



Alexis Fleming

Soul of the Succubus

Changeling Press

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Plain Jane during the day, but a succulent succubus at night? Suddenly the phrase *love you to death* takes on a whole new meaning.

On a field trip to investigate increased paranormal activity in a remote area of Outback Australia, the last thing Alice expects is to be possessed by a demon. Not just any demon -- a succubus bent on sucking the life out of Jonathan, the man who has been the object of her sexual fantasies for the last six months.

Can Alice defeat the demon... Or does she really want to?

Chapter One

"Freakin' hell. Will you look at that?"

Alice knew there was no one around to answer her question, but for the life of her, she couldn't have stopped herself from voicing it anyway. It was just too awesome. "Honest to God min min lights. How 'bout that."

When the Paranormal Investigations Research Authority -- PIRA to its inmates -- had sent her out here to south-western Queensland to investigate the increase in sightings of balls of light in the night skies, she'd thought it was a waste of time -- a figment of someone's imagination. Yet, hot damn, this looked like a real paranormal event.

"Maybe it'll make up for the fact I'm stranded out here with Jonathan, the biggest thorn in my side ever," she muttered.

"Do you always lie to yourself, sister?"

"What the..." Twisting the flashlight in a wide arc, Alice spun around to see who'd spoken.

The abandoned graveyard, with the ruins of the old Min Min Hotel off to one side, remained deserted. The only thing breaking up the inky darkness was the beam from Alice's flashlight and the five bright lights hovering over the broken headstone a mere six feet from her.

The lights arranged themselves in a star formation -- the biggest, brightest ball in the middle and the four smaller ones surrounding it. As Alice watched, the largest orb elongated. The yellow glow suddenly flared with scarlet and bronze spikes. Slow at first then faster, until it appeared to Alice as if the whole thing rippled and writhed with life.

She stepped back a pace, but the light came with her. The same reaction when she moved sideways. For the first time, Alice felt a burst of fear. Why hadn't she called Jonathan?

"How puny you humans are. You scare so easily."

Okay, now this was getting too *Twilight Zone*. Because there was no doubt in Alice's mind the voice had come from the spire of swirling illumination. Shock slammed into her, making the sweat break out on her body. She gasped and lurched back a pace. All of a sudden, fire ignited in her gut. Iridescent waves of heat leaked from her body and surrounded her, a shimmering aura of barely contained energy.

She didn't need to ask what had happened. She knew. This was the reason PIRA had employed her. She'd been born with the gift -- or maybe the curse -- of seeing demons. Horrific, mind-shattering beings bent on destruction. For a long time, she'd thought she was going mad. Then her friend, Kiki, had put her in touch with PIRA. Someone finally believed in her, didn't think she was crazy.

"Show yourself, demon. Your mirror-cracking ugly self, not the usual spit and polish you do for humans."

"Ahh, I knew you were special," the sultry voice purred.

Definitely female. What in the name of all that's holy was a demon doing out here in the middle of the outback?

Before Alice could speculate further, the spiral of light flared higher, red streaks flashing like a beacon. With a sound like distant thunder and the acrid smell of burning sulfur, the light dissolved and in its place stood a woman. Holy crap, a woman who looked just like... her?

The demon waved the four smaller lights back with a casual flip of her hand and undulated her way over to stand in front of her. It was the only word Alice could think of to describe the spirit's movement. Sensuality oozed from the being. The sway of her hips enticed. The jut of her half-naked breasts beguiled. And the sexual promise on her full lips tempted.

"What the hell are you? More importantly, *who* are you?"

The demon laughed, the sound a rippling of raw sex wrapped up in dulcet tones. Even Alice wasn't immune to it. Moisture pooled between her thighs and her breasts felt swollen and achy. She shuffled her feet from side to side, trying to banish the feeling.

"Not that it'll mean anything to you, but my name -- one of my many names -- is Lilah and I heard your call." She moved closer, running the tips of her fingers down Alice's arm.

"Huh? What are you talking about?" Alice shrugged away from the tempting touch. "As if I'd call a demon," she muttered.

"Oh, my dear, what a poor liar you are. Just as you can sense us, so, too, can we zero in on those who need our help. We heard your cry."

As Lilah slinked closer, Alice backed away. God, this was getting too freaky. Too scary. "I'm outta here," she mumbled and spun about to face the campsite.

Before she'd taken a step, a burst of thunder rolled through the graveyard, making the hairs on her arms stand up. Her heart thumped so loudly it was a wonder it didn't deafen her.

With a burst of light, the woman appeared in front of her, blocking her escape. Shaking her head, Alice stared at her. It was like looking in a mirror -- well, except for the level of sensuality, of course. Wavy black hair hanging down to the waist. Petite features to match her small stature. Alice frowned. Why the heck had the demon taken on *her* persona? It was just too damn weird.

She waved her hands. "Get back to where you came from, demon. I have nothing for you."

"Ahh, but I can be of service to *you*, Alice Connerly. Don't you wish to know how?"

"Yeah, right." Alice snorted. "What could you possibly have that I might want?"

Waves of erotic sensation assaulted Alice. Her nipples hardened. An ache streaked from her breasts, down her body, to lodge between her thighs. Her clit

throbbed and her panties grew damp, the tension coiling tight in her gut until she felt as if she were about to burst into flames.

“Do you not wish to make the good Jonathan sit up and take notice?”

Alice dragged her attention off her body and tried to concentrate on what the demon was saying. “Jonathan?”

“Aren’t you sick of him ignoring you? Treating you with disdain? He has bedded everyone else in the office, but continues to treat you like a piece of the office furniture. Maybe it’s time for you to get even with him. Show him what he’s missing.” She reached out and ran her hand across the crest of Alice’s left breast.

A shiver sliced along Alice’s spine. She didn’t even have the energy to move away from Lilah’s caress. Holy living demons, she was being turned on by another woman, something that had never happened before. Her whole body hummed with unrelieved sexual frustration and, damn it, the bloody demon knew it. *And* was using it against her.

Suddenly, Alice made the connection. “Lilah. Another name for Lilith -- the temptress, a femme fatale night spirit -- better known as a succubus, preying on men while they sleep in order to sexually suck the life out of them.”

Lilah gurgled with laughter. “So nice to be known. Now, wouldn’t it be nice to find out what all those other women saw in Jonathan? The office whore, even if he is male. The one man everyone wants.” Lilah dropped her voice to a husky whisper. “I *know* you’ve fantasized about making love to him. You are so open to us we can read your desires.”

Alice tried to close down her mind, to shut Lilah out. To no avail. She felt the probing energy of the demon digging in the dark recesses of her brain, the place she’d hidden all her secrets.

Heat flushed her face at the other woman knowing how she felt about Jonathan. At the same time, there was a small kernel of truth in her observations. Maybe she could...

She tilted her chin higher and stared Lilah in the eyes. "And what is it you're offering me?"

"Let me fill you with my power of seduction and you will have the skills to attract the man, to do with him what you will."

"So you're horny and you want to use me to get your kicks with Jonathan? No way am I allowing you to take me over."

"He will not suffer. I give you my promise. And you'll still have free will."

Alice snorted. "Yeah, right. I don't think so, demon. Why don't you go back where you belong?" She waved a hand over her shoulder at the four little light orbs and started for the camp. Yeah, she wanted Jonathan, but not like this.

"I have asked and you rejected. Now I will take what I want."

Lilah dissolved into a swirling spire of light again. Before Alice could run, the light surrounded her, filled her, seeping inside to every part of her being. Her skin felt too tight to contain the entity. Fire swept through her, licking at her nerve endings. The world around her grew hazy and she cried out in distress. Pain filled her head as she fought to control her thoughts. Fought to cast the demon out.

She threw back her head and laughed but the voice was Lilah's, as was the sexual hunger sweeping over her. Then the darkness swept in and her consciousness began to dim. As the ground rose up to meet her, Alice opened her mouth and screamed for the one person who constantly occupied her dreams. "*Jonathan.*"

Chapter Two

Jonathan woke with a start, his name carried on the night breeze. Lifting his head from the cocoon of his sleeping bag, he stared at the tent flap. Had he imagined it?

"Jonathan?"

"Huh?" He blinked to try to clear the sleep from his eyes. "Alice, is that you?"

"Who else would it be? Can I come in?"

"Um, sure... I guess." He unzipped the sleeping bag and struggled to sit up. At the last moment, he remembered he had nothing on. Flipping a fold of the quilted fabric over his lower body, he propped himself up on one arm.

"You okay?" He peered at the luminous dial of his watch. Hmm, nearly five-thirty in the morning. He'd have thought Alice would be bunkered down in her own tent by now. "You see any min min lights out there?"

She dropped to her knees on the edge of his sleeping bag. "No, no min min lights. Just the normal things that go bump in the night."

Jonathan could only just make her out in the darkened tent. The sun hadn't risen yet and even when it did, the interior of the tent would remain shadowed until he rolled up the front flaps. "Hey, you sure you're all right? Your voice sounds... Hell, I don't know... different somehow. Deeper, maybe."

Point of fact, her voice did strange things to his equilibrium. The husky, sultry tone made goosebumps break out on his arms and chest. Created a fire in his belly and tightened all the muscles in his gut. And that wasn't the only damn thing feeling tight right about now. He sure as hell didn't remember Alice sounding like this in the office.

"I'm fine. Just too keyed up to sleep."

She edged closer and he caught the musky scent of sex. Exciting. Tempting. Or at least his cock thought so. It twitched, pushing against the soft fabric of the sleeping bag. Oh crap, he was in big trouble here.

"Um, maybe you should go back and read a book or something. Take one of the lanterns with you." In his present state, he wasn't about to offer to walk her back to her tent. "I left the lanterns and matches in the back of the four-wheel drive. Hang on, I'll get the keys for you."

He reached behind him, grabbed his trousers and dropped them in his lap. With a bit of luck, they'd help hide the raging boner he was sporting. After a frantic scrabble through his trouser pockets, he found the keys and held them out to Alice. "There you go. Just take the closest lantern to the back of the vehicle. I filled that one up before I came to bed tonight."

"I'd rather take you," she murmured, and leaning over, licked the side of his face.

Oh shit. "Ah, maybe this isn't such a good idea, Alice."

Not that he didn't want her. He did. Badly. Hell, he'd done nothing but try to make her jealous for the last six months. But he still had the feeling this was a bad move.

"Oh, I think this is a very good idea." She pushed him on the shoulder with enough force he tumbled back onto the sleeping bag. "Now you just be a good boy and settle back and enjoy it, okay?"

Before Jonathan could utter another word -- even if he'd had the presence of mind to do so -- she fastened her mouth over his. She lapped at his lips and he opened to give her entrance. Her tongue delved deep, tempting him into play, thrusting and withdrawing until he tangled his fingers in her long hair and held her to him.

Christ, it felt like she was about to consume him. Who knew Alice could kiss like this? She nibbled at his lips then increased the pressure, sliding inside, her tongue twining with his. Heat slammed through him, the blood rushing down to his lower

body. He didn't think it was possible, but his cock grew harder, thicker. The breath caught in his chest and, for a moment, he felt almost lightheaded.

Alice broke the kiss and slid her mouth over his cheek, her hot breath wafting across his ear. When she bathed the furled edge with her wet tongue, a shiver slid down his back. Then she bit down and every little testosterone gremlin in his body went on the rampage.

He cleared his throat. "Ah, you sure about this, Alice?"

"Oh, baby, there's nothing I want more," she purred, rubbing her bare breasts against his chest.

Huh? When had she removed her top? His mind was so befuddled with wet heat and erotic longings he wasn't sure what had gone on. Except for one thing. He couldn't deny himself this interlude if he'd wanted to.

So if the shirt was gone...

He slid one hand down her side to the top of her thigh. No panties. Oh boy, she definitely did mean business.

"Enough talking. I thought you were a man of action."

She emitted a low, husky growl and Jonathan felt the short hairs on his arms stand up. Sexual tension skittered along his veins. His heart thundered like a bass drum in his chest. "Hey, who am I to deny a lady? Go for it, sweetie."

The breath gusted from him again when she licked down the side of his neck, pausing to nip at the pulse at the base of his throat. She didn't stop there. That hot little tongue of hers swept across his chest. Probed at his nipples before sliding farther down his body.

She circled the indentation of his navel and lapped at the little hollow. Licking her way across his stomach, she suddenly fastened her mouth on the soft skin of his lower belly and sucked.

Jonathan bucked. His muscles contracted in reaction. He knew without a doubt he'd have a love bite there tomorrow, but who the hell cared?

She chuckled in the back of her throat, the sound one of temptation and something else. Something that brought with it a stab of fear, but he couldn't pin it down and he didn't know why. And now was definitely not the time to worry about it.

Alice slid across to his hip and kissed her way down to the top of his thigh, pushing the quilted fabric of the sleeping bag before her. After dancing her fingers across the soft skin of his inner thigh, she suddenly bit him.

Jonathan yelped. Pain quickly morphed into a burst of pleasure that shot to his rigid cock. He'd never been into biting, but hot damn! If it garnered this type of sensation, he may well end up a convert.

He lost the ability to think when Alice moved up his leg, biting and sucking, then soothing the momentary sting with a sensual swipe of her tongue. The tension inside him spiked. Unable to help himself, he spread his legs and raised his hips. He wanted that fiery little mouth surrounding him, licking up his pre-cum, driving him over the brink into oblivion.

All of a sudden, she slapped him, hard, on the side of his leg. "I will tell you when you can move. I'm in charge here tonight."

Jonathan frowned, surfacing for a moment from the sensual haze that held him in thrall. That didn't even sound like Alice, neither in tone nor words. Not the Alice he knew from the office. Not meek and mild, never say boo, Alice. He mentally shrugged. What did he know about what she was like away from work? Maybe this was the real Alice -- a sexually aggressive *femme fatale* she kept hidden from all but her lovers.

As she lifted up and straddled his hips, it ceased to matter. A groan rippled from his chest when she clasped her fingers around his raging erection. "Oh yeah, babe, yeah. Go for it."

"You like me touching you, Jonathan?" She slid her hands from the base of his cock up to the head, applying a subtle pressure as she went.

"Hell yeah." He tilted his hips, raising his ass from the sleeping bag beneath him, trying to push his cock deeper into her hand.

“Oh, Jonathan, you’re being a bad boy. What did I say about moving?” She leaned over and ran the tip of her tongue up the length of his erection. “Think you’re strong enough to lie there and just let me do what I want?” She probed the tiny eye in the top, before making a production of swirling her tongue around the head of his cock.

Jonathan groaned, the sight so damn erotic he almost blew his load then and there. He panted, struggling to hold onto his control. Fighting to keep his hips flat on the sleeping bag as she opened her mouth and surrounded his throbbing erection with the sensual brush of her lips was the hardest thing he’d ever done.

“I’m strong, I’m strong,” he croaked. “Man of steel, that’s me. Do your worst, babe.”

Chapter Three

Alice moaned as her mouth closed over Jonathan's rock-hard cock. Sensation streaked through her body. Her pussy was on fire, internal muscles clenching in anticipation. She felt like one big bundle of nerves waiting to ignite. At the same time, a spear of jealousy arrowed through her at the thought of another woman -- be it demon or human -- being a part of this whole scenario. She felt as if she were standing outside herself, watching the succubus go down on Jonathan.

A high-pitched scream suddenly filled her mind. Alice winced and tried to close her eyes against a shaft of pain.

Damn it, human, I took you over. You should have no conscious thoughts of your own at all during the hours of darkness.

Lilah *was* in control, or thought she was. But maybe not. Because just then Jonathan lifted one hand and palmed her breast, pinching the hard nipple between thumb and forefinger. Alice straightened up, released her hold on his cock and tossed her head back as another moan slipped from her lips. And the most astounding thing was, the actions were hers.

Alice had no idea as to why she was still able to think her own thoughts while the demon was in her, but she'd be damned if she'd let the night spirit take over. She'd waited a long time to be the center of Jonathan's attention and she sure as hell wasn't going to give the spotlight up to some damn demon.

"God, Jonathan, you make me so hot," she managed.

Her voice. *Her* words. Maybe not as sultry as Lilah's, but her own, although fraught with sexual tension. Now if only she could make her body respond to *her* commands and not the demon's.

She squealed as Jonathan reared up and flipped them over, settling his weight in the cradle of her thighs. Alice gathered all her strength and raised her hips to brush against his rigid cock.

This is my party, she silently mocked. Piss off, Lilah.

"Wow, when you decide to kick over the traces, you go all the way, don't you?" He growled and nuzzled at her neck. "More Alice the She-Devil than the Miss Meek-and-Mild you show at the office. I could become addicted."

Hah, see. It's me he wants, not a puny human. Now I'll take back control.

Like hell. No way would she let Lilah direct these proceedings. I'll kick your butt, demon. I'll crawl out of here on hands and knees if I have to and then you'll get nothing. You want to come along for the ride, fine, but you stay in the background. Understood?

Lilah didn't answer, but Alice felt an immediate lightening of the partial paralysis that held her in its grip.

"I take it you like the new Alice," she whispered to Jonathan.

She rotated her hips, rubbing her wet pussy against his rigid erection, trying to position the head just where she wanted it.

He grinned down at her. "Uh uh, not yet, my feisty little devil. Now it's time for you to dance to *my* tune."

He lowered his head and licked his way down to her breasts. Alice squirmed. It tickled. Then the sensation changed and it felt as if fire lapped at her veins. The breath caught in her throat before slipping out on a strangled moan as Jonathan trailed the tip of his tongue round and round one breast, riding the curve until he came to the crest.

"So you like a bit of biting, do you?" He didn't wait for her reply. Instead, he buried his face in the underside of her breast and bit down. Not hard, but hard enough to make Alice arch off the sleeping bag.

She started to pant. Tension gripped her belly. Moisture flooded her core as if an invisible line connected her pussy to her breast. A sensuality she didn't know she was capable of had her writhing on the quilted fabric, seeking an end to the ache deep between her thighs.

"For God's sake, Jonathan, stop playing and fuck me."

"Who's playing?" He lifted his head and grinned. "You've ignored me for six months now. You think I'm going to end this quick?"

"I wasn't ignoring you," she gasped as he kissed his way down to her stomach. "That was self-preservation. You've screwed just about every woman in the office. No way was I going to be another notch on your bedpost."

He trailed his tongue across her waist, from one side to the other, before sliding it in and out of her belly button. Alice started to tremble. Her muscles quivered as he nipped at the slight swell of her stomach before nibbling his way down to her pussy.

"Enough talking, woman," he ground out as he rested his cheek against her mound. "I'm in charge here now so *you* just lie back and let *me* do the work."

Alice couldn't have answered him if she'd tried. Her attention was too focused on the sensations coursing through her as his warm breath swept across her aching pussy. He separated the swollen lips of her hot core and lapped his way down the length of her. She jerked her hips up. Her breathing was so hard and fast she was in danger of hyperventilating.

"Hmm-hmmm. Delicious cream," Jonathan muttered before burying his head between her thighs again.

He ran his tongue over her swollen lips before circling her clit. The breath gusted from her in disappointment as he avoided touching the tight bundle of nerves. With a decidedly wicked chuckle, he trailed the tip of his tongue around the opening of her pussy. He teased her, a tiny foray into her aching depths. No more than an inch before he withdrew. Then a quick flick at her clit prior to heading back to her hot core.

Alice wanted to scream. Not about to be denied, she grabbed hold of a handful of his hair and pressed his face hard against her pussy. "Damn it, no more teasing."

Needing no further encouragement, Jonathan grasped the cheeks of her ass to hold her steady and plunged his tongue deep inside her, stabbing and withdrawing. Setting up a rhythm designed to drive her crazy. Alice pumped her hips in time to his ministrations, sobbing out her need.

Tension coiled in her gut. Her legs trembled. The scent of her arousal drifted in a haze around them. The first of a series of little spasms convulsed her internal muscles. Alice cried out, lifting her hips higher, grinding herself against Jonathan's rapacious mouth. When he covered her clit and sucked hard, she lost it.

Sobs tumbled from her lips. Her hips gyrated. The convulsions took over, sweeping through her like a bushfire out of control. The climax sucked her in and she felt as if she were drowning in a sea of sensation.

Before the last of the ripples had faded, Jonathan reared up and positioned the head of his cock at her entrance. With one strong push, he slid inside. Alice groaned as he filled her, stretching her with his hard width. Locking her legs around his waist, she tilted her hips, trying to take him deeper still.

"Christ, you're so hot and tight. I feel like I'm about to explode."

She curled her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her. "I thought that was the general idea." Slanting a quick kiss over his mouth, she tasted herself on his lips, making her hungry for more of what she'd just experienced. She slid her hands down to his hips and grasped his ass. "Fuck me, Jonathan. I can't wait any longer."

As if her words were the catalyst, Jonathan pulled out a fraction and pumped his hips, slamming his cock back inside her. Withdrawing, he rammed into her again and again, driving Alice to screaming point, tightening the tension in her belly until she felt like a spring wound too tight.

She moved her hips, adjusting to Jonathan's rhythm. Fingers digging in, she clenched his ass. She had an insane desire to score her nails across his cheeks, leaving her mark on him. For an instant, fingers of energy probed at her brain, egging her on, demanding she take a blood sacrifice.

With a groan, Alice blanketed her mind against Lilah and concentrated on Jonathan. On the pounding movement of his body. The feel of his hard cock deep inside her. The combined smell of sweat and torrid lovemaking. And the slap of slicked bodies against each other.

The ripples started all over again, radiating out from the place where they were joined. Alice clenched her internal muscles, trying to hold the climax off for a little while longer. She'd waited too long to make love with Jonathan. She didn't want it to finish this quickly.

He took the decision from her. Sliding one hand between them, Jonathan flicked at her clit before running his thumb over it. Nerve synapses fired. The orgasm caught her up, the spasms spreading out from where they joined. Tension snapped and she cried out. Jonathan's shout joined hers as he came, pumping his cum deep inside her.

She opened her mouth to call his name, but all that came out was a puff of white vapor. It linked her mouth to his, like a long white strand. Then, before Alice could react, it was sucked back inside her, a trail of fiery sexual energy and satisfaction lodging in her gut.

Jonathan suddenly collapsed on her, his weight almost a smothering blanket. She pushed at his shoulders until she could slide out from under him. She rolled him over. His eyes were closed and his breathing deep. Asleep? Unconscious? She didn't know. At least he was alive.

One thing she did know. Lilah was a succubus and that type of night spirit lived on the energy generated by sex. At the last moment, just as Jonathan climaxed, the demon had sucked the vitality right out of him.

Lilah had agreed to stay in the background, but she hadn't said she'd go against her very nature. Holy crap, if Alice allowed her to have her way, Lilah would slowly kill him and Alice herself would be the instrument.

After checking Jonathan's breathing, Alice flipped the sleeping bag over him and stole from the tent. The sun was just making an appearance over the horizon. Alice dragged in a shuddery breath and focused inward.

"Lilah, get your ass out here this minute. You and I have got some serious talking to do."

Chapter Four

"Hell, the day's almost over. Why didn't you wake me?"

Alice looked up from the open book in her lap. "Figured you must have needed the extra rest or you would have been out here ages ago."

"Yeah, don't know what's wrong with me." Jonathan used his hand to cover an extra wide yawn. "I've slept for hours and I still feel shattered."

Guilt sat like a lead weight in Alice's gut. Did Jonathan feel so tired because they'd indulged in some rather heavy sexual gymnastics? Or was it because Lilah had drawn off the energy thrown out by his climax? Whatever it was, Alice had to make certain it didn't happen again. She wasn't about to risk Jonathan's health and wellbeing.

"Just the same, you still should have woken me."

"There really wasn't any reason to. I recorded last night's findings in the log and reset the equipment for tonight. Nothing else for you to do."

"So you *did* see something? I wondered about that when you came to my tent last night, or rather, the early hours of this morning." He perched on the log next to her and flashed her a cheeky grin.

Alice hated lying to him, but no way was she about to tell him the truth.

"Ahh... not certain what I saw." She shrugged. "It could have been anything. Reflection from moonlight. The lights from a passing vehicle. Who knows?"

Jonathan slid closer and looked down at the open journal in her lap. "Hmm, the electromagnetic detector reading is way off the scale. There must have been a hell of a disturbance in the natural magnetic field to produce that." A frown creased his forehead. "You sure you didn't sense anything?"

Keeping her lips pressed firmly together, she shook her head, even though he wasn't looking at her.

"Christ, check this out." He reached over and tapped at the page. "The temperature plummeted at exactly the same time the changes in the energy and velocity shifts took place." His voice rose, colored with excitement. "This *has* to be a paranormal event. Nothing else explains these readings."

He wrapped his arm around Alice's shoulders and gave her a hug. "I don't believe it. I thought these min min lights were just an old aboriginal legend. Burning marsh gases or something like that."

"You should have known it wasn't going to be will-o'-the-wisp or marsh gases or anything like that," she mumbled. "It's so dry out here, there's no water to create the right environment."

Tilting his head, he stared Alice right in the eye. "You sure you didn't sense anything last night? Nothing at all?"

Jonathan's touch had screwed up her mind. Alice had a hard time thinking, let alone answering him. Memories of last night rolled over her. As the image of a naked Jonathan going down on her filled her head, her breathing spiked. The blood pounded through her veins like molten lava rushing down a hill. Yeah, right, forget the hill. She knew exactly where all the blood in her body had headed. Straight to her aching pussy.

Ah crap, don't go there, Alice.

Pulling herself from Jonathan's hold, she shoved the logbook into his hands and jumped to her feet. "It's getting dark." Eyes squinted, she stared at what remained of the fiery sun as it slid over the horizon. Lengthening shadows painted dark patches on the brown landscape. From the dusty earth underfoot, to the scorched grass and the dry, twisted mulga trees.

"Now you're up, how about you get the campfire started so I can heat up the casserole I made last night? We may as well get dinner under way before it gets too dark to see and we have to rely on the kerosene lanterns."

He frowned and, pushing himself to his feet, took a step toward her. Alice scooted around to the other side of the cold campfire, stumbling over one of the rocks

used to contain the fire. She couldn't let him touch her. If he did, she was just as likely to throw him into the dust and ravage him.

Her hunger for him had grown rather than diminished, given the raw sexual energy they'd already expended. But if she gave in to it, what would happen to Jonathan?

The demon hadn't responded when she'd tried to call her forth. Well, beyond a husky chuckle that Alice heard inside her mind, that is. All day she'd been waiting for some sign Lilah was still with her, but nada, nothing. As a result, she had no idea if Lilah still inhabited her body or not, but she sure as hell wasn't taking any chances with Jonathan's life.

"Hey, Alice, are you all right?"

"I'm fine." She peeked at him, her heart going into overdrive as he moved to stand beside her. Damn, she couldn't keep retreating every time he came near her.

When he casually slung one arm around her shoulders, every nerve in her body flared to life. Sucking in a deep breath, she drew in the scent of his spicy aftershave. It curled about her brain and raised a whole raft of raunchy pictures inside her head. Sexual energy zapped through her veins. Hunger such as she'd never known roared through her and the desire to screw the hell out of Jonathan grew to such proportions she had difficulty controlling it.

Dear God, I can't give into this. With an angry twist, she slipped out of his arms and moved away. "Haven't you got work to do?" she snapped.

"What the hell is wrong with you, woman?" Jonathan glared at her. "Last night you came onto me like a horny little devil..." Alice winced at his description. "And now you can't stand to have me touch you? What the fuck --"

She turned away and marched over to the vehicle they'd hired to drive out to this remote spot in outback Queensland, well aware that Jonathan trailed after her. Wrenching up the rear door, she slammed open the car refrigerator and grabbed the casserole she'd cooked yesterday. When she turned around, he was standing right in front of her, blocking her way. "Move it, Jonathan," she snarled.

"Come on, Alice, we have to talk about this. Last night was a revelation for me. I figured after months of you ignoring me that you wanted nothing to do with me. Then you --"

"There's nothing to discuss." She shrugged. "You got lucky, is all. I was in the mood for a good fuck and you were handy. Don't read anything more into it."

She grimaced. Hell, she sounded like a slut, but maybe it would drive him to ignore her. If he turned his back on her, Lilah would have no chance to hurt him.

She dared a look at Jonathan's face. His mouth was a thin, tight line and a red flush tinted his cheekbones. She didn't need to be too smart to work out he was seriously pissed off at her.

"Well, it can't have been that good," he snapped.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"If it was such a great fuck, how come I can't even remember coming?"

Chapter Five

"I know you don't want to discuss it, but there's one thing I have to ask." Jonathan tossed another dried tree branch onto the campfire. The flames instantly shot up higher, sparks flying and then dying before they hit the parched earth. "Did we --"

"What?" she snarled.

Heat flashed through Jonathan and it had nothing to do with the fire. His gut cramped. His blood boiled with rage. Damn it, he was sick to death of Alice treating him like he was some kind of leper. All throughout dinner she'd avoided him. Ignored his every overture at conversation. Shit, she wouldn't even look at him.

Not about to let her get away with it any longer, he jumped to his feet and rounded the fire. Before she could move away, he perched on the log beside her and grabbed her by the shoulders. "Lady, I've about had enough of this," he ground out through clenched teeth. "You instigated that little bout of horizontal wrestling last night, not me, so don't you dare come off like an outraged virgin now."

"Let go of me." Twisting her shoulders, she tried to pull away.

"You promise not to get up and walk away and I will. We *are* going to discuss this whether you like it or not."

"Okay already." She shrugged out of his hold. "What's your question?"

"Actually, thinking about it, it's two questions." Now that he was certain Alice wasn't going to bolt for her tent, he stood and paced around the campfire. "The first one. Did I pass out last night? And two..." He hated to ask, but he had to know. "Did we use protection? I don't remember anything about putting a condom on."

Heat rose like flags in his cheeks. Shit, he'd never in his life been so irresponsible. He felt like a worm just asking. He flashed a look at Alice. Her mouth had dropped

open, the color leached from her face. Given her response, protection wasn't something she'd given a thought to either.

"Oh crap, I forgot all about it. I was... I must have been... possessed or something."

"You're not the only one. I can't believe I was so bloody stupid." He shook his head. "It's not as if I don't have them with me all the time."

"Now why doesn't that surprise me? I should have known you'd carry condoms, given you'd do just about anything for a quick fuck. You must have screwed every woman in the office by now. You're turning into a male whore, Jonathan."

She stood and started toward her tent. "Well, I'm not about to get pregnant, and if you're worried about catching something, forget it," she tossed over her shoulder. "I've never before had unprotected sex. Anyway, it doesn't matter. I'm nothing to you."

"Ahh, but you're the one that got away. Until now, that is. How do you feel about being another notch on the bedpost?" he called after her.

Alice suddenly stopped and spinning about, glared at him. Ah shit, why hadn't he kept his mouth shut? He didn't mean to say that. He wasn't into deliberately hurting people, but she made such a production of getting under his skin.

"Well, I hope you remember at least some of it because it's the only quick screw you'll get out of me." Alice moved toward the tent again, her back ramrod straight.

Jonathan grabbed the tripod and camera and slung the bag with the rest of the equipment over his shoulder. "Hey, Alice, what if I told you I wanted more than just a quick fuck where you're concerned?" With that, he headed out toward the old graveyard. Maybe that remark would give her something to think about.

* * *

"I am such a bitch. I know it was for his own good, but why do I feel so bad?"

Alice groaned and rolled onto her side. She couldn't get comfortable, no matter which way she turned. The camp stretcher creaked and groaned at her movement. She didn't mind roughing it, but there was no way she'd spread her sleeping bag out on the hard ground so the stretcher had been the next best option.

It was too damn hot to sleep anyway. It might be the middle of the night, but the temperature in this part of the outback hadn't dropped much at all. But it wasn't just the ambient temperature, or her guilt, keeping her from sleeping. Her insides felt as if they were on fire.

The blood rushed through her veins like molten liquid. Her heart pounded so damn hard, it was a wonder it didn't punch a hole in her chest. And the worst was the heat centered between her thighs. The lips of her pussy were slick with her own juices and the ache deep inside kept her rolling restlessly on the stretcher.

Isn't it about time you stopped fighting me? I can force you, you know, but I had hoped we could work together.

Alice bolted upright. "Lilah? Get your friggin' ass out here."

Now why would I do that? You make a nice package. On your feet, human. Mama needs another feeding.

"Go to hell," Alice ground out. "I will not help you suck Jonathan dry."

I promised to stay in the background, but it seems I might have to rescind that now.

Lilah exerted her influence and Alice found herself standing at the front of the tent. Her mind felt like a roiling cauldron of half-baked commands and black tentacles that twisted into her psyche, strangling all but the most fundamental thoughts.

Without her brain giving the order to move, Alice dragged one foot after the other, heading across the campsite toward the deserted graveyard. Her movements were jerky, uncoordinated. She tried to stop, to dig her toes into the sun-baked soil, but to no avail. Lilah pulled the strings and Alice danced to her tune.

"No... bloody way," she managed in her own voice. With a concerted effort, Alice dug deep within her mind, dredging up a measure of will power. Not enough to break free of Lilah's control, but enough so she could make her vocal cords function and her facial muscles conform to the patterns of lucid speech. "Go find someone else. Why do you want Jonathan so badly anyway?" She groaned. "Stupid question, Alice. Why do you think she needs him?"

So true, my dear.

A sultry chuckle bubbled up inside and trickled out of Alice's mouth. There wasn't a thing she could do to stop it.

I need his sperm. How else can I bring forth more of my brood?

A flash of lightning illuminated the graveyard, showing Jonathan perched on the end of a raised tombstone. His head was bowed as if he'd fallen asleep. When the light died away, four small balls of light danced in the air above him.

"The min min lights," Alice whispered.

No. My children. Now shush, I need to talk to Jonathan.

Alice could still think, could feel, but couldn't exert any control over the situation. The sour taste of fear filled her mouth. She wanted to gag. To purge herself of both the demon *and* the panic that made her heart beat thunder in her chest. Her breath snagged in her throat and her pulse accelerated until she thought she'd pass out.

Oh God, somehow she had to stop this happening. Sweat beaded her forehead as she struggled to make her mind form the words she needed.

"Jonathan, run!" she croaked.

Chapter Six

"What the --" Jonathan jumped. "Alice, is that you?"

He shook his head and peered into the darkness. Shit, he must have fallen asleep on watch. He didn't know what was wrong with him. He'd slept the day away, but still felt as if all the vitality had drained out of him. In fact, right now, he felt like an old man.

Grabbing the flashlight, he flicked the strong beam toward Alice. "Sorry, I guess I was dozing. What did you say?"

"I said I've come for some fun. You up for it?"

She stopped about three feet away from him. Hands on hips, she struck a pose. One designed to entice. Jonathan gulped. Holy fuck, it sure did that. The muscles in his gut tightened. His brain switched into gear and drove the blood down to his lower body, engorging his cock until it strained at the front of his khaki bush trousers. The rough zip scraped on the sensitive head, heightening the sensations coursing through him.

He wiggled, trying to ease the constriction. That's what he got for going commando in the stifling heat out here. Then his brain really switched into gear and he registered Alice's state of dress. Or rather, undress.

All she appeared to have on was a white tee shirt. Thin enough that in the glow from the flashlight, the darker area of her areoles showed, the nipples rigid points in the center. She stood there, swaying from side to side, running her hands over the top of her thighs. With each sweep, she hiked the tee shirt up a little higher and he saw the lacy black panties she wore, so miniscule they didn't even cover the top of her dark pubic hair.

"Ah, Alice, you sure you know what you're doing? After the performance today, I need to know you're not going to spend tomorrow sniping at me."

She pouted. "You're not about to make me play by myself, are you? I want you to fuck me. Hard and fast. You man enough, Jonathan?"

Jonathan shook his head and frowned. Something seemed a bit... off. He just wasn't certain what it was. Maybe it was simply that her voice contained that low, sexy buzz again, just like it had last night. Like a Jekyll and Hyde type thing -- the professional Alice during the day and the sultry siren at night. Hell, he could live with that.

"Babe, if that's what you want..."

As she stripped the tee shirt over her head and dropped it on the ground beside her, his voice petered out. Heat spiked through his body as he ran his gaze over her. Hand shaking in reaction, he moved the flashlight beam so it fell directly on her naked breasts. High and full, the nipples rigid and beckoning. His cock hardened even more and his breathing accelerated.

"You like what you see?"

Sliding her hands up her body, she lifted her breasts, tweaking at the prominent nipples. Jonathan wanted to bury his head between those pale mounds. Suck the hard nipples into his mouth and feast on her erotic moans. He cupped his hand over his rigid erection, sure his cock was about to explode.

"Oh yeah, I definitely like what I see," he managed to mutter. "You want me to fuck you, I'll --" He gulped as she moved down to her panties, insinuating the fingers of one hand under the elastic at the front. He almost dropped the flashlight, his equilibrium was so shattered.

"Ahh, but there's something else I want first," she whispered, sliding her hand down between her legs. With her other hand, she pulled at the side of her panties until they rolled down over her hips.

Now Jonathan didn't have to guess at what she was doing. She parted her labia and inserted two fingers inside her pussy. Rocking her hips, she finger-fucked herself,

head thrown back and breathy little moans tumbling from her lips. "Ohh, I'm so hot and wet." She pulled her fingers out and raised them to her mouth, licking away her juices. "I want you to taste me."

An avalanche of sensation rolled over Jonathan. His skin burned as his temperature spiked. His breathing was rapid and shallow. He leaned back on concrete tomb behind him and gulped down the lump that seemed to be stuck in his throat.

He wanted to go to her and take over where she'd left off, but he didn't think his legs would support him. Christ, he was so damn horny he was in danger of finishing the race before he'd even reached the start line.

"Hell, I can do that for you." His voice sounded rusty, as if it hadn't been used in a while. The way he felt right now, it was a wonder he could dredge up the power of speech at all. "Get over here, woman. I'm hungry and you're delaying my feast."

Alice wiggled until her panties fell about her bare feet. She stepped out of them and sauntered over to him, hips swinging in a seductive arc. The tombstone rose about three feet from the ground, and before Jonathan could touch her, she crawled up onto the weathered surface in front of him.

He gulped. For a moment, he lost the ability to breathe. His heart rate sped up as she treated him to a flash of her naked ass. Hand shaking, he propped the flashlight on the camera tripod so it illuminated her rear end. Not just her bottom, but her pussy, glistening with her juices.

She made a move to get to her feet, but Jonathan couldn't wait. He grasped her by the hips and silently urged her to back up a bit so she balanced on the edge of the tomb. Dropping to his knees, he grasped the cheeks of her ass and lowered his head to trail his tongue along her wet pussy. The taste of her sent his libido into a spin. The musky scent of her sex got inside his head and turned his brain to mush. All he could do was feel -- the tightening of his already hard cock, the silk of her skin in his hands, and his own desperate need to bury himself in her heat.

Alice moaned as Jonathan flicked at her clit before trailing the tip of his tongue around the entrance to her pussy. She wiggled her hips, trying to get closer. Suddenly, she held still as she realized the movement was her own, not Lilah's.

"Jonathan," she whispered, fighting to make her voice obey the command from her brain. Exerting all her willpower, Alice pushed at the dark tentacles inside her head. Little by little, she drove them back. Not completely, but enough so Lilah no longer had complete control. Okay, a new discovery. When Lilah was in the throes of sexual abandon, it was easier for Alice to assert herself. *So keep her horny and wet, Alice, my girl.*

"God, babe, you taste so good."

Jonathan's comment refocused her thoughts on the state of her body, instead of her mind. She wanted to pull away. Deny Lilah another victory over Jonathan, but she wasn't strong enough. Not only because of the demon's presence inside her, but because of the hunger riding her. The need to experience every nuance of his lovemaking.

"Spread your knees a bit more for me," he whispered.

Alice complied. Jonathan buried his head between her thighs again, his mouth zeroing in on her aching pussy. He nibbled at her clit and she felt the pull deep inside her. He stroked along her length and she moaned. Sensation overwhelmed her. She started to pant, hips undulating as she tried to force his tongue where she wanted it most.

"Fuck you, Jonathan. Stop teasing me." Oh God, she couldn't take much more. She was about to go crazy with wanting. Tension clawed at her gut. Nerves were strung so tight she felt as if she were about to snap.

"No, fuck you, Alice, but not yet. Not until I make you come."

His hot breath whispered across her swollen lips, making Alice buck in response. The breath sobbed from her lips. Her skin felt tight, temperature spiking as sexual frustration sharpened its hold on her. He stroked, licked, suckled, lapping up her juices... until Alice whimpered with need. Then he speared her with his tongue, driving it into her pussy.

She screamed out as he withdrew and bit at her clit again before plunging his tongue in as far as he could go. The tension snapped, her internal muscles contracting around his tongue. Her body convulsed as she climaxed, the spasms spreading out to consume her. At the height of the orgasm, Jonathan surged upright, tightened his hold on her hips and impaled her with his steely erection.

He felt massive, thick and strong. Pushing deep, he filled her up until she felt his balls brush against her swollen lips. He held still for a single moment before withdrawing to drive his hard cock into her again, stretching her, making her muscles clench to hold him there.

“Hard. Harder,” she cried out, her voice a sultry caress.

Excerpt it wasn't her voice. It was Lilah's. But it didn't matter, because that's what Alice wanted, too.

Jonathan took her at her word. He pulled back and rammed into her, rocking her forward with the force of his thrusts. His body trembled, the movement transferred to Alice through the large hands clutching at her hips. His breathing, punctuated by loud groans and guttural grunts, was loud enough to wake the dead.

For a moment, Alice wanted to laugh at the image, given that she was being thoroughly fucked atop a tombstone in a deserted graveyard. Then the maelstrom swept her up and the only thing she was conscious of was the pumping of Jonathan's cock as he built the tension to unbearable levels, and the fire sweeping through her blood.

Suddenly, Jonathan cried out. He held still for an interminable time, his cock, twitching with every breath he took, buried to the hilt in her pussy. Slowly he pulled out, and with a shout, drove home again, emptying himself deep inside her.

Alice shattered, her orgasm catching her up and tossing her into a sea of sensation. The breath sobbed from her mouth as she strained back against Jonathan. Then, when the external world around them started to disappear in a frenzy of sexual release, the demon inside her suddenly made her presence felt.

Lilah reared up. Alice felt a painful ripping sensation as the demon partially separated herself from her human host. Tears filled her eyes. Muscles pulled taut. Alice turned her head and watched as a flash of flame-red and darkest black morphed into shape above her, the vague outline of the upper part of a woman's body. Before she could draw breath, it subsided again as the entity slid back inside Alice.

"What the fuck -- Alice, what's happening?"

Jonathan pulled out of her, pushing away from the side of the tomb. Alice collapsed on top of the tomb, the breath driven from her. She panted, struggling to drag in enough fresh oxygen to deal with the knowledge that the demon was still with her.

Arms shaking, she pushed herself into a sitting position and twisted to face Jonathan. He stood as still as a statue, staring at her, his mouth agape. In other circumstances, Alice may well have teased him about the picture he presented. Tee shirt pulled up. Pants and underwear down around his ankles. But before she could say a word, it was as if all the energy had leaked out of him. His eyes rolled up until only the whites showed. His legs buckled under him and down he went. Silent. Still. No movement whatsoever as he lay upon the dusty, burned-off grass of the graveyard.

With a sob, Alice climbed down from the tomb and crouched at Jonathan's side. Lifting her fist and punching it into the dark sky, she screamed out the night spirit's name. "Lilah, enough. No more. Jonathan's mine. I won't let you have him." She dragged in a shaky breath. "Fuck you, bitch."

Chapter Seven

"Won't get rid of the big fella devil that way, missy."

Alice screamed and twisted to face the direction the voice had come from. The flashlight had rolled off the camera tripod, the beam of light obliterated in the fall. Now the darkness pressed in, covering her in a shroud of shadows cast by the moonlight.

"Wh-who's there?" Her heart pounded in her chest. The breath wheezed from her throat in a harsh whistle. The smell of fear, rank and pungent, rose from her body and surrounded her, coating her skin as thickly as the sweat that rolled off her.

On hands and knees, she crabbed her way to the side of the tomb, feeling around until her fingers brushed up against the cold metal of the flashlight. Her hand trembled, almost dropping it again. She flicked the switch, releasing a heartfelt sigh when a brilliant shaft of illumination cut a path through the black cemetery.

A small group of Aboriginals, the local people of the land, hovered on the other side of Jonathan's prone body. Their black skin shone in the light, the whites of their dark eyes showing, along with the flash of their teeth as they smiled. One old woman, bent and wrinkled, and two men, both as ancient as the female.

"W-what do you want?"

"It's not what *we* want," the woman said in a voice that creaked with age. "We're gonna help you and your man."

Alice flicked the flashlight down a fraction and caught a flash of Jonathan's body. A surge of warmth swept into her face. There he was, his shirt pulled up and his boxer shorts and trousers down around his ankles. It didn't take much imagination to work out what had gone on here.

She suddenly remembered her own naked state. *Ah, crap.*

"Hang on. Ah, just stay there a moment." She backed up to where her clothing lay on the hard ground. Whipping them up, she shrugged into the tee shirt before hopping from foot to foot while she dragged her panties on. A quick glance showed her three identical grins on the faces of the aborigines. Why did she get the feeling they could see in the dark?

One of the men bent over Jonathan and pulled his shorts and trousers up, securing them about his waist. "Don't want him getting frostbit." He slapped his thigh with his hand and started chuckling, the second man joining in.

Okay, they could joke all they wanted, but meanwhile, Jonathan was slowly being drained of his life essence. Unless she could stop what was going on. She dropped to her knees beside him again. "Jonathan, wake up." Grabbing his shoulder, she shook him. No response. "Damn it, wake up. I can't haul you to bed like this and I'm damned if I'll leave you out here for that demon bitch."

"Won't do you no good. The spirit took his breath. He won't wake up 'til the morning comes." The old woman hunkered down beside her. "I'm Mary." She waved a hand at the two men. "This be Abe and that gray-haired old goat is Bart. Not their real names, but that's what the white folks call 'em."

"What are you doing out here?" Alice squinted at the one called Bart. A burst of heat rolled over her, lodging in her gut. Spirals of red and black curled about Bart's body before being sucked back inside again. A sour taste rose up, filling the back of Alice's throat with bile. *Demon spirit.*

"Get away from him." As Bart bent over Jonathan, she jumped up and rushed at him, pushing him away and stepping between him and Jonathan. "Oh God, you're a..."

"Hah, she sees you, Bart. Told you she be special." Mary waddled over and nudged Alice with her shoulder. "Nothing to worry about, missy. It won't hurt you."

Alice subsided onto the dusty ground, her legs shaking too much to hold her any longer. "But I saw --"

Bart squatted on his haunches in front of her. "What you saw was my spirit guide. He's not evil. In fact, he told me in a dream you needed help. That's why we came tonight. Your man will die if you don't get rid of the night spirit inside you."

Mouth dropping open, she stared at him. He *knew* about the succubus? "What are you?" she whispered.

"Depends where you're from." He grinned, flashing perfect white teeth. "Shaman, medicine man, dream walker... Take your pick, but I prefer Bart."

Alice shook her head, trying to take it all in. Her immediate impulse was to reject his comments, but she knew the Aboriginal culture was rich with stories of dreamtime magic and instances of medicine men causing harm without even touching a person. Who was she to discount it? Hell, *she* saw demons. That was weird enough in itself.

"Now she's fed, the demon won't come back tonight," Bart said. "How about we get your man back to the camp and then we can talk."

"You know this... thing? You can get rid of it?"

Guilt suddenly swamped Alice. It rose up, leaving a dirty taste in her mouth. For an instant there, she'd felt a flash of anger. A sense of possessiveness for the entity inside her. She wanted to scream at Bart to leave her alone. To leave Lilah alone. She didn't want to give up the sensual, sexy woman she'd become since Lilah had taken over.

"Think about it a moment. Is it you?" He tilted his head and stared at her. "Or is it the demon?" He grabbed the flashlight and trained it on her face.

Raising her arm, Alice protected her eyes. "How --"

"Lady, you're not very good at hiding your feelings." He chuckled, although the sound contained little merriment. "You're not the first woman -- or man, for that matter -- who succumbed to the lure of the sex demons." He gestured to the other man and the two of them hoisted Jonathan to his feet, propping his arms over their shoulders. "Come on, let's get this man to bed."

Mary at her side, Alice tailed after them as the men dragged Jonathan toward the camp.

"Hah, that bad succubus, she make you feel like a real woman, eh?" Mary burst into raucous chuckles. "Hard to give that away when the men like it so much."

"I can't believe I entertained the thought of keeping Lilah for even a moment." Alice felt worse than the lowest slug on the earth. "She'll kill him if I let her keep going."

"Yeah, it can happen real quick. Three, maybe four days, and the bitch sucks them dry. Nothing left when your man gives up his life force."

Stopping at the campfire, Alice threw a few more branches and a handful of kindling onto the dying embers. Hell, she must have been out in the graveyard for hours, given how far the fire had died down. When Lilah took over, she had no real concept of time. As the flames flared up, she cast a look at the black woman's face. "You seem to know what you're talking about. Have you --"

"Stupid tourists think it be min min lights. What do they know?" She snorted. "That bloody Lilah, she's been around for years. Tried to suck my Bart to death, an' I almost let her. I wanted Bart to think I was all woman, great in bed, you know?"

Alice nodded. Oh yeah, she knew all right. Part of her wondered if Jonathan would still think she was sexy once the demon was gone. Was it Alice he wanted... or only the raunchy sex?

"But I beat her," Mary continued. "An' we gonna help you beat her, too."

God, I hope so. Whatever happened, whether Jonathan found her lacking without the succubus or not, she'd live with it. The important thing was to save Jonathan.

Leaving Mary standing by the fire, Alice rushed forward and lifted the tent flap for the men. She flipped back the top layer of the sleeping bag and they laid him down gently.

The night was stinking hot. Perspiration beaded on his forehead. She rolled his tee shirt up and turned to Bart to ask his help. Before she could say a word, he squatted and raised Jonathan up so she could strip the shirt over his head.

"You want his pants off, too?"

She grimaced. She'd already seen him naked. Guess it didn't matter now. "Yeah, we may as well make him comfortable."

Bart unzipped his trousers and pulled them down his legs while Alice wiped a towel across his forehead. Jonathan suddenly reared up, grabbing her wrist to pull her close. Pain streaked up her arm. The bones in her wrist felt as if they were being crushed.

"Fuckin' hell, I saw -- I think I saw..." His voice trailed off and his eyes rolled up. Then he crumpled back onto the sleeping bag, as deeply asleep now as he'd been earlier.

"Hmm, don't see that often. Once the demon feeds, it normally knocks a person out for the rest of the night. Maybe she's not strong enough to take him after all."

Alice turned her thoughts inward. *You hear that, Lilah? You're not getting him. He's mine!*

Chapter Eight

Jonathan shook his head and tried to get his mind into gear. "Christ, what the hell is wrong with me?"

He tried again to balance the lamp in one hand and turn the tap on the kerosene container with the other. The flammable liquid missed the reservoir altogether and splashed onto his hand. "Ah, shit."

"You okay, Jonathan?"

"Holy fuck." Jonathan dropped the lamp base and spun about. The force of the movement tipped him off center and he bumped against the side of the four-wheel drive vehicle. Kerosene trickled from the tap he hadn't closed properly. Quickly shutting off the valve, he leaned on the truck and stared at Alice. "Jesus, woman, don't sneak up on me like that. You scared the crap out of me."

Alice bent and picked up the lamp base. "You all right?" she asked again as she moved to the back of the vehicle and competently filled the lamp with kerosene, before reinserting the wick and fitting the glass cover over the top of it.

"I don't know what the hell's wrong with me." He held his hands out. "Look at this. I've got the shakes so bad I couldn't even fill the lantern."

His hands weren't the only thing shaking. His legs had a serious case of the wobbles. He quickly parked his ass on the rear of the vehicle before his legs gave out totally and dumped him on the ground.

"Once again, I just about slept the whole day away, but I still feel worn out. No energy at all. I'm sweating like crazy." He held up his hand as Alice opened her mouth to speak. "Yeah, okay, I know. This is desert country. Hot as Hades, but it's more than that. It's like I have a raging temperature. Shit, I've felt better than this with a massive hangover."

"You want to go lie down for a bit? I can finish this off."

"No, I don't want to lie down. I want to know what the heck is going on."

A look flashed across Alice's face that had him staring at her even harder. Not that he could keep his gaze off her anyway. She'd exchanged her trousers for a pair of khaki shorts that left the majority of her legs exposed. In place of the hard-wearing bush shirt, she'd donned a skimpy tank top. The stretchy fabric molded her breasts and showed the outline of her nipples. Nipples that just happened to be getting more prominent the longer he stared.

Hunger surged through his blood. A hunger that wouldn't be satisfied without another taste of the delectable Alice. Every nerve in his body came alive. His cock hardened, pushing against the front of his trousers. He dropped his hands to cover his crotch, but he wasn't quick enough. Alice had focused her gaze on his lower body, color flushing her face.

If he had the energy he would have jumped up, stripped her naked and thrust his aching cock deep into her hot cunt. Damn, he'd wanted Alice for a long time, but now he'd turned into a raging sex maniac where she was concerned.

He tried to catch her eye, but all he got was a flash before she turned her face away. He frowned. Was that guilt he'd seen? What the hell did she have to feel guilty about? Then he took in a few other things. Like the fact she kept shuffling her feet as if she was nervous. And the way she twisted her hands together now that she'd put the lamp down. *Hmm... interesting.*

"What's wrong with you, Alice? Is there something you want to tell me?" For the life of him, he couldn't think of anything she'd need to confess. His brain suddenly kicked into gear and a mental movie started to scroll through his head.

Last night, out in the graveyard. The eroticism of Alice stripping naked and climbing up onto that old tombstone. The most mind-blowing sex he could ever remember having. Until he saw the... thing... that came out of Alice's body.

Yeah, well, that was sure a good way to kill an erection. Something was seriously wrong here.

"Just who the fuck have I been making love to," he snapped out. "And don't lie to me. I saw that thing. I've been a member of Paranormal Investigations long enough to know we're dealing with something bad here."

She grimaced. "Ah, I should have told you."

"Damn right you should have. What is it?"

"A demon." She still kept her head turned from him.

He snorted. "Yeah, I worked that much out myself. Now look at me, damn it, and tell me what it is."

Her eyes were deeply shadowed, her fair skin was even paler when she raised her head. Jonathan slid off the back of the truck and made a move to go to her, but his legs refused to hold him and his butt hit the carpeted surface again.

Alice stepped closer, her hand held out to him. "Jonathan, I'm so sorry."

He stared into her eyes. Yep, that was definitely guilt. Just what the fuck had happened to him? "What is it?" he repeated.

"It's a succubus. A demon that uses sex to --"

"I know what a succubus is, thank you very much, and the emphasis is on *suck*. When did this happen?" He patted the carpet beside him and waited for Alice to sit. "How did it happen?"

"The first night when I was in the graveyard. It's not min min lights here. It's Lilah and her *babies* as she calls them. She needs your sperm to make more little demons."

"And she took you over? Fuck! Why didn't you tell me the next day, or did she have control the whole time?" He thought about it. "Hang on, you were less than friendly that next day. You -- it was you then, not this Lilah, right?" She nodded and he scowled. "That's the time you should have told me, you think? At least I would have been prepared."

Holding onto the side of the truck, he pushed himself to his feet, locking his knees so he wouldn't fall on his ass. "Hell, no wonder I feel like death warmed up." He

ran his shaking hand through his hair. "So it's this Lilah bitch I've been screwing every night. Shit."

"Not entirely," she whispered.

"What do you mean, not entirely?" He frowned at her.

"I realized I could gain partial control over her when she was sexually... um, distracted."

"Then why the fuck didn't you use that opportunity to tell me? Christ, I can't believe you'd be so stupid."

Alice jumped to her feet and faced him, hands propped on her hips. "You think this has been easy for me? How do you think I felt?"

"You weren't the one being sucked dry." He raised his voice and pushed his face close to hers. "You had a duty to tell me."

"Hey, you're the office whore, screwing every woman in sight. For all I know, you might have preferred the demon screwing your ass off. Who do you want, Jonathan? Me or Lilah?" she screamed at him before turning and stomping off toward the campfire.

Jonathan stared after her, his mouth open in shock. Yeah, who did he want? Meek and mild Alice during the day and the sultry seductress at night?

A sense of guilt swamped him as he realized Alice had hit the nail on the head. He was intrigued. Tantalized by the more aggressive Alice -- or the person he'd thought was Alice -- who came to him at night.

He shook his head to banish the images in his mind, horrified at where his thoughts had gone. It was Alice he wanted, not some sex-crazed demon who got off on killing men for their sperm.

Wasn't it?

Chapter Nine

"You 'bout ready, missy? It's almost dusk."

Alice looked up from her contemplation of the fire to see Mary coming toward her. Her immediate response to Mary's question was *hell, no*, but she bit it back. That was pure selfishness, a fear she wouldn't match up to Jonathan's ideals without the sultry succubus egging her on.

She sighed and jumped to her feet. "Let's get on with it, Mary. What do I have to do?"

Before the Aboriginal woman could answer, a whole crowd of dark-skinned people appeared in the clearing, chattering and laughing. Both men and women. Alice raised her eyebrows. She felt as if she'd stepped back in time.

The men were dressed in nothing but linen loincloths. A few wore spinifex grass twisted into a rope about their waist, with a large shell hanging down to front to hide and protect their genitalia. Some sported woven, colored bands on their heads, their curly, springy hair sprouting out from under the bands like lopsided corkscrews. They'd painted their bodies with a mix of mud, and white and ochre paints. Most of them carried spears and throwing sticks for launching the spears.

It was the women who made Alice gulp. Not that she was a prude or anything, but she sure hoped she wasn't meant to follow suit. They were bare-breasted, old and young alike, with mud streaked over their breasts.

"Brought the family, I see."

"Yep." Mary grinned. "We gonna dance that devil demon right outta here."

Bart stepped out from behind their vehicle and started across the bare ground toward Alice and Mary.

"Hey, what the hell is going on here?"

Alice jumped, spinning toward Jonathan's tent. She'd managed to avoid him after their little set-to beside the truck. Well, almost. Dinner had been a nightmare, with her sitting there not saying a word. She hadn't been able to eat a thing. Her gut was too tied up in knots.

Jonathan wasn't much better. He'd pushed his food round and round the plate, but she didn't think she'd actually seen him swallow a mouthful. That was probably because he'd been too busy berating her for not telling him about the succubus coming to visit. Eventually, when she'd refused to respond, he'd thrown his plate down and retreated to his tent.

Now he hurried to her side, taking her arm in a tight grip. "What the hell's going on? What are you going to hit me with now, Alice?"

By this time, Bart had made it to her side. Alice took the easy way out, instead of jumping to explanations. "This is Bart and his wife, Mary. They're the elders of the local tribe."

"And what are they doing here?"

She shrugged. "We're going to have a corroboree. You know, as in dancing and singing?"

Bart moved up beside Jonathan and tapped him on the chest with the point of his spear. Jonathan held his hands up and stepped back a pace. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

"You can't be here. You will return to your tent and stay there until we have finished." He waved the arrow in the general direction. "I'll send missy to you --"

"Her name's Alice, damn it," Jonathan interrupted.

"I'll send *Alice* to you when we're finished." Bart inclined his head and gave a small grin.

"Alice, what is going on here?"

She winced at the strained tone of his voice. "These people have had experience with Lilah before. They're going to help me drive her out. She'll kill you if we don't."

"What? You think I'm some damn horny kid who can't resist --"

With a wave of her hand, Alice cut him off. "That's just it. Neither of us can resist her. Now please, go back to your tent. I'll come over later."

With an angry mutter, he stomped off toward his tent, his boots raising small clouds of dust as he moved. With a sigh, Alice turned to Mary. "Let's get this show on the road. What do I have to do?"

"Get undressed." Mary's eyes twinkled and her teeth flashed white in her dark face. "Gotta get rid of the white man." She grabbed Alice's arm and marched her across the campsite to the other tent.

Alice groaned. She'd had a feeling she'd end up having to shed her clothes in front of everyone. Damn, she'd done more of that in the last few days than she could ever remember.

She followed Mary into the tent, surprised when two other women slipped in behind her. With a lot of giggling, they divested her of her clothes within minutes. Mary held out a length of white cloth and another of the grass ropes and gestured for her to put it on.

"You have got to be kidding." Alice's mouth fell open in shock. "A loincloth? No way. Why can't I have something like that?" She pointed to Mary's long, skirt-like attire. Brightly patterned, it resembled a sarong and covered a hell of a lot more than this scrappy piece of fabric they'd handed her.

"Gotta get with tradition," Mary crowed. She snatched the white material from Alice's hands and slipped it between her legs. "You hold that while I tie this 'round your middle."

Giving into the inevitable, Alice held up the front while Mary knotted the spinifex grass about her waist. After that was done, the aboriginal woman pulled the back of the loincloth up and tucked it under the rope.

"Crap, I may as well be naked," Alice spluttered when she looked down at herself.

Her pubic hair was barely covered. She twitched at the front of the loincloth, spreading it as wide as it would go to hide what she could. Mary was doing the same at

the back, although it still felt to Alice that most of her ass cheeks were hung out to dry for all to see.

Before she could adjust to that, one of the other women opened a pot and started daubing white paint on her stomach in an intricate pattern. Mary filled her hands with paint and rubbed her palms together before planting them over Alice's breasts.

Alice didn't know whether to laugh or cry when she saw the two perfect handprints painted on her boobs. It looked like someone had gone the grope on her.

She shook her head. It didn't matter what she looked like, as long as it worked and kicked Lilah's butt. "Thank God Jonathan won't ever see me like this," she muttered as she straightened her shoulders and readied herself for the exorcism.

Chapter Ten

"Sun's going down. You ready?"

The mournful sounds of the Australian Aboriginal wind instrument, the didgeridoo, rose in the air, almost drowning out Bart's words. There must have been at least a half dozen being played from what Alice could see when she had the guts, *and* could banish the embarrassment long enough, to look at the ring of black men and women gathered around the campfire.

The men were seated on logs and on the ground while the women stood behind them, swaying to the music and clapping their hands in time to a beat Alice was unable to hear. It just sounded like a cacophony of soulful, dirge-like moaning to her.

"Okay, let's do it." Alice straightened her shoulders and drew in a deep breath, ignoring the urge to cross her arms over her naked breasts. Now was not the time to turn into a timid virgin.

Bart moved closer and hung a necklace about her throat. "This amulet is soaked in ancient magic. Whatever you do, don't take it off, you hear?"

Alice nodded. She didn't know what was about to happen, but she'd go with anything right now to drive Lilah out.

Bart drew her over to the campfire and handed her off to his wife. "Mary will show you what to do. Just follow her lead and repeat the banishment phrase exactly as I told you." He left and joined the men around the fire.

The women sorted themselves into two lines and Mary gestured for Alice to join her right at the front. "Just stamp those feet hard and clap your hands a lot," she said. "Raise a big dust cloud to blind the demon. You be fine."

Alice grimaced. She felt like a fool. And she couldn't get past the idea of her breasts swinging free and on show for all and sundry. She sighed. No point worrying about it now. The object of this exercise was to save Jonathan's life.

The sound of the didgeridoos increased, accompanied by the sharp clack of wooden sticks being beaten together. Overriding it all was the steady beat of the women clapping their hands.

Mary and Alice led the women into the inner circle. Stamping their feet, twisting, turning, the women made their way around the fire. The flames flared high, filling the night sky with minute sparks that floated on the air like brightly lit butterflies before fading from sight. The men started to sing, the sound resonating around the campfire. The women picked up the tune and joined in, their voices higher and more nasal than the men's.

"Stamp those feet, missy," Mary cried out. "Make da demon know you mean business."

Alice found herself caught up in the dance. What she thought in the beginning was tuneless sound buried itself inside her and created a fire in her gut. She stamped. She clapped. She dipped and swayed. Her breathing accelerated. Her temperature climbed. Sweat slicked her body, making tracks in the dried paint on her breasts.

Inside, she felt the succubus wake. A surge of sexual energy brushed at her soul. Her blood heated. Her nipples grew hard and distended, and moisture pooled between her thighs. Oh yeah, the demon was listening.

Or is this your own sensuality, Alice, my girl?

She didn't know, but unless she got rid of Lilah, she'd never be sure whether she had enough to keep Jonathan interested.

Putting aside her worries about Jonathan, she let her body speak for her. The blood surged through her veins, igniting pinpricks of heat throughout. An ache started deep inside her pussy. Her breasts felt swollen and achy. Throwing her head back, she moaned. God, she wanted Jonathan. Bad.

She wanted his thick cock filling her up. Stretching her. Pounding into her until she cried out in submission. She bit her lip and dragged herself out of the dance. For a moment, she was conscious of the men watching her almost naked body, but it didn't matter. If anything, it drove her libido higher.

The breath panted from her mouth as she ran her hands down her body. She cupped her breasts, lifting the weight of them as if offering them to every man available. Her hips gyrated, following the beat of the music. She slid her hands down between her legs and palmed her aching pussy, feeling the moisture of her own desire through the fabric of the loincloth.

"Alice Connerly, you wish to rid yourself of the evil entity that resides within you?"

Alice jerked her head up, staring at Bart. He was on his feet, brandishing a long spear at the sky. The firelight gilded his dark body with spangles and she had to concentrate to really make him out. She felt drugged, caught up in the moment, and riding high on the sensuality of the succubus inside her.

She held still for a moment and stared at the aboriginal elder. Did she want to get rid of Lilah? Cut off the power of the succubus, the raunchy sexuality Jonathan seemed to respond to? Her conscience kicked in and she bit her lip, bringing the correct response to the forefront of her brain. She opened her mouth to vocalize it, but the words stuck in her throat. And she knew damn well why.

Fuck you, Lilah. This has to end.

A sultry chuckle sounded in her head. It burned through her brain, making her doubt the wisdom of her decision. *You think you will win this way? The man is mine, despite what you think is right. Give in, Alice, I have control here.*

Alice whimpered. She couldn't utter the words needed to save Jonathan. Then she suddenly remembered what had happened before. Lilah was weakened when in the throes of sexual abandon.

Sliding her hands down her body, she caressed herself, pushing the damp fabric against her pussy. The friction excited her even more. Pulling aside the loincloth, she ran her fingers over her wet pussy, separating the engorged lips.

"You want sexual gratification, Lilah? Well, take this." She plunged two fingers deep inside, pumping her hips in response to the movement of her hand.

She rode her own fingers, pushing the sexual tension higher, feeding the demon what it wanted. Her internal muscles clenched as a cataclysmic orgasm hovered on the edge of her periphery. When she could no longer hold off the climactic event, she cried out, her voice threaded through with sexual satisfaction. "I renounce you, Lilah, demon of the succubus."

The amulet Bart had hung about her neck earlier burned against her skin as it nestled between her breasts. Ignoring the heat, she clutched it in her hands, screaming out to the demon, determined to drive Lilah from her body. "Be gone, demon, stripped. Stripped of your power over me and mine."

A distant crash of thunder reverberated through the campsite. Alice felt the tendrils of dark energy that entwined about her soul start to dissipate. The amulet grew hotter, beginning to glow red. A sense of coming freedom overwhelmed Alice and in that moment, she knew she'd done the right thing.

Light flashed, rivaling the campfire. Streaks of red and bronze flames bled out from her psyche. A slash of pain lanced through her body as the demon was expelled, tearing and screeching through Alice's mind. A thin vaporous shape formed in the air in front of her. An angry twist of bright light. For a moment, Alice got her first glimpse of the real demon. Ugly. Perverted. Then it dissipated into the atmosphere.

Alice sagged and breathed a sigh of relief at having thwarted the succubus. The amulet was suddenly cool to the touch, the red glow leached away. Whatever happened now with Jonathan would be of her own making.

"Got you, you bitch. Be gone, stripped. You have no further control over Jonathan or me."

Chapter Eleven

"Yeah, baby, swing it."

Jonathan grimaced as his voice came out a little louder than the whisper he'd meant to use. He flicked a glance sideways through the crack he'd created between the tent flaps. Last time he'd tried to so much as look, a muscle-bound black buck had stepped in his face and told him to get back inside the tent. They didn't plan on him being a witness to the ceremony at all.

To hell with that. He'd wanted to make certain Alice was safe.

And was it any bloody wonder he'd vocalized his thoughts? Shit, watching Alice had become his favorite pastime over the last few days, but tonight was something else. He glanced across to the campfire again. The men had built the fire high, the flames leaping into the sky as if alive. There was no way anyone could hide with that much light illuminating the campsite. And certainly not Alice.

Her fair skin stood out among the bodies of the black woman. Brushed with firelight, glistening with sweat, she looked like a pagan goddess as she swirled to the beat of the aboriginal music.

Naked but for a strip of cloth caught between her legs and tied at her waist, she was the most erotic sight he could ever remember seeing. Watching her had turned him on so damn much it was a wonder he hadn't exploded. Every time her breasts jiggled as she moved, his cock tightened a bit more.

He wanted to go to her, pull that tiny scrap of fabric from her body and bury his head between her legs. Lap up her juices as he stoked the fire inside her. He cupped his hand over his hard cock and groaned. "I'll go crazy at this rate," he whispered.

The breath left his chest in a loud whoosh as Alice paused in the dance. She ran her hands up and down her body, undulating her hips as if a lover caressed her. He

heard her call out something, but couldn't distinguish the words over the music. Then she pulled aside the loincloth and plunged her hand between her legs.

"Holy shit." He started to pant. Not certain he'd seen what he thought he had, he blinked and looked again. "Christ, in front of everyone... and damned if it isn't a turn-on."

Dragging in a deep breath, he tried to think with his brain and not his dick. Alice wasn't into exhibitionism as a rule so there had to be a good reason for her behavior. A flash of vapor suddenly poured from her body, brilliant red and bronze that coalesced into a swirling tower in front of her. *The demon.*

Cold dread settled in his stomach. He had to help her. Had to get to her. Pulling the tent flap aside, he made a move to step out, only to have his way blocked by the burly guard.

"You stay in the tent." He waved a long spear in Jonathan's face. "You have no part in this. You stay put." He gave a hard shove and Jonathan stumbled back inside the tent.

His immediate reaction was to rush at the man. Try to take him out so he could get to Alice. Before he could do that, he heard the roar of raised voices from the campfire. Something had happened. He had to get to Alice.

Heart thumping, fear curdling in his gut, he tried to pull the tent flap aside. The guard wrenched it from his grip and stepped inside, pointing the spear directly at Jonathan's heart. Jonathan didn't think he'd actually hurt him, but before he was forced to put the theory to test, Alice appeared from behind the guy.

Jonathan grabbed her and pulled her close. "Are you all right? Christ, I was so bloody worried."

Alice's skin itched as she settled into Jonathan's arms. She was twitchy. Sexual energy roared through her blood. Hunger gnawed at her gut, making her nerves zing. A quick glance over her shoulder showed her the Aboriginal guard had long since left.

Letting the lust have its way, she ripped open Jonathan's shirt, sending buttons flying into the far reaches of the tent.

"Whoa, baby, slow it down a bit," he protested.

"I want you. I want you *now*." She growled, deep in her throat, and slid her hand down to stroke him between the legs. His erection nudged at her hand, rock-hard and steely-strong. She exerted a little pressure, gratified when his cock jumped in reaction.

"Hey, who am I to deny a lady?"

If she hadn't felt so desperate to make love to him, she may well have laughed at Jonathan's haste as he shrugged out of his shirt and unzipped his trousers. Hands shaking, she helped him slide his trousers and boxers down his legs.

He grabbed hold of her and ripped her loincloth off, leaving the grass rope tied around her waist. Without ceremony, he tumbled them both onto the sleeping bag. Rolling her onto her back, he lifted his weight over her and settled between her thighs. Alice groaned as his cock nudged at her aching pussy.

"I'm already so hot and wet. No foreplay, Jonathan. I need you inside me right now." She lifted her hips and tried to position the head of his cock where she wanted it.

"Before we do this, I need to talk to you," he said.

Alice whimpered. "Do we have to do this right now?"

Jonathan pulled back a bit. "Yeah, we do. There's something I want you to know. I've wanted you since the moment you set foot in the unit, but you ignored me."

He shushed her as she opened her mouth to say something. "No, let me finish. For the first time in my life, I want permanence. I know you think I've screwed every woman in the office, but it's not so." He shook his head. "All I wanted to do was to make you jealous. Make you notice me."

"Well, you sure did that. You pissed the hell out of me."

"At least I got some type of reaction." He lowered his weight over her again, his erection nudging at her swollen lips. Alice tilted her hips until the head of his cock rested at her entrance. "There is one thing though," he whispered as he lowered his head and trailed his lips across hers. "I'm glad you got rid of that succubus demon."

She grabbed the cheeks of his ass, dug her nails into the muscled flesh and thrust her hips up, driving his hard cock deep into her aching pussy. When he was buried to the hilt, his balls brushing against the cheeks of her bottom, she looked up at him. "You think?"

His mouth dropped open in shock. His body tensed even as she started to move her hips to drive his cock deeper. Nothing like keeping him wondering.

She smiled...

Alexis Fleming

Thirty-seven moves in thirty years have taught Alexis Fleming to make friends where she can and what better way than through the voices in her mind? Alexis' world is peopled with interesting characters and exciting possibilities that come to life in every book she writes. Her first love has always been romance, whether on this world or the next. Hot, sizzling relationships with a dash of comedy and a few trials and tribulations thrown in to test her characters.

When she isn't tied to her computer creating sizzling stories, Alexis runs a motel situated on the edge of a National Marine Park in Australia.

Alexis believes you can never have too many friends and loves to hear from her readers. You can visit with Alexis at www.alexisfleming.net or email her at alexisfleming@hotmail.com.