

SCARLETT STEELE

A woman with long, dark hair with red highlights, wearing a red and black corset with a diamond pattern, black leather shorts, and black gloves. She has red devil horns in her hair and is looking down and to the right. The background is black.

PEGGED
POSSESSED WIFE

SCARLETT STEELE

A woman with long, dark hair with red highlights, wearing a red and black corset with a diamond pattern, black leather-like shorts with buckles, and black gloves. She has red devil horns in her hair and is looking down and to the right. The background is black.

PEGGED
POSSESSED WIFE

Pegged by the Possessed Wife

All Right Reserved © Scarlett Steele 2015

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Individuals on the cover are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This bundle of stories is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to female domination, ballbusting, facesitting, domination through the rear end for the first time and a possessed wife's journey on emasculating her husband.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

Sign up to the mailing list to

download the free book below

<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>

Rachel could see Tom on his knees humiliated in the bedroom waiting obediently for her. He waited as he knew he was ordered by her to do. He waited for sexual release that sometimes never came for him if she would not let him. For a moment Rachel came to her senses and remembered the big, strong military man who was her husband Tom. Even kneeling there in just his underwear, his muscular body was perfect. She admired the curves of his massive biceps, pectorals and six-pack. They served him well since he got out of the British military and became a police officer. People feared and respected him but now he was her sex slave.

“Please baby, soon?” she heard him cry out on his knees. She almost felt compassion. Then that ungodly wind swooshed through the cottage.

She and Tom heard it as they have heard it before. The wind pronounced the name of the spirit that possessed Rachel. In that spirit voice, it whispered. “Shawntaaaaa.” She felt the demon in her suddenly. She arched up and gasped as Shawnta filled and occupied her soul. She jerked back and then forward until she was thrust down on the table face down. She pushed up and moaned an inhuman moan and orgasmed. It always started this way ever since that god forsaken visit to London.

Her husband watched the change take her over from the bedroom. He knew to stay on his knees. When she walked into the bedroom, the usual sweet angelic face had that twisted smile on it of the spirit who wished to dominate him again. Rachel looked at her husband and saw that in spite of himself, being submissive caused his big cock to grow very large in his shorts.

“Oh God Rachel. I need to release. May I masturbate mistress? He begged. He had learned the language of being her slave well.

“Not until it pleases me for you to do so. Lie down.” Her voice ordered the powerful man to obey. He lowered himself to the cold stone floor of the cottage facing up. His hard-on made a tent of his underwear. Rachel had on the simple cotton dress she often wore around the house. As she walked toward him, her hips swayed seductively and she lifted the dress revealing more of her sexy tanned thighs.

She was a sexy girl with long black hair. Her Mediterranean heritage gave her that warm brown glow to her skin which was even sexier combined with her ordinary restrained English personality. She walked to Tom and stepped over his face so he was looking right up her skirt. He could see her panties with her wet pussy almost bursting out. Slowly she pulled her dress over her head and dropped it on the bed. She breasts were not huge but they were perfectly shaped and the dark red nipples were standing erect.

“You may remove my panties.” She heard herself say. Eagerly, Rachel’s husband reached up and rolled those thin panties down her long sexy legs. She lifted her leg as they rolled off and then she crouched over him suddenly so her butt was jutting behind his head. She abruptly yanked those filthy and wet panties from his hand. Then she crumpled them up and pressed them onto his face. “Breathe it in.” she ordered him and Tom gasped and sunk in the perfect mixture of her body odor, pussy juice and butt.

Rachel could tell that Tom was trying to hold his breath but she pushed her hand down and used her fingers to push the ass part of the panties into his nostril holes. Finally he had to breathe and she could see him jerk and spasm in revulsion as the full aroma of her intimate parts of her body filled his lungs. Just

as it seemed he might suffocate for lack of air, she lifted them.

“Your lungs are full of my ass.” She said in a low intimidating voice.

“Yes baby” he moaned submissively. He had wriggled out of his underwear and his huge hard-on stood straight up from his hips. She stood up and turned around so she faced his feet and could see that glorious cock pointing up. Then she lowered her butt to his face.

“Worship my ass.” She ordered him pushing her ass cheeks down onto his nose and mouth. She reached back and pulled open the cheeks so he could push his mouth right to her buttocks. For a moment he seemed to have passed out and then his tongue engaged that tender flesh back there. He began to lick.

Rachel could hear her husband moan as he tasted her anal opening licking the rim. “Go inside it, Like me inside my asshole.” she commanded him. As she said that, she leaned forward without lifting her butt from her husband’s face and grasped his painfully hard cock in her hand. Rachel the girl was shocked and worried what the spirit was making her do as this was all new to her. But she also was aroused beyond her wildest imagination feeling Tom began to lap at her asshole and slowly push his tongue up inside it.

She looked down at Tom's long hard cock that she gripped firmly in her hand. She felt her own lust and the lust of Shawnta. The urge was powerful and Rachel gave in lowering her mouth to take the full head inside her lips. Sucking eagerly, she felt Tom's tongue push deeper up her ass tunnel. She heard Tom moan as she began to move her mouth up and down on his shaft. At the same time, Rachel slid her hand down and stroked her own clit moving her hips up and down so Tom’s tongue fucked in and out of her asshole.

Tom heard his wife moaning around his hard cock and he pushed his tongue inside her butt faster and faster. Suddenly she pushed her ass all the way down so his nose was in her crack. Then he shot filling her mouth with his cum. Rachel came hard and then rolled off of him with his cock still spurting streams of semen into the air landing on him and her. As she lay on the floor, she felt Shawnta's spirit rush out of her. She knew the spirit would be back.

Long before this happened, Rachel and Tom were a normal middle class British couple. The thing she loved about him the most was that he was a strong dominant husband. The village of Cornwall by the sea was nothing if not tranquil and as Cornwall's lead policeman, Tom was respected and feared in a good way. Rachel often noticed girls sighing as they looked at him and she knew he could fuck anyone of them if he wanted them. She also knew he was deeply faithful to her.

Rachel did not think about whether she was she was a happy wife. She was an obedient one. Tom dominated her in every way and she felt safe and "kept" and she never knew it any other way. Cornwall is one of the most scenic little seaside communities in Great Britain with a gorgeous harbor and tons of tourism. Both Tom and Rachel loved it there and their families went back generations in the community. There is a strong religious community centered in the local Catholic Church which is the heart of community life in the village.

Lately, however, rumors of witches and evil things lurking in the shadows had kept sensitive souls like Rachel awake at night. Tom's annual vacation was approaching and they didn't entirely know where they would go. As the days approached, nights to Rachel became difficult and frightening. She saw images of death and suffering which caused her to wake up and go to her patio looking out over the bay. She heard the wind blow over the harbor making the boats rock. Then in that wind, she heard a name. It breathed Shawntaaaaa." in a way that Rachel clearly heard it.

Rachel retreated to her bed. Her husband slept next to her but he seemed undisturbed by the voice. Just then Rachel sat up in bed. At this point she was not sure if she was dreaming or seeing real haunting. A mist filled her bay window. As it swirled it peeled away and a woman stood staring into the room as if puzzled. She was stunningly beautiful with long black hair and molded around her shapely form. She a simple white gown. Somehow Rachel knew the name of the woman. It was Shawnta.

“Come with me. Be me.” Shawnta’s mind said in Rachel’s mind. The inner caverns of Shawnta’s soul opened to Rachel and she saw nothing but doom and crevices full of demons and evil spirits. Their living presence in the heart of Shawnta put impossible terror in the young wife. Rachel was swept into the fog with the spirit and carried away.

She could see with Shawnta’s eyes and feel with Shawnta’s heart. They were in a cave not far from the shores of the bay. Rachel knew of it. A lone fire was burning and fog swirled in from the bay. Suddenly the cave was full of a terror so strong, it was almost a gel that covered her. in the flicker light of the cave, the “thing” stood twice as tall and wide as Shawnta. It was that very being that much is told of and who terrified all.

Rachel heard the names in Shawnta’s mind. She whispered them to herself the names of Beelzebub, Abaddon, Apollyon, Belial, and Satan. It was huge and red and muscles on muscles. The face was sheer terror to her heart and it only breathed when it spoke. “You will destroy the souls of men.” he spoke to Shawnta. Rachel felt her fear and her inability to resist the seduction of the evil one. Rachel felt like she was both a distance from the hapless young village woman Shawnta and inside her emotions and thoughts at the same time. She watched as the evil beast of all beasts approached her tiny body. Shawnta began to shake as Belial caused her gown to rip away by sheer evil mental power. Her sexy body was open to Satan to do with what he wished. He wished to fuck her.

He was twice her size. Shawnta suddenly was snatched to him and bent back. His massive satanic mouth fell on her neck sucking hungrily allowing long streams of drool to flow down her shoulders and breasts. Rachel gasped hearing the woman who was about her age cry out in agony and excitement of being molested by pure evil. His long stiff cock began to appear between them as she opened her legs to take in what would change her forever.

Rachel could not imagine such a huge cock entering Shawnta's human vaginal hole. The evil thing pushed it deep into her as his drooling mouth seemed to want to consume her breasts. Rachel was caught up and had to thrust her fingers into her pussy as she watched Shawnta being savagely fucked by the evil one. When Shawnta hit her orgasm, her body shook like a rug being shook out on the porch. That was when Beelzebub growled deeply and released his evil seed inside her.

Just then the demon transformed into a massive cloud of swirling energy. It formed into a funnel and poured into Shawnta. She seemed to grow and change and from that moment on, Shawnta was something more than human. Shawnta transformed and in the centuries to follow, her spirit took hundreds of men to the pit of hell. She was burnt as a witch but that only made her more powerful.

Suddenly Rachel felt herself shaken like her very bones were coming out her pores. She woke with a start and she was in her cottage in Cornwall.

Tom was surprised how driven his wife was to get to the tower of London on their day trip to London. It was just another tourist stop to him. Rachel felt compelled to get there by that inner voice of Shawnta. At one of her episodes watching the past trauma of Shawnta being molested and taken by The Dark Lord, she whispered to Rachel, "Come to me at the Tower. I must make you like me. You will destroy the souls of men." It was not an invitation. It was a

command and something in Rachel was unable to fight it off. She felt she had to obey.

The tour of the tower as a symbol of imprisonment and torture of prisoners was interesting enough. The top floors were sealed off as “unsafe” according to the tour guide. As the tour group moved toward the elevators, Tom noticed his wife was missing. He promised to catch up to them. Going back, one of the doors to the upper level was open and Rachel’s shoes were left behind. There was a dark stone stairway up. That door had been welded shut when they passed it during the tour.

Tom was a strong man who had seen battle so he was not easily frightened. But he felt frightened and wishing for Rachel to protect him as he climbed those stairs in the dark. That was new to him to feel needy. “I am acting like a woman.” he mumbled to himself. Voices and screams of long dead victims of Shawnta filled his ears. At the top of the stairs, he saw his wife standing in a stone room that had a satanic symbol enshrined in stone on the floor. Suddenly a swirling purple and green mist burst from the center of the symbol and from it the dark haired beauty of Shawnta looked out at Rachel.

“Receive me.” It whispered and in a passage of seconds, it turned into a funnel and filled Rachel making her arch up and cry out the name of Shawnta.

“RACHEL!” Tom screamed out running toward her. Suddenly she turned to him but instead of the sweet, innocent face of his wife, her eyes glowed red with a gaze that was full of lust.

“SUFFER!” She commanded him and like an explosion, a huge ball of red mist that seemed like fire shot from her soul and blew him onto his back at the entrance to the stairway that would take him back to a normal life with the

woman he loved. He would never know that life again.

The blast knocked the husband out. When he woke up, he did not know where he was. He was tied to a chair and it was not a comfortable chair. It was a bedroom that used to be used by the warden who enforced discipline in the Tower of London. Tom was a strong man but his bindings were tight and held him in place. He was a brave man as well who knew many dangers in his life. But at that moment, he was terrified.

Slowly the door opened and his loving wife entered. “Oh God Rachel. Get me out of this thing sweetie.” he said with a tone that was both an order and a plea for help. She walked toward him swaying her hips. Then without saying a word, she lifted her sexy right leg and put her foot on the arm of the chair. He felt desire for her that was 100 times more powerful than when he was in command.

Rachel felt powerful forces guiding her actions. Slowly she lifted her skirt. Tom’s eyes were wide as her brown soft skin of her thighs came into view. The Shawnta side of her was making this big powerful man her sex slave. The Rachel side just loved this feeling of control. When her skirt moved up over her middle that is when Tom saw his wife had no panties on. The sight of her naked pussy drove him as crazy with want as when he first fucked that hole when they first met

Rachel looked down and saw her husband’s large cock pushing a tent up in his pants. “Please baby. Let me loose so can fuck you.” Suddenly he felt his head jerked back as his sweet wife yanked his skull back by the hair. Sharp pain shot through his scalp as she pulled his full head of hair hard.

“What you want doesn’t matter any more little girl.” she hissed and he gulped hard being called little girl and so roughly handled. “From now on the only thing

that matters is pleasing me.” she growled. It was hard to match up that low threatening voice with the adorable face of Rachel. Tom's heart was racing like it might burst from his chest.

Looking down, Rachel saw the massive bulge in his pants. He could not move his hands so she reached down and unzipped his pants. Reaching in she found the warm flesh of her husband's hard cock and she pulled it out. “You never get to fuck me again.” she whispered in his ear biting his ear lobe. “From now on I fuck you. Do you understand?” She hissed. Tom was so in shock, all he could do was nod his head. “Say it to me!” she insisted biting the flesh of his neck. At the same time her warm hand was stroking up and down her husband's rock hard cock.

“Please fuck me.” he forced himself to say. Being submissive did not come naturally to the big strong cop. That was enough for his horny wife. She swung her sexy leg over the bound man's hips while holding his cock captive in a firm grip that sent pain and pleasure into his groin. The more he moaned from the discomfort, the more excited Rachel felt the power within her become. Pulling the head to her wet opening, she pushed her cunt down onto his stiff cock and it slid full shaft into her in one movement.

It had been centuries since such aggressive fucking had occurred in the Tower of London. Rachel grabbed Tom by the ears and pinned his head back kissing him hard and deep. His body was so bound up he could not thrust in and out of his sexy wife. “Just lie there and enjoy it.” She hissed as she began to rise and fall fast and hard impaling herself on his dick. Not only did Tom feel the warmth and wet of the inside of his wife's cunt, there was a pull on his hard on that was like he was being sucked inside her.

Sweat poured down his face as Rachel pulled down her top to tease him with her luscious breasts without letting him taste. The temptation and fulfillment inside her was too strong but she felt his orgasm gathering. With a massive grunt, one

stream of cum shot inside his wife. Moving fast, Rachel pulled back and grabbed his spasming cock and pointed it at his face. She pulled his face forward by the hair. "Open wide and take your own cum for once" She commanded and massive streams of sperm shot from his cock, traveled the distance of his torso landing inside his own mouth as Rachel expertly aimed it.

“What makes you think she is possessed of Satan, Tom?” Father Brown asked he tortured looking police officer in the comfort and safety of the church offices in Cornwall.

“Father Brown, there is no doubt of it.” Tom answering quivering as he spoke. “We encountered the demon in the Tower of London on our day trip to the city.” He shared.

“I have heard lore of a powerful demon in the Tower of London.” the reverend reflected. “She is called Shawnta and it is said she enslaves the souls of men and makes them her slave.” Father Brown was shocked when his parishioner suddenly bolted from the room and became unwell in the bathroom.

Coming out of the bathroom, Tom moaned. “Her name is Shawnta. I hear it in the fog and mist and wind when she comes. Rachel says it when is processed. Shawnta is harsh and forces me to submit. I don’t know what it is but when she is inside my wife, I fear for my life.” He said and he broke down into tears. The good reverend comforted him with concern. He knew then that the possession was real and very dangerous.

“She is turning me into a woman Reverend.” Tom sobbed. “Look” he gasped and he pulled his trousers down to reveal a sheer pair of lime green panties that he had to wear all the time now. “I dress like a girl at times. She shaves me and puts makeup on me and we go out together as ‘girlfriends’. We have been out like that and she pushes me into a hidden spot and pulls out my cock and sucks me off or straddles it and fucks herself on it where we could be easily be caught”

“When Shawnta leaves Rachel, she goes back to being my sweet loving wife.

She is terrified of what she does to me when the demon is in her. But when she orgasms, it's like a volcano she says. But it is changing her. Even when not possessed, she wants to be in charge of everything. I have to report to her everything I do. My world has shrunk. It is even changing me Reverend. I feel like I am only satisfied when pleasing her. I know Shawnta does not possess me but she is taking over my soul. I am afraid for my life. Rachel has even threatened to castrate me and use my balls for jewelry. That image causes me to do what I just did in your bathroom.” The big strong man confessed in tears.

Father Brown walked to the window of the chapel of his church and looked out at the cross that hung there as a symbol of the faith he served. “This evil must not stand.” he said solemnly. Then he turned to the tortured man who had poured his heart and soul out to him. “The next time the demon possesses Rachel, I want to be called. I want to come over and do battle with this thing and defeat it once and for all.”

“Ok.” Tom agreed weakly and she left the office a broken shell of a man.

When Tom returned home from the Cornwall church. Rachel ran to him and he held her tenderly. “Did Father Brown help you?” she said softly as they kissed.

“I think so.” he answered but he did not disclose the plan to exorcise Rachel because he knew Shawnta would read it in his wife’s mind. “Has Shawnta been here? He said fearfully.

“I sense her here. I wish I could block her out.” The young wife responded. Then abruptly she pulled out of Tom’s hug and went into “the room.” The room is a place in their small home in Cornwall that Rachel fixed up for Shawnta. It has a chair like the one at the Tower of London as well as a bed that has bindings affixed to him to restrain him when she is using him for her pleasure. The hauntings came with a heavy feeling of her presence in the house that Tom felt too. He walked nervously through the rooms and halls of his house feeling that

presence. In his heart, he already began to change from the big strong and manly cop to a submissive girl for his mistress, Shawnta.

Suddenly the big metal door of “the room” opened very slowly creaking to tell him to come to her. He entered timidly to a fog that was pierced by red lights that seemed to come from everywhere.

“Kneel!” Tom heard his wife say but he recognized the voice. She was inhabited by the demon so in a strange way, both women were ordering him to his knees. When he saw Rachel, she was already nude and his cock sprang to full hard on that was so severe it hurt him inside his pants. She walked in oozing motions with her hips and swaying to one side of the bed. He followed her looking at her across the bed. Then he knelt on the bed. “Stay!” The voice commanded him.

Rachel looked his body up and down and the lust of her and the demon was powerful and overwhelmingly evil. She looked at him not like he was a lover but as though he was food. Her eyes moved and as they did, the buttons of his shirt came apart on their own. Suddenly like dozens of knives where on his flesh, his shirt was sliced. Tom felt the blades and cried out falling to the bed. The pain of being cut was worse than anything he had felt.... so far. When his shirt was gone, there were no wounds.

Tom looked up in agony at his sexy wife and despite the torment, he still wanted to fuck her more than he wanted air or water or to survive. A soft voice came from the sky above Rachel. It was the voice of Shawnta that whispered the simple word. “Burn!” Suddenly his pants burst into flames. Tom felt the flame lick his legs and began to consume his balls and cock which refused to give up that erection. Just as suddenly the flames were gone and his skin was unharmed.

Tom was flat on his back on the bed bound at the ankles and wrists by painful iron shackles that had tiny spikes on the inside so it hurt terribly if he struggled. "Please baby, let me cum." he begged his wife. Rachel looked at the very hard cock of her husband jutting up and back from his hips. The sexy naked woman knelt next to him and took his cock in her hand firmly. Instead of stroking it, she produced a small sleeve that worked like a blood pressure monitor. She tightened the soft leather sleeve around the shaft and inflated it until Tom suddenly arched back in pain. It constricted his cock so much that the sperm would not be delivered up through the vas deferens to ejaculate.

Slowly she began to tease her husband holding the ball that inflated the cock sleeve. She stepped up so she was standing over him on the bed. Straddling his head with one foot on each side, she let him stare up into her naked pussy. She did a slow dance rotating her hips and then she reached into her cunt and parted the lips so he saw her pink wet hole that he wanted to penetrate so much.

Tom was moving and pulling against the bindings even though that delivered pain into the skin of his wrists and ankles. Slowly Rachel lowered her hips until her sexy pussy was right over his face. Her soft hand wrapped around his cock as she let the flesh of her sex meet his mouth. Eagerly Tom began to lap at his wife's soft slit and taste the ooze of fluid in her vagina. She felt him thrusting up to her hand. Suddenly just as she felt his orgasm hit, she constricted that sleeve around his cock fast and firm so no sperm could leave his balls. Tom thrashed back and forth as he tried to cum but could not.

Athletically, Rachel stepped over Tom and moved around so she could lay with her face to his balls and cock. Pushing his cock up his balls seems swollen because of being full of cum. She flicked the skin of the balls delivering sharp jolts of pain through them. The sleeve was still tight around his hard cock. Leaning in Rachel began to lick the lower part of his cock shaft and the balls. As she pleased them, her finger slid up and began to tease the opening to his ass.

“Please no Rachel.” Tom whimpered still in pain from the tight knot around his hard cock. Rachel slurped her way to the top of his sexy cock and licked the opening stopping to watch his face. The demon in her loved that look of longing and panic in his eyes. Small drops of cum that had pushed past the barrier trickled out of the opening of his cock. Tom’s wife happily licked those up and swallowed them. Then she lowered her wet, warm mouth onto the tip and sucked it deeply moving her mouth up and down on it to stimulate his balls to grow even heavier with cum.

“OH GOD!” The pitiful man cried out arching up against his bonds. His cock throbbed again pulsing with the inner contractions of an orgasm. Rachel inflated the band a bit more so no cum could make it past that bondage and his orgasm could not complete. “My balls hurt so much baby, please let me cum.” Tom begged. He was a broken and submissive man and that was just what Shawnta wanted.

Rachel licked down his hard cock again with that inner evil driving her to keep tormenting the man she loved. The balls seems so engorged, they might pop. Her mouth continued to lick to those twitching testicles and then she slid the right one into her mouth and sucked his balls one after the other. Tom’s moans turned to some animal sound that was guttural and other worldly itself. The human Rachel was worried beyond measurement at how this might be harming her husband and even that the concentration of cum in his balls might kill him. But Shawnta wanted more.

Rachel could not fight the demon as her mouth and tongue licked and tasted the delicate flesh between Tom’s scrotum and his butt hole. Reaching that brown opening, she began to lick it. At first the licks were loving and exploring and then they began aggressive and hungry. Tom felt his wife's mouth on his anal opening and the gross taboo of it was caused his mind to even more disintegrate in his skull. Then came the pain.

First it was one finger and then Tom's wife forced two fingers up his ass as her other hand stroked his cock up and down. The tortured man's writhing and moans were virtually instinctive as he felt that tight hole be violated. Rachel tried not to gag but the excitement of the evil thing in her overwhelmed her and she moved her slender fingers in and out of her husband fucking him the way he always fucked her in the cunt.

Suddenly the sounds coming from Tom started to resemble a gurgle. The worried wife's love for him finally overpowered her. She was also driven by an insane passion to finally be fucked by him. Working with skill she did not learn, she released his bonds and pulled him over onto her. With one movement, the binding on his cock fell away. She looked in his eyes and they were hazy and dull like he was not in his right mind. But as soon as she urged that hard cock into her hole and felt him drive inside her, she heard him moan, "Oh God thank you darling." He didn't last long. He fucked into her 5 times and came with such power and volume that both of them were drenched in cum.

Tom woke up from his massive orgasm and he had been moved to a couch just outside "the room." He hurt all over. He wanted to be comforted by the sweet young woman that he made his wife. But she was in the control of the evil Shawnta. Just then he remembered Father Brown. Quickly he scrambled to his pants that were laying on the floor of the small library room. He found his cell phone call called him. Reverend Brown answered and Tom poured out his heart to him.

"Is the evil spirit there?" he asked.

"Yes Reverend. She is in control and she just tortured me. They bound me up and wouldn't let me cum pastor." Tom said emotionally as his voice disintegrated into sobs.

“Keep her there Tom. Do whatever you have to do.” The holy man instructed him. “I am on my way. We are going to put an end to this thing, once and for all.” he said and then he hung up. As soon as the line went dead, his phone suddenly became incredibly hot and he had to throw it down.

“Nobody can save you now.” She said and Tom turned around to see Rachel with her eyes glowing as they did when the evil that possessed her was in control. Suddenly Rachel began to quiver and convulse in a titanic struggle inside her.

“Run baby!” the voice of his wife moaned from that tortured body and soul. “She means to destroy you. She destroys men.” Rachel said. “She is going to possess my soul and make me like her. Run!”

“NO!” Tom suddenly said forcefully despite his beaten condition. “Take me but free her.” he ordered. Suddenly a massive wave of blood red energy flooded over him and pulled him into the room. The room went dark and was filled with a thick fog that had the stench of decaying bodies.

“Look around you pitiful cock owner.” the demon’s voice said. As Tom looked, a vision of death was everywhere. It was a vision out of the past. All around him he saw the bodies of men. Big strong men were dead before him. Their bodies were broken, burnt and violated as his had been. He could not tear his eyes away because in every case. The penis had been trampled and their balls look like they had been crushed by hand. Tom began to feel dizzy but a grip like a vice gripped his face. It was the hand of his wife but the strength of Shawnta. Tom forced his eyes closed but he felt them forced open by her psychic power.

“You lasted longer than these but not much.” That harsh voice said. As he wiggled in her firm grip, he felt the other hand of his wife take his hand and put it on her tit that was naked under her sheer gown. He felt the hardness of her

nipple and he instantly gained a new erection. “For you I reserve a special death. You will cum to death.” she growled and Tom felt himself pushed back onto a table flat with his legs over the edge. His long cock was so stiff it ached him. Despite the volcanic orgasms he has just emptied into Rachel, he felt his balls fill up with cum.

Rachel looked at his stiff cock that was arching back. She made eye contact with him and lowered her soft wet mouth onto his cock and began to suck him eagerly. Tom moaned and gasped feeling the most powerful suction on his dick that he had ever known. He felt her teeth nibble as she kissed and bit down the shaft. Suddenly another tumultuous orgasm began to rise and he called out in intelligible syllables as it hit. Rachel dropped her mouth over his cock and the entire load of his hot cum shot into her mouth. She sucked it down and it was not like oral pleasure at all. It felt to Tom like Shawnta was drinking the power of his manhood from his cock.

Just as he finished, the table gave way and Tom fell to the floor. Bleeding from the fall he crawled on his hands and knees and then she was on him again. Rachel with the power of Shawnta pulled his hair back painfully so he had to stop crawling. Then she ran her fingers down his back and into his ass crack. He felt her lean over and begin to lick and kiss in the crack of his ass.

“Now something new for your ass” Shawnta said and even Tom could feel the revulsion that Rachel was going through trapped inside the body that was torturing her husband. He looked back and saw her holding a string of anal beads. Each bead was larger than the one before it with the last one being the size of a tennis ball. Rachel poured lubrication over the beads. Then she inserted the small bead into her butt. Tom moaned in pain as each bigger anal bead pushed in which forced the previous one deeper up his anal cavity. The pain of deeper penetration mixed with his asshole being stretched with the next bigger bead.

Rachel watched as Shawnta violated her husband and then she felt her head lean down and find the space between his big muscular legs. His balls hung down swaying with the power of what she was doing to his asshole. Rachel leaned in and began to lick and suck those balls and then her slender fingers found his hard cock and she began to masterbate him. Tom's hips thrust back and forth from all those sensations for what seemed like a long time as his wife pushed every bead into his butt opening. When the last one went in, without hesitation, she pulled them all out in a long fast movement so they popped out one by one. Tom howled in agony and ecstasy and Rachel then pumped his cock on a fast and furious pace.

It all overcame Tom and she pushed pace up and his hips down and came onto the floor. His cock spasmed at the end of the orgasm and nothing came out. His balls were losing their ability to make sperm. "Please stop," he pleaded.

"Oh no." He heard the voice of that evil thing speaking through his wife's mouth. "You likes when you fucked me up the ass didn't you?" she said as though it was Rachel using that threatening tone. He did remember when he asked her to endure that for his pleasure and she whimpered and winced as he pushed his big cock in and out of her tiny butthole until he came. Now it was Tom who was helpless. He looked back at a sight that he had never seen before. The beautiful wife was standing behind him naked and looking so sexy, he got hard again despite the huge orgasms he had endured. But she had a cock sticking out from where he pussy should be. The huge plastic cock was secured to her hips with tightly fastened leather straps. The cock sticking out was black, thick and very long.

The young woman stepped forward and parted his butt cheeks to see the butt hole she was about to fuck. His moans excited and amused the demon inside her. They were only matched in the pleasure she got by the groans he emitted as that cock penetrated his hole stretched the rim, it was close to tearing him open. With that superhuman strength of the evil that was being funneled from the pit of hell, Rachel held his hips and pushed that dildo deeper and deeper up his ass.

Tom's face went to the floor and he had no strength to hold himself up. His legs were bent and under him so when Rachel laid on his back, those thighs took her weight too. He felt the huge head of that cock drive up his rectum as she leaned down and pressed her tits into the skin of his back. "I am fucking you baby." she whispered and then she reached around and grasped his fleshy hard cock once again.

Rachel drew the fake cock out and thrust it in again. She timed her thrusts to match the movements of her hand on his cock as she masturbated him to yet another orgasm. The thrusts got harder, faster and deeper with each drive up her husband's anal hole. Rachel began to moan and the thrill the demon got sent surges of sexual excitement into her as well. Her own moans matched her husband so that when she felt his orgasm begin, her own was near the surface. It hit like a train wreck and the power of her climax cause her to push the dildo full shaft up his ass. Tom cried out and came in her hand shooting the last sperm he could possibly make onto his own legs. Her orgasm oozed over the dildo straps and they fell on the floor together.

But the demon was not done. "Now Rachel." Shawnta said with her own voice. We destroy this pitiful orgasm and you become mine forever. Together we will take the souls of men for millennia." AS Rachel's hand reached her husband's cock to yank it from his body, a voice stopped it.

"That will not happen Shawnta!" The door burst open and even the demon had to draw back in wonder.

The man of God stood in the entrance to the room or torture like a mighty savior. Tom looked up from the agony of being pegged and feeling that deep painful intrusion in his asshole. He made eye contact with his spiritual leader and could only mouth "Please help me." The reverend came to do much more than help out a man in distress. He came to wage spiritual warfare with evil.

It seemed like the good reverend began to grow in the presence of the pure evil of Shawnta. Rachel stood up but she was just a shell as the demon within her sensed the man of God in the room. "SHAWNNTA COME OUT OF THAT WOMAN IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS GOOD IN THE UNIVERSE" Reverend 'Brown ordered the powerful evil force like he really could control her. Suddenly Rachel felt the spirit begin to rage and swirl. That green mist appeared around the human woman and engulfed her. It rose up into the air above the possessed wife and turned into an intimidating cloud that was filled with voices of lost souls moaning.

Suddenly a figure appeared in the fog. It was the incredibly beautiful appearance of Shawnta herself. Her hair was long, black and luscious. Her body was curvy and sexy and her skin was so white it was almost translucent. When her lips curled into a deceptive smile, even the hardy priest had to fight with all the spiritual power in him not to be sucked inside her and destroyed. He could not stop his body as her appearance caused him to develop such a massive hard-on that it seemed to want to be pulled out of his groin to merge with her inside the cloud.

"NO! VILE SHANTA. COME OUT OF HER IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS GOOD!" He shouted. Tom and Rachel clutched each other on the bed as the walls of their cottage melted away and the enraged demon roared down on the reverend with a world destroying strength and fury. He crossed his arms in front of him and when the two forces imparted, he doubled in size and they engaged in a titanic battle that rose into the air. The humans below looked and saw all of Cornwall had been destroyed by the battle of to end all battles. The priest grabbed Shawnta by the neck and she held his head like she would crush it. Neither was strong enough to destroy the other.

Below suddenly Rachel gasped and began to weep leaning into her husband. "She's gone Tom." she whispered. "She is out of me." Tom kissed his wife deeply feeling like she was his and he was hers only for the first time in an

eternity. On their bed now standing alone atop a grassy hill top overlooking Cornwall bay, Tom kissed Rachel deeply not thinking that they were naked to an empty world. He rolled her onto her back and mounted her like he used to. The explosive battle just overhead did not keep the couple from fucking on their marriage bed and falling in love again. Tom drove his cock inside her and she moaned and whimpered like the sweet girl he always loved to fuck.

Above war in the skies was unchecked. A massive yell of frustration and anger burst from Shawnta as held the reverend's head and he gasped her neck with a superhuman vice grip.

“I KILLED YOU ONCE HUSBAND. YOU ARE WEAK!” she growled at him. “GIVE IN AND DIE!” she ordered him.

“I LOST YOU TO APOLLYON ONCE!” He answered her. “I HAVE COME TO CLAIM WHAT IS MINE!” His voice thundered in the clouds like a fierce storm. Suddenly strength gave out and he plunged his face to hers and their lips met in a deep demanding kiss. Pulling his wife to him, the God and Goddess of good and evil prepared to copulate in the clouds.

“OH YES!” Shawnta bellowed feeling her redemption at hand. She parted her luscious thighs and guided the long hard cock of her husband of centuries before inside her. In a mythic moment, the two mighty spirits fucked in the sky in and out and in and out matching the movements of Tom inside his human wife Rachel on the ground. Shawnta howled like a mighty wind when she felt her lover for so long ago penetrate her and begin to thrust in and out of her. She felt the evil in her depart and return to hell. Suddenly the good reverend felt his orgasm gathering.

“THIS ENDS IT!” he cried out and he buried his long cock inside Shawnta and

filled her with his seed. Hearing the explosive orgasm in the sky, Rachel pulled Tom's hair back and that seemed to trigger him. He came inside her like he had never cum before. As Tom buried his hard-on in his wife and released, a massive funnel cloud erupted over them as Shawnta became one with her husband. It thundered like a volcanic eruption and then lifted into the sky and disappeared forever. The curse of Shawnta was lifted. Reverend Brown gave his eternal soul to her to save mankind from her torment.

Rachel and Tom woke in their peaceful bed naked and tangled together from intense sex. Their cottage was as it always was and it was a sunny day in Cornwall England. Tom got up and walked to the window that looked down on the bay. The cove was busy with happy families swimming and fishermen preparing their boats as they did every day. The sounds of normalcy were healing to him.

Rachel came up and took his hand and they watched their peaceful world in the nude. "It's over. She is gone." she said softly. "I belong to you only now."

"I belong to you in ways I never thought possible." he answered. They kissed and she was his sweet gentle wife again. Just then, though, she produced that strap on she had used to penetrate him.

"Do you feel like being tied up?" She said with a suggestive tease in her voice.

"YES!" Tom responded enthusiastically.

THE END

Sign up to the mailing list to
download the free book below
<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>