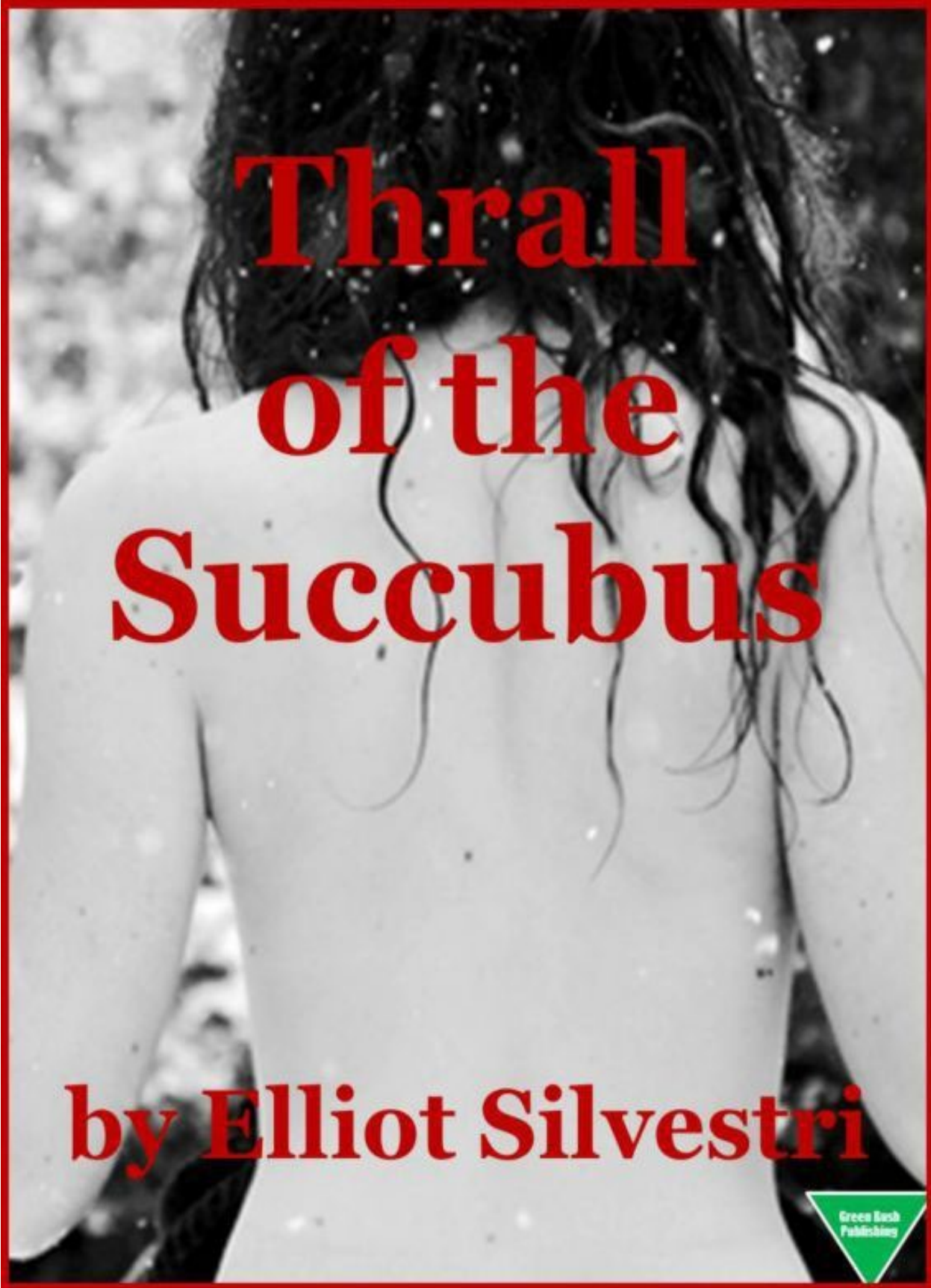
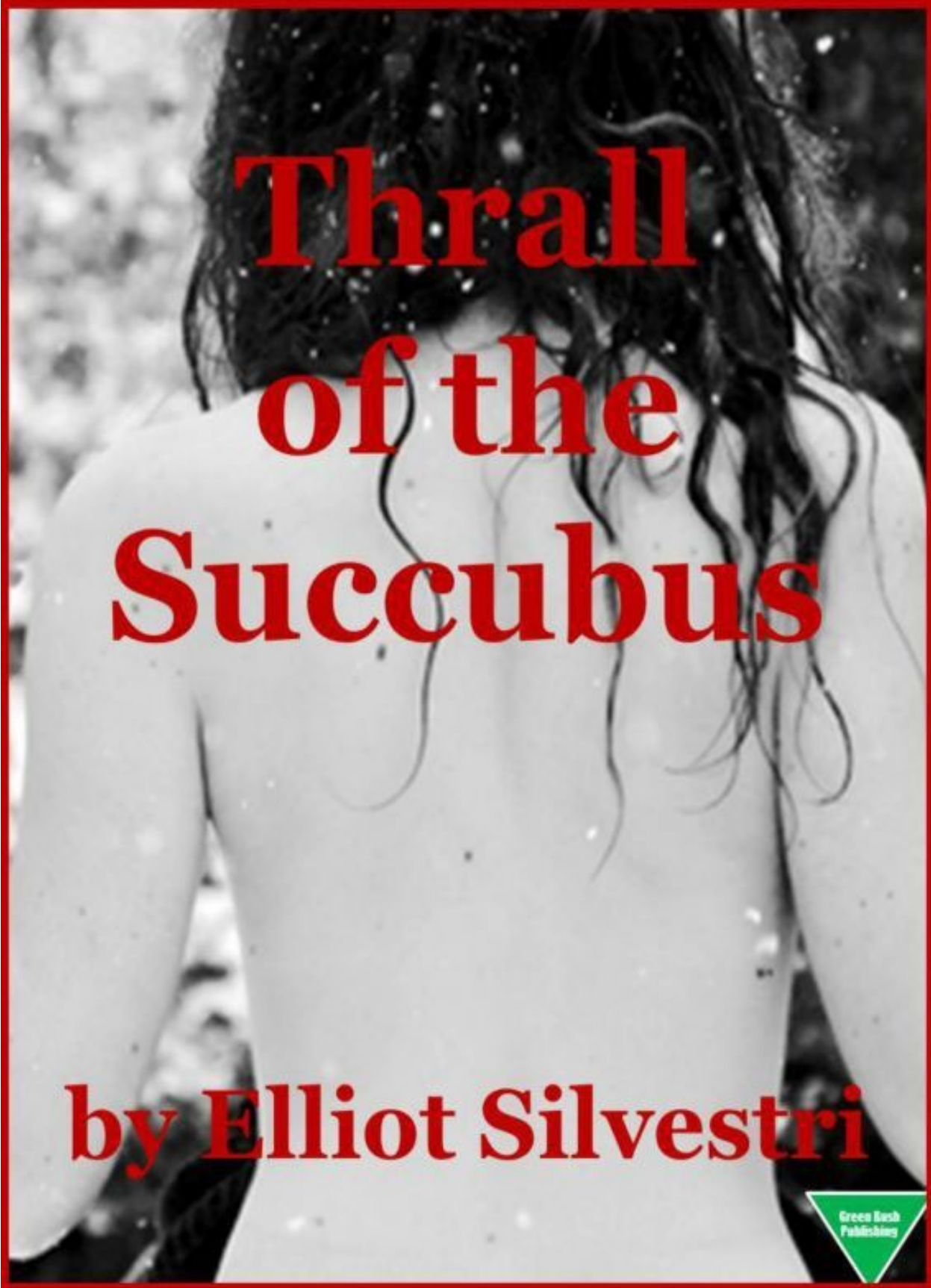




Thrall of the Succubus

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bash
Publishing



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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

When she walked into Madeline's coffee shop Liam was impressed because in person she looked exactly like she did in her pictures. He had been sure they were photoshopped and Sylvia had artfully applied makeup to accentuate her beauty. The image her computer transmitted on Skype didn't do her any justice. She wasn't perfect—she had a few stray freckles and a small scar on her cheek near her ear—but she was damn close

She recognized him right away, waved once across the crowded shop, and walked toward him. Liam had to look away briefly. He always had trouble looking at people in the face.

“Hi!” Sylvia greeted him as she slid into the seat across from him. “Good to meet you in person.” She brushed back her long black hair from her face, taking a moment to untangle a few stray strands from her black-framed eyeglasses. It was cold outside today and she unbuttoned her jacket but didn't take it off yet. Liam shyly glanced up at her again and tried to focus on her chin, not that it was a fetish of his but because he had learned over the years it was easier to look at someone's chin or forehead rather than meet their eyes.

“Yes. Hi. How are you?”

She briefly frowned and studied Liam a moment. He was the same as he always appeared to be: close cut blonde hair, wire rim glasses, a bit of stubble on his chin, pale blue eyes, slight build. He was wearing a heavy sweatshirt and jeans. His jacket lay crumpled on the seat next to him. “Is something the matter?” she asked.

“Um. I told you. I'm shy.” It was hard to admit, but it was best to get it out of the way immediately and she could end the date that much quicker rather than having to put both of them through a disappointing afternoon.

“Yeah, but...” she smiled and licked her lips a bit, trying to moisten them after being out in the wind and cold, “but there's no reason to be shy with someone who wants to take you to bed.” She grinned.

He looked up from the cup of coffee in front of him. “You’re still serious about that?”

She glanced around at the crowd. No one was paying them any attention. They were too wrapped up in their petty lives. “Of course I am. Remember, I’m not looking for a boyfriend, just a hookup.”

The website they had connected on wasn’t as sleazy as Craigslist but every user knew that it was for the sole purpose of finding a sex partner. “Why me?” he asked her again. He had asked it repeated in emails, texts, and on Skype.

She gave him the same answer she had given him every time. “You’re cute, you’re honest, and because you’re shy it makes it that much easier to be honest with you.” She had immediately seized upon his shyness, knowing he had trouble making connections with other people meant he was much more likely to keep his mouth shut about their liaison. “And you’re lucky because I chose you.”

“You could have any guy you want,” he said to her. “You’re practically perfect.”

She grimaced. “Mary Poppins I am not,” she said defiantly. “Unless Julie Andrews was secretly kinky in her private life.” She stuck out her tongue at Liam. “You wouldn’t believe the lies and lines guys give me trying to get into my pants.” Liam actually could believe anything she told him but he didn’t want to reveal that particular weakness to her at the moment. She abruptly reached across the table and grabbed his hand. “Relax, Liam. If you can prove in the next hour that you aren’t an ax murderer, I’m a sure thing tonight.”

Their plan was to go to the plaza for ice skating. They walked halfway there talking. Liam found it easier to walk and talk rather than to talk across a table because he didn’t have to look at her. He hated his shyness.

“It’s too fucking cold for skating,” she announced when they rounded a corner and were met with a blast of frigid air.

“My apartment is just up the street and over a few blocks,” Liam said. “We can warm up there if you want.”

“Why, Liam, you dastardly dog. Are you trying to seduce me?” Sylvia asked.

He suddenly realized what his statement was implying. “What? Oh, no! I didn’t

mean it that way!”

“Too bad,” she pouted for half a second. “Because I’d rather warm up in your apartment than go ice skating. Hell must have broken through the ether because it’s colder than hell on Earth today.”

“Isn’t Hell supposed to be hot?”

“Depends on what level you’re on.”

They walked the last few blocks in near silence broken only by Liam occasionally giving Sylvia directions. Once inside his building they went to the elevator and were immediately joined by a bored tenant. Liam desperately wanted to talk to Sylvia before they went into his apartment, but he also wanted privacy to do so. Instead of talking, they observed the traditional rules of etiquette in an elevator and said nothing at all.

Once they exited onto his floor, the hallway was empty and he paused at his door. “I want to say something before we go inside.”

Sylvia held up a warning hand. “Don’t worry. I won’t be shocked at how messy your place is.”

“No. It’s not that. It’s just that...I don’t normally do this with women I’ve just met.” He didn’t know how to better word his anxiety.

“Liam, relax. I’ve already told you this is a sure thing for you. Seduction time is over. Just be yourself.” She smiled evilly. “Unless who you are isn’t the truth. In which case you should know I’ve given all your intimate personal information to my father who will make sure you burn in Hell when the police are done with you.”

“What?!”

Her smile didn’t fade. “I’m just kidding. Sort of.” She gestured to the door. “C’mon. Open up. I want to get warm—and hot.”

Against his better judgment Liam unlocked his apartment door and ushered her inside. Once they were out of the relatively public space of the hallway, Sylvia took one quick look around, noted that Liam wasn’t a neat-freak but did take

more pride in cleanliness than the average bachelor, and pressed her body to his joining her lips with his and kissing him with an intense ferocity.

Liam barely had time to get the door shut before her attack. He allowed her to shove her tongue into his mouth and wrapped his arms around her body. Through their heavy jackets it was impossible for him to feel anything other than the many layers of Thinsulate and padding, but her lips on his told his body everything he needed to know.

When he pulled back from her he noticed their glasses were both steamed up. “Wow,” he breathed before using the stray end of his scarf to wipe away the condensation. Sylvia didn’t bother to wipe hers. “You weren’t kidding around.”

“I like the way you kiss,” she said half turning away and looking around the apartment. She stepped back from him and did a quick walking survey of the room. Couch, television, entertainment center packed with all sorts of electronic equipment, many DVD and video game cases scattered across the surface of the center, a few book cases were packed all manner of media, and the only decoration on the walls were old movie posters carefully framed. “You taste good.”

“I taste good?”

She fixed him with a knowing stare. “Yes. Physical attraction and love, if you believe in that, have both been linked with chemical compatibility between both partners. If we weren’t chemically compatible...well, we wouldn’t be going into the bedroom.”

“Bedroom?” Liam was an intelligent guy, and normally he didn’t speak in short, simple sentences, but at the moment most of his intellectual capabilities had seemingly escaped him.

“Yeah. Bedroom? Where is it?”

Liam pointed at the short hallway on the opposite side of the living room. Sylvia shed her jacket, scarf, and hat while kicking off her shoes. “Care to join me?” She disappeared down the hall.

Liam hesitated for just a minute, but then he realized he wanted this more than anything before in his life. He practically sprinted across the living room and

into his private bedroom.

He had been hoping to find Sylvia naked and sprawled on his bed, inviting him between her legs for an afternoon of passion. She wasn't. She had stopped at the foot of his bed and was looking around at the art he had hung from the walls. At that point he thought that maybe bringing her back here hadn't been such a good idea.

"You've spent a lot of time on this," Sylvia commented.

"It's a hobby," was all Liam could manage. In defiance of his lease agreement, Liam had painted the walls and ceiling to his bed room black. He had then softened the black just a touch with some airbrushed colors—not much—and had then proceeded to carefully fill the entire space with dots of glow in the dark paint set carefully into the constellations that filled the northern hemisphere. The tiny stars were barely glowing at the moment in the low-angle weak late afternoon sunlight that barely made it through the windows. It was more impressive if he left the lights on for an hour or so and then turned it off when he went to bed.

"How accurate is this depiction?" she asked.

"Pretty close. Not exact. I took some liberties and had to work with the rectangular shape of the room. Some of my friends mocked me because I even tried it. Then then mocked me again because the placements weren't exact."

"I see. I'm also impressed."

"You are?" Liam was shocked.

In response Sylvia grabbed him, kissed him again, and then pulled Liam backward with her onto the bed. It took him little time to completely understand what she meant about chemical compatibility; her kisses were perfect, not in the way she moved her lips and tongue, but the way she tasted, almost neutral with just a hint of neediness. When she started tugging at his clothes he happily went along with the project and responded in kind by helping Sylvia divest herself of all the unnecessary winter clothing she was wearing. Either she was more experienced or more skilled in stripping members of the opposite sex. In little time he was down to just his underwear while she was still wearing her warm wooly socks, a thick black camisole over a bra and a matching pair of panties

that were built more for practicality than sexiness. The boyshorts would have seemed unnaturally prim and proper in any other setting, except for the fact they were form fitting to the point of revealing everything about her and also let the bottom of her cheeks peek out ever so slightly.

As she burrowed her hand into his underwear Liam was grateful he thought ahead to wear something plain and unimpressive and not his traditional boxers with superhero logos on them. “What’s this?” she whispered in his ear as she wrapped her hand around his hard cock.

“Umm...” was all Liam could think to say.

“What do you call it?” she asked, her eyes flashing with wickedness. “Do you have a special name for it?”

Liam shook his head.

“Let’s see what I can do with it,” she said and pushed down his underwear to take his already rigid cock in her mouth. Liam grunted slightly when her warm, moist mouth engulfed him and he let his head flop back onto the pillow. Sylvia knew exactly what she was doing and in the space of a few hard sucks accompanied by her stroking his length he was on edge and ready to cum. She sensed this and almost immediately backed off. “You ready to cum?” she asked.

“Uh-huh.”

Her words were as wicked as her attitude. “Well I don’t want you to waste it in my mouth. Do you want to fuck me?”

“Yeah...” He was having trouble concentrating on anything other than her mouth and his cock at the moment.

“Help me get undressed.” She didn’t need him to assist her in disrobing. She had manufactured her need of assistance to keep his mind of his impending orgasm. Together they tugged her black camisole over her head and she turned around to show him her back. It was immediately apparent to Liam Sylvia spent some time in the gym. Her back sported strong muscles. Still, he managed to put that particular admiration aside for long enough for him to unhook her bra and release her breasts.

They were gorgeous. Smaller than most women's, but incredibly firm and topped with dark red, almost brown, nipples and full areolas. Taking the initiative for the moment, Liam lowered his mouth and briefly sucked on one. It was delightfully firm under his tongue but she pushed his mouth away.

"Now my panties," she instructed and rolled to her back.

He tugged them off. It seemed they were a size too small, but that didn't matter at the moment as he eased them down her legs and over her warm socks. "My feet are always cold," she explained as she opened her legs for him.

Her pussy was partially covered with black pubic hair that matched her head. It was neatly trimmed into a large triangle, but was a far cry from the current feminine style of no pubic hair at all. "I'm a traditionalist," was her reply to his unspoken question.

There was no chance of Liam refusing anything that Sylvia offered at this point and he lowered his face to her pussy. The moment his tongue invaded her pussy Liam was certain he had made the right decision. Her scent was strong—musky and tart—and with each lick he desired her more. She didn't need him to go down on her to make her wet; she was ready for his cock before his lips met hers. The noises that Sylvia made were appropriate and encouraged Liam, but were entirely unnecessary.

When she determined he had done enough for the average woman, Sylvia reached down and grasped his face between her hands and pulled him up to her. "That's enough," she said and kissed him on the lips, licking off her juices. "I need you to fuck me now."

Liam attempted to enter her pussy, but she pushed him away, rolled over to her hands and knees to present him her ass. "This way," she instructed.

He was momentarily stunned, not by the position she wanted to fuck in, but by the artwork that adorned her lower back. The tattoo was lower than most ink Liam had seen on women. Sylvia had two intricately intertwined lines, one red and one gold, hugging the upper curve of her buttocks joining in a complicated knot just barely above the cleft of her ass. He wanted to look at it forever, following the tangle of lines that defined her carnality, but Sylvia interrupted his study.

“Hey, you going to fuck me or admire my ass all day?”

“Sorry,” he mumbled and grasped his cock probing her pussy to find the correct angle to enter her. She didn’t want to wait for his stumbling efforts and so reached between her legs to guide his cock home.

“Oh, fuck, yes,” she sighed as he filled her up.

Liam grabbed her hips and started fucking as fast as he could. He didn’t bother with any subtlety. He was already too close to the edge to make their coupling last. His best hope was to please her with force and power. When it happened it was sudden, taking even Liam by surprise, as he grunted with each pulse of his orgasm. Sylvia was pleased with his performance she cried out when his hot cum erupted inside her and she laughed at the pleasure of his seed burning her insides.

Too his embarrassment, Liam found himself collapsing on top of her and she slowly lowered their combined weight to the bed where they both panted heavily. “I’m sorry,” he said after several long minutes. He half rolled off of her, but their legs were entangled and he couldn’t make a complete separation.

“For what?”

“For it being so quick.” He was glad the light was fading fast and she couldn’t see the shame on his face.

She chuckled a little bit. “That was just the first round,” she told him. “Are you up for a second bout?”

“Right now?”

“Sure. Do you need me to go down on you again to get you hard?” She rolled a bit and looked down at his cock. It was still semi-rigid and covered with their combined juices.

“Um. Maybe?”

“Sure,” she said and rolled him to his back, showing surprising strength. Sylvia had no compunction about accepting a man’s cock into her mouth that was covered in semen and her own pussy juices. Liam was pleased and a little

surprised, but didn't protest. In less than a minute he was ready to go again. "I love young men," she murmured. "Always ready to fuck on demand."

"I'm no eighteen year old," he told her as she got up on her knees.

"I've been with older men who can't get it up to save their lives. Literally," she told him as she swept her hair back over her shoulders, placed her knees on either side of his hips, and guided his cock to her pussy. She lowered her body down on his, closed her eyes, and began rocking her hips. Liam stopped her efforts immediately, holding her firmly about the waist, and thrust upwards. Her eyes opened up. "I like that."

"Thanks."

Her hands went to her small breasts and she began to play with her nipples. "Can you make me cum again?"

"Yup," he promised her, concentrating on what he was doing and forcing himself not to cum too soon again.

He lasted much longer this time. They set up a rhythm she enjoyed and met each other's gazes as they fucked. They said nothing. There was no need to. Sylvia came three times as Liam watched. He was pretty sure they were from his cock, but she never stopped playing with her small nipples so anything was possible.

"Are you going to cum?" she asked him.

"Soon."

Sylvia couldn't wait. She bent forward, letting go of her tits, and bit Liam just above his collarbone between his shoulder and neck. He could feel her sharp teeth nipping his skin and then she sucked hard, as if she were a teenager giving him a hickie. It wasn't painful, but it was different enough to push him over the edge a second time. His cock burst inside her again, filling her womb with gobs of semen.

"Oh fuck," Liam moaned.

"That was good," she whispered in his ear.

“Thanks,” h mumbled.

“Did I wear you out?” she asked.

“A little bit,” he admitted. His arms were around her, holding her close so she couldn’t escape from him. Not that she wanted to leave anytime soon. “Did I... uh...did I please you.”

She gave a low throaty chuckle. “You made me cum,” she said.

“You bit me pretty damn hard,” he complained at the soreness on his shoulder.

Sylvia’s expression darkened. “Sorry. When I get excited, I tend to bite. Plus I like it rough and I forget that not everyone likes it the same way.”

“No, it was good.”

She brightened immediately. “You want to fuck again?” she asked him.

Liam laughed ruefully at her eagerness. “Um. Not right away. I don’t think I’ll be able to get it up again for a little while.”

“I hate refractory periods,” she grumbled.

“Such is the curse of being a man,” he mumbled. Liam realized he was exhausted. He knew he should offer to make her some dinner, or at least order out. He was far too tired to go through the effort of leaving the apartment. “Just give me a little...time...”

Sylvia bit her lip and crinkled her nose in disappointment. He was definitely asleep and it would be impossible to tell when he would wake up. With a sigh she levered herself from his arms and slipped out of the bed.

Instead of heading for the bathroom she went to the kitchen, looked through the contents of the refrigerator and was disappointed with everything offered there, drew a glass of water from the faucet, and went to gaze out at the setting sun. She sat down on the couch, naked, and drank her water, waiting for Liam to recover.

It was impossible for him to tell exactly when it happened. It was dark; there was almost no light coming into the room from the city outside the windows which, admittedly, were blocked with heavy shades. But he definitely felt her mouth on his cock. That's what woke him up. He was already half-hard when he realized what was going on.

"Ready for me?" she asked.

Liam said nothing but simply rolled her over, spreading her legs wide. Their bodies moved together easily and his cock slipped right into her waiting pussy. He was barely awake, but was certainly awake enough to have sex and that's all she really needed.

They fucked in the traditional missionary position. She allowed him that little privilege. This time the sex lasted much longer than before. Liam wasn't sure if that was because he had spent himself twice already that night or if it was because he was still half-asleep. It didn't really matter. He came in her one last time and then almost immediately fell back to sleep.

Sylvia felt a tiny bit guilty about completely draining him to the point of not being able to wake up and have a decent meal, but in the grand scheme of the universe, Liam missing one meal wouldn't matter a whit. To make up for her tiny pang of guilt she left him a present and a note before she left.

It was mid-morning the next day before Liam could drag himself from bed and discover where his lover had gone. He knew he shouldn't have been surprised to find he was alone. He had literally fallen asleep on her after fucking and then he did a lousy job of it when she had come back for a third throw. He knew he should have been elated; instead he was a bit disappointed. Where had she gone?

He found her panties on his small kitchen table along with a note.

Liam—

Sorry I had to leave so early. I had a great time last night. Give me a call when you're horny so we can do it again.

—Sylvia

The scented scrap of cotton undergarment distracted him from the disappointment of not seeing her in the morning. He already had an erection in anticipation of having sex one more time.

Chapter two

If she hadn't been answering his texts and emails Liam would have been certain that Sylvia was avoiding him. But she wasn't. She responded to texts in a timely fashion. She replied to every email he sent her. She even took his occasional phone calls when he forced himself to actually attempt voice contact. But her replies were always short. She never had time to talk. They managed to set up a Skype session and she only remained online with him for two minutes before begging off on some sort of emergency.

He was beginning to get frustrated.

It was almost a month later before she called him back and he reflected that it was the first time she had actually initiated contact with him since their last meeting. When Liam's phone rang he was getting ready to leave for work but he saw that it was Sylvia calling he immediately answered.

"Hello!" His greeting was too enthusiastic and he winced once he heard his voice.

"Hi, Liam. Want to fuck?"

As always Sylvia got directly to the point.

He laughed a bit and started stuffing a last few items into his bag. "Sure. When?"

"Right now. Your place."

"Umm...I've got to go to work." He considered calling in sick but there was too much going on at the moment and he couldn't play that game.

"But I need to have sex now!" She wasn't whining. She was insistent.

"I'm so sorry, but I can't. How about tonight when I get home?"

"Shit." He knew she was cursing under her breath and actually considering changing his answer to please her. His shoulder still vaguely hurt from her bite, but the little shock of pain only came when he thought about it and pressed on the still bruised flesh. "What time will you be home?"

“I can be back by four...”

He didn't like the sound of her huff of annoyance. “Fine. Be ready for me.” She disconnected the call leaving him staring at his phone and wondering what he had done wrong.

The day passed far too slowly for Liam. He took a ten minute lunch so he could leave earlier at the end of the day. It was barely past three thirty when he made it to his place. This pleased him because he would be able to get ready for Sylvia's impending arrival. The place didn't really need to be cleaned but it never hurt to try to impress a woman.

When he strode into his bedroom to toss down his bag and change his clothes he nearly had a heart attack when Sylvia sat up from the bed.

He yelped in fear. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

“What took you so long?” she asked.

“Answer my question,” he demanded angry that she had scared him and angry that she had managed to get into his apartment without his knowledge.

“I came over for sex,” she told him innocently. “Like we arranged this morning.”

It was only now that Liam noticed she was naked. Or at least naked from the waist up. The covers were bunched up around her hips. He was immediately mesmerized by her breasts. They were still perfect, small and firm and they moved only slightly with the motions of her body. The dark nipples stood out in contrast to her pale skin and perfectly accentuated her straight black hair.

“How did you get in? You don't have a key.”

She smiled evilly. “I got the manager to let me in. I told him I had a special present for you. Me.” She pointed to herself

“You did?” He was amazed. His building had many apartments that were occupied part time by elected officials in the city for legislative meetings and they demanded privacy and security that the building normally provided.

She shook her head. “No. I'm lying. I gave him a blowjob to let me in.”

“What?”

Sylvia laughed at him. “Do you really think I’d do that?” she asked. “C’mon and join me in bed. We need to make up for all of the time we’ve been apart.” She knelt up and exposed her pelvis. She was naked and still sporting the very traditional triangle of black hair over her pussy. Placing one hand on her hip she gestured to him with crooked fingers.

Already Liam was hard and he wanted to get out of his clothes and fuck her. His brain told him something was wrong but his body wasn’t listening. Liam’s fingers unbuttoned his shirt and dropped his boring khaki pants. He was about to sweep off his underwear when Sylvia stopped him.

“Wait. You already have a hard-on?”

“Yes. I’ve been waiting for this all day.”

She smiled and licked her lips. “You certainly have. Take them off.” She pointed and held up a warning hand so he wouldn’t rush at her with his erection. His hard cock was pointing to the ceiling from its nest of dark blond pubic hair. Liam wasn’t scrawny, he was lean, not an ounce of fat on him which accentuated his muscles. They weren’t huge but tight under his skin. “You’ve got a nice cock.”

“Thank you.”

“Stroke it.”

“What?”

“I want to watch you jack off a little bit.” Her eyes were riveted to his crotch.

“I’m pretty close to cumming.”

“Then you’d better be careful. I don’t want you to waste a drop of that precious fluid. I want it all for my pussy.” Her eyes hardened. “Do it. I want to watch you.”

There was no way for Liam to resist. He nodded and looked down at his cock, gripped the base, and slowly started moving his hand up and down the length of

his shaft. He intentionally avoided the head, but Sylvia didn't miss his deception.

"The head," she instructed him. "Don't avoid the head. I want to see you shivering and shaking with your need to cum and I want you to resist."

He nodded again and resumed stroking himself, this time concentrating more on the glans as if he were home alone watching porn and jerking off. He closed his eyes and tried not to think of anything. He didn't want to embarrass himself jerking off in front of Sylvia and cumming when she wanted him to finish inside her pussy.

"You do that very well," she complimented him.

"Thanks."

"Nice and slow and steady. I don't think you're trying to make yourself cum though, are you?"

"You said not to," he breathed.

"But I want to see you shiver and shake," she reminded him.

He nodded and continued to move his hand, slipping his fingers over the glans, lightly stroking back on the underside, waiting for her approval, edging closer and closer to his forbidden orgasm. With one last gentle stroke, he nearly bent in half trying to protect his cock from his body and he shook with the need to cum fighting the need for him to not displease Sylvia.

She clapped her hands in approval. "Very good!" she cried with delight. "Very lovely. Would you like to come eat my pussy now?"

The words were barely out of her mouth before Liam dropped his cock and dove for the bed. He pushed her back and down on the mattress, spreading her legs and burying his face into her crotch. She was already wet from teasing him but he still set forth on the assigned task. His tongue sought out her clit and in no time at all she was moaning in appreciation of his efforts. He would have preferred if she had shaved her pussy for he seemed to taste her pubic hair with every lick, but it wasn't the time to complain. He wanted to get her off before his cock entered her cunt because he knew he wouldn't last long enough inside her to make her cum.

She wasn't having any of that. Showing surprising strength Sylvia grabbed his head and pulled him up to her face. They briefly kissed before he automatically moved his cock into her cunt. She sighed when he entered her and he began thrusting wildly.

As he had predicted he lasted barely a minute before he came, but it wasn't all for naught. When he shot his hot cum into her cunt it was just enough to push her over the cliff as well. She howled her orgasm into his ear. There was little Liam could do but sit back and enjoy the way his body was a slave to hers.

After the intense climax had passed Liam recovered enough to roll off her and flop on his back next to Sylvia so as not to crush her. She responded by rolling to her side and throwing her leg over his body, snuggling up against him, and burrowing her face next to his neck. "that was great," she breathed into his ear.

"Thanks. I'm sorry I didn't last longer."

She expelled her hot breath heavily on his skin. "You'll get more opportunities tonight," she promised him. When she kissed and licked the side of his neck he barely noticed and simply enjoyed the warmth and wetness on his skin. Then she continued to nibble and tease his flesh. Liam felt his cock rising in response and marveled at this. He had actually been stopping himself from masturbating on a regular basis so he would be better prepared for Sylvia when she decided to join him in bed again. The side effect of this was that he had a very low refractory time before he was ready to fuck her again.

When her sharp teeth nipped at his sensitive skin, he pulled back a bit and inhaled sharply at the stab of pain. "Ow! What the fuck are you doing?"

"Just tasting," she said and immediately latched onto his skin again. He noticed it was right on the same spot she had bit him the last time she had been in his bed. There was a moment of panic when Liam realized she was leaving him another hickie and he tried to pull back and push her away at the same time. She didn't let go of his body with her arms and leg, nor did she release his skin from her teeth.

And then...he relaxed. What did it matter? he reasoned. Who was going to see a hickie that low on his neck? No one. He let her nuzzle on him and watched in amazement as his cock grew bigger and harder. Sylvia's hand reached down and grasped his length, measuring and stroking it, as she continued to suck on him.

“Are we in middle school?” he asked.

“Why?” she mumbled through her closed teeth.

“Because you’re giving me a hickie.”

“And a handjob.” She opened her jaws and freed his skin. “Did you ever get a handjob in middle school?”

“No,” he admitted.

“What about a hickie?” She continued to stroke his length. He was very sensitive at the moment and didn’t want her to get too eager with her handwork to make him cum all over himself. He wanted to savor every moment of this encounter.

“No,” he admitted again.

She grinned. “How about high school? Did you ever get laid in high school?”

Her hand was being too busy for him to bother with lying. “No. Not until after graduation...but before I went to college.”

“Good for you,” she complimented him while not stopping her stroking. “Want to get laid right now?”

“Yes!”

Sylvia rolled the rest of the way on top of him and slipped his cock into her wet pussy. He wasn’t sure if it was wet because she was horny or because of his leavings from their previous coupling. He didn’t care. It was pleasant watching Sylvia ride him. Her small breasts bounced slightly with her every movement. She didn’t bother looking at him. Her eyes were closed and she bit her lips with her sharp teeth, concentrating on her pussy and what his rock hard cock was doing to her. He rested his hands lightly on her thighs as she knelt over him. There was little for him to do—and he felt so exhausted he didn’t even bother trying to lift his hips up to meet her body. Instead, he went along for the ride, though he was the one being ridden.

“You like this?” she asked him after his eyes closed.

Liam's answer came slowly. "Yeah..." Without realizing it he was half asleep.

"You aren't going to fall asleep on me, are you?" Her words were sharp but her tone was teasing.

"No..."

"You going to cum inside me again?"

"Yeah..."

Sylvia reflected that all men were easy to manipulate when they were in this state.

"Open your eyes, baby," she instructed him.

It was a struggle, but Liam managed to crack his eyes open to view her gently moving form and her bouncing breasts.

"You like what you see?" she asked.

"Yeah..."

"Good. Very good. After you cum can I give you a blowjob?"

"Sure..." His words were slurring now. He felt beyond exhausted and was headed towards drunk."

"I'm going to make you cum now, okay?"

"Uh-huh..."

Sylvia reached down between their joined bodies and found the root to his penis. She reached behind his testicles and used her strong fingers to manipulate him. At first he found the massage pleasant, but then it started to turn painful and he was about to complain when his climax took him suddenly and he was pumping semen deep into Sylvia's tight pussy.

"Thank you," he sighed. "Thank you, thank you."

Sylvia ground her hips down on him one last time, savoring his pulsing cock

within her pussy. “I should be the one thanking you,” she said as he drifted off to sleep.

When Liam awoke a few hours later it was completely dark and he felt Sylvia’s lips on his cock. Already he was stiffening and he started to think he was either dreaming or having a flashback. This was the exact same way their last meeting had gone. She was making him hard and he was certain she wanted him to fuck her again. Or was she the one fucking him? It was hard to fully comprehend what was going on with their relationship. His head was foggy and he couldn’t concentrate.

Upon noticing he was awake, Sylvia took her mouth away from his cock. “Enjoying it?”

“Uh...yeah.”

“I promised you a blowjob,” she said casually. “Do you want to cum in my mouth?”

“I thought you liked me to cum in your pussy.”

In the darkness he could sense her grin. “I’ve gotten enough of that for the moment. I want to taste you now. Is that okay?”

“Sure.”

“Good.” Then, instead of just putting her mouth back on his cock, she turned her body around, straddling his chest, and lowered her pussy to his face while she sucked on his cock. It was the first time that Liam had indulged in—or been forced into—mutual oral sex, but there didn’t seem to be any reason to complain. He didn’t mind eating her pussy. There wasn’t the tiniest indication that he had recently ejaculated in her. Her cunt was sweet and tangy—it was perfect. He wasn’t distracted by her working on his cock. She was excellent at performing fellatio and so, once again, Liam found himself merely along for the ride.

It wasn’t a bite, exactly, that he felt on his cock, but more the sensation of her teeth dragging along his shaft. To his surprise, it didn’t hurt. It wasn’t exactly enjoyable, but it was something new.

“Oohhh,” he exclaimed into her pussy.

“I know you like that,” she told him after slipping his cock from her mouth. She didn’t stop. She put it right back in and continue to scratch his delicate skin with her teeth. He wanted to complain and protest for she was certainly damaging his most precious piece of anatomy, but at the same time he felt himself enjoying what she was doing to him.

As always the orgasm caught him off guard. One moment he was eating Sylvia’s pussy and the next he was ejaculating in her mouth. There was a copious amount of semen, surprising even Liam with the number of spurts and the size of each one. Sylvia swallowed each spurt, not letting a single drop escape her lips. With each unconscious thrust of his hips into her face Liam let out a low moan as she gobbled up what he offered. He couldn’t continue eating her pussy as he came so he was left contemplating her wet and open lips during his orgasm.

“You’re very tasty,” she told him as she swung her leg over his head, turning around to face him.

He all but ignored the compliment. “I’m glad, but don’t you want me to make you cum?”

She shook her head. “Nope. I’m done for the moment. I got what I wanted. Tonight was just a little extra insurance.”

Her answer was a little puzzling, but he went along with it. “Okay, what would you like to do now?”

“Sleep,” she told him curling up next to his body. He couldn’t tell what time it was and couldn’t see his bedside alarm clock from his position, but he sensed it was late, well past midnight.

“Really?” He was tired as well, but he wouldn’t have minded fucking one more time. His cock wasn’t fully erect but for some reason he had yet to go fully soft.

“Yes. Maybe we’ll go again in the morning.”

Once she was settled in next to him and her long black hair was draped across his chest, Liam realized how tired he was and quickly drifted off to sleep. Upon waking he was not surprised to find she had left once again in the wee hours of the morning. This time she hadn’t left him a present of her panties, but she did leave a note.

Liam—

Enjoyed last night. I'm busy for the next few weeks but I do want to see you and bed you again. I can't wait to taste your cock and put it inside me! I'll call and let you know when.

When he was done reading the message he wondered if somehow he had met a married woman who was carrying on an affair with him and concealing her marital status from him and her husband.

After considering this for a moment Liam shook his head, dismissing the notion. No, something else was up and he was determined to find out.

Chapter Three

The next time they hooked up again took almost a month. Liam didn't mind. He was willing to be patient for Sylvia. He knew it was stupid, and he kept telling himself he hadn't fallen in love with her, but he thought about her obsessively. The most difficult part was showing restraint. He wanted to call her, text her, email her, Skype with her, but he was proud of himself for not doing any of those things. He waited. When three weeks had passed and the weather started to warm, he was proud of the fact that he hadn't looked at any other women, hadn't flirted with any of them online, and hadn't even made the attempt to look at other women on the dating sites he used to frequent.

He hadn't stopped jerking off, however. That he still did on a regular basis, but it was always to images and thoughts of Sylvia in his mind.

When the text came from her, he was ready.

Tomorrow night was all it said. It didn't need anything more.

This time when he rushed home from work she wasn't waiting for him. For no other reason than to keep his mind occupied and to somehow please the woman who he wanted to impress and—perhaps?—make fall in love with him, he frantically cleaned the entire apartment before her arrival. It was already clean so it wasn't that great an effort, but he needed to do something to impress her.

When the doorbell rang he all but ran to open it for her. He should have given a moment's thought to how she got inside the building without being buzzed in first, but Liam was already on a sexual high and nothing was going to stop that short of Sylvia's body. Upon opening the door he saw she was wearing a full-length winter coat. It was still March and very cold so this didn't surprise him. What did surprise him was Sylvia letting the coat slip from her shoulder and fall to the hallway floor. She was all but naked underneath it. True, she was wearing stockings and stylist black winter boots that came up to her knees, but other than that her skin was bare.

"Like what you see?" she asked him.

Liam had trouble finding his voice but eventually managed to croak out, "Yes."

“Good. Aren’t you going to invite me in?” Her long black hair was partially obscuring her face but that was precious little anonymity in the semi-public space of the hallway, yet she didn’t seem at all perturbed by the thought of being caught naked by a passing neighbor.

“Come in,” he breathed. She was still beautiful. That was impossible to change. Her skin was perfectly pale, her lips were coated with bright red lipstick, her bold nipples were dark against her skin, and her perfect triangle of black pubic hair hid her pussy from his eyes, but only barely. She walked casually inside his place, as if stripping naked in the hallway was something she did every day.

It was only when she stepped inside and Liam had closed the door, after snatching up her coat and bringing it inside, did he notice the change she had made. “You like?” she asked after she had turned around and he was staring at her breasts.

Sylvia was now sporting rings of gold through her nipples. They were small rings, very thin, but they dangled from her dark brown nipples and twinkled in the light. Liam was oddly intrigued and repulsed at the same time by her new ornamentation.

“Umm...wow. I’ve never seen that before,” was all he managed to say.

She laughed at him. “Of course you have,” she told him. “Just not up close, maybe?”

He nodded. “Yeah. I’ve seen plenty of pierced nipples before. Just not in person.”

“They’re not new,” she said. “I got them done a long time ago.”

“Okay,” he agreed. Liam was mesmerized by her appearance, her nudity, her nipple rings.

“Do you know why I’m showing them to you now?”

Slowly he shook his head. “No.”

“I want to be honest with you, Liam,” she said softly, slowly moving her hands down her body, trying to take his attention away from her tits. “It seems

deceptive to have sex with you and not let you know I got my nipples pieced years ago when I was young and wild. I'm still a little wild," she said with a naughty grin, "but I'm smarter as well. I thought you might be put off by someone who indulged in this sort of body adornment." Sylvia gestured to the small rings once again.

"I'm not put off by it."

That was obvious by the erection he was already sporting.

"I have other secrets as well. But I don't want to tell you them right now. Is that okay?"

Liam nodded.

"Would it bother you that I have a...let's say a not so pure and innocent past."

"No. Not at all."

"Good then," she cried. "Want to have sex?"

"Yes."

"Well let's go to the bedroom then, shall we?" As they walked Liam stared at her shapely ass and the outline of the tattoo on the top curves of her buttocks. "What did you do with my panties I left behind?" she asked him as she entered the doorway.

"Um...I saved them. They're in my dresser."

She gave a low chuckle. "Did you wash them?"

"No."

"Did you smell them?"

He swallowed and admitted the truth. "Yes."

"Did you like the scent I left behind for you?"

"Yes." His face was crimson. She wasn't looking at him. She was studying the

room's unusual paint job.

"Do you jerk off with them?"

"No." That was the truth. Liam had some strange interest in his life, but he wasn't a panty fetishist.

"Hmm. That's good. I wouldn't want to be fucking a weirdo. Strip," she ordered.

Liam didn't need to be told twice. He quickly undressed as she continued to talk.

"Did you wash them?"

"No...I wanted your scent on them," he admitted as he pulled off his shirt.

"Good. Keep them that way. I want to leave them here."

"Why?"

Her grin was evil. For the first time Liam truly noticed how sharp her teeth were and how pronounced her canines were. He briefly flashed on an article he had read not too long ago where it was stylist among certain Japanese women to have orthodontics done to make their incisors more prominent, more catlike. That wasn't exactly how Sylvia's looked, but it was similar. "Because I want you to know how much you need me and I need them here to get in whenever I want."

"What?"

"Just get your undies off so we can fuck."

Liam finished stripping by pulling off his underwear and letting his hard cock pop out. Sylvia couldn't help licking her lips. "Do you want to go down on me?" she asked.

He didn't give her a verbal response but simply fell to his knees and buried his face in her crotch. At the odd angle he couldn't get to her pussy, but that wasn't the point. She wanted to see how willing and how obedient he was. The experiment was a success.

"Come on and fuck me now." Sylvia fell back onto the bed and opened up her

legs for him. Liam responded automatically. He would have responded in the exact same manner if he weren't under her thrall. He was anxious to fuck regardless of what he was told and who was in front of him.

There was no trouble at all inserting his cock in her and quickly fucking. She always seemed to be wet and ready for him. They rutted for a minute. Liam concentrated on not cumming immediately; he wanted to please her and make her cum first.

Sylvia looked up at him as he closed his eyes and concentrated on anything other than her body and his cock. She reached up and put her arms around his neck, then let her fingers slide down his collarbone to rest on the small bruise where she had bit him.

"Is this where I bit you?" she asked knowing full well the answer.

"Yes," he huffed back at her. She had pressed her fingers into the sore spot and that bit of pain distracted him from the pleasant sexual response his body was giving him.

"Does it hurt?"

"A bit."

"Can I bite you again?" she asked, playing innocent.

The question gave him pause. "In the same spot?"

"Yes."

He didn't answer right away and simply thrust into her pussy a few more times. "If you want..." he replied. He didn't really want her to do it but it was something she was requesting and he had little will to deny her requests.

Once the words were out of his mouth she pulled her fingers away and pulled him down to her, lowering her mouth to his sore shoulder and sinking her teeth into his abused flesh.

He had been expecting it to hurt terribly and prepared himself for the odd assault, but instead of a bolt of pain, a gentle warmth spread out from his

shoulder, relaxing him. It felt...good. All the while he didn't stop fucking her and she kept her teeth clamped on his skin. His thrusts became more autonomic and soon he was cumming inside her pussy to her cries of delight and his moans. He wanted to say it was the most pleasurable thing imaginable cumming in Sylvia's pussy, but it was strange when he came. The normal release of tension wasn't quite there. His spurts of semen finally abated and he collapsed on her.

Sylvia gently rolled him to his side, keeping their legs entangle and their genitals joined, and said to him, "Thank you."

"I should be thanking you," he told her.

She laughed and shook back her long black hair. "No, no. I've taken much more from you than you realize."

Her words were strange, but Liam didn't give it much thought. "If you say so."

"I know I haven't been available to you much over the past few months, but I think I can change that. Answer me this question first, though: Have you been with any other women since we've started fucking?"

The answer was easy for Liam. "No."

"Have you wanted to be?"

That answer was easy as well. "No."

"Would you like to be exclusive with me?" she asked after already establishing that he had been exclusive to her.

"Yes," he said gratefully. It didn't even occur to him to ask if she had been exclusive to him since they had begun their physical relationship.

"Good," she said. "I'll need something from you, however."

"What?" He would have given her anything she asked. His car. His money. His life. His soul.

"Your cock."

“My cock?”

“Yes. I’ll be needing it on a regular basis from now on. How often do you think you can fuck me?”

“Three times a day,” he bragged. It was the punchline to an old joke from high school. Sylvia didn’t care about the joke.

“That will be acceptable. I’ll hold you to that standard. I hope you don’t get exhausted too easily.” She surreptitiously wiped away the few spots of blood from just above his collarbone. “Are you tired?”

With her question Liam realized that the exertion of fucking had drained him. “Yeah, a little.”

“Want to take a nap?”

“That sounds good. More sex afterwards?”

“Always,” she snuggled up to him and listened to his breathing slow and then fall into a steady pattern indicating he was asleep. She didn’t feel the least bit of guilt about using him. That’s what humans were for. When she was sure he was fully asleep she carefully sank her teeth into his skin and let her venomous saliva mix with his blood. It was a long, slow process. But that was okay. She had plenty of time.

Normally Sylvia would take the extra effort and get her paramour drunk or perhaps introduce him to some new drug that would make her partner more compliant. She sensed that wasn’t necessary with Liam. He was already too far gone. That wasn’t necessary. Her venom was more than enough combined with his infatuation of her. Human men were so simple, so easy, to manipulate.

She waited a bit, making sure he got enough rest, and then withdrew her teeth from his shoulder, slipping down his body to take his cock in her mouth. The intermingled flavors of his semen and her pussy were still strong on his flaccid penis and imbued in his thin bush of pubic hair. Sylvia inhaled the scent deeply and then proceeded to bring his cock to life. She knew it would take a few minutes for him to wake up. It wasn’t an easy process after she injected that much venom. She pushed his legs apart and slipped her small hand between his buttocks.

He gave a vague grunt as her fingers prodded into his cleft. It didn't her long to find his anus and carefully penetrate it. Liam's eyes flickered open and he groaned when he realized what she was doing to him.

"You like that?" she asked him bluntly.

"Uh...I don't know." His brain wasn't working fully yet as he struggled to wake up.

"I bet you do," she teased and surrounded his cock with her warm mouth. Liam breathed heavily as she sucked on him while simultaneously worked her finger deeper into his ass. It would have been a common reaction to deny the pleasure she was giving him, but that would have been a lie. He was enjoying what she was doing to his ass. Her finger went deep inside, too deep it seemed, and she was manipulating him from the inside. It felt wrong but it was wonderful.

"Uh...uh...I need to cum," he moaned to her.

Instantly Sylvia released his cock. "Not yet," she warned, then pulled her finger free and mounted his body, moving impossibly fast. He was already on the edge and her hot pussy sliding down his shaft was all he really needed to cum.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he all but cried when his cock was done pumping semen into her pussy.

"Shh, shh," she whispered to him. "I don't need to cum like you do. I just need your seed. You understand that, right?"

"I understand," he moaned, "I understand."

To his amazement he stayed hard enough for Sylvia to slowly ride his cock, pumping it up and down, back and forth. He was so worn out that he didn't take much pleasure from her play, but there was no reason to spoil her fun.

"I told you I need your cock," she said once again.

"I understand."

Sylvia laughed and shook back her long black hair. "No, I don't think that you do, but that's okay. You don't have to understand. You just have to go along with

me.”

“Uh-huh,” he agreed. His vision was a bit hazy on the edges, as if he were exhausted. The shadows on the wall were playing havoc with his eyesight. As she rode him, it almost looked like Sylvia had wings spreading out from her back. It was the first time that Liam had fallen asleep during sex. Sylvia didn’t object. She just lowered her mouth to his shoulder, sunk in her teeth, and let her venom instill itself into his blood.

Chapter Four

Sylvia came and went at her own pleasure. She wasn't always there in the morning when he woke up, but if she wasn't she appeared before he left for work. They normally didn't have much time to fuck at that point, but she was certain to suck him off and carefully swallow his cum before sending him on his way. She entered his apartment when she wished. Almost never was she there when he got home from work, but would always appear shortly afterwards.

At first it was great. Liam was having sex three or more times a day and he was in a haze of euphoria. Even if she was wearing him out.

"Dude, you look like hell," Bill said to him when he stumbled in ten minutes late to work.

"Thanks."

"I'm not the only one who's noticed," Bill continued. "You come in late. You sometimes leave early. Your work is sliding downhill like a piece of rolling shit."

Liam glared at his coworker and settled into his computer chair.

"So what is it?" Bill asked.

Liam gave him a quizzical look.

"Dame, horse, or the bottle?"

"What?"

"Are you in love—or lust more properly—with an incredible woman or are you on drugs or are you hitting the bottle?" Bill was often obtuse.

"Oh. Yeah. It's a woman." Liam didn't especially care for Bill but he was accurate in his assessment of other people.

"Love sucks," was Bill's only further comment.

That prompted Liam to start talking. He didn't know why, but for some reason he had to say something to another person. "It's sex all the time. It's like she's

draining me. And I'm barely getting any pleasure out of it. And...and I hate to say this, but when he started dating, she had a smoking body, but now I think she's getting fat."

Bill looked up from his email. "Time to dump her and move on, dude. Never forget the four Fs: Find her. Feel her. Fuck her. Forget her."

Liam frowned. "I'm not that type of jackass."

Bill shrugged. "Whatever. It's just plain good advice."

Sylvia had a new surprise for him when he came home that night. She was already in his apartment, naked, with the look in her eyes saying she needed to fuck. Liam couldn't take his eyes off her tits. The small, dainty nipple rings she had been wearing for the past month were now joined by a set of nipple shields. "I've been waiting for you," she said the moment he walked in the door. He wasn't sure if he was glad to hear this declaration, or scared because she would be making greater demands on his body. "Why are you late?"

He wasn't sure if he was late or not, but there was no reason to argue the point. Liam found he couldn't pull his eyes away from her breasts. That was hardly an unusual circumstance. He loved looking at her breasts. And now they were adorned not only by the pair of golden rings, but by golden disks over her areola held in place by the rings. It was odd and beautiful. "What happened to you?" he asked, pointing at her body.

Sylvia didn't seem to mind the change of subject. "Do you like them?" she asked proudly. "I told you I sometimes kept things from you. I think you like that, secretly, don't you? I like wearing the shields. They make my nipples more prominent. You can see them under my shirts."

She wasn't wearing a shirt at the moment, but the statement made perfect sense to Liam. He wondered what she looked like wearing a thin shirt just barely revealing her small breasts and hard nipples if she wasn't wearing a bra. It was almost enough to distract him from his intended course of action. Somehow he managed to pull his eyes away from her decorated tits and pushed them lower to examine her stomach. He reminded himself she was a real woman, not some artificial product that had been photographed from the perfect angle, corrected

with makeup and Photoshop to create an unrealistic fantasy. She had always had a small swell to her belly. Whether it was excess fat or simply the shape of her body, Liam didn't know. But now, when he studied her, her stomach and lower abdomen were definitely bigger than when they had first met.

"You've gotten...fat," he said. It wasn't an accusation or insult; it was a statement of fact.

"No I haven't," she replied breezily.

Liam managed to raise his hand—it was shaking with uncertainty—and point at her belly button. "Look at you. Your stomach is bulging out."

Sylvia licked her lips and smiled. "There's no fooling you is there?" she asked, pausing to see what his reaction would be. There was none. Liam just waited. If he hadn't been under her venom's thrall for so long Sylvia would have been dealing with a different problem. But now she realized he had been at work all day and she hadn't injected him recently. She was unsure if she had done it that morning with him. He was starting to go through withdrawal. Sylvia ran her hands down her sides and moved them over the gentle rounding of her stomach. "You know what this is, don't you? You just don't want to admit it to yourself."

Liam knew. And she right. He didn't want to admit to himself what she was implying. Slowly he lowered his shaking hand and leaned against the wall. It was a good thing it was there because a few moments later it was the only thing supporting him; all the strength went out of his legs. His back slid down the wall as he all but collapsed on the floor.

Crossing the room Sylvia leaned forward, letting her breasts hang enticingly in front of his eyes, and took his hand in hers. "Come to bed," she told him. "We need to fuck."

That didn't exactly make sense. Certainly she needed to fuck, Liam could sense that. But he was certain he didn't need to have sex at the moment. He wasn't aroused. There was no urge for him to copulate with her. His cock was soft inside his pants. Resisting her advances, Liam shook his head. "No."

Clearly Sylvia wasn't listening. She grasped his other hand and pulled him to his feet. "Yes, we do," she informed him and pulled him along to the bedroom. His eyes naturally went down to her pert buttocks. They moved perfectly as she

strode in front of him, topped by the strange tattoo. Had it gotten larger? His vision blurred and he wondered if he was seeing things. She had too much flesh back there.

And then they were in the bedroom. His clothes were off. She was on her hands and knees on the bed, her back arched, her legs spread, showing off her wet and open pussy. Sylvia looked over her shoulder. "Come on, Liam," she whispered. "Fuck me. "You know you want to."

He looked down at his cock. It was erect. A tiny bead of precum oozed out the slit. He sighed and felt himself drawn to her. His cock slipped into her pussy as he knelt behind her and she sighed as he went deep. "Very good," she complimented him as he started rocking his hips back and forth. His body responded even if his will told him no. Sylvia changed her stance slightly and wrapped one of her legs around his. This opened up her pussy more and allowed him to penetrate her more deeply.

Liam let his weight fall forward onto her back. She held him up easily. His hands went to her tits and he was frightened at the cold metal piercing her flesh. The shields were the worst part. They hid her flesh from his fingers. He moved his hands down her body to feel her belly. It was definitely bulging and hard. It wasn't the soft flesh of weak muscle or excess fat.

"Fuck me hard, Liam," she commanded. "And you'll be happier for it."

Once he started fucking her, Liam found it easiest just to fall into the rhythm of his body responding to hers. He kept his hands on her protruding tummy. She seemed to like that. In the back of his mind he knew something was wrong and was anxious to avoid thinking about it.

The orgasm wasn't particularly strong, but it was enough to give him a touch of relief from the anxiety of the moment. Liam wasn't sure if Sylvia took any pleasure in their copulation. When his body was done he simply rolled off her back and onto the bed. Sylvia wasn't going to let him go that easily.

She immediately threw her leg over him while grasping the base of his cock so it couldn't detumescere. She mounted him, settling her hips down on him but not removing her hand. She wanted his cock to remain hard. She'd done this to him before. Previously he had enjoyed it. Now he wasn't so certain.

Sylvia leaned back, putting her weight on her knees and toes, to display her body to him. She was beautiful, strangely beautiful, and almost alien with her slightly angled eyes and the metal caps on her breasts with just the tips of her nipples protruding through. Shaking back her hair she smiled down at him as she gently rolled her hips back and forth, not strong enough to over-excite him, but just enough to keep him hard.

"Let's talk about us," she said.

"What?" It was hardly the question he had been expecting. "Us?"

"Well...me." Her grin was predatory and her bright white and now prominent canines glinted in the light filtering in from the street. "Do you like this body?" She asked. One hand held up a breast; the other lightly circled her tummy.

Liam swallowed hard. "Yes." It was impossible to deny his physical attraction to her.

Both of her hands went to her stomach. "You know what this is, don't you?"

Though only slightly bulging, her shape gave everything away. Liam knew she wasn't discussing simple anatomy. He nodded. "Yes. You're pregnant."

"Very good," she cooed. "I apologize for the deception but finding a qualified man willing to impregnate me is a difficult task."

Liam nodded again. What else could he do? His body was a slave to her will. If she wanted to carry his child, he couldn't object.

Seeing his reaction Sylvia abruptly bent forward and sank her teeth into his bruised shoulder. Liam anticipated pain and was alarmed when he only felt a gentle warmth spreading out from where her teeth sliced into his skin. Instead of sucking Sylvia just worked her jaws up and down letting her saliva mix with the blood in his wound and then forced it back into his body. As she did this Liam felt his cock getting harder in her hot pussy and his lust rising.

"Do you know what I am?" Sylvia abruptly asked him. She had let go of her bite and let the small amount of blood and saliva pool in the hollow of his collar bone.

"A woman," Liam answered. He felt his strength returning. He started thrusting his hips up into her now. "A seductress."

She laughed at his attempt of pillow talk. "That and so much more. I'm a dangerous predator. Some call me a parasite."

"No," Liam said, shaking his head. "Not you."

Her smile turned sad. "I am...and so much more. I'm more than human. You can tell, can't you? Don't you feel my venom surging through your blood?"

Liam nodded. If that's what she wanted to call his lust—his love—for her, who was he to object?

"The venom ties you to me," she told him. "Much more than this." She now indicated the slight bulge of her belly. "Do you want to see me in my natural state?"

What could she mean? Liam wondered. He had already seen every inch of her naked body. He had sucked her tits and eaten her pussy. He had even touched and licked the tiny brown pucker of her anus. What else could she possibly show him? "Yes."

With a playful smile on her face Sylvia leaned back and brought her hands to her head. She raked her finger through her hair and somehow in the tangle of thick black tresses a pair of curved horns grew up from the crown of her head.

Liam wasn't able to speak. Her smile grew, as did her teeth. Now her canines seemed impossibly long and protruded out between her lips, the uppers and lowers were sharp white triangles of terror. Her breasts and stomach remained the same, but now Sylvia stretched her arms, rolled her shoulders, and released a pair of wings from between her shoulder blades. They weren't very large, two feet long apiece, but just their mere appearance was enough to startle Liam.

"Shit!"

Finally Sylvia wriggled her hips and a long fleshy protuberance extended from the base of her spine. The tail grew three feet long and ended in a barbed tip. The prehensile appendage wiggled in the air over her shoulder. She glanced at it and flicked the barb in and out of its hidden case.

"Deadly poison," she informed him. "But it's not for you. Humans don't realize it, but the tail is a source of sensual delight." She flicked the barb in once more, hiding it away, and then made it vanish behind her back.

Before Liam could ask where it went, he felt it probing at his anus. For a long moment he resisted, but then the wicked tail pushed past his strong sphincter muscle and wormed its way up behind the base of his cock.

Sylvia sighed deeply. Her eyes were glazed and she was clearly enjoying the moment. "The tail makes men cum harder and stronger," she told him. "This will hurt a bit—like your first orgasm I've been told—but the pleasure..."

She pumped her hips and moved her tail within him. Liam grunted with the unexpected sensation behind his prostate. Resisting was pointless. He came hard. Each jet of cum ejaculated into Sylvia's pussy was a new world of pain, but the relief afterward was well worth it.

When he was done cumming Liam passed out. Sylvia was disappointed but not surprised.

The next morning Liam stumbled out of his bedroom to discover Sylvia in the kitchen fixing him breakfast. This was new and different. Generally she was gone by the time he woke up and when she wasn't she was usually watching the sun through the large windows before taking her leave. He had never seen her actually cook before. It was only sausage and eggs she was frying, but it was exactly what Liam needed at the moment.

He wasn't at all surprised she was naked.

He was alarmed that her changed appearance from the previous night wasn't a fever dream or whatever drug she might have slipped him. She still sported a pair of horns pointing up from under her hair, a pair of black wings on her back, and the long tail that slowly whipped back and forth over her buttocks as she worked at the stove.

"I'm glad to see that you're awake," she called to him. "You like eggs and sausage, I trust?"

Liam nodded. "Yeah." He felt overdressed in his boxer shorts and bathrobe. Standing at the entrance to the small kitchen he could only stare at Sylvia as she worked.

"Getting an eyeful this morning?" she asked as she looked over her shoulder at him. Her smile was genuine but frightening at the same time when he was the large canine teeth poking out from her lips. He shivered in fear and disgust.

"Something the matter?" she asked as she loaded a plate with the food she had prepared.

"Just...I wasn't expecting you like this," he gestured vaguely at her body.

She grinned at him. It was a startling and horrifying sightseeing all her sharp teeth on display. "You didn't know what you were getting into with me, did you?"

He shook his head. "No."

"Am I so disgusting to you in my natural form?" she asked as she walked by him to place the plate on the dining room table.

"Umm..." He tried to formulate a polite answer but words failed him.

"Didn't expect to find a demon in your kitchen let alone your bed, did you?" she asked and gestured at the food. "Sit. Eat."

Liam noticed there was only one plate on the table. Had she already eaten?

"Aren't you going to eat as well?"

"No. I don't need human food." Her wicked grin returned. "That is to say, food that is appropriate for humans. I have...other needs."

"Like my blood," he said more harshly than he intended.

Sylvia wasn't upset by his anger. "I don't drink human blood, that's disgusting," she said. "Demons have other needs and I won't discuss them with you. Not right now, at least."

“I’ve seen you eat before.”

“True. But I take no pleasure in it and I don’t need to eat like you. I simply did it to continue the illusion that you needed to find me attractive and bed me.”

“I didn’t want that illusion. I wanted a real woman!”

“My pussy wasn’t real enough for you?”

“You lied to me!”

“And you enjoyed every minute of it,” she retorted. “Now sit and eat. I need to explain some things to you and you need to keep up your strength.”

“So I don’t die.”

“Yes. Precisely.”

Her words were cold and flat and Liam understood she wasn’t lying or playing a game with him now. He sat. He started eating the food she had prepared. It was perfectly edible and tasty. If nothing else, the demon he had fucked could certainly cook a decent breakfast.

“I’ve injected you with a venom. It’s in my saliva. It’s not immediately deadly but it is a concern for you.”

“Why?”

“Because it ties you to me. You don’t realize it right at this moment, but your body physically needs mine because of the venom. It’s one of the tricks we’ve evolved over the millennia to use humans.”

“That’s...” he didn’t finish his thought. Her glare was sharper than a knife.

“Your body has become accustomed to the venom. If I stop giving it to you, you die. When I give it to you, you will need to fuck. It has a psychotropic effect as well. You will have an uncontrollable lust for me and me alone. You might have noticed you have no physical attraction to human females any longer. That’s another effect of the venom.”

“You’re evil,” he breathed at her.

She didn’t bristle at the accusation though her wings did flap rapidly when he spoke. “I’m not evil. Our races histories are intertwined. We do what we must in order to survive.”

“So you’re not some evil creature from Hell who is going to take away my soul and torture me for all eternity?”

She laughed. “Not at all. The only thing I want from you is your cock. And your seed. I’m not even sure Hell exists. We live in plain sight of humans; your race just chooses not to see us.”

“And you prey on us. And kill us,” he responded.

“Not at all. We sleep with you. You impregnate us, true. But we give you intense sexual pleasure.”

“And we wind up dying for it!”

She shook her head and bared her teeth once more. “You will survive this. I just need your body at the moment...and the next few months. It’s not so bad. You get laid three times a day, don’t you?”

“And I can’t get my dick up for any other woman,” he complained.

“Is that so unlike being married,” she giggled at him and reached into his lap. Liam had finished his breakfast and the moment her fingers touched his skin, his cock got hard. He didn’t want that to happen, but it did. She was incredibly beautiful—and terrifying at the same time.

“I didn’t ask to marry you,” he pointed out.

“And I don’t like using human males to keep my race alive, but it’s necessary.” She hissed at him a moment and Liam thought she had to be an underworld demon. What else could she be? “We need to fuck this morning. You need your venom injection and I need your cum. Today is Saturday,” she pointed out, “if you don’t like being with me, why don’t you go out and pick up a nice young girl and bring her back home and fuck her. You have my permission.”

Even if he did have her permission, her hand didn't stop at his boxers. Sylvia reached inside and grasped his hard cock, stroking it a few times. His eyes rolled back into his head and he found his body responding.

"Fuck," he cursed.

"You want to fuck?" she asked softly.

"Yes..." he moaned.

She let go, stood up, and placed her hands on the table next to him, arching her back and lifting her tail to expose her ready pussy. "Then fuck me," she suggested.

Liam found his body responding. It was as if he were in a trance. He stood up, got behind her, and slipped his cock into her waiting cunt. Their actual copulation didn't last that long, but when he came he was certain he saw stars and nearly fell to the floor.

When he came back to full consciousness she was sitting on the edge of the table, her arms wrapped around his neck, smiling. "Ready for your venom?" she asked.

He nodded. She sank her sharp teeth into his flesh and he felt his body—and more importantly his cock—go rigid. It wasn't so bad, he reflected and stood there, taking her punishment. The only disturbing part was when he felt her hard stomach against his hard cock.

What was in there?

The process didn't take terribly long but when it was over Liam was left with a rigid cock and the need to slake his lust. When Sylvia pulled back from chewing on his shoulder she looked down at his cock and shook her head ever so slightly. "You see the after-effects, don't you," she said. "Do you want to get rid of that hard cock?" she asked.

Liam nodded. He would have nodded yes even if his body hadn't been enslaved to hers.

"But wouldn't you rather go out today filled with all that lust, and find a nice

young girl to bring back here and fuck?” she asked.

The question gave Liam pause. He knew what the answer was supposed to be, but did she want to hear that answer or did she want him to indulge her? Liam was at a loss for what was supposed to happen.

“No. I only want you,” he said. He meant it. He tried to move forward and slip his cock back into her pussy where it belonged, but she blocked him.

“Wrong answer. You need to go out and find a girl.”

“What?”

“You heard me. Find a girl. Charm her. Bring her back here. Fuck her so I can watch.” Her harsh expression softened. “Then you can fuck me.”

Liam didn’t understand why she was treating him this way, but with the venom in his veins and the need to fuck Sylvia in his loins, he had to obey.

Once he left the apartment he knew the easiest way to bring back a girl to his place was to hire a prostitute, but he didn’t have the faintest clue about how to do that. The second option was to find a bar and pick up a girl there. But it was eleven a.m. on a Saturday morning. No bar was open. He headed for the local coffee shop. There was no place else to go. He hung on Sylvia’s promise.

“You’ll find seducing a girl easier than you think.”

The redhead was short and a bit pudgy. She wore thick glasses and had large breasts. None of that mattered to Liam. He couldn’t believe she actually spoke with him in the coffee shop’s reading nook. The conversation quickly took a turn to sex and Liam heard himself making a pass at her. To his amazement she accepted and asked if his place was closer than hers. His was. He escorted her back to his place.

Only when he put his key in the lock did he give a second thought to Sylvia. Would she still be home? Would she be hiding? What other tricks did she have?

“Nice place you have here,” the plump redhead said as she looked around and

tossed her jacket into the closest chair. “I hope you don’t think I’m a slut but you’re pretty cute and it’s been too long since I’ve had sex.”

Sylvia didn’t seem to be present...or she was well-hidden. There was no telling with her.

“Is your name really Lola?” Liam asked. He was still stunned that she agreed to come back to his place for a round of sex. The apparent absence of Sylvia hadn’t relaxed him at all.

That made her laugh. “Yes. Well, it’s my nickname. It’s actually Lorraine. But you’re changing the subject.”

Liam smiled ruefully. “Yeah.”

She started unbuttoning her shirt. “I came here to get laid, so unless you get naked as well, I’m going to have to leave.”

His smile didn’t change. “The bedroom is this way.” He turned and walked away from her, not even looking back to see if she would follow. By the time he reached the bedroom Lola had managed to divest herself of her shirt and kicked off her shoes. Liam started taking off his own clothes, though it would have been a better time, he realized, if they were stripping each other instead of undressing themselves.

He was wearing only a sweatshirt and jeans. Both of these came off quickly and Lola licked her lips as she admired his body. He wondered if it was an act. He knew he wasn’t that physically attractive. Lola stepped forward and pivoted on one foot. She pulled aside her long thick hair, exposing her the back strap to her bra. “Give me a hand?”

Liam obliged, unhooking the garment. She let it slip free and turned around once again, letting him see her cherry-red puffy nipples. She was now only wearing pants. “Help me with these too?” she asked pointing to the button on her remaining piece of clothing. Liam fell to his knees in front of her, unbuttoned the top of her pants, lowered the zipper, and tugged the garment over her hips. Underneath she was wearing a simple pair of black cotton panties. She didn’t object when Liam leaned in and kissed her mound through the fabric.

“That works better when you take them off first,” Lola said.

Liam slid his fingers under the thin elastic around the leg holes and started pulling downward. Her skin was amazing: soft, pale, dotted with freckles. True, she was carrying more weight than was commonly considered attractive on American women—her small belly bulged slightly over the top of her panties and her thighs were just a little too round for her pants—but that was easily overlooked by her large breasts and well-formed ass.

Next to her Liam felt inadequate. He was skinny with skin pale from lack of exposure to the sun rather than a natural coloring. His hair was unkempt and his eyesight was bad. Apparently Lola could overlook all of that. What she couldn't overlook, Liam was sure, was the lack of an erection in his underwear. He was still soft even after being incredibly close to a beautiful woman.

Taking off her panties was easy. She wanted him to do it. He gazed at the strip of red curly hair that ascended upward from her pussy's slit. Maybe he had become sensitive over the past few months but he was certain he could smell her desire. The beads of moisture clinging to a few of the curls was proof-positive he was doing exactly what she wanted.

Lola backed up and fell backward onto his bed. She scooted back, putting her heels on the edge of the mattress, opened up her legs and looked through them expectantly. "Aren't you ready for me?" she asked.

Instead of replying Liam moved to the edge of the bed, leaned forward and buried his face into her cunt. Lola let her head flop back. His tongue snaked into her pussy, licking and teasing her. "Umm...I need your cock," she moaned.

Liam ignored her and slipped a finger into her vag while licking her clit. That was enough to distract her. Lola's legs started to shake and Liam knew the plump girl was well on her way to an orgasm.

"Cock!" she cried out. "I need cock!"

Liam's hand was busy inside his underwear trying to make his cock hard, but it refused. No matter what he did, he stayed soft and he was starting to panic. How would he possibly please Lola with a limp dick?

The screech that filled the air nearly deafened Liam. He wasn't certain how it affected Lola but she sat bolt upright at the cry. A moment later she went tumbling off the bed.

“Get the fuck off my man!” Sylvia shrieked.

“I wasn’t on your man,” growled Lola as she scrambled to her feet.

It took a moment for Liam to understand what was going on. Sylvia had entered the bedroom and had hit or thrown Lola from the bed. The she-demon was breathing heavily, her wings were outstretched, and her horns were more prominent than before sticking up from the tangles of her hair. Liam could just barely see Sylvia’s long tail swishing back and forth behind her. Naturally she was naked. It seemed she was always naked when Liam saw her now. Sylvia’s fingers were curled into talons and her incisors had grown yet again. They were razor-sharp weapons mounted in her mouth. Maybe it was the way she stood, but the previously small bulge of her belly was much more prominent now. Her nipple shields and rings were still in place. That was perhaps the only detail that remained normal about Sylvia.

When Lola bounded to her feet a similar transformation had taken place. Her fiery red hair was partially displaced by a set of forward pointing horns that looked much more like weapons than a merely decorative detail. It appeared a bit of her pudgy had disappeared and was replaced by strong muscles under her now coppery skin. Like Sylvia she now sported a pair of wings—hers blood-red—and a set of sharp teeth filled her mouth. She stood like a fighter ready to kill. Liam tried to shrink away from the pair.

“His face was between your legs. You were trying to steal him from me.”

Lola laughed, mocking her sister demon. “Steal? You should protect him better. What fool sends her breeder out into public looking for cunt?”

Now it was Sylvia’s turn to growl in anger. “You could tell I had inoculated him. He is mine.”

Liam’s shoulder throbbed with her words. He hadn’t considered himself Sylvia’s possession up until that moment, but he realized it was true.

“And you put him at risk. I took the opportunity to take possession of him. You’re a fool,” Lola repeated.

“You’re dead,” Sylvia replied. For a moment nothing happened. The two women—or what were once women—glared at each other and then they both moved

too fast for Liam's eyes to follow.

There was screeching and screaming along with the unmistakable sounds of flesh striking flesh in anger, not in passion. Growls and shrieks accompanied the combat as the two monsters tore around the room. All of their weapons were employed. Liam caught glimpses of their taloned hands slashing at each other. Their sharp teeth bit and snapped at vulnerable areas. Even their tails were used to batter the other.

It occurred to Liam this was the first time in his life that two people had fought for his romantic attention. True, they were both demons—monsters—and simply wanted to use him for their own nefarious purposes, but he knew he shouldn't complain; attention was attention. The violence taking place in his bedroom was frightening. The two she-demons took no notice of Liam in their combat. More than once they came deadly close to hitting him with a vicious claw or misplaced tail slash. Oddly, throughout the fight, Liam took a strange sense of pride that he was worth fighting over.

Then he remembered that Sylvia was pregnant, carrying his child or whatever the offspring between a demon and a human would be, and she was certainly at a disadvantage in fighting the flame-haired Lola. It might have been thrillingly erotic to see two naked and beautiful females vying for his body, but in the pit of his stomach Liam knew that the fight would not end well.

The pair crashed out into the living room where the small sliding door to the balcony had been opened. It occurred to Liam that Sylvia must have been using the balcony to access his apartment since he never bothered to lock the door since he was fifteen stories up. Lola had gained the upper hand and forced Sylvia through the door and up against the railing that made the balcony safe.

"I'm going to kill you, bitch," Lola hissed at her opponent.

For all the danger she was in, Sylvia didn't seem particularly worried. Her wings were crushed to her back and their tails were intertwined, both with their barbs out indicating to Liam that whatever was housed in those barbs was dangerous, if not deadly, to both. Did it matter if she was thrown over the railing, Liam wondered. Certainly she had been flying up to his place, and she could certainly fly away from this dangerous situation.

He couldn't bear the risk. Liam scrambled for the tool kit he kept under the

kitchen counter. The hammer on top seemed the best option. Once he returned to the balcony where the she-demons were still struggling to kill each other he paused. The last physical fight he had been in was in third-grade. He had never hit another person with a weapon before. But then again, he had never impregnated a woman before. Or a demon for that matter.

The two continued to ignore him. Raising the hammer high he brought it down sharp and hard in the middle of Lola's back where her wings sprouted from her back. He aimed for the joint that was exposed where her coppery skin joined the red leather edge of the wing.

She shrieked in pain when the metal hammer connected. Liam heard a sickening crunch and was certain he had broken something. The distraction was all that Sylvia needed. She kicked up and twisted at the same time. Lola looked over her shoulder and broken wing at Liam. "What the fuck did you do?!" she screamed.

He didn't answer. Sylvia grasped and pushed her weakened opponent. Liam watched with shocked horror as Lola was lifted up and over the railing. The wounded demon tried to use her one good wing to slow her rapid descent but it was useless. Her body struck the pavement with a sickening splat.

"Fucking hell," Liam exclaimed. "What are we going to do? We just murdered her!"

Sylvia snorted. "She'll be fine." They looked over the railing and witnessed Lola struggling to her feet. She was obviously seriously hurt. And naked, Liam noted. "She'll go to the cops," Liam said.

Sylvia shook her head proudly. "She'll do no such thing. We don't use human justice to settle our problems." As they watched the air shimmered around Lola. An illusion of clothing coalesced over her skin and the demon slowly limped away from the building. "See? Everything is fine. She won't be bothering us again." Sylvia looked down at Liam's crotch and smiled. "I see you enjoyed our tussle as well."

Without realizing it Liam had grown an erection during their combat. Seeing what she was looking at he hid his penis behind his hands and retreated from the balcony. Sylvia followed but much more slowly.

"We can't waste that. Come to the bedroom."

Her words were honey to his ears. He followed her curvy ass and spread wings into the bedroom which was still a disaster from the fight. There was no pause as Sylvia knelt with her head down on the destroyed mattress, offering her pussy to Liam. “To the victor goes the spoils,” she announced.

Liam got behind her and slipped his cock into her wet pussy. As he fucked her she moaned in pleasure. He took note of the many cuts and scratches that covered her body. Red blood—human blood—seeped from many of the lacerations.

“Violence excites you?” he asked.

“Certainly. And it excites you too,” she purred. “Thank you for defending me.”

“I wasn’t,” he puffed as he fucked her faster.

“Oh?” She doubted his assertion.

“I was defending our child.”

That made her laugh at him. Her throaty noise made him cum.

Chapter Five

Whatever the test with Lola had been, Liam had passed. He wasn't exactly sure if that was a good thing. He continued the two and three times daily venom injections from Sylvia fucking her just as often. He knew his body was a slave to her. Most of the time his mind was enthralled by her as well; in his more lucid moments he was able to think clearly and knew that whatever they were doing would undoubtedly end badly for him. Still, for a nebbish like Liam he had half-convinced himself that he would never be able to do any better than Sylvia, the demon that had trapped his heart and cock.

Her belly continued to grow and swell. Occasionally she would press his hand to her stomach while they were fucking. He could feel the movement of the creature within her.

"What is it?" he would ask.

"Our offspring." She would never call it a baby. She would never specify if it was human or something else.

"Why do I need to keep fucking you?" he asked when the venom was weak in his system.

"Because human sperm and semen are necessary to quicken the child."

It was a half answer at best. Maybe she kept him around because he was an amusing plaything for her.

"What are you?" he asked once when she was sucking his cock. As the pregnancy progressed she needed to fuck more and more often. Too frequently the only way she could get him hard was to suck his cock. Sometimes he finished in her mouth and she would swallow his spunk. That was perfectly acceptable to Sylvia. She just needed his semen, it didn't matter how it got in her body.

"Your lover," she told him.

"No."

“Your mistress.”

“No.”

“Your world, your universe, your everything.”

“What are you?”

“The best you’ll ever have.”

She never would answer that question

“What happened to Lola?”

This question was asked when Sylvia was riding his cock. Her stomach had swollen to a huge size and Liam knew that if she was human the pregnancy wouldn’t last much longer.

“She’s fine,” Sylvia answered vaguely. Her eyes were closed and she was concentrating on his cock. She might not have been human but she certainly was as much a slave to human sexual needs.

“Is she dead?”

“No.”

“Why did she want me? Why did you send me out to find her?”

“I didn’t send you to find her. She hunted you. She wanted you because there are few humans who can breed with us.” She came. Liam loved watching her cum. Her sharp canines cut her lips. Her body shook. Drops of white milk leaked from her nipples, coating her rings and shields. Her pussy became incredibly hot and wet. It didn’t matter she looked like an erotic nightmare.

“What’s going to happen to our child?”

“The same thing that’s going to happen to me.”

That answer gave him shivers. He didn’t pursue the line of questioning.

When he walked into his place after work the noises coming from the bedroom sounded like the ones that Sylvia made while they were fucking: low, throaty growls and high mewling cries of passion and pleasure.

He rushed into the bedroom to see what was happening. He had never known her to masturbate and it seemed out of character now for her to bring another man—or woman or she-demon—to his place to fuck. She was on the bed with her legs spread. She was in pain and breathing heavily.

Upon spying Liam she announced. “Your child is coming. You’d better leave. You don’t want to see this.”

Liam stood stock-still in the doorway. “Shouldn’t we go to a hospital?” he asked. After months of fucking during her pregnancy only now did it occur to him that perhaps some professional help was needed. She hadn’t seen a doctor. Sylvia didn’t need to. She wasn’t human.

She laughed at him. “Don’t be an idiot. Leave. This isn’t a pretty process.”

Ignoring all common sense. Liam shook his head and stood there, watching.

The process of labor went quickly for demons. Or perhaps it had been happening all day for Sylvia; there was no way for Liam to know. He looked between her legs at her open cunt, expecting to see the head—or other parts—of the child they had made emerge.

He was looking at the wrong location.

A howling scream erupted from Sylvia’s throat. Blood erupted from a small cut on her rounded belly. It poured out quicker and quicker. The cut ran along the length of her huge stomach and she opened up in a most unnatural matter.

“Fucking hell,” Liam cursed as he leaned back against the wall. Sylvia—his mistress, his owner, the being he lived for—was dying in front of his eyes.

Her flesh peeled back exposing blood and viscera that should never been seen. Liam gagged. A new wailing cry filled the air and Liam forced his eyes up to the bed where Sylvia was laying.

A tiny blood and fluid covered form was squirming in Sylvia’s arms. As he

watched—fascinated and horrified—her body slowly stitched itself back together. The massive wound in her belly disappeared. Her stomach was shrunken and covered in her blood but she was certainly alive. Liam let out a shuddering gasp of relief.

“What is it?” he asked

Once more Sylvia laughed at him and shook her head. “What do you mean, what is it? It’s our spawn.”

“Is it a boy or a girl?” Liam clarified.

She glared at him. “A girl, of course. I don’t birth male offspring. That’s disgusting.” To Liam’s amazement she got to her feet carrying the bundle in her arms. As was normal for Sylvia she was naked but her small wings were wrapped protectively around her shoulders and her horns were hardly visible under the tangle of her hair. Snatching her glasses off the nightstand she fixed them in place on her nose as she approached Liam. “Do you want to see her?”

“Yes.” Liam wasn’t sure if he was excited to see what his loins had made or was scared out of his mind and witnessing a normal child would somehow bely that fear.

Sylvia had partially wrapped the child in a scrap of cloth. Liam knew he shouldn’t have been surprised to see the wings, horns, and tail but he was disappointed. He wanted a normal child. That wasn’t going to happen, he knew, but he had held out hope until the last possible moment.

“She’s...” Liam’s words failed him.

“Beautiful,” Sylvia finished. “Thank you.”

“Wow.”

Sylvia kissed him lightly on the lips and repeated. “Thank you. Very few human men would do this for a being like me.”

“You’re welcome.”

“And I’m sorry.”

The piercing pain only lasted a moment. Liam rubbed the tiny pinprick on his chest and staggered backward two steps. He tried to speak but couldn't.

"Tail venom is different," Sylvia explained as she laid down the baby and pulled on the clothes she had piled atop the dresser next to the door. "It's deadly to you even after being exposed to my saliva for so long. But I can't have you going around and bragging to everyone what we've done here, can I?"

Liam slowly shook his head. He couldn't speak. It was impossible for him to tell her he wanted to make another child with her. He hadn't told anyone about her. He would be happy to be her slave for the rest of his life.

An object flashed in her hand. "I have to make this look like a crime. Sorry about that, but you humans have gotten so clever over the years, the centuries, the millennia. Too clever by far." She stepped behind him. The knife slashed once, opening up the blood vessels in Liam's throat. The dark blood sprayed out at first and then started to pour more slowly. Sylvia dragged his body over to the bed, dumping it on the mattress where her blood had pooled. Then she picked up the squalling child and left the room, closed the apartment door, and disappeared down the elevator.

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