

Chapter 16  
Judith

Judith sat in one corner of the room back against one wall and head leaned against another. After Catherine's betrayal or maybe it had been Crenshaw's, the demons separated their prisoners. They'd dragged off Catherine and Crenshaw together. Mary Ellis was in one of the other dormitory rooms. Judith didn't recognize the room they'd put her in. She'd cleaned them all dozens of times and learned the small quirks of each of them. Now they all looked the same. Except this one had a naked nun in one corner and a demon in the other.

Rosie was the one to take Judith to her latest prison, a small measure of unintended mercy as Judith thought the company of what Sofia had become might break the last fragment of her sanity. She expected torments or torture or teasing, but Rosie took her to the cell, albeit with plenty of handsy liberties, and then left her alone. The demon lounged on the floor between Judith and the door, eyes half lidded and expression unfocused. Judith thought it might be another of the dormancy periods, but Rosie occasionally flashed fully awake, scowled in her prisoner's general direction, and defiantly tweaked her nipples or pinched her own ass. Little by little, the distant look would return. It occurred to Judith that she'd seen the posture and poise before. The demon held its chin in the same way that Sister Rosita did while listening through budget discussion. The demon pressed its legs together and angled its hips in the same way that Rosita sat at lunch, happy for a moment of silence. Judith didn't have the slightest idea what any of it meant except that the demon Rosie had more of Rosita in her than she initially thought.

The pain came again. Judith shuddered and pressed her back against the wall. The feeling fell short of agony, but easily exceeded nuisance. When she'd been in high school, she fell down a flight of steps and suffered a compound fracture to her left arm. The pain in that incident was delayed, but when it did arrive it came in with thundering trumpets and a nice round of full body shock. This pain wasn't close to that. She put it on the level of a broken toe, extremely unpleasant but manageable. Toes healed, though. A soul ward cut into ribbons didn't. It needed to be broken entirely and reformed, but she couldn't do that without returning to the stone. Creating an altogether new ward would attract the demon's attention. So, she suffered.

The blooms of pain came at irregular intervals since Crenshaw cut through her ward. She thought it might have something to do with the demon's activity. When they pressed at the bonds of their prison, the pain came. The damn creatures didn't even have to actively torture her. They only needed to wait. The pain wasn't horrible, but it was sudden and random enough to drive her insane. At least with straightforward torture, she could brace for the claws cutting down her chest. The broken spell would weaken her and ultimately bring her to her knees, even if the demons never noticed it. Anniseth would, of course. Judith thought the greater demon would have already demanded to have the nun paraded out for another round of temptation in an effort to finish the job. Instead, it appeared that Catherine and Crenshaw were getting their own treatments first. *Never thought I'd be in a hurry to jump the queue for damnation.*

The episode receded, and Judith recovered. The only outward signs of pain were the fresh beading of sweat on her forehead and the tension in her jaw as she pushed through. Rosie

didn't notice either of these things as the demon had once again lost interest in its own body, instead sitting rather primly, or as primly as possible for a nude, bimbo demon, drumming her fingers across one knee in a particular rhythm. Judith watched for a few seconds before deciding to try something, "Sister Rosita?"

At the name the demon turned and looked across the small room, but its eyes weren't black. The eyes were brown and kind, the eyes of Sister Rosita. The eyes looked, but seemed unable to see anything. A ripple went across the demon's body, and the eyes darkened once again. Rosie regained control, gnashing her teeth and making a high pitched keening noise as she dragged her claws across the stonework. "Quiet, human bitch," the demon hissed. "I'll fill your throat with enough cum to drown anything else you have to say. Mistress won't object."

With the entire day behind her, the sudden violence and hate in the creature didn't surprise Judith in the least, "I think 'mistress' might."

The demon scowled and crawled like a stretching cat to be closer to the door. It didn't resettle in a seductive pose, but sat in a cross legged hunch with its head resting against the wall in front of it.

"What are you?" Judith asked. The demon's head snapped up to look at her with its fangs bared. "You aren't like the others. I saw what Sofia became, but you aren't like her."

The demon's snarl receded into its throat where it became a guttural growl. "I am Rosie, first crafted of the great Anniseth at the dawn of the new world," she answered.

Judith scoured her thoughts for everything she knew about demons. The sisterhood maintained a useful knowledge of the arcane, but over the centuries their active knowledge had decreased substantially as the occasions for using it to fight demons had become few and far between. Catherine had been their resident occultism expert. In the early days of her fascination, the wayward sister had loved sharing what she found with the others. Judith gobbled up those conversations. She'd been new to the abbey at the time and wanted to do her best. And she wanted Catherine to like her, a thought which sickened her now. "Greater demons sire offspring in a variety of ways," Judith said quietly in her corner, but she could tell the demon was still listening with eager interest. "At a basic level, they reproduced by a process similar to cellular mitosis. A demon lives, collects essence, usually souls, and grows in power and stature. At that point it can cut away part of its own essence and create a new demon which then repeats the process."

"Yes, that's right," Rosie agreed, her voice once again sweet and alluring. "Mistress generously broke herself to give me life."

Judith ignored her, "It's a taxing process, and often, if stories are true, the lesser demon would immediately consume their creators. Only the greatest of demons, the Monoliths could reliably spawn new minions without great risk to themselves."

“Then mistress must be a Monolith,” Rosie sulked. “Stop talking. I know more than one way to make you scream.”

Judith realized that of the two of them in the room, the demon was most afraid. She shifted slightly, opening her posture enough to be inviting and friendly. “Another way of creating new demons is the transmutation of a soul. Given willingly, a human soul requires much less of a demonic infusion to become a new demon. The soul is like an egg and the demonic essence is the sperm to fertilize it, I suppose. That’s what happened to Sofia, and Brother Kennedy. But, if that type of transmutation is attempted on an unwilling soul, the sperm remains outside of the egg. The initial burst of energy sustains it for a while, but if it can’t reach the soul, then it will eventually die.” She watched the demon. Its shoulders slumped, and its head sagged. For all its horrible beauty, it looked small and afraid. “Your mistress thought Rosita would give in, but she’s fighting you. And you’re losing.”

The demon moved in a scuttle of claws raking across the stone. It crossed the room with clear intent to rip Judith to shreds. Judith didn’t even mind. Being horribly murdered would be unpleasant, but short. She would die and the ward would stabilize. Anniseth and her brood would be bound for as long as Judith could persist as a spirit, which books told her was more than several hundred years. She hoped that wouldn’t be too boring as she flinched back from the teeth about to tear into her throat.

Rosie’s body contorted mid-stride and toppled to the side, landing in a tangle of tits, ass, and limbs. “Enough of that,” the demon said in a garbled voice.

Judith peeked and saw the brown eyes had returned, looking up at her from the crumbled body. “Rosita?”

“I think so,” the uneven voice answered. “It hurts to be here. You shouldn’t taunt it. When it is calm, its easier to get control back.”

“Can you get me out?” Judith asked, hoping she might be able to get back to the ward.

“No,” Rosita answered. “It’s not really my body. I I’m sorry.”

Cautiously, Judith moved over to the fallen demon. After some consideration, she scooped the clawed hand into her own and held it. Only the eyes followed her. The rest of the demon’s face remained slack, a doll with vibrant eyes. “How can I help?”

“You can’t, sister,” Rosita said. “This is my trial to face.” As she said it, the blackness swept slowly over her eyes until Rosita was gone again. The demon snatched its hand back as though Judith’s touch burned it. The thing retreated to the corner of the room, drew its knees up to its buoyant chest, and dropped its head between folded arms.

Judith slid back to her spot, but no longer bothered with guarded posture. The demon was as much a prisoner as she was, even if it might rip her to shreds at any moment. It felt

strange to pity such a thing, but it had not asked for creation. Anniseth was as much a villain to Rosie as to Rosita. Judith's thoughts trailed off as another wave of pain arced through her body. She suffered silently. When it stopped, she slowed her breathing to regain her composure. Thoughts clicked in her head, and she came to a decision right as a frustrated roar shook the abbey's walls. "Rosie, could you tell your mistress that I would like to make a deal?"

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Rosie held her hand as they walked out to the new throne room portion of the abbey. It was an odd truce between demon and nun, Judith thought. The demon had gone to Anniseth with Judith's instructions and returned to escort her to the throne room. Standing in the open door, Rosie had held out a hand, and Judith took it. As they reached the open air, Rosie gave her a consoling squeeze. Judith had no idea if the demon actually felt sympathetic, wanted to fuck her, or somehow Rosita had managed to work out operation of one hand.

Anniseth sat on the raised bit of rubble serving as her throne. Her wings folded behind her, body sagged, and beautiful face scowled. The other demons were absent, presumably off guarding Sister Mary Ellis, Catherine, and Crenshaw. Rosie walked her to the center of the room and guided her down to a kneeling position in front of the throne. Rosie paused before leaning down and planting an affectionate kiss on the side of Judith's cheek, leaving the nun wondering what the fuck the demon thought of her. Anniseth watched with keen interest. Her gaze focused on Rosie and one of her hands flicked toward the door. Rosie bowed, giving Anniseth a tantalizing look at the curvaceous body as it dipped while also presenting her perfect ass to Judith. The creature left the area without looking back, though Judith thought Rosie seemed to be having a muffled conversation with herself.

Judith turned her attention to Anniseth. The demon still terrified her and electrified her, waking up senses that Judith rarely indulged. But, with her limited experience with demonkind, Judith didn't think she'd seen one look quite so dejected. Anniseth's wings fluttered slightly as she shifted her position to give a better view of the massive dick between her legs. Judith wondered if that was meant to taunt her or tantalize her, but either way it didn't work. Even with the vibrations of a lust demon coursing through her body, Judith still had little interest in dicks. She focused instead on ignoring the ache in her knees as she sat up proudly in a kneeling position and waited.

After a long, appraising glare, Anniseth spoke, "You came to negotiate?"

"You're a demon. You make bargains," Judith answered.

Anniseth laughed. "I'm no trickster demon luring in fools with cheating curses."

"You have made deals in the past, though," Judith said. She noted the stiffening of Anniseth's face. "Before the Sisterhood trapped you, you bargained for souls like many other demons. From our history, your first centuries on Earth were all marked by trading power for souls with foolish humans."

“They had something I needed,” Anniseth sneered.

“Do you not need your freedom? Catherine failed. My ward remains.”

The source of the demon’s sourness caused Anniseth to shift in her seat, tail flicking wildly and wings jittering with uneasy energy. “I know where it is. I have seen the magic, and it is damaged. I can rip it out if I choose.”

“Then choose,” Judith said. She kept her voice firm and even. “Another ward will remain, you will be weakened from the exertion, and my soul will still be my own. You haven’t taken enough from those you’ve changed. They’re strong and new and hungry while you are starving.”

“I can wait,” Anniseth said. “I have waited for hundreds of years. I can wait a few more hours. The girl who left. She is near to falling. My other pets prowl through the city. Their hunger will grow and they will spread. Even if I stay here, the cambion will spread out through the world. Time is against you, witch.”

“There are others who will oppose you. The world will know you are coming, and those who know how to stop you will rise in power. You will be snuffed out before you taste another soul.”

Anniseth slammed a fist down on the rock beside her. “What then, do you propose? Have you felt a change of heart? Do you wish to aide me like your sister has? I sense no willingness in you, but if you wish to be my first full meal then by all means...”

“No, not that. Not yet.” Judith paused, settled the burst of nerves in her gut, and raised her face again to stare defiantly at the creature before her. “You said that Anne remained, trapped in the same place where you were trapped. I offer myself to be sentenced to that same place.”

“Why?” Anniseth’s face narrowed with suspicion. “You cannot save the girl. She is mine, willingly.”

“I know. But her mistake is our mistake. She does not deserve to be alone in that place. And you’re right. Time is against us. So, here is the deal. Condemn my soul to the same fate as Anne’s, to be held within that prison until your work is completed. Then, and only then, my soul is yours to do with as you see fit. In exchange for this, I will remove my ward.”

“How generous of you. Alternatively, I could wait and allow you to break under the suffering of a torn soul bond. Has the pain started yet?”

Judith saw no point in lying, “It has. But it gives me a reason to defy you. It is not a pain that will break me, but it is a pain that will ruin any of your attempts to seduce me.”

“No one believes pain will break them, until it does.”

“Until it does is the key. We’re playing a game against time, both of us. My offer changes the board in your favor.”

Anniseth leaned forward, “I want more. I want your body. I want a taste of what I am being promised.”

“My body is yours to do with —”

“No. I want *you* still in it, begging to cum. Give yourself to me, as a human with your soul safe, and we have a deal.”

Judith felt the quiver of lust pulse through her. She hated that it did not come from the demon, but from within her. “Agreed.”

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Judith expected it to be violent and harsh. Anniseth did cross the room in half a second, swirling around Judith in a flurry of wings and warmth. They hovered for a moment suspended above the ground where Judith had been kneeling. With another pulse of the wings, they shot up into the air. Judith’s stomach remained somewhere on the ground. She wanted to protest that being thrown around in mid air wasn’t part of the deal. It was also exhilarating. For the first time since the madness started, Judith felt free and unburdened. Anniseth whirled them over in the air and plummeted down to the open cloister garden. They moved so fast that Judith expected them to crash, but the demon continued to defy physics, bringing them to a sudden halt before laying Judith down gently on the cool, slightly wet grass.

The wings folded back, but Anniseth remained on top of Judith. The demon peered down at her. A red, clawed hand brushed Judith’s hair out of her face before sliding down her cheek and along her neck. “It is strange,” Anniseth said, her voice no more than an alluring whisper, “that you should be beautiful to me. The first of my kind summoned to this world must have been astonished to find another set of entities so similar to ourselves and yet so purely beautiful. We changed to be more like humans, to give them what they desired most. Demonkind was shaped by the dreams of mortals, and yet we never get it right.” The claw reached Judith’s breast, teasing along the outer edge of its curve. It was such a gentle, careful touch that Judith shivered. Her nipples poked up, aching in the chill and yearning for the warmth of the body so close to her. The demon’s hand joined the claw, moving down her naked hip and along her leg. “I will enjoy you,” Anniseth said. The demon lowered her head for a kiss, but hesitated an inch away from Judith’s lips. Unable to resist, Judith rose.

It did not feel blasphemous. At least not on the surface. Deep down, Judith felt a twinge of guilt, but it was an easy thing to ignore with soft lips pressed against her own. It was better than the dreams that haunted her life in the abbey. In those twisted encounters, the demon had been mocking her. Its touch had been like sandpaper and its lips tasted of ash. Anniseth wasn’t like that at all. She was rich and supple, soft and warm, eager and demanding. Their lips mashed

together, parted with a wet sound, and met again. Cautiously, Judith left her mouth open. Anniseth kissed her lower lip, her top lip, and then their tongues met. Judith had no idea what she was doing, but it was something she'd wanted for her whole life. Except this wasn't a young woman, it was an ancient demon wearing the lewd version of a girl Judith knew for only a few days. The demon's slithering tongue emphasized the point. The balance of wonder and revulsion shifted only slightly, and they parted.

Anniseth moved down, kissing and licking along the way. She reached Judith's breast, but no warm mouth surrounded her nipple. Judith cautioned a look down to see Anniseth hunched over the mound, peering at it as though it held some divine secret it would not willingly impart without solving a riddle. Anniseth shifted her gait and brought her hand up to the other breast once more. Lovingly, she cupped Judith's breast and hefted it as her thumb pressed down to the left of the nipple. With a flourish, the demon swept the thumb underneath the one place Judith wanted to be touched more than any other. At the same time, Anniseth remained poised over the other breast. The demon's breath rolled over Judith's chilled skin, warming it slightly and causing moisture in the air to bead on her skin. The demon's mouth was so near her nipple. The slightest arch of her back would press the peak into the demon's waiting warmth. But if that was Anniseth's goal, she prevented it by keeping her bulk situated on Judith's hips. The motions repeated again and again, varying slightly, but never coming to touch exactly where Judith wanted.

Until they did. A squeak of a moan jumped out of Judith's throat as the demon's thumb grazed over the top of her nipple. Not giving her time to process the burst of feeling, Anniseth's mouth closed around the other nipple. Tongue flicked over the sensitive nub as the thumb moved against the other again, harder. Anniseth sucked, lips pushing around the nipple and pulling slightly. Judith's moan grew in pitch and intensity. Two buzzing generators of pleasure had been flicked on and they were powering up the rest of her body with frenetic need. Her thighs rubbed together until her leg rubbed against Anniseth's. Thoughts of demons and damnation faded away as she roiled with pleasure. Her own hand moved to Anniseth's mane of black hair. Judith kept her eyes closed as her fingers curled through the silky snarls to find the horns sitting among them. She marveled at the feeling of them before wrapping her hand around them and roughly pulling the demon's mouth away from her breast. The smile on Anniseth's face frightened Judith, but it was easy enough to hide it away under another passionate kiss.

Judith took the demon's other hand and guided it down to her thighs. The demon took the hint easily enough. The warm palm spread out over the side of Judith's leg, sliding around until it roughly cupped her butt. The demon growled as the fingers dug into the pliant flesh, pressing closer and closer to the wet slit Judith so wanted to be touched. Again, though, Anniseth teased. The demon pulled away her hand at the last second before those strong fingers reached the velvety folds. Their lips parted again, and Anniseth said, "You're a virgin."

"Technically," Judith answered, fearing much conversation would pull her back to thoughts of sin. "I have been with many lovers in my dreams."

"They were all me," Anniseth said, almost mournfully. "But I have had lessons in your

desires.” She rose away from Judith. Kneeling in the moonlight, the demon’s body changed. The muscle diminished to soft curves. Her face became less severe, but no less beautiful. And the massive cock between her legs disappeared, leaving only the prim lips of a delicate pussy glistening with arousal. Judith reached out and placed her hand on the demon’s belly, if only to admire the contrast in their skin tones. Anniseth took the nun’s hand and moved it up to her own breast, letting Judith feel their size and softness for as long as she liked. Judith didn’t know what to do, so she repeated what she’d seen the demon do to her. With careful precision, she felt along the sides of Anniseth’s breast while her thumb traced a small crescent around the dark nipple. She was gratified to hear the demon hiss slightly.

Anniseth moved, twisting inhumanly to wind up between Judith’s legs. The wings stretched straight up before bending around Judith’s raised knees. The demon’s arms wrapped around Judith’s thighs and pulled her a few inches. The demon’s horns raked along Judith’s leg near her knee, and that somehow made it all seem much more real. The black eyes peered above Judith’s mound. The nun didn’t know whether the demon was eager for some cruel punishment or wrapped up in the one craft it knew. Anniseth’s mouth opened and, for the first time, Judith felt a tongue slide against her pussy. The first lick was exploratory and playful, learning the lay of the land. The second burrowed deeper, pressing between Judith’s lips. The third was long and slow, moving every closer to Judith’s clit, but not reaching it. Anniseth repeated that one again and again, small crescendos building to a stifled end until Judith wriggled and protested with quiet mewling moans. Finally, the demonic tongue brushed against her clit, and a small eruption of pleasure rocketed up through her body.

Somewhere in the pleasure fog, Judith realized Anniseth was no longer teasing. The tongue worked faster. The strokes built up to another delightful burst every few licks. It repeated over and over with the exact same rhythm, each small burst building to a bigger one. Judith moaned and rocked her head from side to side. Her thighs pressed in digging against the horns to feel the side of Anniseth’s demonic head. The demon’s hands moved around, exploring Judith’s body all over again and finding the same flesh as excited to be revisited as it had been in the first place. Judith’s moan built to a high pitch and her body tensed, but Anniseth took that moment to change her tact. The tongue pressed against the full length of Judith’s slit, and then it pushed inside of her. Judith’s moan turned into a deep groan as her body bucked against the sudden penetration. The tongue moved inside her, alive and intelligent, pressing to find something, which it did in short order. The intrusion swelled inside of her as it pressed against a spot Judith herself would have guessed to be inches to the left or right. When it happened, Judith came harder than she thought possible.

She didn’t moan or scream. She went quiet other than the sound of strained breathing. Her body was rigid, interrupted only by the waves rolling up and down her muscles. The demon remained as still as stone, locked in the exact position she’d been in when the tsunami of pleasure hit Judith. A full minute went by. It was almost too much, like holding on to a live wire and trying to outlast the full electrical grid. Finally, the crashing waves subside, and her body twitched back to life, kicking and groaning and shivering as Anniseth went back to licking not to excite but to sooth. Judith lost track of time between the end of the orgasm’s peak and the final, last rumble of pleasure through her body. Warm, endorphin fueled satisfaction filled her with a



desperate need to sleep.

And she felt the rough drag of a horn moving along her inner thigh. Anniseth rose to her knees and politely closed Judith's. Anniseth stretched, her more purely feminine body appearing feline and seductive. She looked up at the sky for a while before turning a rueful gaze down on Judith, "Now you understand what I offer. It may take centuries before I have finished my work. Until then, my sweet. Give Anne lessons, perhaps."

The demon bent and kissed the top of Judith's knee. Before the nun could protest, the world dissolved into blackness.

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When Judith could see again, there was little to be seen. She was standing in a void. When she turned around, she saw a kitchen. It was bisected as though used for filming a cooking show. In the middle of it was Anne. The young woman didn't look up as Judith approached. She didn't look up as Judith came to stand beside her. Or when Judith stopped Anne from cutting up carrots. "It's me. Sister Judith. Not a trick."

Anne's hand trembled, still holding a sharp knife. Judith sensed the void watching. She touched Anne's shoulder gently and backed away. "I'll wait. When you want, we'll talk."

"Why would you come here?" Anne asked, little belief or trust in her voice.

Judith walked back to the blankness outside of the kitchen and let her toes sink in black sand. "I was out of options. And you don't deserve to be alone." She looked up at the nothing above them. "There's still hope, you know. Maybe we'll be saved."

Anne laughed. "Unlikely." She looked at the carrots in front of her. "These aren't real. I can think them up, but I can't make them taste like anything. Eating them doesn't make the hunger go away. I've tried all sorts of things. I've tried eating mouthfuls of sand, but nothing makes the hunger go away."

Smiling, Judith turned around, "I think I have an idea of something that might."

Chapter 17  
Kate

Mazur drove them back to Timberfall. He drove the speed limit the entire way.

“You could go a bit faster,” Kate suggested periodically. The road had long, straight flats perfect for putting the car to its limit.

“Patrolmen love this road for exactly that reason,” Mazur said. “The last thing we need is a cop.”

“The last thing we need is to arrive at the end of the world twenty minutes late because you didn’t want to get a ticket.”

“Hey, settle down back there,” Mazur said to the rear view mirror. Steph and Bryce had made a decent effort to keep their hands off one another for the majority of the drive, but tensions were running high as they neared their destination. An easy way to relieve said tensions was a discrete bit oral or fingering. It wasn’t for his own sake that Mazur worried about it though. Kate had been quick to confide about the growing need in her body. It was another reason she wanted him to speed up. “Let’s say we got pulled over. Best case scenario, we all keep it together long enough for the cop to take my information, give me a ticket, and be on his way. Which, we would note would probably take the twenty minutes we’d save by speeding. Also, the odds of that happening are almost nil. For one, we think any human who gets within ten feet of you will feel the urge to rip off their clothes and dedicate themselves to you for eternity. As you’re not exactly Miss Composure at the moment, you’d let them. Leaving us with the option of allowing it to happen or snapping the cop’s neck, which we shouldn’t have to point out would cause infinitely more problems.”

“Maybe we’d get lucky and he’d be a dirty cop. Plenty of those out and about. No big loss of a soul there.”

“Still another body we have to deal with. If you think those two are hard to control now, wait until they’re full demon. For that matter, wait till you feel what it’s like to fully consume a soul. And, that loses us the game, remember? You don’t get to keep all that energy, it goes right back to Anniseth through the mark. Barrier breaks, world ends, et cetera. Oh, and special mention of the trunk filled with weapons and religious iconography.” Mazur twirled his fingers in the air before returning them to the wheel to drum happily.

Kate didn’t know what the end of the world was meant to feel like, other than generally what the world had always felt like that is. But, she’d at least not expected it to feel so horny. The flickering souls they passed on the road gave her an idea of leaping out of the moving car and climbing into the life of some innocent idiot to fuck them into a soulless husk of demonkind. Which is why Mazur had the wheel in the first place. She didn’t know what they would do when they reached Timberfall. Mazur’s plan hadn’t been as thorough as they hoped. The possessed man got them back on the road with a good bit of speed, but a sharp lack of planing as to what

they would do on arrival. Getting the weapons and varying levels of tainted humans in the car had been the chief concern

They hoped for some discussion of more concrete logistics on the drive. Instead, Mazur drifted off to his own daydreams, Kate fantasized about fucking either of the two in the back seat or anyone else who happened to be nearby, and Bryce and Steph grew increasingly interested in each other's bits until soft, wet sounds needed to be drowned out by talk radio. They did have a chat after the fifth hour in which they decided to reach town, refresh themselves, and come up with a more stable approach to besieging a demon invested abbey in the middle of the woods. Kate hoped, initially anyway, that they would be able to recruit some of the townspeople to their side. Mazur didn't object saying, "Even if they immediately succumb to the demon, it'll buy us some time. What's one or two souls being thrown into a demon orgy if it gets us the chance to cut off Anniseth's head."

After the seventh hour of the drive, the plan for extra bodies seemed like a much worse idea. It was taking all of her concentration not to climb over the seats and offer every hole, hand, or crease available on her body to her companions. Adding one other human to the mix might be enough to break her restraint, and she worried that taking a full soul would send her past the tipping point. She'd been worrying that since she got a taste of things with Bryce. As they passed the sign for Timberfall, the worry had boiled down into one part absolute surety of the end of the world by her own pussy and one part petrifying fear that she would enjoy doing it. Luckily, at that moment of understanding, Mazur hit someone with the car at full speed.

It happened in a blur, a thump, two more thumps, and several screeches. The desire to live superseded the desire to fuck, and everyone in the car went into a frenetic grasping for stability as the car skidded to a halt. Sitting in the middle of the road, Mazur's knuckles were white on the wheel while his face was mildly irritated placidity. He recovered first, "Everyone alright?"

The two in the back grunted acknowledgment as they nervously shifted apart. Suddenly breaking while having someone's dick in your throat was dangerous on several levels. Bryce gave off the air of someone incredibly grateful for not having his manhood bit off. Kate released her grip on the door and let the tension ease out of her body. She turned in her seat and looked out of the rear view mirror. "It's a body. Fuck."

Mazur clicked his neck and rolled his shoulders. "No one else on the road. Poor fool, but we have bigger fish to fry." He stretched out his fingers and readied to get the car moving again. He paused to look out the front window. "Not too dented, maybe. Shit, we're less than a mile away, I think."

Bryce had turned around in his seat and looked at the body with growing unease. "Um, that's a naked...person." The two lust tainted women perked up.

"We'll check," Mazur said. He clicked his neck again and sprang out of the car. The others followed him as he crossed the distance in long, quick steps. He crouched over the

crumpled body, shifted it to lie on its back, and checked its pulse. He looked up and down the body before standing up and scanning around the area as he walked back to the car. He slid back into the driver's seat and closed the door.

“Well?” Kate asked in a whisper.

“It's fine. Just dazed.”

“It?”

“A cambion?”

“A what now?”

“Demon human hybrid.”

“That's a demon? They've escaped the abbey already?”

“No, that's a cambion. Look, we really should get on the way here. There might be more of them.”

“And that's bad? Are they dangerous?”

“It's not good. Not to us, we wouldn't think. They can't infect us at any rate?”

“Infect?”

“They're a bit like zombies. Or vampires. Maybe vampires is better. I'm going to drive away now.”

“Uh, it's getting up.”

“See, we told you it was fine.”

Behind the car, the cambion's body jerked back into a sensible form. Broken limbs snapped into place, its chest heaved with labored breath, and the gore on its face resolved into smooth skin. They saw it fully for the first time as it slithered up to its feet. Skin like the night sky, dark eyes, and a body male and female at the same time, it craned its head back and stretched its jaw open wide. The sound that came out was like a bird call, a high pitched chirrup that made Kate think of an overly organic smoke detector on low battery. Inside the car, it was loud. Outside of the car, it must have carried for miles in every direction. Which meant every other thing in the surrounding hills heard it. “Ok, drive away now,” she said tapping Mazur's shoulder.

The car sputtered for a second before finding its grip on the road and taking them off

with a lurch. They all watched behind them, expected to see the cambion careening down the road in long animal strides. As they neared town, their eyes drifted over to the few houses and shops. Some of the cambion were waiting for them, running after the car as it sped by. Others watched as they continued whatever act of debauchery they happened to be engaged in. “What the fuck is happening? Mazur?!”

“Where do I go?”

“There’s dozens of them,” Steph said, absently as she watched out of the window. “They’re all following us. Oh, wow, there’s a bunch.”

The creatures kept repeating the bizarre sound, sending word further ahead. More and more of them appeared alongside the road. “Directions, please!” Mazur insisted.

“The way up the hill is up ahead. Past the center of town there’s a turn that — fuck.”

The car’s momentum dropped. Up ahead, two dozen cars were scattered on both sides of the road. One still had its flashers blinking in the fading daylight. Beyond the abandoned vehicles was a barricade of timber. A half dozen of the cambion creatures lingered around it, grinning from ear to ear as their latest car of prey sped toward them. Mazur slammed on the brakes, and the car peeled to a stop for the second time. Kate wondered when she’d taken off the seatbelt and how quickly bruised ribs healed on a partial succubus. Before she could say anything else, the car jerked sideways and hurried down a side street between two buildings. Bryce’s face appeared between her and Mazur, “There, Eddie’s. We can hole up there.”

“We’ll be trapped, won’t we?” Kate said.

“We’re already trapped,” Mazur said. The car leapt over a curb with a loud crunch, thudded into a small railing, and came to a stop. The creatures apparently hadn’t expected anyone to run, but they were fast and dedicated. As the four travelers got out of the car, Kate saw the things rushing along the shadows, rapidly closing the distance. Bryce and Steph were grabbing bags from the trunk. Mazur was at the door of the bar trying the handle and having no luck. Kate watched the bunch become a mob and the mob show aspirations of becoming a horde. Mazur bellowed at her and snapped her free of the enthralling draw of doom rushing toward her. He took a step back and kicked hard, causing the door to fly in on itself. They all rushed inside, and Kate and Bryce tried to secure the door behind them.

“I warned you to stay out,” said a voice from out of sight behind the bar.

None of them had the chance to answer before a shotgun barrel swung over the top of the bar and blasted Mazur in the chest. Steph screamed. Bryce shielded Kate. Kate crouched down against the door with her hands pressed to her ears. As Mazur’s body thunked to the ground, Eddie’s horrified eyes realized what he was looking at. “Oh.”

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Kate processed a few things with amazing speed. First, the door hadn't been locked, but barricaded. Mazur's kick hadn't only broken the door jamb, but sent several overturned tables flying into the bar. Second, the rest of the windows and exterior facing wall had been blocked by the remainder of the bar's furniture. Third, Mazur, the man or entity they'd driven eight hours to bring to help them, was lying on the ground in a growing pool of blood. All three of these concepts clicked into place at the same moment for Kate, and she knew exactly what to do. "Bryce, Steph, the door." Kate strode past them stepped over Mazur's body, and grabbed the barrel out of Eddie's hand. A hard jerk got it loose in his grip enough to thump the butt back into his shoulder. Eddie sprawled back, stunned and blinking. "Fucking idiot. Look before you shoot."

"Can we kill him?" Kate wondered if Eddie's eyes might pop out of his head. The question came from Mazur, who had sat up looking incredibly cross. "That really hurts, you know. Not emotionally. Actual pain. Have you ever been shot in the chest? No. Didn't think so. Maybe try it once or twice before you go around doing it to other people."

"I shot him," Eddie mumbled. "He should be dead."

Kate walked around the bar and took the gun out of Eddie's hands before he got enough of his senses back to feel threatened again. "Yeah, we got bigger problems."

In answer, bodies thudded against the bar's exterior. Scratching, chirruping, and knocking ensued at a violent pitch. Bryce and Steph kept working, lost in the need to build a second wall between them and the cambion. Mazur blithely picked shot out of his chest with the help of a fork he found on the ground. Kate put the gun in a corner and dragged Eddie around to help the others. They worked quickly and efficiently, stacking and crossing chairs and tables and anything else they could find until the creatures trying to force their way in gave up. Except they didn't give up entirely. They merely changed tact.

Breasts and asses pressed against the windows, barely obscured by the frenzy of overturned furniture. When they weren't a vicious mob or reassembling themselves from a pile of broken bones, Kate thought the cambion were as seductive and alluring as any of the other demons she'd seen. Part of her wanted to go out to them and indulge in their offers of warm mouths and warm holes, but it didn't compel her the same way Steph had when they first met. Nor did the others sharing Kate's burden seem overly interested in the creatures. Bryce maintained a healthy curiosity, even getting one of the things near the window to spin around to better see its assets, but it was almost an intellectual curiosity than a lustful one. Eddie, on the other hand, kept his head down and eyes averted. He retreated back behind the bar, grabbed a bottle of whiskey he'd clearly been at for a while, and slumped down in a corner.

"You're alright?" Kate asked Mazur as they all caught their breath. A small pile of pellets had formed beside him. His shirt was ruined, but little damage was evident in his skin.

"We've had worse. Once, before this body, we enjoyed the attentions of a lynching mob. They dragged us through the streets by horse before hanging us from the town gate and covering

us in pitch. It took three days before someone cut us down.”

“That’s really fucked up,” Kate said.

Mazur shrugged, “Demons aren’t the only ones capable of cruelty. We allied with humans for good reason. You all scare the shit out of us sometimes.” He hopped to his feet and looked down at his clothes with a frown. “Ugh, this won’t do. Barkeep, you don’t happen to have a spare set of clothes, do you? Seeing as you ruined mine, that is.”

Eddie answered by taking a long drag off the bottle.

“You should stop him from doing that,” Mazur whispered. “Drunk fool with a loose trigger finger will only make things worse. You could take *his* soul.”

The mention caused a flare of desire to hit Kate. She fought it back by focusing on the blood dripping off the tip of Mazur’s torn shirt. “Bad idea,” she said.

“We were joking. Mostly. Hey, would-be murdered, come on. Let’s get you situated in the back where it’s nice and safe, away from all these demons and succubi and tacky decor.” He noted Kate’s wary look. “We’re not going to do anything untoward. I will be stripping him naked and taking his clothes, but it’s best if that’s out of eyesight of the sex demons.”

Kate watched Eddie be led away into the back. When she turned around, Steph and Bryce were waiting right in front of her. Before she could say anything, Bryce’s big arms wrapped around her and pulled her hard against his chest. A second later, Steph’s softness pressed into her back. Kate didn’t realize until then that she’d been trembling. The adrenaline and anxiety melted into the other two like sponges soaked up all the bad emotions. How much time had passed since the car hit the first cambion? Ten minutes? An hour? She had no idea. Bryce still smelled of pine, somehow. She breathed in the smell happily as Steph’s nose nuzzled against the back of her neck. *If things could stay like this*, Kate thought, *then nothing else would matter. If Anniseth offered this to me, I would break in a heartbeat. But she never would because this is something the demon can’t understand.* She waited for the surge of lust to take her. The strength in Bryce’s arms would happily repurpose itself to holding her down for a hard fuck. The softness of Steph’s body would eagerly press against her nakedness, searching and finding all the wonderful nooks of pleasure on Kate’s body. Yet, the urge remained subdued. It was a surging horse ready to break free, but for the moment it seemed to be in a different place far and lost inside of her.

She lost track of time as the three of them stood together in their hug. The sounds outside carried on, but Kate ignored them in favor of the rhythm of Bryce’s heart. Fatigue and worry teased at her muscles, but she ignore that for the feeling of Steph’s light fingers on her skin. They didn’t part until the door of the kitchen swung open with a loud squeak. Mazur strode back into the front of the bar wearing Eddie’s shirt and a fresh mark on his face. The three parted reluctantly as their shared spell of calming assurance broke. Kate touched her fingers to her cheek and raised her eyebrows at Mazur. “Oh,” he said, matching her motion. “Eddie punched

me. You Timberfall boys aren't much for talking, but sure are quick to fight.”

“You *are* a demon,” Bryce said.

“The pot said to the kettle.” Mazur peered at their handiwork of construction before sliding behind the bar. He rummaged through the bottles before pulling out four glasses and setting to work making cocktails. “Now, where were we?”

“Trapped in a bar by sex demons while we need to be trapped in an abbey with sex demons to maybe save the world,” Kate said. “You called that thing a cambion. What's that? They look more human than I thought. Not like the other demons anyway.”

The glasses clinked as Mazur passed them out. Steph held up her hand, “Uh, I'm not actually old enough to drink.” The others looked at her with fresh horror. Steph shrugged, “I'm twenty. It's still a few months till my birthday.”

“We won't tell,” Mazur assured her. “You're old enough to have your soul on the line for the sake of the world, so you can have an amaretto sour.” He clapped his hands. “Right. Cambion. Time for a demonkind hierarchy crash course. Now before we get too deep, we need to point out that demonkind is a pretty broad stroke. It's like saying human, but there's loads of different nationalities, right? Demons aren't terribly dissimilar. They exist mostly in rift realities outside of space and time. They've always been there and haven't been there yet at all sorts of places. Some demon breeds have populated other rift spaces, others are native to only some regions. It is, suffice to say, complex and we do not have time to revise everyone's understanding of inter-dimensional physics.

“Demons have different ranks. At the top, you have greater demons or the Monoliths. When you think of Lucifer, you're thinking of a Monolith. Big uber-demon sitting on a throne of ice kind of thing. They can be the size of an ant, but more often than not are galaxy sized. Whole rifts exist simply to house the Monolith, in fact if you talk to demonic religious scholars — Those are a thing, by the way, called Quzarks. Er, that's what *we* call them anyway. They're like multi-headed spiders. Enough eyes and hands to be reading and writing every book every written on Earth simultaneously. Those angels in the Bible? Probably a Quzark trying to figure out what was so fucking special about humans. — anyway, the general theory is that most lesser demons evolve out of Monoliths in the same way that bacteria eventually evolved into humans on the physical plane.”

“This is the short version?”

“No questions till the end please,” Mazur sipped his drink, frowned, dumped it in the drain, and refilled his glass with straight whiskey. “After Monoliths, you have the greater demons. Big fuckers with an innate need to control. Kings and queens and emperors. They wage wars within and across rifts for dominance. Next level down you get things like us.” He gestured to himself with a small bow. “Captains and lieutenants among demonkind. Big enough to cause real havoc, but not quite big enough to rival one of the greater. Then there's a whole smattering



of lesser, pure demons. Succubi, incubi, imps, and so on and so forth. All the way down at the bottom, are the hybrids. Cambion are demon and human hybrids, but they're a little special. They're part human, you see. A bred cambion being more demon than human while a converted cambion is more human than demon. Makes them fast, hard to kill, and clever."

Kate drained the glass hoping for a swirl of intoxication, but felt nothing other than the caustic taste of alcohol. She grabbed the bottle away from Mazur and filled her glass again. "So where did a small army of half demons come from and how did they get to Timberfall?"

"They are Timberfall," Mazur said.

With slow understanding, the three of them turned and looked at the cambion preening on the outside of the bar. Bryce spoke, "You mean, that's the town? Grant and Hannah could be out there?"

"Afraid so," Mazur said. "Whoever those people are."

"What about Eddie?"

"I didn't get much out of him before the punch, but he's had quite a long day of believing aliens were trying to seduce his dick off of him for nefarious space travel purposes. And now he's got no shirt on in a deep freeze. Things rarely improve, do they?" He noted Kate's disapproving glare. "We didn't lock him in there. He locked himself. Failsafe strategy in case the cambion breached his perimeter. We were lucky to get his shirt off him first. Besides, sobering him up a bit will help."

"Fine, but he's here, and not one of them. How?"

"Others probably survived. The cambion do not have the same intensity of seduction that a succubus can invoke. They don't need it, though. For one, you're likely overestimating the number of people who would turn down a nubile sex hungry vixen showing up at their door in the middle of the night. But also, while a pure demon needs permission, a cambion spreads its corruption like the common cold. A little lick here, a kiss there, and boom, you're suddenly filled with vitality and a desire to make sure other people look exactly like you do. We confess, we've never seen a lust demon variety before. You'd think they'd have more dicks among them. Maybe only a few of them have dicks and they're currently being smothered under a pile of very squishy looking asses."

Bryce slapped his hand on the table, "Hold on, fuck. Are those my friends out there? Is that what you're telling us? My *boss* might be out there?"

Mazur nodded, as sympathetically as he'd managed thus far. "Our demon infestation up at the abbey must have changed someone to a brood mother and used, well I suppose the priest is the only one capable. Demon, brood mother, and priest is all they need for a cambion spawning factory. One makes two, two make four, four make sixteen, and so on. The taint

spreads infecting people and transforming them into hosts.”

“Can we change them back?” Bryce asked.

“Oh, yes. This is actually good news for us.” He took a long swig of his drink. “How would you three feel about fucking each other’s brains out for a couple of hours?”

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Half an hour later, they had relocated to the restaurant side of Eddie’s establishment. They waited to retrieve Eddie himself until they’d destroyed his restaurant in order to paint a large symbol on the floor. Mazur did the painting while Steph followed him around with one of the books they’d brought with them. Kate and Bryce waited out the preparation by reinforcing the restaurant side of their barricade. Once the floor symbol was done, Mazur moved on to the bodies of the three participants. For this they needed to finally enlist Eddie out of the deep freeze. Bryce was the only one he would listen to, but that managed to get the bar owner out to see what had happened to his restaurant. If it bothered him, it was too buried underneath shock for it to matter. Bryce patiently explained what was happening. None of it landed. Kate attempted for a few seconds, but gave up when shirtless Eddie put her in mind of a much quicker way of getting him on board. Which left Mazur, who had run out of patience with the burly man.

“This will sting,” Mazur said after a few minutes behind the bar with one of his other books. They all expected him to stab or slap Eddie, but instead he passed Eddie a drink. Mazur wriggled his fingers in a hurry up motion. Eddie succumbed quickly to the lure of more booze and the pressure of four partial demons watching him. He downed the glass, looked at it, and rushed to the nearest sink. Eddie dry-heaved in an extremely violent fashion, leaving him covered in sweat, but when he returned, he was clear eyed. “Neat, huh?”

“What did that do to me?” Eddie asked.

“Mystically, it made you vomit out your fear. From a more literally perspective, it quickened your metabolism for a few seconds in order for your body to burn through all the alcohol in it, process through all the adrenaline, and move you, hormonally speaking, along to acceptance. The catalyst has to off gas the energy somehow, hence the muscle seizures and near vomiting. As we said, neat.”

After Eddie’s nod of understanding, they caught him up to what was happening. He listened, seemed to process it, and finally said, “So, half of Bryce’s soul has been taken by this woman I met a few nights ago when he went home with her. She’s a succubus in training transferring any soul she takes back to the big demon trapped at the abbey. Steph is illegally drinking in my bar. And this guy is a demon and human in one body, uh a plurality, that’s several hundred years old — sorry, the guy is a hundred but the demon is way older — and he needs my help to stop the things outside — cambion, who are actually the people I see every day turned into sex monsters — from taking over the world.”

“Yep,” Bryce said. “Also, this isn’t important, but I feel like no one is as worried about it as I am, I have a tail.”

Eddie nodded as though, despite Bryce’s disclaimer, this was a key piece of information. Mazur clapped his hands in an impatient gesture that was becoming too familiar to everyone. “Good. Now that we’re all on the same page, let’s move on. You three, strip.”

Only Kate hesitated. Steph shucked off her shirt so quickly that it seemed unlikely she hadn’t been halfway done when Mazur gave the order. Bryce followed suit, losing his shirt and kicking off his pants. Eddie recoiled back, either horrified or not trusting himself around the sudden level of nudity. Kate thought more explanation would help. She was also incredibly eager to be naked. It had been over twenty-four hours since her last fuck, and she *needed* this plan to work. Their clothes went to a pile outside of the circle painted on the ground. Mazur patted the top of a table, and Steph went first. Bryce held the book as Mazur took a small brush he’d brought along, apparently for just this purpose, and painted runes across Steph’s naked chest. “Kate, you good?” Mazur asked.

She was insulted by the question until she realized what she was doing. Somehow she’d drifted over to Bryce and taken his erect dick in her hand, stroking it without so much as a single thought. Bryce didn’t object, but it did lead to some wobbling of the book in his hands. “Sorry,” she muttered.

“You can wait in the deep freeze if you need to,” Mazur said while etching some finicky symbol above Steph’s right nipple. “It wouldn’t be a good idea to start before you’re all tatted up, so to speak.”

“I’ll be good,” she said, but put as much distance between herself and the others as she could manage. Bryce’s erection didn’t flag which made things more difficult. He scooted slightly closer to Steph to allow her to take over the responsibility. Mazur rolled his eyes, but didn’t object to the handjob so long as Bryce remained still.

Once Steph was finished, Bryce took her place. For this bit, the erection proved beneficial, at least. Mazur did have to dry Bryce’s dick before applying the painted symbols along its length. Bryce watched this with amusement while the two women leered with eager envy. Steph dutifully held the book until Bryce also hopped off the table covered in strange symbols. Kate took his place, and Mazur resumed his task. “You know, in a former life, we loved painting. Spent hours by the Seine each day. Nothing particularly better to do back then, after all.”

“Are you going to tell me that you were some famous painter or something?”

“Us? No. Notoriety rarely works out for demons. We didn’t say we were *good* painters, either. It was relaxing though. Our bond was tumultuous for a long time.” He finished with a flourish. “And there. All done.”

Kate looked down at the symbols and swirls on her breasts, midriff, and inner thighs. “That’s it?”

“One more part. Eddie, cover your ears. The rest of you, sorry, but this won’t feel good.” Mazur cleared his throat. He read out of the book in his hand, but the words didn’t sound human at all. To Kate, they didn’t sound like sounds. They were physical movements somehow translated into sound waves. It didn’t make sense. And, as promised, it didn’t feel good. It felt incredibly *bad*.

Kate saw the same expression of disgust and pain on Bryce and Steph. The sensation was akin to falling while standing on firm ground and having a severe stomach ache as her bones decided to disintegrate and move out through her sweat glands. Simultaneously, she had the feeling that a girl who pointed out Kate was wearing off brand shoes in high school in front of half the lunchtime cafeteria was standing behind her being immaculately beautiful and married to romance novel’s love interest brought to life. Also, each of the painted symbols on her body burned, but that was a far inferior worry to the others.

Luckily, all of it passed quickly. Kate stumbled slightly as the sensation vanished. She steadied herself with a deep breath. “Fuck that,” she said. The sentiment was echoed by the other two.

“Good,” Mazur said. “It worked.”

Eddie cautiously took his hands away from his ears. “Sorry, but what the fuck was that?”

“Magic, Eddie,” Mazur said. “Time to save the town. Cambion infection has spread. Think of it like a parasite if you want. All your friends and families have magic worms. We need to get the worms out of them without killing them and also dispose of said worms. Lucky for us, we have a soul siphon, a magical conduit for this kind of thing. Normally, it takes souls, but with a little tweaking which is all that stuff we just did, it is not attuned to the cambion frequency. Now, when the song is played, the worms will come running. The energy will transfer through Kate and back to mommy up at the abbey.”

“And this gets the whole town?” Bryce asked.

“Yep. Oh, we need one more thing. Kate, if you don’t mind come over here and put your hand on Eddie’s chest.” Mazur waited, but neither Kate or Eddie responded. “It’s fine. You just allowed us to do some very intense black magic. Now isn’t the time to start doubting my directions.”

Kate shrugged and went over. It made her giddy to see how flustered Eddie became as a naked, gorgeous woman approached. Delicately, she put her hand in the center of his chest and let her fingers snake through the curled chest hair. His soul pulsed brighter in front of her, and she felt his heart thumping in his chest. Everything about his body mapped out for her under the

touch. She sensed his need and wanted to claim it. Little by little, she sensed the tether form between them. It would be easy to pull. He was so far gone already, mind drenched in lust and only quelled by the fear and panic of his survival. With the smallest tug, he would be hers.

Mazur pushed her back with a hard thump to the chest. “Not too much, sweetie.”

Eddie slumped forward, panting. A dark red blotch in the vague shape of a hand print had formed on his chest. “Fuck did she do to me?”

“Made you a satellite. You get to be Jesus.” Mazur hooked an arm under Eddie’s and walked him quickly out to the bar. “Wait in there.” Mazur returned to the trio. The more Kate grew aroused, the less she liked the possessed man’s presence. He was a void in the world while Steph and Bryce were unending springs of energy and vitality. “Kate, this should be simple, but it does come down to self-control, understand? You will naturally draw in the cambion’s energy. It’ll travel through Eddie, one of these two, and into you where it should pass through the mark to Anniseth. We don’t think she’ll be glad to get it back, but there’s not fuck she can do about it from up there. Once we find the actual cambion that started all this, we’ll deal with it and that’s this problem dealt with. But, all three of you must remain in control. Otherwise, this could go very, very wrong.”

“How wrong?” Bryce asked.

“Imagine a drain plug being pulled out of the bottom of the ocean. Kate’s self control is the plug. Without it, she’ll become a hurricane of soul-sucking. We’ll be here to stop it, but not before everyone within fifty miles is de-souled, Anniseth is pumped full of power, and you three...well, there’s only one way to stop it at that point.”

Kate gave a firm nod, having no desire to talk further on the one way to stop it. “We understand. Thanks, Mazur. Uh, how will I know when to stop?”

“You’ll recognize the difference between cambion and human right away. Once you reach out and find no more of that. It’s time for bucket of ice to the crotch.” Mazur gathered up his bag and headed back to the door. “Alrighty, you kids have fun. Try not to kill the planet.” He gave a mocking salute and disappeared into the other room.

Kate turned awkwardly to the others. She tried to find something to say that would brace them for what was about to happen. They didn’t give her the chance, though. When she opened her mouth, Bryce swept her up into his arms and buried her words in a kiss. When they parted, she was on the floor and her two lovers hovered over her smiling. Steph spoke, “God, we’ve been waiting for this.”

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They pressed down on her, their bodies warm and inviting. When one kiss faded, another burst of rich softness met Kate’s lips. The rush of sensation surprised her. She’d been a live wire for hours, but had denied herself so much that she’d nearly forgotten the potential of what she

could feel. Her body responded for her. Her hands reached out and caressed the bodies piled on either side of her. She thought Bryce would take her hard and fast. When he was above her, she felt his cock press against her thigh. It left a wet, slick spot that chilled in faster than the skin around it. But he didn't press into her, despite it being something she yearned for immensely. Instead, he moved down her body in a slow pattern, matched and mirrored by Steph on her other side. Kate wondered if the two had planned it ahead of time, but such thoughts faded as two mouths reached her nipples.

Her body sparkled and came alive under their tongues and fingers. Kate couldn't pick one of them to focus on. Her hands trailed from their hair down their backs, trying to reach something else to toy with. She let her left hand slide over Bryce's muscular shoulders and up to his hard jaw, caressing the side of his face. Her right hand tangled briefly in Steph's hair before moving around to cup the breasts hanging from the younger woman's chest. As Kate's fingers dotted over the wonderful mounds, her partners shifted. Bryce slid down her body, leaving a trail of kisses that started on the underside of left breast, traveled down to her navel, and switched to the inside of her right thigh as he positioned himself between her legs.

Steph, meanwhile, distracted Kate as best she could by smothering her in deep, passionate kisses. Their tongues twinned together, pressing back and forth between their mouth while their lips mashed against one another. They broke apart, and Steph would scurry her attention over Kate's cheeks, down her neck, return to her breasts with playful licks, sucks, and nips, and finally return to her mouth to find it still hungry for the taste of her lovers. Somewhere between this frenzy of passion, the ever nearing warmth of Bryce's breath on her inner thighs, and Kate's attempt to have a clear thought, Steph moved to her mistress's ear and whispered, "Do you want me?"

Kate answered in a long groan as Bryce's tongue pressed against her pussy lips. Steph moved quickly. She paused only for a moment to allow Kate a full view of her bare pussy and the bottom of her ass cheeks before lowering down on Kate's waiting mouth. Finally knowing what to do with her hands, Kate wrapped her arms around Steph's thighs as her own legs spread wide to allow Bryce room to pleasure her. One of his strong hands continued stroking along her soft thighs while the other slid under her ass, giving her cheek a firm squeeze as Steph ground down on Kate's tongue. Dimly, Kate realized she was eating out her new companion for the first time, and it was wonderful. She craned her neck up to meet the lush lips as Steph's hips lightly rocked. Kate wanted to suffocate under the perfect pussy or have her head squashed against those thighs forever. Her gaze moved up, seeing Steph's face looking back between the beautiful slopes of her breasts. Steph mewled softly, and Kate saw the ecstatic pleasure in her face. It spurred her on, giving her a burst of energy to pull Steph's thighs harder, to push her tongue further, and to wetly nuzzle against the offered pussy.

A similar act was being repeated between Kate's legs. Loving, long licks running up one side of her labia and down the other before returning to the crest to tease at her clit kept Kate's body on the edge. Her mind centered mostly on keeping the quim on her face happy, but her body was more concerned with the tentative prods and tongues of fingers alongside the tongue lavishing praise on her pussy lips. When it stopped, her hips bucked in protest. A slurp later,

Bryce's strong fingers pushed inside of her. They wiggled inside her pussy as the tongue returned, forcing her to moan into Steph's crotch. They stayed like that for a few minutes or an hour while Kate enjoyed the pulses of pleasure throbbing through her body and tried to send them on through to her companions. When the tethers of their souls drew taught, she finally returned to the moment.

Bryce and Steph must have sensed it as well. He abandoned his place between her legs and let his cock take it instead. Steph leaned back, pulled partially by the throat to meet Bryce's lips for a deep kiss. Kate saw the tongue that had been pressed against her clit second earlier slide happily and gratuitously into the mouth of the woman currently riding Kate's face. Steph's hand worked its way behind her until it slid down the inside of Kate's thigh. It left Kate for a moment to wrap around the top of Bryce's cock. He grunted and pressed his forehead into Steph's as she guided the wet head of his dick, already dripping with precum, into the soaked lips of Kate's cursed cunt. She shivered with anticipation as the glans rubbed along the opening. She knew Steph was teasing her and decided to return the favor. Kate moved one of her hands around the other woman's ass, groping it along the way, until she angled down enough to find the tight pucker between Steph's cheeks. She wiggled in surprise, but Kate held her in position with the other arm and pressed insistently against Steph's rear opening. Steph relented first, and Bryce plunged inside of Kate as Kate's probing finger parted Steph's ass.

Kate felt a jerk as everything went rigid. All three of them suspended exactly where they were, muscles tensed, teeth clinched together, and minds on the verge of tipping into chaotic pleasure. Beyond the physical, they each felt the connection between them. It was slightly different for Kate this time. The pull was there at first, but then came a sensation of withdrawing, like she was holding on to the reins of a horse that very much wanted to be somewhere else. She experienced all of Bryce, the withered remains of his soul pulled taut, and she sensed through Steph, like re-walking a familiar road she'd been down a million times. Then came something new, a screeching, defiant thing right on the edge of her perception. She caught hold of the idea and willed it toward herself. It came with a fierce fight, and behind it came more of the same thing. Dozens of them, all in a sudden rush. She thought of seeing a line of a hundred fishing poles all bobbing violently with a catch on their ends, and she could reel in one at a time. *That's the job*, she reminded herself. *Get to pulling*.

The first cambion disappeared into the pit at the center of her and blissful silence followed its departure. She focused on the next and went to work. The metaphysical dealt with, their bodies focused on the physical engine to fuel the job. Bryce hooked his arms behind Kate's thighs and thrust into her with hard, long strokes. Each jolt radiated up through their bodies and into Steph's, who writhed with pleasure as she rode the energy waves and Kate's tongue to a screaming orgasm.

Kate lost focus on the swirl of demonic essence passing through her. She focused on the cock throbbing inside of her. He had definitely grown bigger since their last fuck at Catherine's house. She felt the stretch of her inner walls shift reluctantly every time he pushed inside of her, and still she wanted him bigger. She wanted to be screaming with pleasure from the brunt of his cock thudding into like a siege engine attempting to breach a fort wall. Her juices flowed to keep

things moving, and she felt small spurts of precum or cum flood into her every time he withdrew. One of Bryce's hands leg go of her thigh, allowing her leg to wrap around his back. His paw of a hand grabbed forward, holding on to Steph's shoulder as his grunts grew in pitch. "Do it, Bryce, cum in Kate. Flood her with hot seed!" Steph wailed as another quake went through her, and Bryce came. Kate's body spasmed. Her legs thrashed out around him, and she wriggled back, almost leaving the circle before Bryce pulled the both of them hard back against him. His orgasm finished with a final splurt of cum shot directly into her womb.

Hands moved over Kate's body as her thoughts swirled along with the repetitive pull and destruction going on in the world beyond reality. A heady scent of pine hit her, and she realized she was on her hands and knees with Bryce's cum dripping cock in front of her. Hungrily, she opened her mouth and sheathed him inside her throat. He grunted as her nose tickled the root of his dick. Her tongue thrashed along the underside of his cock, teasing him and trying to lap at his balls. Behind her, hands pulled and prodded at her ass cheeks before Steph's tongue swirled along the rim of her asshole. It was a brand new sensation for Kate, and one she found she enjoyed immensely. While Steph ate her ass, fingers slithered into Kate's pussy, stuffing themselves inside her to match the wad of cock and cum in Kate's throat. The conduit inside her crackled and hissed as more of the tainted essence evaporated. The bond between the three of them remained taut and wonderful. Kate even found a way to allow part of herself to flow back into the others, but didn't give too much for fear of allowing some of the cambion to escape. With Steph's face pressed between her plump ass cheeks, Bryce came again. Cum throbbing its way up his cock to spray into her stomach while she moaned around it. Pleasure washed through her again, and she went slack to ride the wave.

Recovering, she slid Bryce out of her throat with a wet cough. Turning around, she grabbed Steph by the leg and flipped her over. Kate climbed on top of her and slid her hands underneath their bodies to grab hold of Steph's nipples. The younger woman purred and arched her ass into Kate's crotch. Kate replicated the motion, allowing both of their hips to raise until Steph's knees held them up and Kate's body squashed on top of Steph's. She looked over her shoulder at Bryce, "Go on, demon cock, pick whatever holes you want to fuck. Make us both cum."

Bryce grinned back at her, a flicker of the true demon waiting inside of him. His cock remained firm and slid easily back into Kate, first before sliding out and pushing down into Steph's waiting pussy. One of Bryce's hands gripped Kate's ass while Steph moaned incoherently underneath her. "That's it baby girl, cum hard for Bryce. Cum for me, too," Kate whispered in her ear. It was surreal to hear her own lust dripping voice, but it left her more excited as Steph's protesting gasp signaled the blunt intrusion of a cock into Kate's pussy again. No matter how many times he fucked her with that massive dick, she didn't think her pussy would ever adjust to being so easily pushed open and happily filled. She relaxed into Steph's soft body and let herself drift on the currents again.

The tension in the other world grew worse, as though the gravity beyond her tethers was decreasing. She knew it meant they were winning. She knew it meant they would have to stop, soon. The hundreds became dozens, and the dozens became few, and finally, she felt the last of



the cambion wriggling at the end of their trap. Kate surged with hunger as that last shred of corruption disappeared inside of her. She sensed all the confused and vulnerable souls around her, piled up like treats at the foot of her throne. All it would take was one little tug, and she would finally be satisfied, finally stop the concept of hunger altogether. *Just one little...*

They weren't fucking any more. They had finished, and Kate was lying between Bryce and Steph on the floor. Her head rested on Bryce's chest listening to the slow breathing while Steph snuggled close against her. *This is good enough*, she thought. With that, the tension went away, and she sobbed against Bryce while a distant voice raged in the hills.

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While the others enjoyed their orgy, Eddie was bait.

"Fuck this, man, I don't want to."

"Eddie, please. We have noted all your objections thoroughly. Now if you don't do this, we will eat you."

Eddie looked at Mazur with blatant fear. "You would?"

"Yes, we would start with your toes, one at a time. Then each foot. Then each quarter section, and so on in that fashion until dividing out the hairs on your head into nice bowls before tearing open your skull and eating your brain. All while you are perfectly alive and awake."

The man said it with the pleasantness of a waiter recounting the day's specials. Eddie cleared his throat, "Alright, so what do I do when I'm out there."

"Touch them," Mazur instructed. "The first ones will obviously touch you, but you may have to run after a few of them. Once the spell has them, they'll all come out. Eventually, we'll find the original, and *I'll* take care of that one."

Eddie frowned at the sudden change of voice when Mazur said that last bit. "So, I go now."

"The sooner the better. We'll be right behind you." Mazur skipped around him to the barricade, pushed a foot against and overturned table and shoved. The wreckage scattered or crumpled together into a smaller, denser pile.

"Come on, man," Eddie whined, "that's my stuff."

"Seek recompense from the demon horde once this is over," Mazur said. "Oh, and don't get trampled before it starts." The possessed man pulled open the door and shoved Eddie out into the night.

Eddie thought he heard a laugh before the bodies crushed against him. *God, they're soft.*

*And fast.* He was pushed back against the shut door as more of the cambion pushed to him. Hands rubbed up and down his chest. The things' pert breasts were on his back, his shoulders, in his face, and pushing against his sides. A few of them had turned around, scooting backward with their asses and pussies upthrust and offered. One of them even had a dick, still, complete with the smooth and silky sack of a full Brazilian beneath a winking ass surrounded by plump, feminine cheeks. Eddie thought he'd been tricked by then, but couldn't conceive of a nicer way to be damned. He reached out to draw the plush rump to him and hoped the others would work out how to get his dick out before it withered away, but then his chest started to burn.

The small tingle of sensation flared to a searing heat. The cambion recoiled from him. They clambered against one another trying to get away. Remembering his job, he reached out to the nearest one and stroked its face. Nothing happened at first, except a look of intense concentration on the sky colored face. The cambion's mouth opened and a high pitch chirp of warning was cut off as the corruption drained out. A second later, the naked form of one of Eddie's regulars thudded onto his ass. "Oh, fuck, Hank. That you?"

The man, Hank, looked up at his surroundings, down at his nakedness, and finally shut his eyes to curl into a fetal position. Eddie figured that was the best he could do at the moment and moved on.

None of the creature ran. Some of them scrambled a little when Eddie approached. After a while, they formed lines, their faces etched with horrified fear. It was slow going, and uncomfortable work, but he touched each of them in turn. The townspeople reappeared, confused and muddled and naked. They moved away from Eddie and the remaining cambion. Grant and Hannah appeared about halfway through the pack. Eddie noted the two of them had stuck together and wondered if they'd ever take that as a compliment. He also thought he'd need to sell his business and move since it would be difficult to look anyone in the eye after this madness. Lucy was near the back of the bunch and when she returned to herself managed to thank Eddie before falling down against him. He guided her to another woman and let them comfort one another. He finished his work until only one of the things remained.

Eve had dug claw marks in the road's pavement in an effort to escape the pull of the spell. She'd failed and sat on the ground looking entirely defeated. Eddie hesitated in approaching her, but Mazur appeared. "I'll take it from here," he said with a pat on Eddie's shoulder. "Maybe go bang on the door of your restaurant and make sure we're not about to be sucked into hell."

Eddie didn't listen. He stayed and watched as Mazur went to the form sitting on the ground and took the cambion's hand in his. The two spoke for a while before Mazur pressed his palm against the cambion's cheek. Her body went still, and he guided her back to the pavement. A moment passed, and her body blossomed with silent flame. Mazur wasn't taken aback and no one else seemed to notice, but Eddie made a sudden move which earned him a disapproving glare from the demon. "What did you do to her?" he asked as Mazur returned.

Mazur sighed, "It's a cruel thing to create a cambion. They come into existence with

nothing but fear inside their heads, but they are quickly molded to a purpose by the will of their creator. Usually for violence, sometimes for...this." He gestured around at the town of naked people waiting awkwardly for instructions. Mazur straighted up, "The thing up on that hill is no better than an irresponsible father. And our demon," he paused to tap his chest, "has become sentimental over the years. We have taken on board a new passenger. One day, perhaps, we'll find a place for Eve in the world. Until then, we always like the company."

"Eve?"

The man's eyes turned black and splotches of starlit sky covered his skin. A broad, eager smile spread over his face as he winked, "That's my name. Sorry about the mess. Daddy says I was a bad girl." Mazur's body leaned close, "But maybe if I'm good, I'll get to come out and play." Eddie stumbled back, but kept on his feet. When he looked again, it was the same Mazur he'd met hours earlier, smiling sadly. "We're sorry. She said she was going to apologize."

"Suppose she did," Eddie said. He cleared his throat. "Tell her, uh...well, it worked out. Sort of." He looked at the town around him. "What do we do with all of them now?"

"Oh," Mazur said. "Everyone! Go home!" Apparently this had been the signal they'd been waiting for. Like a finally resolved puzzle, all of the people of Timberfall smiled, fumbled to their feet, and went off toward their homes laughing. "Come on, Eddie, let's go see the others. This lot will walk home, wake up from a strange dream and a little sore. All will be right with the world."

"Assuming you stop this Anniseth demon from getting out."

"C'mon Eddie, can't we have one good moment?"