

Satanic Panic

Roy Ellison



Satanic Panic

Roy Ellison



Satanic Panic

by Roy Ellison

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 your favorite ebook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters in this book are at least 18 years old.

Copyright 2020 Roy Ellison

David was just sitting there, staring at the screen. He should probably have been doing his taxes, but somehow, his mind wasn't on it. Not at all. Every time he tried to focus on the numbers, she appeared again in his mind's eye. Her emaciated body, covered in those weird, lean muscles ... He could see her thin hips swing as she left him standing just like that. He hadn't seen her again after this weird afternoon. Now, he couldn't stop thinking about her. He had struggled for a while, but now, he had made up his mind. He needed her. He had fallen for

her hard and he couldn't imagine staying away from her anymore.

However, David knew he had to deal with this in an intelligent way. Just stalking her wasn't going to help. Besides, this was creepy. Shutting down the spreadsheet, he looked her up. He had been fantasizing about her long enough to find her social media and he had spent some time looking at the stuff she shared, but she was too far away for him.

That's when he noticed a picture in her recent stream. Hey. He knew that place. She was in town now! He could try and meet her!

But how to attract her attention ...

Half an hour later, David was lying on the concrete, the big thug bearing down on him. He did his best to protect his face.

"Gah! Don't kill me!"

The giant lug of a man screamed and prepared to punch him again. David did his best not to smile. This was perfect. Sure, he was going to get his ass kicked horribly, but maybe, just maybe, she'd be attracted by the commotion. The muscleman was about to strike him when he suddenly stopped.

David blinked, bringing the background more into focus. It was tough with the adrenalin searing through his veins, but he had to know!

He managed to look past the monstrous expression of the man above him. His eyes followed the muscular arm up to his wrist. And there, wrapped tightly around it, was Katrin's tiny, hard hand. The man was struggling, she was grinning with her thin lips, and she asked:

“Again, David? How do you manage to do this?”

The young man stared at her and felt incredibly light, which was surprising on account of the big muscle guy on his chest. The thin woman twisted the man's arm some more, making him hiss in pain. Suddenly, he stood up and used the momentum to free himself. David stared as he sent the rail-thin woman flying. Or rather, he did not. Instead, she clung to him and somehow crawled over him, her long, skeletal arms and legs moving like a spider's. The man instantly panicked. He shrieked:

“Get off me! Get off me!”

His cries were cut short when she locked her arms around his neck and squeezed. The man tried to pull her away, but it was as if she'd been glued to him. Her thin arms closed in, tightening their grip and slowly crushing his windpipe. The man was flailing helplessly, but it was to no avail.

David got up and shouted:

“Please, let him live!”

The panicking giant 's eyes started to bulge from their orbits. The thin woman grinned, showing her teeth. Then she released him, leaving a hard rope-burn across his neck. The big man collapsed, whimpering. Katrin stood up straight, her drawn body in full view now. David tensed. She was incredible. Her sense of dress hadn't changed. She was wearing a very short, very tight shirt that barely covered her nonexistent breasts, a choker and a pair of hotpants that rested on her bony hips. A leather strap hung from her hip bones, connecting to another strap that probably covered her sex by a stainless steel ring.

Her hair was still as short as ever and her face was still both vaguely skull-like, yet alluring. What had changed, however, was that she had firmed up her muscles even more. They weren't larger, but they looked like tensed steel coils now.

She grinned and said:

“You missed me, didn't you?”

David nodded weakly.

The emaciated woman shrugged her bony shoulders:

“Then you'll come with me.”

It wasn't a question. David nodded and followed her.

They soon reached a loft close by. David had already seen it on the pictures. He looked at her askingly, not sure whether he was allowed to speak. She found that very entertaining and said:

“You can ask questions if you have to, David.”

“Do you live here now?”

“Okay, that was straightforward.” She unlocked the door. “For the moment, yes. But it’s all in a flux right now. I still have a few things to decide upon. Get in.”

He obeyed and found himself in a spacious area, nicely decorated, albeit a little minimalistic. There were some bookshelves which were surprisingly loaded with thick, leather-bound tomes, but other than that, the place was clean and rather empty. There was a large sofa facing a big screen and a kitchen area with a table and some chairs. In the background, he could see some fitness equipment. He looked around, marveling at the quality and the level of the training machines. If she really trained with weights like these, no wonder she was able to deal with grown men. There was also a large curtain in the back, which probably closed off her bedroom space and a large bathroom. It was a lot of space for such a thin woman. As he approached the bookshelves, he heard her voice.

“Come over here now.”

He stopped, hesitating for the faintest moment, then turned to face her. She was standing there in her heels, her spindly legs now completely bare. The thin leather strap that covered her sex and a pair of bands that clung to her ankles were all she had on. Katrin approached him with a swing of her bony hips that

was both sexy and confusing. Somehow, he felt both threatened and aroused. The young man didn't dare come closer. She smirked.

“Afraid?” She was very close now. He could feel the little hairs on his body stand on end. His underpants were tight now. “You should be.”

She stood in front of him and suddenly, her hand shot out, catching the collar of his shirt. Instinctively, he tried to pull away, but it felt as if he was welded to her.

The thin woman chuckled:

“I probably should thank you. Our encounter made me realize just how much being strong turned me on. I intensified my training. It really opened my mind.”

She slowly pulled him down by his shirt, leading him to her crotch. Despite him being a moderately fit man, he understood there was nothing he could do. Her strength was fantastic. He'd probably tear the shirt before he'd make her move an inch.

David was now on his knees in front of her. He could see every cut and fiber of her brutally shredded muscles. The leather strap had this strange, cloying smell. She still held him mercilessly. Then, she switched hands abruptly, releasing his collar but catching his head. He could feel her fingers run through his hair and digging into his scalp. It was painful, but it also turned him on.

“Do it now.”

With her other hand, she undid the hook that held the strap in place. It slid down, revealing her tight, thin cunt. With just one hand, she forced his head between her skeletal legs. He wanted it too, but she obviously insisted on controlling the situation. When he wanted to get closer quick, she stopped him. She was in charge and it was not up to him to forget it.

Katrin directed him against her crotch, her cunt already wet. She let him close, then suddenly held him.

“Lick me.”

He extended his tongue, struggling to reach her clit. She grinned as he struggled. To make him try harder, she squeezed her fingers into his skull. He did his best to deal with the pain. This was bad ... He stretched his tongue as far as he could, trying to somehow reach her snatch.

“Hnn ...”

With a groan, he managed to touch her clit with the tip of his tongue. She sighed.

“Ah. Nice.”

She gave him a little more leeway. He stared at her bony hips, the pressure on his skull making him lose his mind. He ran his tongue over her clit and she gasped.

“Yes ... Go on.”

He did. Suddenly, she lifted her leg and put it on his shoulder. It felt odd to have this thin, muscle-covered limb on him. It weighed next to nothing and looked terribly frail, but he knew that he couldn't even hope to dent her skin. His tongue danced along her vulva. Katrin started to gyrate her hips and grind her crotch into his face. Then, with the lightest touch, she got her second leg on his other shoulder. David was still caught in her hand. He licked on, realizing that he had gotten right into her trap.

He heard her voice above him.

“You will be perfect for this ...”

With these words, she wrapped her legs around his neck. The pressure increased and he found his face mashed against her starved cunt. He gasped for air, but she squeezed and squeezed. David felt that he was blacking out. He tried to free himself, to pull apart her legs, but he could just as well have tried to bend a steel trap. As he collapsed, he put out his hands to stop the fall. He wouldn't let her get hurt ...

David awoke in a dark room. There was a strange smell floating by. Thick, heavy, cloying. He tried to get up but realized he was bound to ... a bed? He looked around as good as he could. He was naked. The sheets were silk, which was nice. He still couldn't make out much. Then, there was a soft light. And another.

Slowly, one lit by big black candles that gave off a strange, dancing light. He was getting nervous now. Where was he? He suddenly understood the strange pattern above his head. There was a pentagram painted on the wall, pointed downwards. Mystical symbols were arranged next to it and there was a weird, almost tangible force emanating from it.

He tried to free himself, but it was pointless. Still, he called out for her:

“Katrin? Are you there? What is going on? Are you alright?”

He heard her voice from the twilight.

“Oh, David, you are so delightfully naïve. I am alright. I am better than ever.”

His bonds opened as if by magic. He instantly propped himself up and looked at her. She was there, looking confident and eager. Her body was the same as before, but she was wearing a kind of translucent dress made of black cloth and some very large and ornate jewelry on her chest. Somehow, the amulet suspended from it pulled David towards itself.

“What is all this? Where am I?”

She smiled blissfully:

“You are in my place’s basement. It’s a little extra I set up for myself. For a little

... project.”

“Okay ...”

She approached him, her body oozing sensuality. She was horny, and there was no way to deny it. The pendant around her neck was somehow glowing. David felt both aroused and intimidated. She climbed on the bed, her thin, wiry body performing a series of strange contortions. He was getting hard. Now she stood above him and looked down on him. He asked:

“Why did you bring me here?”

She stepped on his chest. The weight was negligible, but her strength was shocking. It knocked the air out of his lungs. She rested her foot on him and rolled her eyes:

“You don’t know when to shut up, do you?”

He understood and nodded.

“Much better. Well, I have been working hard on my ascension now, and you just might be the keystone. Funny, really. You’re so pathetic, but you might just be what I need.”

With these words, she dropped her clothes, keeping only the amulet. She licked

her lips as she saw his cock stand proudly. David could now see the symbols on her amulet. They looked dangerous and occult, making his eyes hurt. Even though he knew better, he blurted out:

“Are you a Satanist?”

Katrin grinned. She almost started to laugh. Slowly, she knelt down, forcing her knee into his throat.

“A Satanist? Whatever gave you that idea?”

She looked at the pentagram.

“That?”

David nodded helplessly. He wanted to say something, but that sharp, bony spur of a knee dug deep. She said:

“You are right and you are wrong. I do not worship ... Satan. There’s really no point. A true Satanist only worships oneself. My will is my Law. But for my final step, I need something. A sacrifice, if you will ...”

David felt a sense of panic rise within himself. He struggled to free himself, but she held him down with just her knee. Also, deep inside, he knew that he couldn’t just leave her. He had fallen for her and he would serve her, even if it’d

kill him.

“I will remake myself as I have always remade myself. I have taken control of my body. I have mastered everything. My shape, my period, my strength, my days and my nights. But the control needs to be extended and as I master you now, I will master my world!”

She released him, so David tried to scream, but she twisted him around with perfect ease and forced his face into the mattress.

Then, wrapping herself around his arms, she locked him into a double nelson, then caught his arms too. David felt as if he was going to pass out. He struggled, she held him, threatening to break his joints and bones. Then, with a pulse of her muscles, she flipped him on his back. He came to lie on her, but she was still perfectly in control. Whenever he tried anything funny, she would just tense the steel cables of her muscles. He howled in pain, crying, pleading for her to stop.

She wouldn't. The pressure increased and he felt that his body was going to be ripped apart.

David understood he was going to die, torn in two by the woman he craved. Roaring through the pain, a single thought welled up: This was right.

As his joints started to give way, he yelled:

“Tear me in two. Please! Do it!”

Instantly, she stopped, releasing him. The young man was reduced to a quivering pile of shame. She rolled him back off her and sat on his chest.

“So quick to give in ... But that’s okay. I take it as a compliment. You will be useful.”

With a hard, yet mocking smile, she pointed at her legs:

“Lick them.”

Without a word, he complied. Running his tongue over her brutally carved pins made him shiver. As he poured his worship and love into this, she felt the amulet warm up.

Soon ...

###

Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at El_Roy_1999@gmx.de. Rates upon request.