembling Japanese woman on the coffee table. “Be my guest,” she said generously, gesturing at Kari. “I think I left some behind.”

Neither Janine, nor eventually Evie, hesitated at eating the remains of my cum from Kari, a woman they didn’t know.

My life was rapidly getting out of control.

I didn’t know how out of control it was getting.

Chapter 11

The rest of the day was a literal orgy of fucking and sucking and other forms of fornicating. Eventually we had to stop because I was exhausted and no matter how much attention any combination of the women lavished upon my cock, I couldn't get hard any longer, in human or demonic form. I think they were all glad to stop. They were complaining about sore pussies and asses. A couple claimed jaws that were out of alignment from eating so much cunt and cock.

Judi and Kari had become fast friends, which wasn't exactly disturbing, but it made me feel a little inadequate because they were more interested in sex with each other than with me. But that was fine because Kari had to keep her shirt on around me and Killenne because of her protective back tattoo.

It was a little strange seeing my new roommates, Janine and Evie, go from casual friends to intimate lovers, but I attributed that to my demonic nature.

They all had a go with Killenne because of the pure lust she exuded. I didn't blame them. I liked having sex with Killenne as well.

The women stumbled back to their beds. Judi joined me in mine, but only to sleep. Regretfully Kari had to go home, but she was only a block away and could return at any point for more sex.

Before she disappeared to whatever demonic plain of existence she lived in, Killenne had a warning for me.

"Be careful. You don't know what you're getting yourself into."

"Apparently I'm getting myself into any pussy that interests me."

Her hand moved so fast I didn't see it. I sort of liked the slap she planted on my face. "Be careful. You don't know how your powers will affect some women. This little group is eager to debauch themselves for you, but inevitably there will be consequences you can't foresee."

I thought of Alex. That wasn't going to end well. "You're right. I'll be careful."

"Be especially careful who you let into the house. We don't know who your father is. I'm going to find out."

“I don’t need to know,” I told her.

“You do need to know,” she insisted. “Some powerful demon out there is your father. Maybe he knows about you, maybe he doesn’t. Maybe he doesn’t care. I don’t know. But you need to know to protect yourself.”

I considered her words. “I’ll be careful. I won’t fuck anyone I don’t know. Good thing I’m not into guys.”

She rolled her eyes and disappeared in a flash of light and a puff of smoke.

The next day things were more or less back to normal. Or what was now passing as normal. The women got up and dressed and went to work. I barely had time for a quick fucking of Judi before she left to change and get to her job. I heard Janine and Evie having sex in Evie’s room but I didn’t interrupt or join them.

There was no sign of Alex.

Kari texted me a picture of her pussy, which she had spread wide with her fingers and added the caption, “She misses you. Fuck me tonight?”

I didn’t immediately answer her. When I got to work I invited her over to my place. She seemed like she needed to get laid more.

I pretended that everything was normal at work.

It wasn’t. I was thinking constantly about the amount of pussy I had at my beck and call. It did wonders for my ego.

And then Killenne just walked into my office. Or, rather, Kellianne did.

“We have a problem,” she said.

“We do? How can there be a problem? It was just a couple of days ago that you set up that big contract for me?” I was more in work mode than I wanted to be.

She rolled her eyes at me. When she was in her Kellianne form, she was incredibly attractive, at least by human standards. My cock started to stiffen.

“You don’t need to worry about…” she looked around my small office “...this. Here. Let me put you at ease.”

A cell phone appeared in her hand and she quickly tapped the screen with one hand while holding a finger up to me to keep me silent. Her single thumb worked incredibly fast.

“There. You’ve got a whole passel of sales for the month. You’ll meet all your goals and company expectations.”

I blinked. “You can do that?”

Kellianne smirked at me. “I’m a succubus. I do magic. I can do anything I want…when it comes to human desires at least. I just got a few of my thralls to make some completely unnecessary purchases from you.”

I relaxed a bit. “Okay, so what’s the problem?”

“Your heritage.”

“Oh.”

“Oh indeed.” She drew in a deep breath which did wonders to how her blouse and jacket pulled on her large tits. “I’m not going to go into the entire history of the Long War, but suffice it to say that for a few thousand years demons were at war with each other.”

“Uh-huh,” I replied, surreptitiously checking the screen in front of me. Already I was seeing my sales goals hitting all their marks. Killenne certainly did work magic. I was a success without doing anything.

“And that’s on top of the on again-off again war we’ve had with the devils for millennia.”

“Right.” I considered seeing if I could access some porn from my work computer.

“So there’s a lot of missing records and long-simmering hostilities that aren’t exactly hidden, and some that are really well hidden.”

“Sure.” I decided not to risk the porn. Why blow a perfectly good job over some crappy porn when I had plenty of pussy waiting for me at home?

“Which is a long way of stating that things are complicated.”

“Makes sense.” Kellianne had seated herself in front of me and crossed her legs. She had surprisingly sexy knees.

“Long story short, your father might have fucked your mother to create a sort of sleeper cell of offspring.”

I half understood what she was saying. “What does that mean?”

She ignored my question. “Demons are known for making long-term plots. We’re also known for using humans as pawns in our schemes. And we are well-known for using humans for our sexual pleasure.”

“You’ve lost me.”

Taking another deep breath which strained the buttons on her blouse, Kellianne said, “I think there might be a contingent of your siblings out there and your father might be planning on using you in the next phase of our ongoing civil war.”

“Huh. But who’s my father?”

“I still don’t know.”

“I thought that’s what you were supposed to be doing.” I was miffed.

“Well, I have narrowed it down to a sub-group of incubus that called themselves the Brotherhood. About half their number were wiped out in the last flare up of the Long War.”

“So…he might be dead?”

“Yup.”

“And they called themselves the Brotherhood? What type of name is that?”

“The full name is hard to interpret into English or any human language. But the

long form is the Brotherhood of Evil Demons That Like to Fuck Humans and Eat Their Cunts and Cocks, But Literally."

I stared at her. "That's a shitty and stupid name."

"It sounds a lot better in the original Primordial Abyssal Demonic."

"I bet it does." I was getting a headache. "Well, it seems like I've had a full day. I'm going home to relax."

While I was appreciative of Killenne's efforts to trace my family history, starting with my father, I wasn't really that interested, mostly because I had at least four women at home or at my beck and call willing to fuck me at the drop of a hat. Or less.

Unfortunately when I got home, I was hours early. My housemates were at work. So was Judi. As was Kari. While I was sure I could call any one of them to summon them back to my bed, but that seemed rude and self-centered.

Ever since learning my heritage, I had lost interest in my previous hobbies. Reading. No. Playing video games? Done with it. Watching porn? Boring. Sports? Blah.

Once I ran through this short list I considered getting drunk and then calling one of the women when I was distracted by the doorbell ringing.

"The thing probably hasn't been used in ten years and suddenly it's getting a workout like a chubby girl at fat camp," I muttered to myself as I went to answer it.

There was a pretty woman on the front porch. While she had rather plain brown hair pulled back into a simple ponytail and wore glasses that obscured her face, she was undeniably pretty. Her clothes were very conservative. Long skirt. Loose blouse. Very little makeup. Nails were unpainted but she had nice, elegant fingers.

When I opened the door she was startled, which was stupid because she was the

one on my porch and had rung the bell.

“Can I help you?” I asked.

She swallowed and looked around nervously.

“Are you…are you the homeowner?” she asked.

“No. I’m just a renter. You want the owner’s number?” I was frankly uninterested in whatever real estate scam she was attempting.

“No thank you,” she said politely.

I tilted my head at her and waited. She was pretty enough to look at and I wanted to see where this was going.

“Something else then?” I asked after a moment of her just looking at me.

“Um…there has been a lot of…traffic activity in and out of your house lately,” she said.

I should have closed the door in her face.

“Yeah. Four adults live here. We have lives. We have jobs. We have significant others. Lots of traffic.”

“Yes. I wanted to talk about that.”

“What about it?” I challenged her. “We aren’t doing anything wrong. If you’re complaining about the cars, talk to the police.” I pointed to the large driveway where we could easily accommodate eight cars.

“Umm…it’s less about the car traffic than the…noise.”

“The cars are quiet.” There was no way I’d live with one some who drove a car with a stupidly modified muffler.

“I’m talking about the…human noise.”

“I don’t recall having any outdoor parties.” She was starting to piss me off.

Apparently I was getting on her nerves as well.

“I can hear you when you are…fornicating!”

I blinked. I knew what the word meant. I just hadn’t heard it used in a non-ironic way in years.

“You can hear us having sex?” I asked boldly because I was amused.

“Yes. Could you please keep it down? Your backyard is small and it’s close to my house and I can hear…everything.”

I took a second look at the woman. “I’m sorry Miss…?”

“It’s…umm…Missus, actually. Mrs. Kimball. McKell Kimball. My friends call me Mikki.”

“Mikki. So nice to meet you.” I switched to a calm, cool, and seductive personality. “I’m so sorry we’ve been disturbing you with our…noise. Won’t you please come in to discuss this? Talking on the porch is so…not rude, exactly, but unmannered. Perhaps you’d like a tour of the house so we can see what can be done to mitigate the sound.”

She hesitated. Our eyes met. I had seen the exact same look in her eyes as I had seen in many other women’s eyes.

Judi.

Janine.

Evie.

Kari.

Mikki stepped inside the house.

I offered her a drink of water. I showed her the house and where the bedrooms on the back of the house almost directly faced her house. It was an older neighborhood and while the houses weren’t right next to each other, they were close. Our house was oddly situated with a huge side yard and a backyard that

was less than ten feet from the back door to the fence. Hers was closer.

I promised to keep the windows shut and would ensure my housemates did the same.

We sat down at the kitchen table.

“It’s not that I want to control others' lifestyles,” she said nervously, plucking at the high collar of her shapeless blouse, “but it makes me…uncomfortable.”

“Of course, of course,” I agreed. “We were being thoughtless.”

“Thank you. My husband had complained in the past but we never said anything before but …” She didn’t finish her statement.

“So why now? He didn’t send you over here to do the dirty work, did he?” I asked her with a wink.

Mikki laughed nervously. “Oh. No. No. He’d never do that.” She paused and quickly downed the last of the water in the glass in front of her. I could feel that she wanted it to be something stronger. Gin. Vodka. Wine. “He’s not around right now.”

“At work?”

“No…we’re…separated. We’ve been having some…relationship difficulties.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

“Thank you. Maybe we married a little too young and are just going through a rough patch.” She paused and sighed. “I just heard a lot of noise yesterday and got angry. I had to come over and say…something.”

I placed my hand on top of hers. She didn’t pull away, but her eyes went wide at my touch. “I’m glad that you did. The last thing I need to do is disturb my neighbors.”

“Thank you,” she said so softly it was barely audible.

“But tell me…did you come over today because the noise from yesterday upset

you…or turned you on?”

I didn’t have complete control over the abilities I supposedly had as a half-demon of the incubus persuasion, but I felt something. I put everything I had into that feeling and pushed it into the essence that seemed to surround Mikki.

Her breathing went shallow. Her eyes dilated. Her face flushed. I swore I could hear her heart thudding away in her chest. If she hadn’t been wearing such a loose fitting blouse I was certain I would have seen the outlines of her nipples. As it was, the scent of her cunt was in the air.

In short, she was turned on. I wanted to see if she’d give in to her base human nature or if she would deny who she was.

“I…I…I was angry with the noise,” she managed to stutter out. She didn’t pull her hand away from mine. I could feel the heat of her body through her fingers.

“You’re lying, aren’t you, Mikki?” I asked her.

She didn’t reply. Her mouth worked and she tried to form an answer, but none was forthcoming.

I needed to push her. She was teetering on the edge and I wanted to be the catalyst that pushed her into oblivion.

Moving around the edge of the table, I leaned in and kissed her.

She was shocked at first. She was married. She was a religious woman. While I didn’t know all her secrets, I sensed she had a lot. She had bottled up all her emotions and was simply behaving like everyone expected her to behave. She hated that.

I knew she hated it because she parted her lips and accepted my tongue into her mouth.

We kissed for a long minute.

Then I pulled her to her feet and pressed her back against the kitchen cabinets. Her body was soft and welcoming. She didn’t protest when I put a hand around the back of her neck. She didn’t protest when I grabbed her ass and pulled her

tightly to me so she could feel my hard cock.

I was the one who broke our kiss.

“I want to fuck you,” I told her.

“I can’t,” she pleaded.

“Why not?” I asked her as I moved my hand from the back of her neck down to her chest. I gently massaged her breast through her shirt and bra.

She moaned a little. “I’m married. I can’t.”

“You’ve already kissed me. You’re letting me touch you. I bet if I shoved my hand into your panties I’d find your pussy a wet mess, isn’t that true, Mikki?”

She gasped, shut her eyes, and nodded. “But I can’t. I need to be faithful to my husband.”

“You’re separated, you just told me that.” I gave her another kiss. Her lips were as hot as the first time I kissed her.

“I know but…we’re working on our marriage.”

I moved my hand from her ass to between her legs, forcing our bodies apart but she didn’t need to feel my hard cock any longer. As soon as I touched the apex of her legs, I could feel the heat of pussy. Her skirt was loose enough that I could easily feel the outline of her sex. I wanted to pull it up and test her wetness.

“You aren’t complaining about a stranger groping your tits, your ass…your cunt,” I said as if I were seducing her.

I was seducing her.

“I…I can’t do this…”

“Has your husband ever cheated on you?” I asked her, not really expecting an answer.

“Yes…” she moaned as I massaged her pussy.

That answer surprised me. I kissed her again. This time she stuck her tongue into my mouth. She wanted this but couldn't say she wanted it.

"Do you want me to fuck you?" I asked her.

This time her answer was silent, but emphatic.

She nodded eagerly and pulled my body to hers. She had one hand on my ass and the other on my shoulder. More importantly, she had one leg between mine so she could feel my hard cock pressing into her body.

"I'm going to make you scream so loud the other neighbors are going to complain," I promised her.

From there it was easy to take her upstairs. For just a moment I thought she was going to run away as I started to close my bedroom door, but then she found her courage and started to unbutton her blouse when I pulled my dress shirt up over my head and tossed it aside.

I had the advantage of my demonic nature and an athletic history. She looked at my chest and any lingering doubts she had about what she was doing melted to nothing.

She was surprised when I stepped to her and literally ripped the blouse off her body. We both heard the material tearing. We both didn't care.

I was disappointed and thrilled at her bra. As I had guessed, she had huge tits, but they were well contained by a very conservative bra that hid everything. No cleavage. No hint at what lay beneath. Dowagers from the 1950s would have been disappointed in her choice of lingerie.

It was easy to get her skirt off. I found the zipper and it fell to the floor. Her panties were equally boring. Over them she wore pantyhose, an extra and unnecessary layer. Showing my contempt for her mode of dress, I literally ripped the pantyhose off her legs. Somewhere along the line she had removed her shoes.

Standing up I asked her, "Have you ever sucked your husband's cock?"

Embarrassed, she nodded. "It's…it's allowed between a married couple."

She stared as I dropped my pants and underwear. Her eyes stayed with my hard cock. I gave it a couple of pumps as I stepped out of the clothing. “Get down on your knees and suck me.”

I didn’t have to ask her twice.

She might have been repressed and uptight, but Mikki wanted this more than she could ever admit to anyone, let alone herself.

Her mouth opened wide and she tried to take as much of my cock as possible. She wasn’t intimidated by the size, but she certainly wasn’t used to my large proportions. Her fellatio technique was sadly lacking. Too much teeth and too little sucking. Her tongue action was okay, but it was obvious she had no idea what she was doing.

I wondered if her husband had cheated on her because she was lousy in bed and he couldn’t be bothered to teach her what he liked because he was a self-centered asshole.

Still, I liked the fact that I was making her do things with a stranger that she would barely do with her husband.

“You don’t know how to suck cock very well,” I told her, pulling my cock free.

“Sorry.”

“Just take off your clothes so I can fuck you.”

I could have helped her undress, but the little humiliation of undressing herself combined with the tacit admission she wanted to have sex thrilled me.

Mikki was a bit shy about getting her bra off. Or maybe she struggled with it because her tits were so big. She had to pull the shoulder straps down and then brought it up and over her head, freeing them like a man would take off an A-line t-shirt.

Her tits were huge. Easily D cups. Probably larger. Double DD or E.

The moment the bra was gone, Mikki covered her nipples with her hands. I had already gotten a look, but I wanted more. The only thing to do was to grab her

wrists and pull them away from her tits.

They were gorgeous. Dark pink nipples and areolas, perfectly sized to her large boobs, not overwhelming but not tiny afterthoughts either.

“Now the panties,” I said, dropping her hands.

She had a bit more confidence now and simply pushed down her granny panties and the pantyhose.

Mikki obviously didn’t spend a lot of time grooming her pussy. She had a nearly full bush. She wasn’t that hairy, but there was no trimming and any shaving she did was minimal, just along the tops of the thighs.

I hadn’t seen a bush like that since high school.

“How does your husband fuck you?”

She shyly turned to the side so I couldn't look directly at her nude body. The side shot of her ass was nice. A little big for her frame, but nice regardless.

“Not very well,” was her answer.

I chuckled. “No. I mean, what position?”

Again, she was reluctant to answer, but we were both standing there, naked, and we knew what was going to happen. “Uh…normal, I guess. Missionary.”

“Get on the bed on your hands and knees, ass in the air.”

Her eyes went wide. “No. I can’t do that.” She shook her head. I wasn’t sure if she was playing a game or not.

I wasn’t playing any games.

“Get on the bed and put your ass in the air,” I ordered her.

When she didn’t immediately comply I grabbed her by the shoulders, spun her around, and threw her onto the bed, adding a slap to her ass.

I was right. She did have a nice ass. A little big, but nicely curvy.

“Get on your hands and knees,” I barked as I joined her on the bed. Since she was slow to move, I grabbed her around the waist and pulled her into position.

My cock was already jabbing her between the legs.

“Wait, wait,” she begged. “Don’t we need a condom? I can’t do it—”

“We don’t need a condom,” I told her as I felt between her legs.

As much as she was protesting, her pussy was wet. Incredibly wet. If I hadn’t known better, I would have said she had already been fucked and was leaking her own amrita and her lover’s cum.

Mikki moaned a little as my middle and ring fingers easily slipped into her pussy.

“You like that?”

She mashed her lips together and moaned harder. “Yeah…”

“Want me to fuck you like an animal?”

“Yeah…” she repeated.

“Beg me for my cock.”

I didn’t need to hear the words, but I wanted her to humiliate herself. She was a nice married woman going through a difficult time in her marriage because her husband wasn’t faithful and she was living a repressed religious life.

“Please fuck me, sir. I need your cock. I want you to fuck me. I need you to fuck me. Make me the bad girl that I am.”

The way the words poured out of her mouth told me that she wanted to be a slave to her cunt and I was just the impetus to make her follow her bliss.

“Take my cock in your hand,” I said. “Guide me in like a true slut would.”

That’s all it took. She stared at the headboard of my bed while reaching between her legs. She found my cock and fitted the head between her dripping lips.

I didn’t give her any warning, I just shoved it in hard.

She screamed at the violation of her body.

I didn’t give her a moment’s respite. Immediately I started fucking her hard and fast

“Yes! Fuck me! Yes. Fuck! Fuck me hard! Pound my pussy! Oh god! Oh fuck. Shit yes!”

There was no way to shut her up. That was fine. Her pussy was roomy and inviting and so wet that slamming into her made a little squelching sound every time I bottomed out.

Once I was inside her there was nothing for her to hide. She didn’t put her hand back down on the bed; she used it to play with her clit. I felt her busy little fingers jilling off as I fucked her hard and deep.

It took her no time at all to cum. That didn’t surprise me. The way she screamed when she came surprised me. I hadn’t heard a scream that loud and fervent in my life or in a poorly-acted porn scene. I could feel her pussy quivering around my cock and the amount of amrita that flooded from her was telling. She was leaving a puddle on the bed.

“Oh no, oh Lord, oh my god I can’t…I just can’t.”

“When was the last time you came?” I asked her, slightly amused. She was still up on her knees and hands partly because I was propping her up.

“I don’t know…months?” She let out a little rueful laugh. “My husband never did me that good. Don’t tell him that I was playing with myself. He’s against masturbation.”

“Of course he is. And I don’t think this will come up in casual conversation with him.”

Up to that moment I had no intention of meeting Mikki’s husband. Now I sort of wanted to, just to see what a piece of shit he was.

I gave her a moment to breathe heavily.

“I’m not done yet. Hang on because I’m going to fuck that pussy good and hard.”

“Okay. OH! Yes! YES!”

I started pounding her again. This time she couldn’t hold herself up. After a few thrusts she collapsed to the bed and I was slamming into her from a prone position. She continued to cry and carry on but I didn’t stop. She wanted this.

She needed this.

I made her cum a second time. And then a third. Once she was cumming it wasn’t hard to keep it happening again and again. Her ass slapped against my taut stomach, jiggling pleasantly. I could have held out a lot longer, but by the time she reached her seventh orgasm, I decided that I didn’t need to hold back any further and I came inside her, flooding her pussy with my cum.

In that moment, I sincerely wished I could make her pregnant, just to see her husband’s reaction. I was evil and that seemed the right thing to do.

But I was half-demon and according to Killenne I wasn’t going to make any woman pregnant.

I collapsed on her, pinning her to the bed.

She managed to mumble to me, “That was the best sex I’ve ever had.”

Chapter 12

After laughing at her, I rolled off her body. “You’re one to complain about being loud during sex. I think the neighbors in the next state overheard you.”

Her eyes went wide when she looked at me. “I was?”

“You were. Are you always this loud with your husband?”

She shook her head. “I never climaxed with him.”

That wasn’t surprising, but I was disappointed for her.

“That’s terrible. Is he that bad in bed or is his cock really small?”

She shrugged. The gesture did wonderful things to the fluid physics of her tits. “I don’t know. I’ve only been with two guys.”

It took me a moment. “You’ve only fucked me and your husband?”

“Yes.” Her face flushed red at the admission.

I wasn’t sure how I felt about that. Should I have been honored or worried? Not only was I the one she had cheated on her husband with, but I was the only other person in the world she had had sex with.

I think I liked that.

“Welcome to the world of perversity,” I told her. “Want to go again?”

She looked down at my semi-flaccid cock. “Can you go again?”

“Let’s see if you can get me hard and if so…”

I barely had the words out of my mouth and she was scrambling to grab my cock. A second later she was sucking me. Apparently she didn’t mind the taste of her pussy or my cum.

I let her do her thing. Her second blowjob (maybe the second blowjob of her life?) with me was better, but it was still rather bland.

However, it was good enough to get me hard again.

After a minute of hard work she paused. “Wow, did I do that?”

I think she was impressed with my size.

“You certainly helped.”

“Want me on my back this time?” she asked, rolling to her back and spreading her legs. She might have been a shy, repressed housewife but getting her alone in bed proved she was a secret freak. “Prove to me you’re better than my husband.” As soon as the words were out of her mouth, she laughed. “No, you don’t need to prove that. You already did.”

I shook my head. “No. Get back on your hands and knees.”

Mikki pouted. “But I want to try a new position.”

“Honey, we’re going to try a hell of a lot more than that.”

“What do you mean?”

I got off the bed and went to the drawer where I kept my supplies. I hadn’t needed them much lately but for a first-timer I felt she would appreciate the gesture. When she saw me returning with the lube, her eyes went wide.

I liked that reaction.

“I’m wet enough, aren’t I?” she asked nervously. She knew exactly what I wanted.

“Your pussy? Yes. Your ass? Well…have you ever been fucked in the ass before?”

Slowly Mikki shook her head. “No. I’m not sure I want to.”

“Get on your hands and knees. You’re going to love this.” I made my words a command and she obeyed without any further protests. I could sense she was nervous. I liked that.

She had a nice ass. I hadn’t really appreciated it before. Just a little bit fleshy that bounced nicely when slapped. A little big like I had already observed, but not

overly so. Just large enough to be notable, but not under her bland clothing.

I forced her legs further apart and ran my finger along her slit, getting it wet, before pushing it into her tightly puckered rear entrance.

She gasped at the violation.

“I thought you said you were going to use lube!”

“I am. Just a little probing first.”

Pulling my finger out, I drizzled lube down her crack and on my finger. When I pushed it back into her, she groaned, but it went in rather easily. She was warmed up and well-greased.

I put some more lube on my cock and positioned the head right at her asshole.

“Wait!” she called out. “I don’t think we should do this. It’s so wrong!”

“That’s what makes it so good,” I told her as I pressed forward.

Her body opened to me in a most unnatural way. Her resistance was limited and it took little effort for me to ease myself all the way inside.

Her body was accommodating to be violated and used. She wanted this more than she knew.

As I went deeper and deeper, she moaned in appreciation.

“So…so much,” she breathed.

“You like it, don’t you?” I asked.

She flopped her head back and forth in protest. “No.”

I pulled halfway out and shoved it back in.

She moaned loudly.

I repeated the process over and over, fucking her slowly and steadily, admiring the little impact waves that traveled through her ass.

Her moans rose in pitch and volume.

“No, no, no,” she protested over and over.

I didn’t stop.

I especially didn’t stop when I felt her hand down between her legs again. I was reasonably certain her fingers alternated between diving all the way up her pussy and rubbing her clit.

The way she took to getting fucked in the ass told me everything I needed to know about her. Mikki’s husband didn’t deserve to be married to her.

I wanted her and I was going to keep her and have her every way I could.

Mikki took to ass fucking naturally. I bet she would take to every perverted sex act naturally, she just needed the opportunity.

I was that opportunity.

Between my cock and her fingers on her clit, we made her cum four or five more times.

Each time she came, she screamed louder than the previous time. It was somewhere between annoying and ego-stroking.

“I’m gonna cum,” I told her. “Want it in your ass or on your back.”

She didn’t answer right away. I had paused in my strokes to ask the question but that didn’t stop her from fingering herself like she was thumbing through a phone book. I liked how her asshole tightened up on my cock when she made herself cum again, but the scream was disturbing.

Equally disturbing was the way my door suddenly banged open.

“Who’s getting murdered in here?”

I was on the backstroke when this happened and so fell out of Mikki’s asshole. I was just about to cum and the surprise didn’t spoil that, but it was too late to stop. I came all over her back. My cum splattered on her back, ass, and the bed

before I fell off the bed to the floor.

It was still a good fuck.

Looking over I saw that I was being confronted by Evie and Killenne, wearing her human form. That was an usual combination.

“Hey,” started to say but Mikki screamed and covered herself with some of the bed covers. Unfortunately, she did it in such a way that she was still showing a lot of skin.

“Get out!” she screamed at the interlopers who were now laughing at us.

I stood up. “Relax. She’s just my roommate—”

I didn’t get any further before Mikki started screaming in terror. It took me a second to realize why.

I was in demonic form.

Unexpected orgasms will do that to me.

“What the fuck! Get it away from me!”

Evie and Kellianne looked on blandly. Or maybe they were confused. Or both. I, ineptly, tried to calm Mikki down.

“It’s just me,” I said calmly. “I can explain. This isn’t what it seems.”

My words weren’t helping and her screams were hurting my ears.

“I can handle this, Seth,” said Kellianne .

“No! Don’t!” I tried to stop her.

I thought Kellianne was going to do something truly awful. Instead she just snapped her fingers. She, wisely, was in human form.

A second later Mikki slumped to the bed, unconscious.

“Did you kill her?!” I was aghast.

“Hardly. I just put her to sleep.”

“You can do that?” I rushed to Mikki’s side. She was breathing and I could feel her pulse. She was alive.

“Obviously.”

“What are you doing here?” I demanded of them, growling. I could feel my eyes glowing red. Sometimes it’s awesome to be a demon.

Half-demon.

“We’ve heard you fucking for the past ten minutes and we had to interrupt,” giggled Evie. “Who is she? She’s cute. Big tits too. Nice. Bigger than mine. I’m jealous.”

“Her name is McKell Kimball. Goes by Mikki.”

“The religious nut from next door?” gasped Evie. “How’d you bag her? I never would have guessed she would like it up the ass. Well, I should have. Religious nuts are kinkier than the rest of the world. It’s all that repression, right?”

That caused Kellianne to giggle. “That’s it exactly,” the succubus agreed.

I sighed. “What are you two doing here? Can’t I fuck a religious nut in peace?”

“No,” said Kellianne.

I eyed her and then picked up my pants from the floor. I wasn’t ashamed or embarrassed about being naked in front of them. It was a matter of status and pride. It was a bit difficult to get my pants over the cloven hooves I had instead of feet when in demonic form, but I managed.

“Why not?”

“You shouldn’t really fuck religious nuts in general,” she advised me. “You never know what might happen.”

“Right, right.”

“Do you really want to accidentally summon an angel or worse?” she asked me.

Evie giggled.

“I’m serious,” said Kellianne.

I tried not to think about what might happen and rubbed my forehead only to be reminded that I had horns.

And I had an unconscious religious nut in my bed covered in my cum.

I looked at Mikki and her big tits. “The ironic thing is that she came over to complain about the noise we made when we had sex.”

“Why don’t you take her back to her house,” suggested Kellianne.

“Wake her up first.”

“Nah. Just sling her over your shoulder and carry her to her house,” said Evie with a giggle.

“Right. That won’t be suspicious, a half-demon carrying a woman over his shoulder, casually breaking into her house. I’d rather keep a low profile.”

“So change back to human!”

A thought occurred to me. “No. Wait. I’m going to wake her up, but I’m staying like this.”

“Why?” Kellianne seemed genuinely curious.

“Watch.” I paused. “I can just wake her up, right. I’m not going to melt her brain because of your magic?”

She shrugged. “Should be fine.”

I gently shook Mikki’s shoulder. It took her a second, but she woke up.

And immediately she started freaking out again.

“Oh Lord, preserve me!” She crossed herself in a gesture of protection.

I wasn’t affected at all.

“Be gone, devil!” she cried out. “Leave my soul alone! I am a Christian woman and will not fall prey to your evilness!”

Her words fell flat on my ears because I had recently been fucking her in the ass. Plus she was covered in my cum and was naked but for the sheet covering part of her body. I could see one nipple.

Instead of playing her game I just frowned and said, “Mikki, stop being ridiculous. It’s me. Seth. We just had sex. The best sex of your life. You have nothing to fear from me.”

Nervously, Mikki looked at the two women staring at the scene. “Am I hallucinating? Do I see a demon before me?” she asked them.

“Honey, I saw you taking Seth’s big cock up your ass,” said Evie. “To be truthful, I’m rather jealous. I was going to ask if we could join you.”

Mikki covered her face with her hand. “Oh fuck.”

TO BE CONTINUED

Preview

Turn Off My Feelings 1

As promised there was a man waiting for her. He was inside the common room of the suite, which wasn't exactly what she had expected, but it made sense. Of course the gigolos here had full access to the rooms.

She stopped dead in her tracks upon seeing the man who had to be Simon waiting patiently in the common room chair. He was dressed in the hotel uniform of lavender shirt and white shorts. The moment she saw him fully dressed, she was acutely aware of her nudity.

It was all Amelia could do to not cover her breasts and crotch with her hands.

"You must be Simon," she said.

He stood with a smile. "Amelia, I presume?"

"Please," she blushed. "Call me Amy."

"Well, Amy, what would you like to do?"

She blinked and started walking casually to the bathroom on her side of the suite, kicking off her sandals as she moved. "First, I would like to wash off this sunscreen. Then I'll tell you what I need."

"Do you need help in the shower?"

It was half a come on and half an honest offer.

She turned him down. "No. Just wait for me here."

Amelia scrubbed herself in the shower. She briefly considered shaving her pussy to get rid of the mostly full bush she was sporting, but decided he had already seen her naked and it didn't matter.

She did shave her legs because she didn't know what else to do with herself in the shower. She didn't want to take too long or too little time.

Finding her confidence, she wrapped a towel around her hair and another around her body and walked out into the common room.

While she had been in the shower, Simon had stripped and was now naked. Amelia felt positively overdressed in her two towels.

He had a nice body. He wasn't an athlete but was in good enough shape. He was so young that he didn't really have any chest hair. He didn't have any body hair, she realized upon looking at his cock. None on his legs either. Not that it would have been prominent considering the light brown hair on his head.

He wasn't erect, but his cock was a beautiful wonder to behold.

"First time at the resort?" he asked her casually while she stared at his naked body.

"Y-y-yes," she stuttered out. "How can you tell?"

"This is my third year here. I've been with enough of the women to have a good handle on reactions. Shall we go to your bedroom or would you rather do it out here?"

"Uh...bedroom."

He nodded, his sun-bleached and slightly too long hair falling into his eyes. "Good choice. Exotic locations are overrated when it comes to sex. Never fuck on the beach."

"I've heard that," she said.

Without knowing what else to do, Amelia led him to the bedroom. She was sure he knew the way, but it seemed like the move to make. On the way there, she wondered if the towel was long enough to cover her bottom and if he was staring at it.

"How do you want to do this?" he asked her casually as she stood at the foot of the bed and wondered if she should just drop her towel.

"Generally the guy gets a hard on and sticks it into me," she joked.

He laughed politely. “Okay. Good. So you’ve done anal before?”

“What? No!”

Simon blinked. “Isn’t that why you picked me?” He indicated his cock. It wasn’t particularly large or small, but it was starting to rise in anticipation of what was to happen. Amelia noted that he was of slightly above average length, but was slimmer than most cocks she had seen in the wild.

“I’ve never done anal,” Amelia said blankly.

“I’ve been a lot of women’s first time.”

“Really?”

“They come here to experiment,” he shrugged. “We’re just going to need a lot of lube and you’ll need to relax. Do you want some weed or alcohol? Not too much because they both dull the senses, but some women think it takes the edge off.”

“For anal?” she replied dumbly.

“Yeah for anal.” He grinned.

“I don’t want to do anal.”

“Oh.” Simon was puzzled. “Then why did you request me?”

Amelia grimaced. “Don’t be offended, but I sort of chose you at random.”

Simon chuckled. “That’s hardly the worse way I’ve been chosen.”

“Oh?”

“I don’t want to discuss it. So then, just straight sex? As always, it’s ladies choice.”

For just an instant Amelia didn’t know what to think. Here she was, away from everything, where she could do whatever she wanted with no repercussions and she turning down a polite offer of whatever sort of sex she wanted from a rather handsome man who had to be a few years younger than her. He had tanned skin and slightly angular eyes that hinted at an Asian background, or perhaps he was

partly Latino. Maybe both. Either way, he had lovely brown eyes.

“Umm...could we do anal?”

Simon grinned. “That’s my speciality. You wouldn’t be the first woman I’ve plucked the black cherry from.”

She burst out with nervous laughter. “Don’t make me laugh like that. I can’t have sex if I’m not taking it seriously.”

Wiping his hand across his face, Simon got slightly more serious. “Would you like the deluxe introduction package?” he asked, a curious lilt in his voice.

Amelia forced herself to not look at his cock—his package. “I’d love that.”

With a nod Simon went to the nightstand and opened up the bottom drawer. Amelia wasn’t surprised to see condoms and lubricants in the drawer, along with other items not immediately identifiable by a quick glance. “Just getting the supplies,” he said, standing up forcing her a step back from where she had been looking over his shoulder. That brought them closer together than Amelia had intended.

“Just relax,” Simon said with a confidence that put her at ease. He had doubtless done this dozens of times. “I find the best way to start things off is with a kiss. Is it okay if I kiss you?”

Not trusting her voice, Amelia nodded, feeling like she was back in high school after an awkward dance while standing on her parent’s porch.

His hands went around her waist and he drew her in close. Her breasts pressed up against his chest and she realized she was only a few inches shorter, which was a difference from Evan who stood almost a head taller than her.

Amelia tried to push thoughts of Evan away. Simon tilted his head and pressed his lips to hers.

She automatically parted her lips and accepted his tongue into her mouth.

He tenderly explored her mouth and tongue with his. She melted against him.

Simon was a very good kisser and once again she was flashing back to high school.

Without giving it a thought, her hand went to his cock. He was hard, but not absurdly so. He broke the kiss. “You don’t have to do that.”

When she opened her mouth to reply, he kissed her to silence. That was easy to obey.

The move to the bed was easier. Before she knew it he was on top of her and kissing his way down her body. He paused for long enough to kiss and suck her nipples, causing thrilling shivers to run down her spine directly to her clit. His cock had pressed against her body, but now it was trailing against her thigh.

Before Amelia knew it, his tongue briefly explored her belly button before he delved further down and ran his tongue into the tangle of her dark pubic curls.

It was crazy that they had just met and she briefly considered telling him she didn’t want to go any further, but then his mouth found her clit and he sucked on it.

Amelia moaned audibly and loudly enough to embarrass herself, but that didn’t stop Simon. He was encouraged and proceeded to suck and lick and tease her clit, while inserting a pair of fingers into her pussy. It was just easier to lay back and enjoy what he was doing.

Simon knew how to eat pussy. She wondered how much practice he had had, and how many women he had had, but then realized that didn’t matter. The entire world shrunk to the bedroom and her clit and pussy and his mouth and his fingers, and her body.

And suddenly she was trembling as a quick orgasm rolled through her body. “Oh god, oh fuck, oh god,” she cursed as she came. Amelia tried to push his face away from her pussy but his muscular arms were wrapped around her thighs and she was trapped.

He kept sucking and licking as she came, drawing out the orgasm, before finally making her cry out, “Stop stop stop! Too much!”

Simon relented, releasing his grip on her legs and moving his face from her

crotch.

“Holy fuck that was good.”

“Thank you,” he said with a slightly smug attitude. He knew he was good in bed. Amelia was just realizing how much he was keeping himself from seeming like an arrogant ass.

“This is where I usually give the guy a blowjob,” she said.

Simon shook his head. “No necessary. Not needed. This is all about you.”

She looked further down his body and saw his hard cock rising up from the apex of his legs. She wanted it in her mouth, her pussy, her ass. Wherever he wanted to put it.

But she managed to keep control of herself.

This was a chance to explore and learn.

“Are you going to make me cum again?”

“That’s the idea.” Simon grabbed a pillow from the top of the bed and lifted up her legs, shoving it under her ass, exposing her pussy all the more. “Let me help you relax,” he said.

“I’m already pretty relaxed,” she said as he put her legs over his shoulders and went back to eating her pussy. It wasn’t necessary. She was incredibly wet and was considering just asking him to fuck her normally, when his tongue trailed down the length of her slit, over her perineum, and finally to her anus.

“Oh!” she exclaimed as he licked her where no one had ever explored before. Not any of her boyfriends, not Evan, not even a doctor.

Amelia was glad she had taken the opportunity to shower before starting play with Simon. Analingus had never been on her bucket list, but as Simon rubbed her clit with his thumb while licking her ass and sticking his tongue where it shouldn’t have gone but felt incredible just the same, she realized she had been missing out on something very important in life.

The thought of telling him to stop occurred to her. She didn't say a word.

She considered telling him there was no way she was going to cum a second time, but then realized that was a lie.

She considered telling him he was the best lover she had ever had, but that wasn't possible because her second climax stole her voice and Simon's talent tongue and fingers pushed her over the edge a second time.

Amelia was left panting and wondering about the condition on the pillow. She could feel her pussy drooling amrita so it had to be soaked.

That was housekeeping's problem.

"The key to good anal sex is for the woman to be good and ready and relaxed," Simon told her.

"I think I am," she said hazily and wondered what she would have to do for Kristen in order to spend the rest of her life at the resort.

"Good," Simon said softly. "What position would make you the most comfortable? I can penetrate you the way you are, on your back. Or you can turn over on hands and knees, but some women feel degraded in that position." He paused and grinned. "Of course, some women love to be degraded in that position."

"Really?"

He nodded. "You'd be surprised."

"Probably not."

Click here to continue reading Turn Off My Feelings 2 on Smashwords

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

Ami's Ambrosia

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

BULL

Caged and Milked

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

Cream In My Coffee

A Cuck In Hand

Cuckold Cheat

Cuckold Vacation

Cuckquean

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Demoness in My Bed

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

An Erotic Arranged Marriage

Even If I Did Hate Her

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

Her and Me and Him

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

Honeysuckle

I Love Your Wife

Ida's Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jackie Milk

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Key Holder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Waterski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Love Sweet Sex Magic

Lover's Milk

Luke's Milkmaids

Margaret Over Billy

Margeaux Known As

Manage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk and Honey

Milk Bar

Milk Fever

Milk for Free

Milk Girls

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

Milk Slave

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Mike & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Overly Familiar

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Perfectly Average

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

The Princess and the Ogre

Princess Not-So-Innocent

Raffe the Rake

Ranulf's Conquest

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sexy Preg

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilling the Milk

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarman’s Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Sweet Treats

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania’s Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Tiresias

Too Intimate Sibs

Total Lockdown

The Troll’s Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Turn Off My Feelings

UnbelievaBULL

Unicorn Hunters

Upon the Nipples of Julia’s Breasts

The Urge

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Why She Cheats

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

You Cow Hucow

You're Doing It Wrong

Your Name Written On Me

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity