

Ways to Break a Good Man, #1

Norris King woke up. His tongue felt dry, swollen, about two sizes too big for his mouth. His eyelids scraped over his eyeball like sandpaper as he opened his eyes. The lines of the ceiling swayed and blurred above him, as if he was looking at a projection onto a swirling pool of water rather than solid architecture. By concentrating he was able to bring the lines and angles back into sharp focus, but only while maintaining concentration. The moment he stopped focusing, his vision started to blur and shift.

His head felt awful. He felt like he'd gone on the mother of all benders the night before. He knew that couldn't be the case. He'd never picked up a taste for alcohol and a drunken prank gone wrong during his university days had convinced him drink was not going to feature in his future in any shape or form.

He heard car horns and the sound of traffic. They sounded a long way down. Was he in a hotel room?

It looked like a hotel room. His head felt heavy—slow and sluggish—like someone had poured concrete in his ears. He moved it enough for the walls to swim murkily into focus. The wallpaper was a bland print with lines of *fleur-de-lis* as a pattern. An equally bland painting of a bowl of fruit was hung on one of the walls.

Definitely a hotel room.

There were two other people in the room. An attractive girl with long, wavy red hair sat on a chair in the center of the room. Behind her stood a fat man in an expensive suit with a bloated pale moon of a face.

King knew that face. It was pasty, with fleshy jowls and thick rubbery lips turned up in a smirk. The eyes were hidden behind rose-tinted spectacles as if their owner was pretending to be a flower-child refugee from the sixties.

Pretend was the operative word. This was the face of a man King had been trying to put behind bars for the last five years.

“Good evening, Governor King.”

James Koontz.

King had held the post of Attorney General before being elected Governor. During his time in office he'd rigorously gone after organized crime, successfully for the most part. Koontz was one of his failures.

He'd first encountered Koontz during a lavish function at the man's mansion. The party had been a throwback to the days of prohibition—politicians, celebrities, city aristocracy and suspected gangsters all rubbing shoulders. King hadn't thought much of Koontz at the time. The man had some game—a little vice and prostitution hidden behind a facade of legal adult entertainment. King could see Koontz was trying to set out his credentials as a player, but he looked too soft, too eccentric—a wannabe Hefner or Flynt dabbling in the darker spheres of city life for kicks. A clown.

King had been wrong on that part.

'You start off thinking you're tracking a shark,' he'd explained to his successor, 'and then you glimpse something moving in the depths below and realize there's a gigantic squid lurking down there in the darkness.'

Koontz was that gigantic squid. He had tentacles everywhere, and yet King had been unable to track them conclusively to their owner to a degree that would satisfy a court of law.

King recalled where he was. This was the Cressner Hotel. He'd been in one of the ballrooms for a charity function when a sudden, inexplicable feeling of faintness had come over him. Drugs. Koontz must have had one of his drinks spiked and then brought him up here after he'd collapsed. They hadn't known Koontz had any influence over the Cressner. Another damn tentacle missed.

"What do you want, Koontz," King said. It was difficult to speak with his mouth dry and his tongue swollen.

"Me, why nothing." Koontz feigned innocence. "I saw you had a giddy turn at the party and had you brought up here to recover. Discreetly of course, it wouldn't do to give those tattletales in the media anything to chatter about."

King glowered at the fat man.

"Actually, while you're here, I was wondering if you could aid my companion and I in a little discussion we were having," Koontz said, glancing down at the girl in the chair, "a purely hypothetical conundrum."

King ignored him and glanced around the room. He was looking for a clock. How long had he been out?

“Let’s imagine you were a businessman with a loose sense of moral propriety,” Koontz said. “What would you do about a ‘good’ man who acts against your interests?”

That caught King’s attention. His gaze snapped back to the fat man.

“You murder him and make him go away,” King said.

He stared right back at Koontz’s ridiculous rose-tinted spectacles. He knew what the mob boss was implying and refused to be intimidated by it.

Koontz wagged a pudgy finger and shook his head.

“That’s the thinking of a common street thug,” he admonished. “All now now now and no thought for tomorrow. These are civilized times, we have rules to follow.”

King was content to let Koontz monologue on. While the fat man talked he couldn’t do anything that endangered King’s health. It gave King’s bodyguards longer to find him.

“Look at yourself,” Koontz continued. “You are a powerful, highly influential man in this city. I’m sure you would like to lock me away in prison for the many crimes you believe me guilty of. And yet you can’t. Why? Because you follow the law and in this country the laws are founded upon a presumption of innocence.”

King glowered at Koontz.

“The same is true for people on the other side, the businessmen with loose senses of moral propriety,” Koontz said. “They also have their own rules to obey. They might not be written down and pored over by lawyers, but they exist nonetheless. Oh, some people can be disappeared—common hoodlums, naive students, even the occasional corrupt official—but a good man . . . a popular, respected, well-liked man . . . why, a man like yourself even . . .” Koontz shook a finger. “Such crude methods have a tendency to backfire . . . to create martyrs . . . to lend spine to the previously spineless. They seldom solve the problem without spawning a bigger problem for the future. No, a businessman, if he values his business, is better served seeking alternate solutions.”

It sounded like Koontz had calculated killing him would cause more problems than solve, but in that case why kidnap him like this? Surely the line had already been crossed.

“There are other approaches,” Koontz said. “A hand bearing gifts can be just as efficacious as a fist. We are all flawed creatures.”

So that was Koontz's intention, King thought.

"We all have our weaknesses—money, power, drugs . . . girls."

Koontz placed a pudgy hand on the shoulder of the girl sitting in the chair. King resisted the temptation to laugh. The mobster's intel must be way off if he thought King could be tempted by that. He already had a wife and beautiful daughter. He wasn't about to throw that away for a few moments of in-and-out with a common floozy.

Even if she was an attractive floozy, and King had to concede she was very attractive indeed. She must be one of Koontz's higher quality escorts. Wavy red hair cascaded down on either side of a doll-perfect face. Her face had the perfect, unblemished contours of a fairytale princess . . . combined with eyes and full lips that glimmered with the prospect of less-than-innocent mischief. He thought it a shame such a pretty face had been squeezed into a ridiculous Vegas-style showgirl costume. The neckline of her shiny top plunged down to her navel and revealed enough flesh to shame a ten-dollar whore. He presumed it must be some kind of fancy-dress devil costume as she was also wearing a pair of fake horns.

"What if your 'good' man has no interest in any of the gifts you're offering," King said.

"That's the problem with good men," Koontz conceded. "They have no vices to tempt them with . . . and no vices means no skeletons in their closets to blackmail them with either."

King wondered where all this was leading. He hadn't seen a clock to let him know how long he'd been held. His men mustn't be far away.

"If the man himself is untouchable, then what about the people close to him . . . his loved ones," Koontz said. "You have a wife and daughter, don't you, Governor King . . ."

King could not let that pass. "Do not even think it," he said, his voice quiet and simmering with compressed rage. "If anything happens to Stephanie or Marcia I will make it my life's work to end you."

"Calm down, Governor King," Koontz said, holding out his hands in a placatory fashion. "It's not all about you. We're talking about a hypothetical situation."

Koontz's pudgy lips turned up in a toad-like smile.

"Your response highlights the problem with this solution. Sure, sometimes it will break a man, smash him into tiny fragments. But other times it will unleash a monster, an implacable and dangerous foe no longer willing to play by any rules. It's too unpredictable and dangerous."

King let his anger simmer down. "Then it would appear your hypothetical conundrum

has no solution,” he said.

“Oh, I wouldn’t be so hasty, Governor King,” Koontz said. “There are other ways to break a good man.” He placed a hand on the hooker sitting in the chair. “Ms. Ceptophthorié . . .”

The girl stared at King with an expression of sultry amusement. “Mr. McMillan, could you be so kind to come in,” she called out without breaking eye contact with King.

Her voice surprised him. Refined, articulate . . . almost regal; it wasn’t how he’d expected a hooker to talk at all. Her accent was hard to place. Not English. He knew English people and this wasn’t the same. Definitely one of Koontz’s higher class escorts. He wondered which blue-blooded tree she’d fallen out of.

He was even more surprised by the man that entered the room.

“I take it you recognize Mr. McMillan,” Koontz said.

King did. Bob McMillan had been a highly respected member of the city police force . . . until he’d been photographed snorting coke with a hooker in the backroom of one of Koontz’s clubs. It had come as a blow to King. He’d had plans to move the man into a higher profile position and they’d all fallen apart when the media revelations had precipitated McMillan’s calamitous plummet from grace. And now the man was working for Koontz. King’s mouth turned up in disgust. What a waste.

“Ah, there you are, dear.” The girl in the chair batted long eyelashes. “Could you do a little favor for me?”

“Anything you desire,” McMillan said.

There was an emptiness about the other man’s smile King found a little creepy.

“Are you a Christian, Governor King?” Koontz asked. “I know all public figures claim to be, it is a requirement in this country of ours, but do you believe, really?”

King looked from Koontz to the whore in the chair, and then to the disgraced former police officer. His skin prickled. Something was not right here. He didn’t know what, not exactly, but he felt it through a mounting sense of unease.

“What do you see here, Governor King?” Koontz asked.

He held out his arms as if showing off the hooker in the chair. The girl tilted her head, batted her eyelashes and gave King a smile brimming with secrets.

“A hooker in fancy dress,” King said. He wanted to sound disdainful, but his voice

lacked conviction. That growing sense of something being badly badly wrong was gnawing at his nerve endings.

Koontz and the girl, Ceptophthorié, shared a smile. Ceptophthorié turned to McMillan.

“Mr. McMillan, did you bring the knife?”

“Yes mistress.”

McMillan held up a large machete with a wide blade. King sprang back on the bed and his head banged against the backboard. What the hell was happening here? He looked for an object to defend himself with. The lamp?

“Good,” the girl said. “Now I’d like you to cut off the fingers of your left hand.”

McMillan placed his left hand flat on the table between the bed and the TV screen. He placed the point of the blade on the table and angled the blade across his hand like a guillotine.

“Not too much,” the girl said. “The first knuckle will suffice.”

This had to be a trick, King thought, some kind of sick intimidation. Even if they’d managed to hypnotize McMillan, he wasn’t about to mutilate himself. The instinct for self-preservation was too strong, stronger even than the strongest hypnotic suggestion. There was no way McMillan was about to—

McMillan flexed the muscles in his right hand and brought the blade down with all his weight behind it, neatly chopping off his fingers just below the second knuckle. Glistening blood welled out and surrounded the severed pink digits in a growing crimson pool.

The blood drained from King’s face. He felt queasy. In contrast, McMillan’s face showed no expression at all. He still wore the same blank smile even though he’d just cut off the fingers of his left hand.

“Now eat them.”

“As you wish, mistress.”

McMillan scooped up his bloody severed fingers and put them into his mouth with no more thought than a man scooping up a handful of popcorn. King watched the man’s jaw work up and down as he chewed. He heard horrid granching sounds as the man’s teeth came up against bone.

“Are they tasty?” the girl asked.

McMillan smiled and nodded his head. He continued to chew on his own knuckles while King watched on, aghast.

The girl looked down at McMillan's mutilated left hand. Blood continued to run from the stumps in livid red spurts.

"You'd better go and have that looked at," Ceptophthorié said. "You're getting blood everywhere."

"Yes mistress," McMillan said in between chewing on the bones of his fingers.

He turned and walked to the door, leaving a red trail across the peach-colored carpet. He paused at the door while he tried to turn the brass handle with fingers that didn't exist anymore. His oozing stumps left bloody smears all over the handle. Even this didn't shake him from his trance. After a brief moment of puzzlement he opened the door with his right hand and exited the room.

King's gorge heaved. He fought the urge to vomit.

The girl turned and stared right at King. He saw her eyes had changed color. They were red now, red like the color of freshly-spilled blood. It could have been a special effect, make-up. King knew it wasn't.

"I take it you've heard some of the stories about me," Koontz said, "about the forces I command."

King had. Some of the street punks swore Koontz had occult powers, that he had demons from hell at his beck and call. King hadn't paid much attention to those stories . . . until now.

"Ceptophthorié is a succubus," Koontz said. "Succubi are demons from hell. They tempt humans into sexual congress and then feast on their souls. Ceptophthorié is an exceptional example of her kind—a veritable princess of hell, if you will—and very expensive to contract, I might add."

"Oh, but I am worth it," Ceptophthorié said while continuing to stare at King.

Her gaze simmered with perverse sexual desires. It felt like a physical force enveloping him and contracting like vacuum-wrapped plastic.

"Yes, you are," Koontz said, smiling down at her. "You see, Governor King, in answer to our little conundrum before, in order to break a good man you must first destroy the things that make him a good man. While a good man has his standing—his reputation—he is untouchable. However, peel that reputation away—destroy it—and you expose the naked, vulnerable man underneath."

"My people are turning this hotel upside down as we speak," King said, trying to regain

composure, authority. “They will find me. And you.”

“Tut tut, Governor King. You didn’t think Ceptophthorié was the only demon I have working for me . . .” The fat man grinned like a toad before turning away. “Enjoy your time with Ceptophthorié. She’ll give your fall a soft landing.”

He tittered as he left the room.

That left King alone . . . with the demon. He sat up on the bed and his gaze flicked back and forth between her and the lamp sitting on the bedside table. He was ready to pick it up and hurl it at her should she make an aggressive move in his direction.

The girl didn’t move. She sat on her chair and her full lips curled up in amusement.

“You look very tense. Would you like me to give you a massage?” she asked.

“No thanks.” King’s gaze flicked back and forth between her and the lamp. “I’m not going to let you do to me whatever you did to McMillan.”

“That’s not how it works,” Ceptophthorié said. “You have to do me.”

King’s brow furrowed.

“Like McMillan,” Ceptophthorié said. “He shoved his big prick inside me and filled my gorgeous pussy with his cum. Then I made him into my little toy. Those are the rules—the man must instigate sexual intercourse of his own free choice.”

“Then I won’t,” King said.

“No?” Ceptophthorié arched a pencil-thin eyebrow.

“No,” King said, his voice flecked with ice. “I have a wife and daughter I love very much. I’m not interested in a common whore.”

Ceptophthorié smiled at his insult.

“I could make you,” she said. “I could use my magic to pin you to the bed, climb on top, swallow up that gorgeous prick with my luscious pussy and ride you until you melted inside me. Or I could entangle you in a web of seduction so potent the merest pluck of a thread would bring you to me on your knees like a faithful little dog.”

For a moment King felt that oppressive force of her presence wrapped around him like a velvet glove. He feared her words were no idle boasts.

“Do it,” he challenged.

Ceptophthorié smiled. “Where would be the sport in that? There’s no fun in taking a man as if he were a common beast. It’s not what I want.”

“What do you want?” King asked. The more he kept her talking the more time it gave the others to find him.

“I want to play a game,” she said. “Would you like to play a game with me?” she asked with a coquettish expression of wide-eyed innocence.

“What if I say no?” King asked. “What’s to stop me walking out of that door right now?” Ceptophthorié pushed her lower lip out in a disappointed pout.

“That would upset me. I don’t like it when my games are spoiled. And when I’m upset I take it out on the loved ones of the person who upset me. McMillan is not my only toy. Would you like your wife and daughter brutally gang-raped?”

The furious intensity of King’s glare was broken as he stared into the demon’s burning red eyes and realized she wasn’t bluffing. It felt like ice-cold water poured down his spine.

“Now for the rules of the game.” Ceptophthorié switched back to coquettish playfulness. “It’s a challenge—your resolve versus my erotic temptations. At sunrise I must depart this plane. If you can resist my seductions until then you win and get to keep your soul. I’ll even make it easier. I won’t use my demonic abilities to entrance or otherwise compel you into having sexual intercourse with me. I won’t even touch you . . .”

The corner of her full lips turned up in a suggestive smile.

“ . . . unless you ask me to. How does that sound?”

“It sounds very easy. I don’t want to have sex with you.”

“Really?” Ceptophthorié said with a teasing smile. “It seems your body has other ideas.” She glanced at the obvious erection tenting the front of his underwear. “He seems eager to greet me, to feel the warmth of my flesh wrapped around him.”

King reddened and shielded the embarrassing protrusion with his hands. It was an automatic response, that was all.

Ceptophthorié giggled.

“If I decide to play, what guarantee is there that you’ll stick to the rules?” King asked. “If your . . . demonic—”

It still felt wrong to use the word even though he’d accepted the impossibility of what she was.

“—abilities are as powerful as you claim, what’s to stop you using them once it gets close to sunrise and I’m about to win?”

“My word,” Ceptophthorié said.

King snorted. “You’re a demon.”

Ceptophthorié was about to feign an expression of hurt, but laughed instead. “True,” she admitted. “I won’t cheat though. The game has no challenge if I allow myself to break the rules whenever the game doesn’t go my way.”

She fixed her gaze on King, temporarily casting aside her flirtatious mask.

“I want to see you fall. I want you to feel the wind flutter through your hair as you plummet into my abyss and know it was you who jumped. That is true pleasure.”

She closed her eyes, brought her hands up and lewdly squeezed the swollen mounds of her breasts.

“It won’t happen,” King said. “You made a mistake. You showed me McMillan. Do you think I’d be stupid enough to fuck you after I saw what it did to McMillan?”

Ceptophthorié threw back her head and laughed.

“I always show the men the consequences of their own damnation. It makes the game so much more interesting.”

The succubus made no move towards King. He watched her warily. At least it started that way. His gaze dipped downwards and was pulled in by the lush, swollen hemispheres of her breasts. It orbited her fleshy curves, trapped like a ship caught in a black hole, sucked down, tugged into the shadowy cleft of cleavage while he became aware of the steady beat of blood through his temples. Down his gaze fell, sliding down a flat belly to the beginnings of her short skirt. She uncrossed her legs and he glimpsed the gates to her sex—plump, dewy, welcoming. His vision narrowed until it seemed like the shadowy pink cleft between her legs grew to encompass his entire world. It was like he stood on the edge of the hotel roof, staring at something far below, staring then teetering, teetering then falling. He was falling down into a fleshy canyon and the soft pink folds of her sex were opening to accept him, opening to engulf him.

King snapped his head back. He’d been nodding like a man on the verge of falling asleep.

Ceptophthorié giggled.

What was this? He was no serial womanizer. He didn’t ogle other women and certainly not garish tramps with dresses cut low enough to show off the lush, creamy curves of their . . .

King shook his head.

Don't look at her.

Ceptophthorié giggled again. Playful.

His erection raged against the confines of his underwear.

No! He did not want to fuck her.

His cock heard only 'fuck' and twitched like an eager dog on a leash.

Be strong, King thought. Jesus, if you're more than a name in a book, please grant me the fortitude to come through this. He prayed. Not the hollow ceremony every politician was expected to perform, but from the heart and with a sincerity he'd not managed since his university days.

Ceptophthorié smiled in amusement and crossed her long, lithe legs.

Don't look at her. He needed a distraction, something to take his mind off her. He saw the remote for the television lying on the bedside table.

Yes, that should do it.

He turned on the TV and caught a baseball game—the Yankees versus the Red Sox. He watched the pitcher hurl down two strikes before the channel suddenly flipped without him touching the remote and he was watching a man fuck a woman from behind in a hardcore porn flick.

King stabbed a button on the remote.

The picture switched to a late night horror film. Old. Black and white. A lantern-jawed soldier wrestled with an unconvincing rubber alien.

bink

Back to the hardcore porn film where perspiration dripped off writhing, grunting bodies.

King stabbed another button, this time finding a late night talk show. The host was opening their mouth to speak when—

bink

—the man's face was replaced by the heavily made-up face of a porn star, her mouth open wide to receive a nine-inch cock.

King hit the off switch and hurled the remote across the room in disgust. It hit the wall and batteries spilled out across the floor.

Ceptophthorié continued to sit on her chair with an expression of feigned innocence on

her face. Only the glint in her eyes and a little curl at the corner of her lips told otherwise.

King turned on his side and stared at the wall. As he watched, the *fleur-de-lis* patterns morphed and changed into human shapes performing lewd acts on each other. He rolled back onto his back.

Ceptophthorié watched him with amusement. He wanted to slap that smug expression off her face.

Why didn't he?

She was just a slender young woman. He was bigger, stronger. It was idiotic to think she had him trapped here when he could physically overpower her at any time.

His fingers clenched. He pictured his strong hands around that slender neck and squeezing while she gasped and choked. He pictured himself throwing her to the floor, pinning her, grinding his cock up into the warm place between her thighs, pushing and pushing, feeling muscles tear as he forced his way ins—

King derailed that thought in shock. Where had those images come from?

Ceptophthorié again wore an expression of wide-eyed innocence.

“Don't you want to hurt me?” she said, pouting her plump lips to form inviting pillows.

King ignored her and stared up at the blank ceiling. His gaze roamed the uneven white plaster, taking in each crack and imperfection as he tried not to think about the presence sitting at the end of his bed. All he had to do was ignore her. According to her rules he had to make the first move. He just had to lie right here and not think about her, not think about—

their sweat-stained bodies coming together with blissful grunts and sighs

—sex.

Think about something else. Anything else.

He couldn't. Every image morphed into the soft chasm of her cleavage, the shadowy folds between her thighs.

Maybe the time would go quicker if he slept. He closed his eyes . . .

Ceptophthorié was on top of him. Her lips—hot like fire—pressed against his. Her hands were everywhere—soft and deft as they caressed his nipples, fondled his balls, pumped his cock. A fire burned through him, one that carried his mind away on a gust of lustful embers.

He had to have her. The need overwhelmed everything. She straddled him. One hand encircled his erection, the other parted the pink lips of her sex. She slowly descended, preparing

to engulf his member with her sex.

No

It wasn't her sex, it was her mouth. Between those soft folds waited a darkness blacker than the deepest abyss. She was about to swallow his penis up into that. Swallow *him*.

King jerked awake with a cry.

Ceptophthorié, still sitting on her chair, cocked her head. It didn't look as though she'd moved from there.

"You can't escape me in sleep," she said. "I'm a succubus. Dreams are our dominion. Through them we can shape any fantasy we desire."

God, it had been so vivid. He could still smell her odor on him, the musky tang of her sex. So realistic. He was covered in a thin film of sweat.

Ceptophthorié changed position in the chair, flaunting the sexy curves of her body.

"Did you like the little dream I sent you?" she asked. "We can do it for real. All you have to do is ask."

"No thanks," King said.

Sleep was no longer an option. He looked up at the ceiling again and tried to turn his thoughts to other matters.

How had Koontz come into this power? Demons, devils; it beggared belief. Had the mobster sold his soul to the devil? Did Satan exist? If Satan existed did that mean God and Jesus did too?

It was too incredible.

Maybe it was too incredible. Maybe this was all a hallucination brought on by the drugs Koontz had tricked him into imbibing.

In that case there was nothing to stop him plowing that sweet little ass.

King shunted that thought aside as if it was a foreign object. He suspected it was.

Ceptophthorié raised her arms and yawned. She stood up and walked to the bed.

"I'm feeling tired," she said.

He flinched as she climbed onto the bed next to him.

"There's no need to be so twitchy," she said. "The bed is big enough for the both of us."

King knew he should get out, get away from her, as far away as the room would allow. A strange spark of stubbornness caused him to turn away on his side and ignore her instead. He

wasn't moving for a trashy whore. He wasn't about to run through the room like a girl fleeing a curious mouse.

The succubus lay on her back next to him. "The sex alone isn't enough," she said. "There has to be an exchange. You have to spurt that semen churning away in your balls up into my lovely twat. Without it I have no hold on a man. That might change your thinking," she said with a suggestive hint.

Then, in case King hadn't already picked up her obvious hint, she turned and whispered huskily in his ear.

"You can fuck me all you want so long as you pull out before you come. Imagine it—you standing over me with your rampant cock spraying dirty cum all over my flat little tummy, and poor me not being able to do a thing to you afterwards."

King could imagine it. That was the problem. He pictured himself driving his hard cock between the fleshy lips of her vagina, pounding her. And then, when he felt that familiar twitch in his balls, pulling out and triumphantly spurting his cream all over her tits and belly. He pictured the sullen expression on her face as his cum was released outside of her body and she realized he'd won.

It was a tempting thought. Too tempting.

He tried to shunt it out of his mind, but the image was stubborn. It rattled around in his head like a coin caught in a washer-dryer.

He could have her. All he had to do was pull out . . .

King wriggled away until he was right on the edge of the bed. He tried to pretend the succubus lying on the bed next to him didn't exist.

It was hard to do with the throbbing erection in his pants. It wouldn't go down and he couldn't maneuver it into a more comfortable position.

Time passed and King fidgeted in discomfort. Go down, he pleaded. His penis refused to obey and the discomfort grew into a nagging ache that consumed more and more of his thoughts.

"Why don't you relieve yourself?" a seductive voice whispered in his ear. "It will drain some of the tension away."

He was sorely tempted. His body cried out for him to pull down his underwear, wrap a hand around his hard-on and pump away until the discomfort flooded out of him. He couldn't.

He knew the moment he put a hand on his cock she'd offer to help and once he gave into the pleasure he'd be helpless to resist as she offered the soft and inviting folds of her pussy to him. He would enter those soft and inviting folds and never leave.

At the thought of her soft, inviting folds he felt his erection surge against the constraining material of his underwear. Driven outwards by his tumescence, the fabric started to dig painfully into his crotch.

No, this was no good. He had to get it out.

He pulled down his underwear and felt a surge of relief as the constriction on his erection was removed. The relief was only temporary. The air wasn't enough stimulation. His penis, swollen with blood and need, demanded the touch—the rub—of something, anything.

“Ooh, that's a big one,” Ceptophthorié said as she looked over his shoulder. “Can I touch it?”

Her hand reached over and hovered tantalizingly close. His penis twitched eagerly at the thought of her soft hand wrapped around it, but the hand teasingly kept its distance. It would not approach until he asked her.

Until he surrendered.

King put out an arm and shouldered her away. He tried to avoid touching her as much as he could while he did, as if she was a container of hazardous waste and all contact should be avoided. He still felt the softness of one of her boobs against his arm and his hand involuntarily clutched as though it wished it could feel that soft flesh between its fingers.

You can have her. Just remember to pull out.

He curled up and leaned over—shielding his cock from her as if it was a precious treasure to be kept hidden. More time passed. King's erection remained bloated and full of blood.

“You're no fun at all,” Ceptophthorié complained. “So stiff and cold. Are you like this with your wife?”

The bed shifted as she propped herself up on her elbows.

“Or is she like this with you? Oh, she is, isn't she. How many nights have you lain like this, alone and frustrated in a bed of two? They all lose interest in the end.”

King ignored her taunts.

“Except me,” Ceptophthorié said, her voice a breathy whisper in his ear. “I won't. I'll tend to your needs whenever they need tending.”

Her arm looped back over him and again hovered tantalizing close to his throbbing erection. Again she wouldn't cross that last inch and enfold his cock in her palm.

“All you have to do is ask.”

He felt the tickle of her breath against his ear and almost fancied he could feel the tickle of her nipples against his back even though no contact was made. His flesh wanted it, was hungry—ravenous—for her touch. Ceptophthorié denied him. Her body was close enough to tantalize him, but not close enough to give the contact his skin craved.

Fuck her and pull out. She can't do anything if you pull out.

King ignored the siren whisper from the reptile part of his brain.

“Oh, I got it wrong,” Ceptophthorié said. “It's not your wife that's lost interest, it's you. Doesn't she do it for you anymore? Is that how it is? A few wrinkles, an extra pound here, parts becoming looser—time can be so cruel to a woman's body. How many nights have you left your poor wife untended and frustrated?”

“Shut up!” King snapped.

“I'm right, aren't I,” Ceptophthorié said, her voice light and teasing. She leant closer until her lips were nearly brushing his earlobe. “Do you still picture her when you masturbate? Or is it your daughter now?”

“Enough!”

A black tide of rage flooded into King's head. He lifted his arm to shove her away again, but this time his body followed. He rolled over, rolled on top of her, used his masculine body to pin her helplessly to the bed. He was a passenger in his own body. It was like the gears between brain and muscles had slipped a cog. He watched helplessly as a man who looked exactly like him pressed the girl down on the bed, put a hand around her throat and began to squeeze.

His harsh treatment didn't bother the demon at all. She smiled and then sighed with arousal even as he tightened his hand around her throat. Her body writhed underneath him. She opened her legs, offering her sex up to him.

And King took it. God have mercy on him, he took it. Dark fires burned within him. He wanted to punish her, hurt her, rape her, despoil her. He wanted to degrade her utterly and then see the look on her eyes as he pulled out and sprayed cum all over her defeated body. She would not have power over him.

He took his cock in his hand, steered it to the waiting folds of her pussy and then pressed

down, driving his rock-hard erection deep into her pinned body.

He slid in as if the walls of her vagina were lined with the finest silk. His path was easy enough, but there was no looseness. He felt her warmth—her heat—and the tightness of her pussy pressing all around him. It was just as it had been with his wife many many years ago, before age and childbirth had reduced the pleasure.

“I can look like her if it makes it better,” Ceptophthorié said. King’s hand around her throat didn’t bother her in the slightest.

She changed her face, but it became his daughter’s face rather than his wife’s. The dark fires within him burned higher. How dare she! How dare she wear his daughter’s face! His left hand joined his right as he tried to squeeze her throat harder. He thrust into her harder and faster, wanting to feel friction, wanting to hurt her.

He couldn’t. She was so smooth inside—moist, lubricated. Her vagina felt so good it was like it had been designed for him only, like it was molded to fit his manhood perfectly. Despite her luscious tightness, his cock slipped back and forth inside her with only enough friction to stoke his arousal. And he was getting very aroused. He drove back and forth and felt a pleasurable tightening within his balls.

Pull out, a whisper in his head warned.

No, not yet. Just a little more. It felt so good. He’d missed this. It had been so long. His buttocks flexed and he grunted as he pushed into her, deeper and deeper. Oh yes.

Pull out.

Not yet. Soon. Soon.

He opened his eyes and looked down, letting his gaze move up over her bobbing breasts and then onto her face.

Her demonic face.

He saw her horns, her red eyes, the way her full red lips were curled up in a triumphant smile.

What was he doing? This was madness.

Pull out!

Her legs swept up like a bear trap to wrap around his waist. Her pussy puffed up around his cock like a cuff filling with air. Still soft, but growing tighter, squeezing him tighter until the pressure became enough to hold him in place. Not painful, but insistent . . . irresistible. He was

stuck. He tried to lift his body up off her and she came up with him.

“You didn’t think it was that easy to pull out of a succubus’s pussy?” Ceptophthorié said to him.

She rocked her hips beneath him and her movements sent little trembles of pleasure running down his shaft. He was close, perilously close. He tried again to get up off the bed . . . off her body. Ceptophthorié gripped him tightly with her thighs and came up with him. Her extra weight was an anchor dragging King back down to the bed.

Worse, the motions of her puffed up vagina, the gentle little rhythmic squeezes, were having a debilitating effect. He was trying to pull out while every animal instinct embedded in his fibers told him to push on deeper, to bury his manhood in the warm flesh of her sex and pour his seed into her.

His strength failed him and he collapsed back down onto the bed on top of her. She gave a lewd croon of pleasure as the crash jarred their sexes together and King sank deeper into the fleshy quagmire of her sex. His arousal was bubbling ever closer to the edge, spurred on by gentle throbs of pressure from her swollen sex.

Pull out. Pull out!

He tried to lift himself up again and Ceptophthorié knocked out the props of his arms. He fell onto the airbags of her boobs and was held there as she wrapped her arms around him in a tight hug. She writhed against him, rubbing her breasts against his chest like a wanton harlot. Her lips left hungry wet kisses on his throat. Her calves and ankles rubbed against his lower back and buttocks. And still that cursed vagina throbbed and pulsed around his trapped member, sucking him closer and closer to the edge.

Pull out. It was a forlorn whisper.

“There’s no escape from here.” Ceptophthorié’s warm breath filled his ear.

The cushioned walls of her sex gripped his cock and pulled it down deeper within her until his glans came up against a fleshy obstruction. That obstruction opened out and enveloped the head of his cock in warm, stretchy tissue. Ceptophthorié took a deep breath and emitted a sigh as her whole body seemed to flex. Deep within her, beyond the second maw hiding within her sex, he felt the passage open up and *suck*.

King shuddered in her arms, as helpless as a kite in a storm as the mystery organ within her expanded and tugged on his sex, begging—no demanding—he empty his seed into her.

And more.

King resisted. Barely. He held out until the force passed. He lay slumped on the demon's body and his breath came out heavy as though he'd been fucking her far more vigorously than he had. If he couldn't pull out then he had to hold on. Try to last out until morning even though every fiber of his being hummed with the need to ejaculate.

"Still trying to hold on," Ceptophthorié whispered in his ear. Her long nails tickled up his spine. "It's futile."

As if to underline her words, he felt her body tense up again, preparing to take the next suck, the one that would tip him over the brink and enable her to inhale his soul. He couldn't escape. Her body surrounded him like a perfumed cage. Could only hold on, try to ride it out. Was that birdsong he could hear outside? Dawn couldn't be far off.

"You're so close now."

King felt something slither between the cheeks of his ass. Her tail, moving with the freedom of a snake. The tip poked up against his anus, gentle but insistent.

"Let me help you over the edge."

He felt his anus stretch open as the tip of her tail wormed inside. His shock at the intrusion was only fleeting as the tip pressed up against his prostate and began to vibrate in a way that caused a comfortable, warm sensation to spread through his groin.

King's whole body thrummed like a string. The rising pressure in his sex was becoming impossible to hold back.

Ceptophthorié flexed again. Her swollen sex gripped him with wet suction. He felt that warm organ at the end of her vagina open up and suck in the whole of his glans. Her tail continued to vibrate within him, driving him on even as he felt her body flex. It felt like her whole sex was inhaling.

And King came into it. All the pent-up pressure was released in a single ejaculation that felt like every orgasm he'd ever experienced all rolled into one. It uprooted him from the inside. It tore out everything that was him and sent it flooding out of his manhood in one endless stream of final pleasure. King's cry of ecstatic release collapsed into a strangled sob as he realized what he'd done.

Ceptophthorié mewled in pleasure and rocked her hips beneath him. The organ within her swelled and swelled, an empty black abyss that could never be filled. The suction gripped

him and drew him out in a burst of semen and pleasure.

Soul. She was drawing out his soul.

And he could do nothing. He'd come inside her. He'd fulfilled her conditions. He was hers. She turned him inside out and her pussy gulped him down along with his seed, leaving behind only enough to power his now hollow shell.

Ceptophthorié rolled him onto his back. She rested a head against his shoulder and ran a hand through his hair.

"You're my new little toy," she said.

* * * *

Kenny Hays picked up a newspaper from the stand and read the headline in disgust. Governor King had been filmed engaging in a lurid orgy with four hookers.

"I voted for this creep," he said to the seller as he handed over some coins.

"Me too," the seller commiserated. "I thought he was different. I bought into all that incorruptible bullshit. Sure fooled me."

"Politicians, they're all the same fucking sleaze. Can't trust any of them."