

# **The 13th Floor: The Sincubus**

## **Stephanie Burke**

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## **The 13th Floor: The Sincubus**

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*A death wish. A forbidden creature of Legend. A hotel where the most enthralling things can and do happen...*

Ash is old, even for a vampire. She's seen too much. She no longer feels. She thought she wanted to die... until she meets... him. Her. It.

Nightshade. A forbidden child, a creature that never should have existed... and it wants to feed. Ash is perfect for the task -- sex and a meal all in one nearly perfect package.

But when worlds collide, anything can happen... on the 13th floor.

## **Prologue**

This is not a happy story.

This is not a sad story.

This is a story about a place that exists betwixt and between.

The thirteenth floor, the object of much superstition and fear, has been the subject of much debate and speculation. Its mysteries are vast and ever changing, the power it holds immeasurable.

But only a select few ever enter its halls... and if they exit, their lives will be forever changed.

## Chapter One

Cloven hooves sank into the rich moist earth as the creature raced with abandon through the humid air of the jungle. It had no idea how long it had been there, but it felt a freedom like it had never experienced in all of its long years. Ebony hair streaked with silver stars flowed behind it, its cream colored horns twisting in a majestic arc as it darted between the trees and tall grasses that made up this newer prison.

Long, scarlet robes draped, fluttered open around its lithe, muscular body to expose a solid chest and thighs corded with muscles as it ducked under branches and leaped small fallen trees.

Suddenly it paused, lapsing into complete stillness. It tilted its head to the left, listening to a new sound entering its domain.

Then it was off. Its legs, covered in silky black fur from just below its knees down, flashed and reflected silvery stars as it moved with unearthly speed toward the sound that drew its attention.

"I hope someone has come to play with me," it thought as its scarlet robes caressed its body. "Company would be so... nice." It smirked at the thought. "So long as it isn't as delicate as my last visitor."

It felt its cock swell at the remembrances of its last guest in this jungle paradise screaming and begging for mercy even as she spread her legs wider, begging for a harder, deeper fuck.

Delicious.

It continued onward, absently reaching down with one clawed hand to adjust its swelling cock as it moved toward what it felt would be its destiny... at least for a short time.

How long had it been trapped here? It couldn't remember, it had been so long. But it retained slight memories of past visitors who had eased its hunger and its loneliness for a time.

There was a male who had been afraid of sex, of all things. It recalled that it'd had to work very hard to even get the man's clothing off in the oppressive jungle heat, let alone get him to spread his legs and dip his wick, as the humans say.

Then there was another male who couldn't control his urge to fuck everything in sight. That had been a fun time, being constantly fed until the male in question learned to control his urges. It was a pity when that one left.

Then there was a female who was afraid of men due to a childhood incident involving an uncle. The creature's appearance had greatly helped ease the fear in the female, and it had taken several long weeks of slowly introducing her to tender lovemaking and educating her in ways to please herself for her to become more comfortable with her own body. That her tastes turned to the more delicate sex was no surprise, and it had eagerly given her the confidence to leave its domain and strike out on her own.

Yes, it had met the most interesting people here.

And it seemed it was about to meet another. It hoped the person wouldn't try its patience because, frankly, it was running out of places to dispose of the bodies. And dead meat was no fun to play with.

Sharp fangs flashed in the so, so dark skin as it raced toward its newest plaything.

This place offered up the most tempting morsels... Hopefully this one wouldn't end up dead.

\* \* \*

Ash let out an involuntary scream as a red and black blur raced toward her.

She had seen a lot of things in her long years of living, but she had never even contemplated a creature such as this one. She couldn't get a good look at it -- it was

moving with preternatural speed -- but the overall impression was big, hairy and hungry.

She took a step back, reaching behind her for the doorknob, but she only tripped backwards. The door behind her -- the door to the hotel she'd just exited -- seemed to have disappeared into nothing but humid air and the stink of rotting vegetation.

This was not good.

And the thing kept on coming.

Ash regained her balance and threw her arms protectively in front of herself, waiting for the death she knew was about to rain down upon her. But there was a whoosh of hot air, the heavy scent of musk, and the feeling of something standing before her... and that was it.

Cautiously, she moved her arms away from her face. Her brown eyes widened in her paling face, and she stared at the thing. It appeared to be grinning at her.

Slowly, her eyes traveled over its body, noting the red, draping... sheet that covered its genitalia. Pity that, because she had no idea if she was looking at a male or a female.

It had full red lips, rather soft and delicate looking -- okay, they were leering -- but that shape could be either gender. It had high cheekbones and some seriously long black hair with definitive bright highlights. A set of spiral horns twisted straight back over its head, the tips glinting with a brilliance of gold and sharpness. Its eyes were a delicate oval, the color of a clear sky at midnight. Its skin... was it licking its lips at her?

It was!

Ash blinked and looked down, only to be confronted with a set of the most realistic goatskin pants and shoes she'd ever seen. Either this -- this -- creature was into some serious role-playing games or it was the real deal.

She gulped and took a step back, her eyes rising over the oddly shaped legs and the red-draped chest, only to get caught up in its starry gaze.

It smiled at her, exposing dangerously sharp teeth. Either it was flirting with her, or she looked like the next main course at an *al fresco* banquet. And frankly, she didn't know which to hope for most.

Someone had to speak, had to break the strange tension building up between them.

And there was tension.

She had no idea why, but there was a curious tingling in the pit of her stomach. Kind of like how she felt when she took on a new lover or when... when... what's his name with the blue hair and the tasty blood had come on to her. She cleared her throat and opened her mouth to speak, but the creature had other ideas.

"Oh, you are so pretty-pretty-pretty," it purred, stepping forward.

"Um," Ash stuttered, taking another step back. "If you are done with the Barbarella sound bites, care to tell me who you are?"

"Who I am? Who are you, my pretty-pretty-pretty?" It leaned forward, eagerness in its eyes as it again licked its lips.

"I am seriously freaked," Ash admitted, her breathing increasing, her heart pounding in her chest as she watched the hairy thing lean even closer, close its eyes, and inhale deeply.

"You smell so good."

"Um, thank you, I think..."

"You smell of musk, and water, and age." It opened its eyes and leered again. But just as quickly, the smile turned into a frown. "And you come to me with the stink of another man on your skin! This cannot be."

*He*, Ash decided. It said another male, so it had to be male, right?

"Look, darlin'... oh, my God, it's growling." She took another step back at the sound of the deep vibrating growl emanating from the thing's... from his throat.

"This is very disrespectful, pretty-pretty-pretty," he snarled over the growl, flexing fingers that suddenly seemed to be tipped with razors. "This insult cannot and will not go unpunished."



"What insult?" Ash demanded, though her fear spiked, sending her senses reeling. "Look, Sugar, you just show me the way out of this place, and I'll leave you to your forest romping." She tried to hide the quiver of fear in her voice, but from the way his eyes flashed, she didn't think she was successful.

"This will never do," he growled again. "There is a special punishment for pretty-pretty-pretty things that do not show me proper respect."

"I didn't even know I was coming here," she nearly shouted, her heart racing as she prepared to making a break for it. "I don't even want to be here. What's up with this stupid hotel?"

"Yes, special punishment, indeed." Then it reached for her.

"Oh, hell, no!" Ash took off, running so hard that her heels nearly slapped her in the ass. What was this place? Why was this happening to her? And why was that thing chasing her?

She chanced a glance over her shoulder and nearly screamed. The thing easily kept pace with her, bending down to deliver a small lick to her nose.

"Ahhhhhhh!" she shrieked. She ran faster.

Branches slapped at her face, leaves tangled in her hair, and she ran through some pretty disgusting slimy things, but she kept to her running, trying to outrace the demon behind her.

"This is unbecoming in a tribute, pretty-pretty-pretty!" it laughed, easily matching her stride for stride.

She couldn't outrun him, Ash thought, so maybe she could outsmart him.

She increased her speed, her arms pumping as she tried to gain a little distance between the two of them. Then, as he raced in front of her, she slammed both feet down, dug her heels in, and skidded to a halt, almost falling on her ass for the effort.

But she didn't take time to regroup. She immediately twisted her body, used her hand to push her back onto her feet, and took off in the opposite direction, legs pumping as hard as they could -- and for a vampire, that was pretty damn fast.

"Damn... stup-stupid... ho-tel," she gasped, her throat burning and her eyes watering with the effort.

She again chanced a glance over her shoulder, and grinned a bit as she realized he wasn't behind her anymore. "Go, baby!" she laughed.

She had just turned forward again, intent on increasing the distance between the two of them, when she ran smack dab into something hard and firm.

"Got ya," it crowed, its mellow voice filled with menace as two very long, silky, fur covered arms wrapped around her.

"Don't look up," she gasped to herself, her heart nearly beating itself out of her chest in fear. "Don't look up. In horror films the black chick always gets it after she looks up at the monster."

"The black chick..." came the purred response. She found herself pulled tighter into the soft red drapes over his chest. "...is definitely going to get it."

He tightened his grip and Ash blinked. She could swear she felt a set of small, firm breasts pressed against her face. But the thick hard-on pressed against her stomach belied that thought. It was a male, right?

"Going to get it," he... she... it continued, "over and over again."

## Chapter Two

Ash didn't know how she had been transported, seeing that she was stuck face-first to the chest of the goat-legged thing that didn't want to let her go. But before she could regroup her thoughts and try to come up with a decent escape plan, she found herself flying through the air.

*"Arghhhh!" Splash.* Ash sputtered, struggling to rise to her feet, floundering in what had to be about three feet of warm water. Her sopping hair dripped a constant stream of water and hair moisturizer into her eyes as she tried to regain her balance.

"Agh," she complained, chest heaving as she sank her hands under the mass of hair to lift it from her stinging eyes. Okay, this was just plain ridiculous! "What the hell?"

"Pretty-pretty must be thoroughly washed before I can partake of my meal."

Flinging her hair back, Ash scrubbed at her eyes, then turned to face the voice, her anger overriding her fear. Hell, what was she running from? She was a vampire. She was at the top of the food chain.

"Meal?" she snarled, turning to face him/her/it. "I'll have you know --"

"I love a meal with bite."

It smiled, showing all its fangs, then its hands went to the ties of its red robe. The robe slithered down that dark body, exposing... Ash stared. It was all she could do.

"What?" the female/male asked, cocking his head to the side in a fall of long dark hair. "Am I so fascinating, pretty-pretty-pretty? We both have the same parts."

"And a few extras," she breathed, her eyes sliding over the full, chocolate-tipped breasts with their pierced nipples straight down to the overly large... wide... uncut... Damn it, she had a dick! And it was pierced, too, edged with the metal studs of a ladder piercing.

"The better to please you with, pretty-pretty-pretty."

It took a step forward, and Ash was rather forcibly reminded of the goat legs as the hair that covered it from mid-calf to hoof swayed in the breeze. She took a step back, shock making her inhale deeply. Then she caught scent of a teasing, musky smell that made her belly tingle and her knees weak.

"Oh, don't try to run away," it growled. "The fun is just about to begin."

Before Ash could blink, it was upon her, its hands gripping her upper arms to drag her deeper into the water. But then those hands -- oh, those hands -- were sliding down her arm to caress her breasts. The smell about it was seductive and tantalizing. It pierced the fear filling her and changed it into something dark and seductive.

She leaned into those fingers and shuddered as they plucked at her nipples.

"You must be clean, pretty-pretty-pretty," it whispered, pulling her closer.

"Clean," she whispered in response. And Ash willingly went, her eyes widening as her heart began to pound. This was growing more exciting than anything she had ever felt before, and she had no idea why.

But her eyes began to droop as those same hands went around her back to cup her ass, pulling her against the hard chest and the soft breasts and hard metal that adorned the creature. Its hands were soft, softer than she could have imagined, but they knew how to touch her to make her skin tingle.

Suddenly the water felt warmer, the body pressed against hers hot, and the need to take and be taken became nearly overwhelming. Her hands went to its shoulders, rubbing at the soft skin there, tugging at the locks of long hair that seemed to reach for her and cover them both in their silkiness.

The muscles felt so good, so solid, and yet covered by a layer of feminine softness that just made her want to purr. Tilting her head back, she allowed it to lave its tongue along her neck, pulling whimpers from her throat as some small part of her mind held her back from mindless pleasure.

She wrapped her hands around its back, following the thin trail of soft hair down until she felt... movement? This creature was odder than she'd first thought. Her fingers had tracked the movement and were now caressing a short tufted tail.

"You... you have a tail," she managed.

"And one hell of an ass. Just press your fingers down a little further and I'll give you a treat."

In her daze of eroticism, this seemed like a perfectly reasonable idea. She pressed her hands down further and cupped the most well-rounded, firmest ass she'd ever felt.

"Mmm," it purred in her ear. "You have strong hands." Then it pulled back enough to bend over and latch onto her nipple.

"Oh, shit!" she gasped, her whole body freezing as that wicked tongue encircled and tugged at her nipple. The thing that made her tighten her hands on its ass, though, was the tiny, bluntly spiked ball that ran over the swelling flesh. "Your tongue is pierced!"

It chuckled, and those vibrations set up a steady thrumming through her body. She rubbed her thighs together, trying to alleviate some of the burn as her wet, slick juices rolled from her pussy.

"You smell so good," it persisted, pulling off of one nipple and siding over to the other while his fingers teased the abandoned one, never letting up on the continuous stream of pleasure. "You smell so hot and hungry... but still of that male. This will not do."

Its hands tightened around her waist, lifting her to a firm mossy bank. She threw her arms back to support herself as she was properly seated, her legs spread apart by the long lithe body above hers.

"Pretty little pussy," it whispered as its thumbs pressed into her swollen labia, forcing the hood of her clit back and exposing it to the warm air from the hot springs. "Almost ready to be eaten," it promised.

Ash whimpered, her vision going hazy as this thing manipulated her body, as it teased more hunger, more juices from her pussy.

“So pink and pretty,” it praised, pulling back so one finger ran over the lips, teasing the opening. It leaned down, covering her inner thighs with the wet silk of its hair as it inhaled deeply, its cock with all its piercings rising to nearly touch its navel. “Smells of man.”

It ripped a handful of blossoms from some of the flowers that lined the mossy bank and crushed them in its hands, releasing a rich, heady perfume that calmed her senses as it added to the excitement in her body. It mixed in a handful of water, then spread her legs further.

“This will feel good.” It stared her straight in the eyes and licked its lips. “I promise...”

Before Ash could move away, the creature pressed the heated water and flower mixture against her pussy.

“God!” she screamed as the stuff heated even more upon contact with her skin. She wiggled and arched her back, her arms giving way and leaving her lying prone in the moss and flowers. “Oh, God!”

“Tingles,” the creature agreed, sliding one finger carefully into her vagina, whimpering itself as it felt the hot, tight grip of her internal muscles clenching at it. “Especially on the inside.”

It finger-fucked her slowly, adding more fingers as the fire in her blood roared. Ash pumped her hips, fucking herself as it fucked her, demanding more as her teeth clenched and her eyes slammed shut.

God, she wanted to be fucked. She wanted that thing to push down on its pierced dick and ram it as hard as it could into her. She was hungry, panting for it, and she knew it had more to offer.

“Please!” she gasped, her heels digging into the moss as she pressed against her lover. She needed to feel its heat, to feel caressed and dominated by it. She was on fire, and she wanted the burn to grow.

Her hands tangled in its hair, whimpering as the slick texture of the tresses slid through her fingers, stimulating her pads and palms. She fisted that hair and tugged.

"Give me more, damn it!" Her legs lifted to tighten around its body, her heels pressing against a rapidly waving tail.

It leaned down to whisper in her ear. "When you are all nice and clean."

It rubbed her in circles, its fingers regularly toying with her clit, pressing down on it and sending shafts of pure pleasure through her sex. Then it used both hands to spread her wide and bent low to sniff again.

"Flowers and perfection," it breathed, pulling back long enough to cup a handful of warm water in its hands and pour it over her throbbing cunt. It lowered its head and ran its tongue along the clear trails, blowing cool air across her clit.

"Yes!" Ash managed, her head whipping from side to side. The creature pushed her further up on the bank, crushing the fragrant slick flowers beneath her weight, as it pushed its face deeper into her pussy.

Ash raised one hand to her mouth as it began to eat her out, its tongue lashing at her wet labia, its fingers squeezing and caressing her ass, one bold finger sliding into her heat. She sucked on her finger, wanting something thick and meaty in her mouth, wanting to feel filled from all sides.

"So good, so good," it purred, pulling its face, shiny wet with her juices, up from between her legs to smile at the hunger plainly written on her body. It licked its lips slowly. "You are so good, but you need more, yes?"

"Yes!" Ash fairly shrieked as she opened her eyes to stare at the dark sexual bull god that hovered over her. She didn't care if it had a tail, she didn't care if it had hooves. All she could see was a dangerous beauty that hungered for her, and a body equipped to give her what she'd only dreamed of in her darkest fantasies.

"You need to be full, don't you?" it whispered, running a hand wet with her own essence up to her breasts to pluck at her nipples. "You want to be stuffed."

"Yes," Ash managed, placing a hand on top of his, making him tug at her nipples harder. "Fill me!"

Suddenly it swung around, rising above her on all fours. He spread her legs further and used his thumbs to part her labia. He exposed her clit, swollen and throbbing, and purred in delight.

Ash looked up and saw thick male flesh studded with gold. She reached out to caress it, feeling the softness of the skin, the heat of the flesh, the overall hardness. It fascinated her, this uncircumcised dick with all its metal ornamentation... but she had no idea about how to... well... go about it.

Even as pleasure in her lower half made her want to scream and arch in ecstasy, the oddness of it gave her a pause. She didn't want to hurt him... but...

"What is the hold up, pretty-pretty?" he breathed against her pussy, swirling a finger through her wetness to slide it slowly inside. "Pleasure best is pleasure shared."

"I don't... Doesn't that hurt?"

"Not as much as blue balls... and itchy eyes."

"But... but will it hurt you?"

"Not if you don't hurry."

"But... What do I do?"

"Suck me off, bitch!"

"What?"

"You put my dick in your mouth and suck! Use a lot of spit, a lot of tongue, and cover your teeth with your lips. You bite me, I bite you back."

Ash rolled her eyes, but really, she always wanted to know what it felt like to suck on a piece of meat that had been so adorned. She felt her need increase. It was her dark fantasy to be with someone wild enough... someone masochistic enough to pierce his own flesh.

Closing her eyes, she gripped the thick length in her right hand as she allowed her tongue to lave the studs that ran along the back of his cock.

"Good girl," it purred, dropping its head again and suckling gently at her clit. "Keep going..."



Even the dark, erotic words of command and praise were fulfilling to some part of her soul. She eagerly opened her mouth and sucked down the pierced head.

"Yes..." It was his turn to purr as he settled himself more comfortably, slowly pushing more of his shaft in to her mouth. "Real good, pretty-pretty-pretty."

Yes, it was, Ash thought as she ran her tongue along the hoop that pierced the head beneath the foreskin. She suckled deeply, shuddered as a rich sweet flavor burst on her tongue. This wasn't bad at all.

"Mmm," she moaned, vibrating the metal in his dick, making him buck in pleasure. She wanted to taste more of that sweetness, so her free hand went to his balls, to gently squeeze and tug at them.

"That's it," he pulled away long enough to whisper. "Just like that." Then he was suckling and licking, pushing three fingers inside her, massaging her trembling walls.

"Mmm." Ash sucked harder, her tongue now actively playing with the hard bits of metal, which warmed at her touch. They felt so much harder than the rock solid flesh she was pulling on, and the idea made her suckle harder.

She covered her teeth with her lips, inhaled deeply and pulled his cock deep into her throat. There were some positive things about being a vampire -- no need to breathe and a lack of a gag reflex.

She pulled and swallowed and moaned as she sucked his metal-speckled flesh down her throat. Her hands went to his ass to pull him forward, sliding as his skin grew wet with sweat. She reached out and felt his little tail moving overtime, and tugged at it, causing him to writhe in her grasp and to fuck her with his fingers a bit harder. Her hands roamed his ass, pinching at the hard flesh and slipping under its tail to caress its hole. But her slick fingers slid past the hole and to a completely new opening.

*Oh, my God, she thought. It has a cunt!*

But instead of repulsing her, for some strange reason the idea appealed to her. She grinned around the base of his cock and sank three fingers deep inside.

“Woo!” it shrieked, bucking in her grasp, before shuddering and moaning, its own juices pouring over her fingers and down its balls. “Again!” it cried out, bucking in her grasp.

It was almost too much for her. Then it slid a finger deep into her ass. That was a move she hadn’t been expecting, and it sent her senses reeling higher.

She pumped her fingers inside of it, pushing them harder and harder, fucking it as it was fucking her. Her mind began to swirl and she opened her mouth, freeing its cock to slide deep within her throat as it wished.

This was the fullness she craved -- the sensation of being stuffed so full that there wasn’t another inch of room for anything but pleasure. She bucked as it sucked hard on her clit, the finger in her ass wiggling, those in her pussy pounding her. She felt her muscles tighten and the passion swirl into a binding knot that grew tighter and tighter with each of their combined movements.

Then suddenly she froze, her hips arching up high. The knot snapped and her orgasm flowed through her, tearing screams from her throat as her pussy clenched down on its fingers.

“Oh, sweet heaven,” it bellowed, feeling her cry of release vibrate around its cock.

But Ash was lost, tossing in the throes of release. It gentled its caresses, softening its touch as it helped her ride out the release.

As soon as Ash gained control of her body once more, she slumped to the slick moss and crushed flowers, but only for a moment. She felt the creature carefully slide its fingers from her pussy and her ass and ease off licking at her cunt. Then, before it could move further, she arched her back and slammed her finger deep into its ass, laughing as it screamed in shock, feeling for its prostate. She found several bumps in a ring. Grinning, she began to manipulate them, rubbing them with her knuckles and stimulating the area around them.

It gasped, then began to thrust powerfully into her throat. The fingers in its pussy became drenched with this new heat. She suckled harder, tasting more of its sweet essence, and it writhed and cried out on top of her.

Suddenly it, too, froze, and she felt the muscles in its pussy and its ass clench around her fingers. She pulled back enough so that the head of its cock filled her mouth a second before she was flooded with the sweet taste of its release. Eagerly she swallowed it down, relishing the rich flavor, grinning as its inner muscles, both anal and vaginal, tried to snap her fingers off.

“Good,” it moaned, slumping on top of her a moment before shifting to its side. “So very good.”

Ash smiled as she finished suckling its release down, then carefully withdrew her fingers from its body.

“Perfection,” it breathed, and Ash agreed... until reality cleared her head.

*What have you done?* her mind screamed at her, and the haze of lust left her. *You really fucked up this time!*

## Chapter Three

*"OH, GOD, I FUCKED A GOAT!"*

*"Well, there goes the afterglow."*

Ash whimpered, staring in disbelief at the he/she/it... goat thing that, until recently, had been nursing her clit and fingering her ass.

*"And technically, we didn't fuck. Not yet, anyway, pretty-pretty-pretty."*

"What -- what are you?" she managed, shivering as much from damp skin as from her body dropping down from the orgasmic high.

*"I, pretty-pretty-pretty, am a Sincubus."*

"A what?" she asked calmly, even though her mind was running in a million different directions. "A what?"

*"Sincubus."*

"What is a -- a Sincubus?" Her hands went to the creature's long hair that spilled over her body.

*"Ah, I am special," he smirked. "A very rare beast indeed."*

"Rare." She shuddered, feeling the pull of desire building low in her stomach again. Why couldn't she stop longing to touch it?

She gave in to the need to feel the silk of its hair between her fingers. She grabbed a tendril and stroked it against her stomach, closing her eyes and shuddering in pleasure before she again gave her concentration to the beast above her. "Sincubus."

*"I am a bastard..."*

"No doubt about that," she agreed, remembering the chase and the toss into the hot springs. Funny, but in retrospect those things were rather exciting, a fantasy chase by an exotic lover.

*Lover?* What was she thinking! Goat girl/boy had scared the crap out of her and she'd actually spread her legs for him/her... it. What was wrong with her?

"As I was saying --" It rolled its eyes at her, before giving one of her still peaked nipples a pinch. "-- I am a bastard love child of two forbidden species, a Succubus and an Incubus."

"So... you are a demon." Ash sighed, shaking her head. Trust her to wander through a hotel room and find a slinking sex demon.

"I am the child of lust, the forbidden child, a --"

"A pain in the ass."

"That, too," it snickered, "but above all else, I am a Sincubus. Because Mom and Dad were not made to mate with each other, pretty-pretty-pretty, I am a forbidden child. Succubae and Incubi are only to mate with approved human counterparts. My parents' love was forbidden, as was producing me."

"So... you are a freak of some kind?"

"I --" It rose up to its knees, anger growing in its dark eyes -- "am not a freak. I am both succubus and incubus. I am both male and female, yet neither. I can feed off of anyone I choose, no matter the sex, either through orgasmic release or with a nice wine sauce and fresh jungle fruits."

It gnashed its razor sharp teeth as its black eyes bored into Ash's, making her heart race with both desire and fear.

"Which do you prefer, pretty-pretty-pretty? Either way, I dine well tonight."

"Do I have a choice?" Ash asked, calmly staring up at the creature that loomed over her.

"No."

"What happened? Mama never hugged you much?" Ash silently awaited this reaction. She needed to know how far she could push this creature before her skin... and her meat... became its next meal.

"Mama was Papa half the time," it chuckled. "And then Papa became Mama when needed. Really, Incubi and Succubi are not supposed to mingle. No real seed to speak of." He sighed, settling back and retracting his teeth.

Ash relaxed a bit, amazed that it was willing to talk. "Then how..."

"Oh, Mama stole some seed from some human and implanted it into Papa. Papa carried me, whelped me, and they took turns nursing me, hiding me from the elders."

"Elders?"

"All races have some sort of society, vampire. Oh, yeah, I forgot. You lot are a bunch of bastard-like freaks too."

"Um, I resent that," Ash snorted. "We are a created race."

"Yeah, well, all races are created from something. Maybe you should just get together and create a government of your own. Goodness knows you need some guidance. With your running around willy-nilly and biting people all the time, it's a wonder no one has started a vampire hunt in recent years."

"But not everybody knows we exist." Who was this creature to lecture her? Oh, yeah, she thought as it flexed its talons and lapped at its fangs with a long red tongue. It was the one in control... for now.

"Yeah, and there are several thousand legends about my kind, and no one knows that I exist. My few brethren and I seem to be one of the universe's best-kept secrets. You never hear about tales of the Sincubus."

"True," Ash agreed, "but you are stuck here, same as me."

"True." Its smile became a smirk as it again loomed over Ash. "But then, I don't want to leave."

\* \* \*

Not want to leave?

Ash thought about the creature's words as it cackled and rose to its feet. The golden armbands that encircled its biceps glistened as the sun that permeated the room began to set.

Sun?

She was... she was sitting in the sun!

It had been so long since she had seen daylight, and here she didn't even pay it any attention because she had been either running scared or in the throes of passion. How could she not notice? How could she not notice... how warm it felt on her skin?

She closed her eyes and lifted her face to the waning sun, relishing the warmth that seemed to come with the slowly sinking golden orb.

"Oh, it's not real," the Sincubus interjected, making Ash's eyes snap open in shock. Then a wave of depression swept over her. The creature -- the Sincubus -- was right. There could be no real sun, or she would have long since died an agonizing death.

"It's one of the reasons I don't want to leave," it explained, drawing Ash's attention back to him. "My kind really can't exist in the daylight, either. We live in shadows and in dreams. It's kind of hard to make someone sleep in broad daylight. We would quickly starve, pretty-pretty-pretty."

"Yeah," she agreed sadly. But oh, how glorious the sun, even this false sun, felt.

"There is that, and the fact that this place sends me all the meals I could want."

"There is that." Ash sighed, shaking off her melancholy to get back to the matter at hand -- finding as much information about this creature as she could and using it to get the hell out of this crazy place.

"Oh, the little vampire needs someone to drink," it teased, absently running its hands over its full breasts, tugging gently at the gold rings that pierced its chocolate-drop nipples. "Be a good girl, and I'll let you... have a bite."

It laughed as it reached for its discarded robe, draping it around its body but not quite covering its admittedly attractive breasts and its thick, still slightly swollen cock.

For a second Ash admired the golden bars that traversed the length of that thick piece of meat, before she again shook herself out of her musings. This was no time to ogle the most attractive cock she had ever seen, not to mention breasts that seemed too pretty to be real. She had to find a way out of here.

"Pretty-pretty-pretty?" it asked, noticing her lack of comment. "Are you all right?"

"Ash," she sighed, sitting up and crossing her arms over her breasts. "My name is Ash."

"Ash," it purred, making the name sound like sex and poison dreams on its lips. "Ash. It fits you."

"And your name is?"

"Oh, I have no name," it chuckled. "But you can call me what you will, pretty-pretty Ash."

Ash eyed him again, noting the magnificent set of horns that twirled back into its hair, how that red, draping robe seemed to accent its unearthly beauty, how it seemed more... more male to her than female.

"I'll think about it." Then, looking him straight in the eyes, she asked, "Now about my supper..."



## Chapter Four

Sitting in the flowers at dusk and playing octopussy with a creature that had both a dick and a vagina was not how Ash ever expected to spend any evening. But here she was, in the nest of a creature she knew almost nothing about, trying to make heads or tails out of this new twist to her life.

She eyed the creature with some trepidation as it settled in beside her, a grin on its lips.

"Yes, pretty-pretty Ash." He conversed as if having a chat with a creature that bizarre were commonplace. "I find myself not ever wanting to leave this place. It supplies me with all my wants and my needs. What more can a creature ask for?"

"Companionship?" Ash asked archly, trying to ignore the gnawing hunger that seemed to grow more intense the more time she spent with the Sincubus. "Someone to talk to? Friendship?"

"I am talking to you, Ash, and from the intensity of your previous orgasm, I am guessing that we will be good friends."

Ash rolled her eyes, then wrapped both arms around her body, inching closer to the warmth the creature exuded.

"Are you cold?" it asked, actually sounding concerned. "I can do something to warm you up..."

"Just find my sheet. Or better yet, do you have another robe thing? That would help."

"I thought vampires didn't feel the cold."

"And I never knew there was a soul-stealing creature with both sexes out there waiting to prey upon someone."

*"Touché."* It nodded, then leered at her. "Of course I have another robe, and the red color would complement your skin tone so. But the question of the hour is... what will you give me for it?"

"Give?" Ash arched her eyebrows as she stared at... it.

"Everything in life must be earned."

"Like your earlier meal?"

"Hell, woman, you actually came on my tongue. Wasn't that payment enough for one simple snack?"

"Snack!" Ash slammed her hands on her hips, glaring at the creature.

"Snack," it assured her. "A full meal would have had my fingers in your ass, my dick up your pretty little pussy, and my tongue down your throat. Your fingers in my cunt would be nice too, but that would be just an added bonus."

Ash's eyes widened at its words. "You... you are depraved!"

"Thank you for the compliment." It smirked at her, tossing its hair over its shoulders. "The more depraved I am, the more Mom and Pop did their job right."

Well, it had her there, too. Ash huffed, then drew her knees up, resting her chin on them and wrapping her arms around her legs. She was not going to ask for clothing again.

"You really are cold, aren't you?" it asked, watching as goose bumps rose on her dark skin. "I really thought that vampires didn't feel the cold, on the account of what created you."

"Yeah, well, I didn't do a lot of things before I wound up at this hotel."

"Why did you come in the first place?"

Ash looked up, and for once it appeared the Sincubus was being earnest. She sighed and drew herself in tighter, trying to warm her chilled body. "I wanted to get away, you know? I've been alive for so long and there's so much I've seen. And it all passed me by. Everything. I saw history, but I wasn't a part of it. I saw all these great things happening, and I had nothing to do with any of it. I guess... I guess I was tired, needed an out, needed to think some things over for myself."

“Contemplating taking that final walk in the sun?”

She inhaled deeply as the truth of his words occurred to her. “Maybe,” she breathed. “Just maybe I was tired of it all, of this... this mere existence.” She slumped a little, slightly ashamed of her admission. “But I think I may be too much of a coward... There was this great guy, a dryad, I believe, over there in the next room. I think I was going to kill him. If I killed him, then I would have a reason to end my own life, you know? Guilt and all of that. But I remember fucking him, and I remember talking to him and discovering he was a bigger coward than I was.”

She chuckled as she tried to hold on to the memories that danced in her head, danced and swayed like fireflies enchanting a field with their mystical flame. But, like the elusive insects, most of the memories escaped to flutter just beyond her grasp.

“You fucked him, and you were going to kill him?” it asked, eyes wide in amazement, before it started to chuckle. “I think you are about as depraved as I am.”

Ash just rolled her eyes and pulled herself into an even tighter ball. “I mean, I killed many times after I fucked someone... but they were all bad and made pretty sour meals.”

“Hey, at least I am honest about my depraved acts,” it chuckled.

Ash felt a deep, tingling warmth as a long muscular arm dropped around her shoulders. “You... may not be so bad after all,” he chuckled, drawing her into his warmth. “You are somewhat honest and you smell good, after your bath in the spring. And I am really looking forward to fucking you, pretty-pretty Ash. Looking forward to fucking you rather than eating you.”

Ash nearly choked on her own gasp of shock as it pulled her in closer.

“I am hoping that you never want to leave, Ash. And if you want to die, may I have the pleasure of dining on your flesh?”

Ash looked up into his once again earnest eyes, then down to his razor sharp teeth. “You know,” she decided, shuddering in delayed reaction. “I think you’re good for me, um, Sincubus. Suddenly, I want to live.”

## Chapter Five

Ash had never passed an evening quite like that, curled up in a nest of soft fragrant leaves and flowers, in the arms of a hermaphroditic demon. It was warm and comfortable, even if the demon of her choice snored.

She sighed as she thought on their conversation of yesterday. She'd admitted to herself that her intentions, no matter how cleverly disguised, were to kill herself. Had life lost that much meaning to her? Was all she had to look forward a walk in the sun? She ran her hands over her eyes, upset and vaguely relieved by her painful self-discovery.

And this... this Sincubus?

What the hell was it?

Oh, she understood the make-up of it, but... Damn! Was it a boy or a girl? She had a tendency to think of it as a boy, she guessed because its overwhelming masculinity stood out. That and that penis was too big to be confused with a little clit.

But the way it touched her... Oh, yeah, it knew exactly what a woman wanted. Its technique was astounding, and the reason it gave her for this knowledge made sense. But still...

It needed a name. She couldn't continue to use the generic "it." This creature deserved to have someone at least acknowledge its individual existence, and not its forbidden child species.

And it kind of looked like a Nightshade... Well, maybe a deadly nightshade, she thought with a snicker, recalling all its natural weapons that could easily take her life.

Her life, she thought with a sigh.

But damned if she still knew whether her life was even worth it.

For so long she had fought to stay alive. Spying the Dryad and entering this hotel had been justified by her need for revenge. But she had failed in that, feeling a bit sorry for the confused male. Hell, his confusion had been more amusing than hers. But in the end, she hadn't killed him. Instead, she'd fucked him.

And now he was gone, and her problems still remained. What was she living for? Was it even worth it, this overdrawn life of hers?

*What life?* she mused, pulling totally out of the Sincubus' arms. She rolled over to get a closer look at the thing she was apparently going to be stuck with for a time.

It was attractive, she decided as she watched the creature roll to its back and settle deeper into the comfortable bed of fragrant foliage. Its hair spread out around it like a silken cloak. Even in sleep, the hair seemed to sparkle and snap with life. With its eyes closed, it was truly androgynous. Its eyes were delicately tilted, its cheek bones high, and its lips full and soft.

It was really an amazing creature.

Its body, on the other hand, was like one huge walking fantasy taboo made flesh. The breasts were small enough to remain perky when it was lying on its back, but they were well formed and firm. The robe shifted while it was sleeping, exposing one breast and its fascinating ring piercing. There seemed to be a sparkling diamond in the center, the connector that held the ring together.

Her eyes drifted to the golden arm guards that seemed more like floral vines than any golden jewelry. They were highly stylized and seemed to have been created to twine around this creature's arms. They curled over its biceps, emphasizing the delicate strength in those arms.

Her gaze traveled downward, over the cloth-covered bulge that she knew from personal experience was enough to turn the head of the most jaded and cynical person. There were still some things she had yet to experience, and it seemed this Sincubus was going to change that before she made her way out of this weird hotel room.

But her eyes dropped further, to gaze at the odd legs, splayed out in repose.

They were rather shapely to right below the knee. Then there was a fall of long, soft, black hair. It was like the hair on its head, black shot with a spray of diamonds, and it looked just as luxurious. Peeking out of the silky hair where feet would be on anyone else was a dainty set of golden hooves.

It was like someone took the best of all the Puck and Fawn legends and added them to this awkwardly graceful creature. It was just as beautiful running with the wind dancing in its hair as it was in silent repose.

But then its black eyes opened and with its first words she was again reminded of why she wanted to bash its head in with a rock or any convenient log.

"You know you like what you see," it purred, pursing those full red lips and blowing her a kiss.

"You are too obscene for words," she growled.

"And yet you always manage to find a few for me." It chuckled as it yawned, throwing both arms up in the air and stretching, showing off its magnificent form and its magnificently sharp set of teeth.

Rolling her eyes, Ash snorted, then turned her back to it.

"What? Not feeling frisky in the morning?" it purred. "I usually start my morning off with a quick... nibble." Ash jumped as those words were growled gently in her ear. How it moved so quietly, she would never know. "Is that how you usually start your day?" He ended his question with a quick lap to her ear, making her shudder as her libido perked up and started paying attention.

But Ash was in control, not her traitorous body. She turned to smile at the Sincubus, noting that its breath smelled like flowers and mint, damn it. "Actually," she snapped. "I generally start it off by taking a piss."

He paused for a moment, and then snarled, "You have morning breath."

"And you have to probably pee sitting down because you have so many holes." A smirk curled her lips as she caught it gaping, off guard.

"I have just enough holes, thank you." It moved a bit away from her. "Wanna see?"

"No, thank you." She held in a grin at its innocent routine. Whatever this Sincubus was, it was certainly amusing.

"Well," it began, almost childlike and eager, "Do you..." It paused, blinking down at her, a smile on its lips.

"What?" she asked, growing more and more comfortable with this creature and its ability to make her alternately want to kill it or kiss... maybe not, but she was getting more comfortable with it.

"Well?" It wriggled happily, nudging her shoulder with its arm. "Do you?"

"What?"

"Want to fuck?"

"Holy mother of God!"

Ash couldn't help but yell when it pounced her. Before she knew it, its face was in between her legs... and she was spreading them to give him greater access.

"God, yes." Her head lolled from side to side, her back arching up off the ground as she tried to get closer. Her fingers tangled in the black silk of its hair, tugging as sharp shafts of pleasure shot through her body.

Its tongue slipped between the lips of her labia, seeking out the hidden pearl of her clit, sucking at the juices that flowed freely in response to his experienced touches. It growled in approval of her musky flavor, savoring the sweetness that stemmed from her desire. The feel of his fingers circling her opening made her thighs stiffen and tore a scream from her throat. "Yes, keep doing that!"

More familiar with her body, it sank three fingers deep inside, pressing upwards, seeking out her pleasure button. She screamed when it struck gold. It began manipulating her, widening its fingers, giving her a pleasurable burn as her walls adjusted to the stretch.

"You are almost so ready for it," it purred, stroking inside her a bit faster, a bit harder. It reached down and gripped its cock, closing its eyes and sighing as its own wetness dripped down from its pussy, lubricating both its cock and balls. It began to

stroke in time with the fingers that fucked her pussy, making her squirm and scream and lose control.

Ash loved this feeling of being taken, of being overpowered. Nothing had ever felt this way before. It was like this Sincubus could look deep into her soul and give her exactly what she needed. And the more it gave, the more she just wanted to take.

She relaxed back in the nest, threw her legs around its head and held on for dear life. This thing was going to kill her with pleasure.

She arched her hips, bucking for a stronger contact, which it immediately gave her. Opening her eyes, she looked down to see it stroking its own cock, to see the sun glinting off the metal embedded in its dick, and smell the flowery scent of its juices. It was as wet as she ever got, and the knowledge that she did that to it, that eating her pussy moved it to this point, made her close her eyes and want to scream like a mad woman.

"Eat it!" she bellowed, shuddering as its hair slid over her sensitive skin. "Eat it harder!"

Its tongue pressed harder against her clit, spiraling delicious sensations through her. It sucked and slurped and tossed its face from side to side. It nibbled at her labia, it licked at her vagina, and it drank her down in gulps.

And she screamed, she tugged at its hair, and she begged for more. It pumped its dick faster, its breathing matching hers as they spiraled higher and higher in this dance of ecstasy.

Suddenly, it slammed four fingers deep inside her, making her arch her back to the extreme as she felt a powerful itch in her clit. Then she screamed as her muscles convulsed around its fingers, as her juices shot from her as if she had a dick and was ejaculating hard. She felt waves of white lightening flow up her body, harden her nipples into peaks and shatter her soul, leaving her falling limply back to earth.

She opened her eyes to see it slide its fingers from her body and rise above her.



It sucked its fingers covered with her essence deep within its mouth as it began to pound at its cock with his hand. It eyed her legs, still spread, her pussy still clenching in mini orgasms, and closed its eyes.

Tighter and faster it held itself, thrusting itself into its fist until it stiffened. Spurt after spurt of hot seed exploded from the plum-colored head of its cock, showering her pussy with its scalding hot offering. It painted her with the creamy streaks of its cum, covering her stomach and her breasts before aiming once again for her pussy.

And as the last dredge was squeezed out, he dropped between her spread legs and began to lick the release from her skin.

"You..." she panted. "You... are... a freak."

"Thank you," it replied, but returned to its feast, cleaning every bit of its essence from her skin, taking extra care to part her labia and seeking out every drop of their combined release. "I do try."

## Chapter Six

"I think I've found your place in life," it purred. "Right beneath me, with my face between your legs. Who knew that a bush could tease the insides of your thighs so much?"

Panting, all Ash could do was nod in agreement. Its hair had been alive on her body, tweaking her nipples, caressing her skin, driving her almost as wild as the bar through his tongue had. She hadn't noticed the tongue ring before, but boy had she noticed it when he'd applied it to her clit with his vibrating tongue.

"How..." she panted, "how do you know what a woman wants?"

"Obvious," it chuckled, pressing one final kiss to the insides of her thighs before sitting up and running its fingers through its hair. "I know what feels good to me. I have the equipment, pretty-pretty Ash. You just had your fingers and your tongue all in it."

"Who knew I had lesbian tendencies?" Ash licked her lips, savoring the taste of it. Raspberries and chocolate... mmm.

"You just enjoyed yourself to the fullest," it purred. "And I got a fairly decent breakfast."

At his words, Ash felt a gnawing emptiness in the pit of her stomach.

"Speaking of meals..." She also sat up and ran her hands over her still quivering stomach. Why was she so hungry? Hadn't she just supped on Dryad?

"Feeling puckish?" it asked, showing some concern.

"A little, and I don't know why. I just fed... yesterday...?"

"Oh, it's because you are giving up your orgasmic energy to feed me."

"What?" As she shrieked, several jungle birds screamed and took off, flying into the growing daylight. It really was feeding off of her?

"Incubus and Succubus, remember?" He chuckled, leaning down far enough to tap her on the nose. "I have to get my meals somewhere. Either I eat you... or I eat you."

"Great," Ash sighed, shaking her head as she thought on his cannibalistic tendencies.

"So... about your stomach..." It again pursed his lips and blew her a kiss. "Because you were so good to me, I think I can allow you to sup. Pick a vein, any vein." It wagged its eyebrows as it spread its legs.

"Has anyone ever told you that you have no shame?" Ash chuckled.

"Yes, and I took it as a compliment." It grinned and stroked a clawed finger over the golden studs in its prick.

Ash shook her head and crawled toward it. "I can't drink you down until I give you a name." She crawled between its legs and ran her fingers up its chest, stopping to tug at a nipple ring before running her hands up to his neck. Once there, she cupped its face gently between her palms and tugged its face to hers. She leaned forward and her tongue flicked out at its lips, tasting herself on the soft plump flesh.

"Mmm," she mused. "I think I have the perfect name for you."

"What is that?" it asked, his voice raspy. It moaned as she ran her tongue along the crease of its closed lips.

"Nightshade." Her breath teased at the wetness she left on its lips as she pulled back and awaited the fireworks.

"Nightshade?" Its lips curled up in amused disgust.

"Yes. You smell of flowers, you are pretty and dark like me... You, Nightshade, flower when you orgasm..."

"You are trying to make me a girl!" it sneered with disgust.

"Nah," she laughed. "You have way too much arrogance for that."

"Arrogance," it snickered. "That is your measure for womanhood?"

"Not at all." Ash chuckled. "But with your attitude, it would be stupid for me to try and turn you into a girl, despite the fact that you have a cunt."

"But... but Nightshade?"

"You smell of Nightshades... sweet and deadly."

"You chide me for washing too much? Just what kind of men have you been sleeping with?"

"It's not that. It just seems to, in my opinion, fit you." She chuckled at his moue of disgust and ran her fingers over his chest, flicking at a nipple with a long nail before she ran her fingers down to the long muscles of his thighs, feeling the already high heat of his body grow more intense.

"Fits me," it sighed, running his fingers through her tangled hair. "I guess, pretty-pretty Ash." It pulled her mouth to his chest and arched up into the gentle brush of her lips on his skin.

"Oh, that's not where I want a bite, Nightshade," she snickered, her hands tightening on his thighs and forcing them to spread even more.

"Ash, pretty one," it informed her, its hands tightening in her hair as her head began to drop lower. "I am not Polish, nor do I specialize in sausage."

"Not there." Her hot breath on his skin made it shiver. "I need to go a bit... lower." It moaned as her tongue laved the skin on the inside of his right thigh.

"Yes," she breathed, smelling the sweet scent of his blood rise to the surface from her oral stimulations. "Hot, sweet, and all mine."

"Damn," it whispered as her fingers ran gently over its balls, caressing the wrinkled soft skin with knowing fingertips. Her other hand sank behind the swollen sacks, gently caressing the slit that lay between the hidden folds.

"Give me what you promised." She sucked at the skin, drawing the blood to the surface. "Give me a little of what I need."

She teased it more, letting the pads of her fingers tap at his labia and the wet opening to his pussy. "Open up and let me in..."

She looked up the long dark line of its body, past the small, full breasts with their hard nipples and their golden ornaments, to a pair of dark eyes shot through with

silver. Those eyes seemed to swirl and grow deeper as she watched. They danced in excitement for her touch, for her caress, for her need.

"Whatever... your heart... desires." It licked its lips with its red, red tongue, one hand moving up to cup the back of her head. "Taste me," he urged, his fingers massaging her scalp and tugging downward at her thick hair. "Draw from the pleasures of this flesh -- complete us both."

Ash grinned, recognizing that in this instance she had complete control. She sucked at her chosen spot, raising a bruise against the dark skin before nipping at it gently. It hissed at her actions and spread its legs wider, one hand going to pull and tug at his swelling cock, the other tugging at the rings that pierced its nipple. Ash could see that his little cunt was starting to grow moist and swollen.

It looked amazingly like her own, she decided, lifting his balls and running a finger over the dark pink flesh. It had a little clit that remained unhooded. Whether this was an aberration of birth or something that had been done to it along with the piercings, she didn't know. But it made it so much easier to stimulate the nubbin of flesh. A high-pitched moan erupted from his throat, while a small gush of clear fluid came from his pussy.

She lifted a bit of the fluid to her lips and lapped it off, curiosity moving her. It tasted just as sweet as its cum, she decided, if a bit thinner and slicker in texture. She released his thigh for a moment to investigate further.

Lifting his balls high, she blew a warm puff of air on its clit and smiled as his labia began to swell even further. Leaning closer, she stuck out her tongue and lapped a little at a swollen lip.

"Sweet precious starshine!" it gasped, and based on that reaction alone, Ash wanted more.

She began to tease its swollen clit with her tongue, her other hand running softly along its labia, spreading its wetness around. Nightshade leaned back, resting on its back as the fist on its cock began to move faster, tugging at the metal and shuddering at the feel.

"Dive in," it invited. "I've been hungry for this for a long time."

So Ash spread it wide and began to feast in earnest. Its skin was slick and shiny, yet very soft and delicate. Its taste was stronger at the source and just as appetizing. It smelled of flowers and musk, a scent that had her wanting to tease at her own pussy, but both hands were engaged now, and she didn't want to stop.

"You get fucked here?" she asked between licks and nibbles. "Do you ever let anyone penetrate this delicious little hole?"

"If they are good," it moaned prettily. "Very, very good."

"Hmm," she chuckled, then slid two fingers deep inside, searching for its hot spot.

"Push harder and up," it advised, instantly knowing what Ash was about. "Just as I have several erogenous spots in my ass, I have quite a few in my... oh, yeah!"

Apparently her searching had found one such spot. Its thighs tensed, its hooves digging into the grass and flowers beneath them. It tossed its head as it tugged harder on a nipple, its fist squeezing its cock.

Ash leaned in and attacked its clit, sucking and licking at it, holding it fast between her teeth and flicking at it with the tip of her tongue. Nightshade responded favorably, arching up and screaming her name as its balls drew up in her grasp.

Moving faster, her fingers searching in its wet walls for more hot spots, Ash twisted her hand in a move she'd always found favorable. This was fun, she decided, making Nightshade a meat puppet on her fingers.

But her enjoyment was shadowed by a growing hunger. As good as its sexual juices tasted, she was after a richer life-giving fluid. She wanted its blood, and she needed to have some soon.

"Will you orgasm through both holes?" she asked, licking at the stretched skin around her fingers. "Can you go multiple times?"

"Yes," it moaned. "Going to give it to me good?"

In response, she sucked hard at his clit, added two more fingers and twisted them rapidly. His back arched up and a small scream left his throat as his inner walls began to clench around her hand.

“Come for me, bitch,” she crowed, sucking in his fluids before licking at his throbbing labia. She lapped lower and to the side, going back to the bruise she’d left high on his inner thigh. While he was still reeling from the first orgasm, her hands pushed his legs out further.

“Ready?” she purred, lifting one hand to grip at the fist frantically pumping at his cock. It purred its answer, and Ash let her fangs drop.

She whimpered at the erotic pain, at the feeling of freedom from letting her fangs out. She sucked and lapped at the skin again, the blood pulsing at her touch, and then sank her teeth in deep.

“Sweet mother!” Nightshade cried out in the shock of pain and pleasure. Ash pumped her fist faster, feeling his balls draw up higher in their sack.

She looked up and saw that beautiful androgynous face awash in ecstasy and moved both of her hands faster. Its spine was arching now, its legs trembling, its hooves sliding on the grass as it fought to thrust its hips up into their combined grasp.

Ash felt herself reach another plateau as she sank her fangs in deeper. To bite was nearly orgasmic, she decided, filling her mouth with flesh and skin. Penetrating willing flesh was divine.

She let her fangs ease out a bit and began to suck deeply. Her inner walls trembled at the first taste of its blood. Her whole body began to burn, and a low moan was torn from her throat.

Never had she tasted anything more powerful. It was like the taste of dreams and nightmares, all dressed up in a sensual package that defied belief. She sucked deeper, moving her fist faster as her hips began to automatically hump at the air, her emptiness wanting to be filled.

She removed her hand from his thigh and slid it between her legs, toying with her own clit, sinking two fingers deep into herself, relishing the squish of slick, hot

liquid that flowed from her sex. She pumped him in time with her own finger-fucking as she supped at his femoral artery. Nightshade was whimpering now, thrusting his hips up harder, making it more difficult for her to remain latched into his skin. But she moved with him, not wanting to give up the precious blood supply that was making her feel so damn good. She licked at the wound, tonguing the flesh that rose up around her fangs, encouraging more blood to flow.

"Going to come," it whimpered, its head thrashing from side to side, lost in the throes of a passion so deep it couldn't be bothered to open its eyes. "Going to come again!"

And then Ash felt a quiver deep at the base of his cock, felt it stiffen even more, felt it grow even hotter, felt the metal fairly vibrate with his reaction. Its back arched off of the nest, its hooves finally finding purchase in the torn moss as a deep keening sound left its throat. She felt the white hot seed as it splashed against her fist, felt the come coat its stomach in a gush of orgasmic release. Its blood suddenly tasted all the more sweeter, and spicier, and just...

"Damn!" she screamed, pulling off as a sudden wave of release tore through her. She felt her own pussy clench around her fingers, felt the orgasm as it suddenly took over. Then she realized she was experiencing Nightshade's ecstasy, feeling his climax through his blood.

The intensity was too much. She felt her muscles turn to water as she slumped down between its legs, her fist still working involuntarily at its cock, milking the last of its release from its body. She groaned as she felt a red hot trail run down her face and realized that she had torn the Sincubus' skin and muscle as she experienced climax.

"Shit!" she cursed, rallying enough to begin to lap at the wound, her saliva helping to close it before it became fatal. She hoped she hadn't taken too much.

"That was perfect, pretty-pretty," Nightshade finally breathed. "I haven't been that well taken in weeks."



It slumped back, its legs dropping down to surround her as it breathed deeply. Ash looked up at it, and noticed that it seemed to glow, to shimmer and shine in the sunlight.

“We have to do that again,” it muttered, closing its eyes and relaxing.

Ash was more worried about the bite. But when she looked down again, there was only a small bruise left, as if she had never fed at all. It was amazing. And even more amazing was the fact that she felt totally full, totally satisfied, and sexually replete.

There had to be something to this Sincubus blood, she decided. She hoped she wouldn't become addicted.

## Chapter Seven

"You are pretty good," Nightshade panted, reaching up with one shaking hand to brush strands of sweaty hair from its face. "Real good."

"All in the lips," Ash growled, licking her lips as she felt her whole body flush with new heat.

"That was good enough for a robe," Nightshade moaned, riding in the afterglow.

"I'm warm now," she chuckled.

"Yeah, and now you need a bath."

"But I smell like you." She licked her lips, savoring the last vestiges of his taste.

"A little too much," it mused. "Sex smells great while you're doing it, but afterwards..." It gave a delicate shudder, totally at odds with the remains of its cum drying over its stomach and the still chubby cock that rested on its thigh.

"You are such a girl," she giggled, ignoring its rolling eyes as it wiggled its ass, the tiny fawn tail wiggling happily in contentment.

"Then I can get a bite to eat. I think a big hunk of roasted something will hit the spot."

"Then again..." Sighing, she rose to her feet and followed.

\* \* \*

Once she was sitting in the water, Ash could only stare at Nightshade as it frolicked near her.

It seemed so content with its life.

She sighed, once again covered in thoughts about her own overtaxed life. She dropped her head, sinking down into the water until all but her head was submerged. She ran her hands through her tangled hair. She would never get the knots out, she thought, shaking her head at the futility of it all. She really didn't care.

"Okay, it's official," she said. "I'm officially depressed."

"And why is that, pretty-pretty Ash?"

Ash jumped a little as Nightshade appear before her. "Um..." She looked up into those sparkling black eyes and sighed again. "Just thinking about my life."

"If you're about to have one of those meaningful, 'Why am I here' type of conversations, don't." It rolled its eyes. "We really don't have the patience for it."

"We?" She arched an eyebrow at him, her lips twisted in a smirk.

"Turn around." It gripped her shoulders and shifted her into the desired position.

"What?" But then Ash paused, shuddering as those long fingers began to delve through her hair. "What are you doing?"

"Grooming," Nightshade mused. "You need it. You have twigs and grass and what looks to be a colony of burrs growing in this mass."

Ash would have insulted it right back, but its fingers massaging her scalp just felt too damn good.

"I'm next." Busily but gently, it tugged at the bits in her hair. "And you don't even have to try really hard."

Ash snorted, but Nightshade continued as if it didn't hear her. "Now about your life, pretty-pretty... You don't have to go anywhere. You can stay here, feed me, get some use out of the life you are confused about, and serve a real purpose."

"Just being your dinner...?" she murmured, slitting her eyes open, staring at her distorted reflection in the rippling water.

"Why not? You are on the verge of killing yourself, anyway. And if you really want to nix existence, I can help with that, too. I am sure your flesh will be sweet."

"I'm not going to sit here and be food for you, Sincubus," she growled.

"But why not? I mean, if you are going to toss that body away, why not cast it to someone who can actually get some use out of it?"

"So I get to sit here and be your fuck toy or I get to be the main course in your evening meal?" She turned her head to glare at Nightshade, her irritation apparent.

"Well, by your reasoning, that is all that you are good for."

Now that pissed her off. "I'll have you know that I'm worth more than that!" she snapped, turning to face it. "I didn't fight and struggle all my life to... to..."

With a growl, Ash found herself tossed once again on the banks of the river. Her body hit with a splat and knocked the air from her lungs and banged her head against the not-so-soft riverbed moss. Before she could catch her breath, Nightshade was there, looming over her. His eyes blazing onyx fire, the Sincubus snarled as one clawed hand wrapped around her neck.

"Wh -- what are you...?"

"I can do whatever I want. What did you think? That this was a happy vacation room where you get to do what you want, say what you want, believe what you want and not face any consequences?"

Ash gasped, struggling to breathe as she realized that a dual-sexed agent of death was hovering over her. It was then that she recalled the old legends about Incubi and Succubi literally sucking the life out of their victims. She had been playing with a vicious killer, and because of its overall demeanor, she never saw the danger coming.

"The best killer is one that can make himself invisible," it snarled, its wet hair falling around them to curtain them in a world of their own.

Overhead, the jungle animals cried and the artificial sun shone. She could see slivers of bright blue sky through his long dark hair.

Was it not fucked up that she was going to die on such a beautiful day?

"You think I won't kill you? You think these little nibbles I get off your succulent body will sustain me? You think I will let you invade my domain with your whining and your crisis of spirit and leave unscathed?"

"I... uh..." Ash struggle to speak as those hands tightened even more.

"No, pretty-pretty Ash, confused little vampire. You have been nothing but a selfish whining bitch."

"What..." she tried, her fingers curling into claws, her nails digging into the hand that encircled her throat.

"What did you do?" It smiled, exposing its razor sharp fangs. "You want to know why I am visiting death and fear upon your poor little innocent person?" He shoved his hips hard between her thighs, forcing them apart, setting his hard cock against her pussy. "You are so pathetic," it snickered. "You weren't going to kill the Dryad and use that as an excuse. How about I kill you and use your pathetic whining as an excuse?"

Ash bucked her hips, struggling weakly as it pressed a claw against her carotid. She froze, knowing that if that artery were pierced, she would quickly bleed out.

"Why do you fight so hard," it whispered, leaning close to lap at her ear. "Why struggle when you want to die?"

"No!"

"You want this, don't you, pretty-pretty-pretty?"

Ash whimpered, her heart racing in her chest. It was not the hand that encircled her throat that concerned her -- it was the deadly claw that pushed hard enough to part her skin. The pain was intense, and the threat of death was enough to make her whimper.

"But remember -- you have no use for this life. Remember? You wanted to die."

Tears welled up as she stared at that beautiful, violent face.

"No?" it asked, tilting its head and sniffing at her neck. "Your fear is delicious."

Ash froze, her long life not passing through her mind as she would have expected under these circumstances. All she could think of was that she was not ready for this.

"Oh." He licked at her face as a tear rolled down one cheek. "She cries like a thing with something to protect. Do you have something to protect, little vampire?" He eased the pressure off of her neck, just enough for her to speak, though its hard body pressed against hers.

"My... life..." She didn't want to die. She didn't want this. "I want to get out of this damn hotel and away from you!"

"Mmm," it whispered. "Not so ready to die, after all."

Ash lay there gasping for breath as she realized coming there, that Dryad, looking for excuses... it all meant nothing. When it came down to it, she wanted to live.

"But didn't you come here to end it all?" Nightshade pressed.

"Mistake!" she gasped, struggling again in vain. "Mistake!"

"Hmm," Nightshade chuckled. "Thought so." That said, it rose to its feet, leaving a stunned Ash lying in the moss. "And after I groomed you so nicely, too."

Lying there, Ash could finally inhale deeply, her chest heaving as she realized how close to the end she had come. Maybe she had taken her long life for granted, she thought as relief caused her tight muscles to sag. She hadn't been that close to death since the Dryad had changed her.

A red robe landing on her chest brought her out of her silent reflections.

"There," Nightshade called. "And now, I find myself feeling a little peckish. Care to donate?"

"You weren't going to kill me?" Ash looked up at it, amazed. It stood... it looked regal standing above her, its hair drying as it blew in the humid air of the jungle. Its horns gleamed in the bright sun, and the gold that adorned its body glinted as much as the diamond highlights in its hair. Its red robe draped enticingly over its body, exposing even while it concealed.

"Of course I would." It smiled, licking its fangs. "I am what I am, Ash. Just as you are what you are. It's in my nature. I can't go against my preternatural nature."

"Well, I wasn't born the way I am. I was born human. I was turned preternatural."

"Well I was, pretty-pretty-pretty -- born different, that is. And I am always true to my born nature. What is... human nature?"

"To... to survive."

"Well." Nightshade smiled. "You do what you were born to do, and I will do what I was born to do, and balance is maintained."

"Balance," she whispered.

“When you dwell on what you have lost and the meaning of your existence, you deny the very nature which makes you unique. You were born human with the ability to adapt and survive. I, on the other hand, cannot adapt to the world outside. I am a Forbidden Child, Ash. My people do not want me and those of my kind. I could never blend in with the human world. My survival is dependant on staying right here, where my every desire is attended to and my meals are brought eager and wiggling to my bed.”

He tossed his hair behind him and took a proud stance. “You, on the other hand, are designed to be out there, designed with the want and the will to live.” It bent down and caressed the side of her face.

“And when that will finally dies,” it whispered, rising up and turning to walk away. “I will be here, as always, waiting.”

## Chapter Eight

Nightshade stayed away from Ash, leaving her with her thoughts, her tattered pride, and her new lust for life. It left her sitting there on that mossy bank, and Ash was indeed grateful.

*How could I be so stupid,* she thought, shaking her head as she watched the sun begin its descent over the hot springs. She was now dressed in the red robe, as it provided seemingly tentative and dubious protection as she tried to rebuild herself.

She had almost thrown it all away... just because she was having a few bad years. Well, maybe more than a few years, but what was that to someone who was nearly immortal?

And it took almost getting her throat ripped out to realize it.

With her confidence rebuilding, she realized she had a lot to thank that hermaphrodite for. Rising to her feet, she went to seek out her ever-changeable host/hostess. She needed to have one last talk with it.

She found it sitting in its nest, calmly braiding its hair.

"You want something, pretty?" it asked, looking up from its sitting position, a smirk on its lips.

"Yeah, I need to know how to get out of here."

"Don't know," he replied. "The others just left... or they stayed... in pieces."

"Hmmm."

"Was there anything else?"

"I... I just wanted to... You're smarter than you look."

"Which is a feat because I look so very good." It grinned.



Ash had to smile at that, its arrogance reassuring in some strange way. She took a seat near it. This Sincubus scared her, confused her, intrigued her, and still turned her on.

"You look... lively," it noted. "A reality check is sometimes good for the soul."

"And what would a demon know about the soul?" she asked, relaxing again. Nightshade had already told her that it wouldn't hurt her.

"Nothing," it chuckled. "But I do know death, pretty-pretty Ash. Especially little deaths." It leered at her.

Ash tilted her head to the side and smiled. "Well, I can't get out and I don't have anything better to do..."

Nightshade arched an eyebrow and dropped the length of hair he was toying with. Ash had his full attention.

Rising to her feet, Ash let the draping red robe slide off her shoulders, smiling. Nightshade was on her in a flash, easing her back into the fragrant nest that smelled so much of sensual heat, and sex, and life. It lowered her carefully, its hands just ghosting over her body, feeding off her aura, an aura that had glowed strongly for him since it first discovered her in its sanctuary.

Her hands reached up to tangle in its hair, to pull it closer. "You know," she breathed. "In all the sex we were having, never once did you really kiss me."

"I kissed you, and we were never really having sex. We were just having... extended foreplay, pretty. You were not ready for anything more."

"And I am now?" she asked, her eyes drooping as she felt blood swell in her groin, a pleasurable feeling that made her sigh and arch up into Nightshade's touch.

"Now," It buried its face in her neck and inhaling deeply, "now I believe you are."

Ash shuddered at the contact, moaning at the intense feelings that this creature, this Sincubus, was able to draw from her. "Then give it to me," she whispered, leaning up far enough to run her tongue along its lips, tasting it as it had tasted her so many times before.

It smiled at her before raking its claws gently down to her breasts. "These are almost as perfect as mine," it mused, kneading the soft flesh, flicking its thumb against her swelling nipple. "These would be beautiful pierced..."

"I'll take that into consideration." Ash chuckled, reaching up and tugging at its hair. "But not at the moment."

"Mmm." Purring under its breath, Nightshade lowered his head and let his tongue lash out at the berry colored nub.

Ash gasped. Although she'd expected the rush of pleasure that flooded her body, right now it somehow seemed more intense. Her whole body shuddered, and she wrapped both arms around its head, urging it closer, demanding that it take more of her into its mouth.

And it did, flicking the metal of its spiked tongue piercing across the sensitive nipple. It nearly burned with the intensity of its body heat and it was enough to make Ash writhe beneath it.

It began to suck, its teeth teasing and pulling, then soothing the sting. It quickly left that nipple to play with its counterpart, but its fingers teased the wet flesh it had just abandoned.

"That... Oh, God, that feels so good." Ash's legs spread as she thrust up into its body, feeling its scalding erection with its metal ornamentation pressing against her thigh. "Do it harder."

Nightshade eagerly complied, its breath hissing in anticipation of its eager partner. It ran its free hand down her side and over her hip, massaging her soft skin as it went. Soon it began to move lower, licking and nipping at her firm stomach before it paused at her pubic mound.

"Shaved is so much more attractive," it informed her, making her open her eyes and glare down at it.

"You had no complaints before," she snorted, petting the soft hair on top of its head. "And if you want to talk hairy, let's discuss your legs, baby."

"Baby," it purred, running its fingers through her wiry pubic curls. "I like that. Call me baby and I'll eat you like you were my last meal."

Ash grinned, her own fangs dropping as she stared into those deep black eyes. "Baby," she purred, licking at her lips and casting it as seductive a look as she could manage.

"Perfect." Its moist breath heated the skin above her pubic thatch as it dropped both hands to her thighs, squeezing the soft flesh there. "Say it again."

"Baby."

"Mmm," it moaned, spreading her thighs enough to make a place for itself between them. "Again."

"Baby, baby, baby... oh, ba... Ahh!" Ash felt her whole body curl up around him as his thumbs parted her labia, exposing the glistening, rose-colored flesh.

It inhaled deeply at her scent, taking in the musk, the lush femininity that seemed to surround her. Her clit swelled beneath its gaze as her juices began to flow, soaking his fingers and covering them in slick natural lubrication.

Unable to wait any longer, he lowered his head and buried his face in her sweetness.

"Uh," Ash gasped, her thighs trembling, her head rolling back and forth in the soft flowers of the nest. "Night... That feels so..."

Nightshade murmured his agreement as he flicked his tongue along her clit. His thumbs gently pressed against her labia, stimulating it as he dropped lower to lave the tender pink lips and her drenched opening.

Ash's hands slid through his hair, dragging the silky locks up her chest to rub against her breasts. He felt so... so damn good! She whimpered and threw her hips upwards, licking her lips and wordlessly begging for more.

"Mmm," it growled. "Delicious," And Nightshade began to feast in earnest, flicking its tongue, nibbling with its teeth, sucking her juices, as its fingers traveled below her opening, pressing against her perineum.

"More!" Ash screamed as he pressed into this nerve-sensitive area. "Give me more!"

Nightshade pressed his finger into her cunt, shuddering at the feel of her wet, slick walls gripping his fingers. "I am going to fuck you through the ground," he breathed, sliding that finger around her anus before reaching around to grip her by the hips.

Moving up a bit, he began to suckle at her clit, unhooding it and flicking it with his tongue. Ash screamed, her hands tugging at his hair as wonderful sensations washed over her body. It pulled back, giving her one final lick, then gripped her hips in both hands.

Before she could question its actions, Nightshade threw its head back to free its hair, then twisted Ash around so that she wound up on her hands and knees.

"What..." She turned, looking at it from over her shoulder, wondering what it was up to now.

"I've only done one side," it explained, leering at her as it ran its hands over her tapering back and rounded hips.

Ash moaned, arching like a cat into its touch, then gasped as it raised one hand and sharply slapped her ass, making her cheeks wobble.

"I loooove that," it breathed, reverently caressing the rounded cheeks of her ass. "I love knowing that all of this belongs to me."

"For now," Ash felt compelled to add, but Nightshade nodded its agreement.

"For now." Then it was leaning over her, pressing the warmth of its breasts against her shoulders.

Ash moaned at the feel, licking her lips as its hard nipples ran over her skin. She rose up, her hands reaching around her sides to caress the soft, hot skin that it possessed. She pulled Nightshade closer, nestling back into it as she felt its erection press against her ass. Its cock was hard and hot, and dripping with its desire. She pressed deeper into the touch, wanting to be totally possessed by this Sincubus.

Its hands reached around to pull at her breasts, to tug at the nipples and massage the soft, swollen skin. It dipped its face into her shoulder, just at the base of her neck, and began to lightly nip at the skin, licking a path up to her ear where it gently breathed her name.

"I... I want... to... touch..." she managed, her body on fire as it danced beneath Nightshade's fingertips. "I... I need to..."

"Soon," Nightshade promised, slipping one hand down between her legs to tease at her clit. She screamed and thrust her hips forward into the touch, feeling her own wetness coat her thighs and run over Nightshade's fingers.

"This is what we were made for," it breathed, the other hand running over her breasts and up to cup her chin, tilting her head to the side. "This is the true, raw essence of beings... like me, like us."

Ash whimpered in agreement, one of her hands slipping behind her to caress the pierced dick that so filled her fantasies. Nightshade growled, then quickly spun her around, pressing her against the soft grasses and flower petals of their nest.

"Now you may touch me," he agreed, sitting back on his heels, opening his thighs, fully exposing all of himself to her.

Ash stared at the hard cock weighted down by metal, the full balls that shifted in their sack, knowing what secrets hid behind them. Then she was up on her knees, bending low, ass in the air as she gripped his cock in both hands.

"This is... amazing," she moaned, bending low, letting her ass twitch and wave behind her.

"Give it a little kiss," Nightshade urged, licking its lips as its breathing increased and its eyes glowed. "It remembers you."

Ash chuckled, then stuck out her tongue to lap at the hooded head. "Mmm," she managed. "Like sweet flowers and honey..."

She peeled back the cowl and blew gently over the plum-shaped head, watching as precum beaded up on the slit. She ran this slick moisture over the head, hissing as Nightshade leaned over and palmed her ass from above.

“Keep going,” it urged, humming in pleasure as it kneaded the flesh of her ass.

Ash leaned closer, flicking her tongue over the head and sucking just the tip into her mouth, writhing as the flavor of it exploded over her tongue. The bars, those bits of golden metal drew her attention and her curious tongue had to explore. She pulled back to run her tongue along the shaft, pushing the bars back and forth as she went. Holding Nightshade’s cock steady, she ran the tip of her tongue over one round capture ball, noting that it was hotter than the skin it pierced by several degrees.

She nibbled one, smiling as Nightshade hissed and cursed above her, its stomach tightening. She knew from experience that its little tuft of a tail would be wagging. She sucked at the stud until Nightshade cried out above her, and then quickly went to the next. She repeated this several times, counting out seven bars in all.

How would they feel entering her body, sliding against her hot spots, teasing her inner walls with their steely hardness, so much harder than the shaft they pierced?

One of her hands released the base and slid around Nightshade’s back to caress the skin there and worry at the rapidly moving tail. Her other reached down to cup its balls, rolling and tugging them gently before they slid back to uncover its own hidden little clit and pussy. She flicked her thumb against its throbbing nub then sank two fingers in deep.

Nightshade stiffened then screamed, its cock lurching in her mouth as its inner walls tightened around her fingers in a warm, slick embrace.

“I have to be in you,” Nightshade gasped, its heart pounding in its chest as it thrust its hips against her fingers, riding them even as it slid its fingers into her pussy from behind. “You are so wet...”

Ash moaned around the cock in her mouth, the vibrations making Nightshade wetter, more needy, hungrier. They worked each other, both rising on a tide of eroticism, of ecstasy, until their bodies fairly screamed out in need. Then Nightshade was pulling away, groaning as her fingers slid out of its pussy with a wet slick sound.

Ash, frantically suckling on its cock, grunted in displeasure and tried to suck him in deeper. It was a challenge, the soft, hard feel of its shaft against the hard, unforgiving

metal of its piercing. It stimulated her mouth and left her hungry for the heat and friction it delivered. If it felt this good in her mouth, how much more wonderful would it feel in her pussy?

"Enough of this play," Nightshade finally growled out, pulling away from Ash as she tightened her hands on his ass, determined to keep him there. Its cock was so sweet and so hot and it just felt so good...

But Nightshade gripped her shoulders and pulled back, reflexively fucking her mouth a few times before it had enough control to pull away.

"I want to be buried inside you when I blow," it growled, its eyes glowing with the darkness of a starry night. "I am going to blow so deep inside of you..."

It pushed her back and circled up her body. Its cock, still wet from her mouth, dragged against her thigh as it settled above her.

"Deep in me," she agreed, nodding her head frantically as she reached up to tug at its hair, dragging its mouth down to hers.

"Deep," Nightshade agreed, breathing against her mouth as Ash licked at its lips, running her tongue along the seam between them before thrusting deep into its mouth.

Nightshade moaned and spread her thighs further, making a place for himself there, rubbing his pierced cock against her opening and wetting himself with her juices. They slid against each other, hips thrusting and moaning as they fed off of one another's passion, increasing their own. The metal studs rubbed against her clit, which wasn't used to such intense play. Her body arched up, and one of her shaking legs went around its waist.

"Fuck me," she pulled away to breathe. "Fuck me now!"

Nightshade pulled back far enough to reach between the two of them and push down on his cock until it lined up with her opening.

"Easy," it breathed. "This is... intense."

Then he pressed forward, sinking his cock into her scalding heat. He threw back his head, hissing in pleasure as her muscled walls snapped tight around the head.

"Oh... oh... oh, my God!" Ash screamed. The first metal stud had slid past her opening, rubbing the nerve-rich entrance with hot, metallic fire.

Nightshade pushed slowly, and Ash screamed again as the next stud slid inside, growing hotter with her body heat, dragging against her inner walls.

Again and again she screamed as each stud penetrated her, the thickness of Nightshade's cock split her. The passion and the flames engulfed her body, fired her very soul.

"Take it all," it commanded, rising above her.

Ash opened her eyes and looked up at its magnificent form, its long, damp black hair sticking to parts of its body, its muscled chest heaving, its nipples hard and standing erect.

Nightshade looked like pure demonic lust and sin. She whimpered and felt her soul begin its surrender. Then Nightshade pulled back and thrust again, and she realized her soul was being ripped asunder.

"Nightshade!" she screamed as the first orgasm tore through her body.

"Yes," it breathed. "Feed me, pretty-pretty Ash. Feed me more!"

Ash closed her eyes as she felt a powerful energy fly through her body, setting her skin ablaze before it moved upwards in waves. Nightshade's cock caressed her from the inside, stimulated her nerve endings, and made her breath tear from her body in gasps.

And it began to move faster.

"Nightshade!" she screamed again, both legs locking around its hips. "I... I can't! I can't!"

"You can and you will!" it growled, leaning forward to brush its heaving breasts against hers, ripping her hands from its hair and pressing them beside her head, holding her fast. "Again and again!"

It swirled its hips, stealing her breath as all the studs within her began to vibrate. With its thrusting and the vibrating studs, Nightshade quickly brought her to another release, feeding off the glowing energy that began to flow between them.



Its hands gripped her hips, lifting her so it could get deeper inside her, to go as far as it could and then more. Ash was screaming, her head whipping from side to side, fighting against the Sincubus' hold on her hands, but never to get away. No, not that! She wanted to get closer.

"Harder!" she screamed, the friction within her rapidly forcing her toward another climax. "Harder, damn you! Fuck me!"

Nightshade grunted and began to pound her, slamming itself as far inside as it could, hissing at the fire that developed from the tugging on its studs. Faster and faster it moved, Ash screaming and urging it onward until it released one hand to sink between them both and tug at her clit.

Ash's mouth opened on a silent scream, her body arched up, all her muscles locked, and she felt herself being shoved toward the biggest release she had ever imagined. Her soul seemed to quiver, her heart to stop, and the world around her grew hazy as thunder exploded in her mind and lighting tore through her being.

She felt her walls tremble, then clench around Nightshade's thrusting cock, felt them quiver around the metal studs and the hot male flesh. Suddenly, the tension broke and her voice wailed to the jungle how well the Sincubus loved her.

"Nightshade!" she bellowed. "Nightshade!"

In response, it opened its mouth, baring all its sharp teeth, and it roared, the sound echoing through the jungle, drowning out the sound of her orgasmic shouts. Its hips slammed deep into her, its seed pulsing as it streamed into her in spurts.

And it fed, deeply it fed, drinking off the energy they both produced, sustaining its being, drinking them both dry.

"Ash," it breathed as it collapsed beside her. It withdrew slowly from her body, caressing her stomach. She gasped as each stud pulled free.

Never had she been so well fucked before -- never had anything ever felt like this. She felt wonderful -- she felt as if she were floating through time and space... she felt alive.

“Perfect,” Nightshade breathed, snuggling close to her, wrapping long arms around her body. “Just perfect.”

Basking in the afterglow, Ash agreed.

## Chapter Nine

Ash opened her eyes and gave her body a languid stretch. She lifted her head and looked around, noting that Nightshade was gone. Running her hands through her hair, she sat up. Not picking up on any sign of the Sincubus, Ash rose to her feet and stepped out of the nest.

Reaching down, she picked up the discarded robe, intent on making her way to the hot springs. But as she rose, she gasped. There, not five feet away from the nest, she saw a door. Her heart began to pound in her chest as she saw her freedom at hand.

She'd just had the best sex of her life and it was already time to leave. She looked over her shoulder, smiling at the nest. It had been fun... but she had a life to lead. Nodding, she wrapped the robe around her body and made her way to the exit.

She had a lot left to do. Maybe it was time for vampires to get organized.

Without looking back, she exited the jungle, leaving behind one pair of glowing black eyes and a set of full red grinning lips that exposed a set of razor sharp teeth.

## **Stephanie Burke**

Stephanie Burke, known to friends and readers as Flash, has a warped, twisted sense of humor, and she isn't afraid to let it show. From pregnant men to six-foot cockroaches, she's covered the gamut of the weird, the unusual, and the just plain strange. She has about five million books currently in publication with one house or another, all under the name of Stephanie Burke. She says she won't use a pen name -- she'd have to learn how to spell it. Too much like work. Visit her website at [www.theflashcat.net](http://www.theflashcat.net) and be sure to join Flash's "Flame Keeper" loop at Yahoo Groups - <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/FlameKeeper/join>.