

It could have been a scene from a Spaghetti Western. Except instead of taking place on a dustbowl beneath a baking hot sun, it played out in the ruins of a multi-story car park under a gravid moon and flickering streetlights.

Neil Venables had always suspected it would come down to a showdown between him and Vernon Nott. It seemed fated. Written in the stars, if you wanted to be fancy about it. They'd butted heads ever since childhood and their paths had stubbornly insisted on crossing, even when there was no good reason for them to do so. Neil really didn't want to believe in fate or any superstitious shit like that, but how else could you explain this latest confrontation? It wasn't like they were back in their small home town, where you could conceivably predict they'd bump into each other. This was the city where Neil went to university, and Vernon didn't, because he was as thick as pigshit. So it had come as an unwelcome surprise for Neil to lean down to pick up the girl's phone, have his hand bounce against someone else's, and then look up straight into Vernon Nott's close-set piggy eyes.

What the fuck was he doing here?

What were the chances, eh? Had to be billions to one. Unless you believed in Fate, in which case the odds dropped down to about one-in-one. Them facing off here, later that same night, facing off like gunfighters, although in the ruins of an old car park rather than at the OK Corral had a certain inevitability to it. Fate.

That it would be over a girl was a little trite and predictable.

Or would be.

If she was a girl.

That was a wrinkle in the whole scenario for sure. What she was. Or rather, what she clearly wasn't. Which was a helpless drunk girl. Or even human.

God works in mysterious ways, they say. Not that Neil believed in God. He didn't believe in Fate either. He'd like to not believe in the girl—or rather the thing that had been masquerading as a girl—as well, but that was a little difficult given she was standing over there, very much in the flesh.

And here he was, facing her—it—down with only the biggest dickhead in the world for company.

Neil's animosity with Vernon Nott went back a long way. You could be fancy and describe it as 'diametrically opposed personalities', but what it boiled down to was Vernon was a cunt and Neil was the sort that didn't put up with cunts.

It had always been this way, ever since the tennis racket incident back in school. *The Tennis Racket*, in the racketeering sense. Young Neil had just moved into the area and was trying to make new friends. Somehow, he'd found himself being browbeaten into accepting to buy Vernon's tennis racket. Neil didn't really want the tennis racket. He didn't play tennis all that much. He suspected he'd just said yes out of a misguided need to impress a new crowd. Later, he realised he needed the money for something else and fretted about it. He didn't want that racket, especially after looking it up and realising Vernon was heavily over-charging for what was a pretty ordinary second-hand tennis racket.

"Then don't buy it," his father told him. "Did you sign a contract? Shake hands? Then it's not finalized. You can change your mind. If you don't want it, don't buy it."

So he didn't.

Which caused some friction with Vernon and his gang. Turned out Vernon had already spent the money he was expecting to get from Neil. And as the price had been heavily inflated to take advantage of the 'new kid', he couldn't just sell the racket to someone else to make it up. Neil wasn't that fussed about it at that point. He'd come to the conclusion that Vernon and his mates were a bunch of nobs, and had found a better group of friends to hang out with.

The second occasion of their paths crossing was when a *Magic: The Gathering* craze was running hot at school. During break periods and after school it seemed like everyone was playing or trading the collectible card game. It was the Wild West when it came to trading. The only rule was you didn't butt in on someone else's trade. That was a big no-no.

Neil butted into one of Vernon's trades at the after-school club.

He couldn't stand by on this one. The other kid wasn't even old enough for secondary school. He'd come to the club with an older friend. Neil had heard about him. The kid's uncle had died suddenly of a heart attack and had left him a folder of *Magic* cards. That uncle had been playing the game since the beginning, so the folder was full of really old cards—*Legends*, *Antiquities*, even some *Arabian Nights*. Really old and valuable stuff.

And that's why Neil had stepped in. The kid was clearly too young to understand the value of what he had. Vernon was trying to browbeat him into accepting a trade for trash rares from the latest set. This wasn't just a case of someone getting ripped off a couple of quid. Neil had seen one of those cards in a glass case at the local game store and it had a three-figure price tag. Also, the cards had been a gift from a dead relative, maybe the only thing the kid had left to remember him by, which made the rip-off even scummier in Neil's eyes.

So, he'd stepped in and put a stop to it. Much to the relief of the young kid, who clearly hadn't wanted to go through with the trade anyway.

Vernon had groused about it afterwards, about how Neil had violated the unwritten rules and cost him a 'sweet' deal. But grumble was all he'd done. Neil had shot up in height that summer, and broadened in shoulder. And Vernon was the sort that never picked a fight unless the other kid was much smaller than him.

He still resented Neil for it, and made that resentment felt in many petty ways throughout their time at school together.

They hadn't been able to avoid each other outside of school either. They clashed again as fifteen-year-olds, this time on the cricket pitch. Neil's side, Cowley Bank, was playing Vernon's Frogton in a top-of-the-table clash. It was the last match of the season. Cowley Bank were top and would win the league so long as they didn't lose to their closest rivals, Frogton.

"I hope I get to bowl to you," Vernon had taunted him before the match. "I'll knock your stumps clean out of the ground."

Depressingly, there was a decent chance of that happening—if Vernon happened to bowl to him.

Vernon, for all his—many—other flaws, had developed into quite a useful cricketer. He was quick and accurate with the ball, and had claimed a lot of wickets for his club over the season.

Neil, in contrast, had not. He'd only been bumped up to the first XI from the seconds because one of the regulars had come down with a stomach bug the night before. Neil's job was to fill a gap in the field and hopefully never be called upon to bat at all.

Fate, obviously, was having none of that.

Early on it became apparent Cowley Bank weren't winning this game. Chasing a big total, they lost their best batsmen for not many runs. All was not lost however. Because of the points lead Cowley Bank had in the table, a winning draw would not be enough for Frogton. They had to bowl Cowley Bank out and win outright, and for a long time it looked like they wouldn't manage it. Then a slew of wickets fell at the end and Neil went out as last man, needing to survive the last over to ensure his team won the league.

And who would be delivering that final over but Vernon Nott. He snorted and paced at the end of his run-up like an angry bull. He steamed in like one as well. His first ball was a bouncer, designed to intimidate. But he'd banged it in too short and it was easy for Neil duck under. Neil played carefully for the next four deliveries—blocking if it was on the stumps, leaving if it wasn't.

"Boring, boring," Vernon had taunted him. "You can't even hit it off the square."

Neil was young, with all the stupidity that came from being young, so he'd resolved to belt Vernon's next ball into the car park, just to show him. Thankfully, Vernon walking back to the start of his long run-up took just long enough for Neil to realize what a stupid idea that was. Vernon was stupid, but cunning. He was just trying to goad Neil into playing a bad stroke. Vernon was cunning, but also predictable. Neil had figured out what his next ball would be even before he bowled it. And it was exactly as Neil had predicted. Vernon had huffed and puffed and run in to deliver a pinpoint yorker aimed right at the base of Neil's middle stump. No doubt, had Neil gone with his original plan it would have splayed his stumps all over the place. But Neil was expecting this. He dropped his bat on it, blocked it out, and gave Vernon a triumphant little wink as he walked off, his team league champions.

That hadn't been the last of it. Nothing serious, just a series of minor run-ins and nuisances as if Fate had decreed they would always be getting in the way of each other.

Ironically, on their last major run-in Neil thought he'd done his long-time rival a great favour.

They were eighteen then. Neil hadn't seen much of Vernon for the past couple of years. Neil had carried on to study A-levels. Vernon, who we've already established was as thick as pigshit when it came to matters of education, had left school as soon as he could. They'd both ended up at a wild house party to celebrate someone's eighteenth birthday party. Neil couldn't even recall who it was, only that everyone had been there, there was a lot of alcohol, and whoever it was was in a shitload of trouble with his parents when they came back from their holiday.

Neil had been upstairs looking for the toilet and had blundered into one of the spare bedrooms instead. The room was already occupied. He walked in on Vernon hunched over a girl on the bed. The girl's dress was down past her knees and her black knickers had been pulled down to her mid thighs. Vernon's index and middle finger were together and looked prepped for an exploratory trip

to the girl's nether regions. What made this super not okay was the girl was completely passed out and unaware of everything happening to her.

"Fuck off," Vernon said. "In the middle of something here."

Then he'd turned, recognized who'd interrupted him and his piggy face twisted up in a scowl.

"Dude, what are you doing?" Neil said. "Can't you see she's passed out?"

"She said it was okay," Vernon whined in an attempt at justification.

"She's. Passed. Out," Neil emphasized. "Don't you know what that means? Do anything to her and they'll treat it as sexual assault. Then you'll be the one getting dick... in prison."

Vernon paused mid-grope. You could almost picture the cogs turning slowly in his brain. He'd growled in frustration and pushed past Neil on his way out of the room.

"Fucking Virtue Venables," he'd snarled on the way past. "Always sticking his nose where it doesn't belong and ruining things."

And that was the last Neil had seen of Vernon Nott for a while. Neil had gone to university and done all the studenty things. Life moved on... or so he'd thought.

And now here they were, three figures standing like gunfighters in a derelict car park at three in the morning. The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly.

Nah. More like The Ugly, the Cunt, and the Other Cunt.

She had a cunt, whatever she was. At least you could say that. Wasn't shy about showing it off either.

Fuck, to think he'd followed her all the way out here out of some misguided desire to protect her. What a wally he was. A right fucking wally.

That damn phone.

That's what had kicked this all off. Her damn phone. She'd dropped it. Accidentally, he'd thought at the time. Now, given how things had shaken out, not that accidental at all.

'She' was the hottest girl in the club. It wasn't even close. And not hard either. *VICE!* was one of the city's less swanky nightclubs. It was cheap though, so it was a common haunt of impoverished students and desperate local slags and slappers. 'She' looked like she belonged in far more upmarket waters. The kind of places the really attractive girls went in the hope of snagging a top footballer or city wunderkind—men with fucktons of disposable income and no qualms about spending some of it on a pretty smile and nice pair of breasts.

She was statuesque and also managed to combine the toned flexibility of a yoga instructor with the jaw-dropping curves of a glamour model. When she was on the dance floor every man turned to look twice and every woman looked like they were about to hiss like an angry cat. The woman seemed oblivious of the attention her moves garnered. She seemed above it all.

Or maybe just off her head.

She was certainly dressed... eccentrically. With her frizzy black hair sticking out like it was full of static, she looked like she'd dressed up for a trashy eighties' goth night by mistake. Only there was nothing trashy about her. She was far too attractive for that.

Not that Neil had entertained any thoughts of chatting her up. She was way out of his league. He'd only be wasting both his and hers time.

There was also something... *off* about her. More than just the eccentric goth attire. Neil couldn't put his finger on it. Could be drugs. Could be a touch of cray-cray. There was something about her that told him he should stick to looking and not touching.

He was looking when he saw her drop her phone. She was trying to put it in her little black hip bag and missed. Instead of dropping safely inside her bag, it fell to the floor at her feet. She didn't notice and moved away.

Neil was the sort that didn't like to see people lose their property, so he moved in to retrieve it for her. As he bent down to pick it up his hand bumped against someone else's and he looked up straight into Vernon's close-set piggy eyes.

It would be. Fucking Fate.

Vernon's eyes narrowed and his mouth twisted up in a snarl as he recognized Neil. Even though Neil had clearly got there first, Vernon still made a grab for the phone. This led to a brief unseemly moment as both men scrabbled for it like a pair of toddlers fighting over a toy truck. Then, perhaps realizing how idiotic it looked, and that Neil wasn't going to release the phone, Vernon gave up with a scowl.

"Virtue Venables, always where you're not fucking wanted," he snarled before getting up and sloping off.

Once a cunt, always a cunt, Neil thought. It was just a girl's phone. What did he think was going to happen if he returned it—that she'd shower him with kisses out of gratitude, maybe even ask him back to hers for a shag?

Given what he remembered of Vernon, maybe he was stupid enough to think returning a phone would get him laid.

Neil shook his head. Idiots like Vernon were far too plentiful.

Unfortunately, thanks to that stupid kerfuffle, he'd lost sight of the drop-dead gorgeous goth girl the phone belonged to. He thought about leaving it with one of the staff, but given *VICE!*'s scummy reputation, they'd probably just pocket the phone for themselves.

Then he found her again. He caught a glimpse of her spiky black hair as she exited the main room. Neil made his way across the crowded dancefloor and followed her through the door. He didn't see her on the other side, so he went up the stairs and out the back exit. This was where the smokers went when they needed a fag break. Neil didn't see the girl among them. Neil asked the bouncer guarding the exit if he'd seen a spiky-haired goth girl.

"She dropped her phone inside," he explained.

The fat bouncer, a shaven-headed massive unit of a man, leered at Neil in a way that made him feel uncomfortable. He pointed over in the direction of the gravel wasteland *VICE!* used as a car park.

Neil dashed between corrugated sheets of iron erected as a makeshift fence and found the girl right away. She was standing beneath one of the streetlamps and looking into her little black leather hip bag, presumably looking for the phone currently in Neil's possession.

He rushed over to her.

"Hi, I think you dropped this," he said, holding out her phone.

The girl's eyes lit up as she recognised it.

"Oh thanks. I was just looking for that," she said.

Close up she looked even more attractive. Like most of the girls at *VICE!*, she wore plenty of makeup, but in her case it accentuated her features—her full lips, big blue eyes, high cheekbones—rather than obliterating them entirely beneath an obviously fake mask. Neil suspected she'd look even better without it—especially the kooky black eye shadow and powder to make her already-pale complexion even paler—and that was something he couldn't say for most of the women that frequented *VICE!!*

She dropped her phone in her little bag.

"I get so clumsy when I've had a few," she said.

She tottered unsteadily on her high heels as if to prove the point.

That could be alcohol. Or it could be that chic black shoes with killer high heels were not the most practical of footwear on *VICE!*'s gravel pit of a car park.

"Thanks..."

The girl left an obvious pause for Neil to fill with his name, which he did.

"Thanks Neil," the girl said. "I'm Seraphina. That place is a dump. How about we blow it off and go someplace more fun."

Yowza, Neil thought. You don't waste any time.

You're also way way too good-looking to be wasting your time with someone like me, so you've got to be either drunk, high, or not quite right in the head.

"Hmm, I'm here with some old university friends," Neil said. "They're doofuses, but I can't just abandon them."

"My friends did," Seraphina said. "But they're probably off fucking cute boys, so it's all right. That's what we do on nights like this."

Another suggestive little glance at Neil.

You *really* don't waste any time, Neil thought.

The girl tottered unsteadily. This time losing her balance and needing to lean against Neil to regain it. He tried not to grab anything he shouldn't. He caught a whiff of her perfume. It was subtle, exotic, a little enticing. It was also a brand Neil couldn't place, and he'd once dated a girl who used to work behind the perfume counter at Debenhams and had picked up a near-encyclopaedic knowledge of all the major brands as a result.

Now Neil had a dilemma. He was not averse to one-night stands, especially one-night stands with drop-dead gorgeous girls. But this, with a girl who was obviously blasted out of her mind on alcohol or drugs, felt... skeezy. He thought back to that time he'd blundered in on Vernon about to finger a passed-out girl. He'd always resolved to not be one of *those* assholes.

So he lied.

"I'd love to, but I've got a girlfriend and if she found out about this she'd have my knackers off with a rusty spoon. You know how it is."

"Lucky girl," Seraphina said. "See you around, Neil."

Neil walked back to the club wondering if he was a good person or just an idiot. She'd been right *there*. Totally available. All he'd had to do was say yes.

And that was too easy, especially for someone as far out of Neil's league as she was. She had to be drunk. Or high. Or maybe just cray-cray. There was also something else he couldn't quite put his finger on. Something that didn't sit right with Neil. Something Not Quite Right.

And that would have likely been the end of it. Maybe some regrets from Neil, but overall ending with him satisfied he'd done the right thing. He'd join back up with the others, grab another soft drink, maybe grab a greasy doner on the way home. And that would be it.

On a normal night.

On a night where Fate wasn't hellbent on crashing his path into Vernon's at every goddamn opportunity.

Who else would be standing by the back exit, having a fag, when Neil returned?

Vernon was there with some of his cronies. He watched incredulously as Neil returned—alone—from the car park.

"You do know why she dropped her phone?" he asked Neil as Neil walked to the back entrance.

"Uh, because she's drunk," Neil shot back.

Vernon shook his head and laughed. "Un-fucking-believable. Virtue Venables cucks himself out of a fuck with the hottest fucking chick in the club."

Had he? Had her dropping the phone been deliberate? And even if it had been, was he comfortable having sex with someone okay with shagging the first person that returned their phone to them? Yeah, that just reinforced his feeling she might be a little cray-cray.

He tried to blank out Vernon and his cronies as he walked by. Then he heard something he couldn't quite ignore.

Vernon's mates appeared to be egging him on to do something.

"Well if Virtue Venables isn't going to..." Neil heard Vernon mutter.

Neil paused in the act of opening the door. He glanced over his shoulder and saw Vernon detach from his group of mates and head towards the car park with an obvious swagger.

Neil remembered again that night at the birthday party. Vernon was definitely someone he didn't trust with a pretty girl drunk out of her skull. Instead of re-entering the club, he slipped around the side of the building, intending to enter the car park from the front entrance.

He nearly missed them entirely.

Either the girl or Vernon worked fast. There was no-one in the car park. If he hadn't caught a glimpse of them turning down into Neverdunn Alley he would have lost them.

Neil set off in pursuit.

He was pretty sure Vernon didn't live locally, so they must be going back to Seraphina's pad. Or wherever she liked to take men for a quick screw, if she was that sort. It was a possibility. Like *VICE!*'s gravel pit of a car park, this area was mostly wasteland—brownfields sites waiting for the land to drop enough in value to become enticing to developers. Neil doubted anyone lived here.

He dropped back. He didn't want them to see him. He did wonder what he was doing. This was a little creepy, stalking them through the cement jungle like this. Was he really following them out of concern for the girl, or curiosity over what he'd turned down?

Neil wasn't really experienced at this whole tailing thing. He dropped back so they wouldn't notice him and ended up losing them entirely.

Fuck it. Let Vernon have his fun. Seraphina seemed pretty much up for it, so it wasn't as if she was unwilling.

And that would have been it... but for Fate. Fucking Fate.

Just as he'd made up his mind to turn back, Neil heard raised voices coming from the ruins of a multi-story car park to his right. There had been a bad fire a few years back and all but the bottom level had collapsed in. Vernon and Seraphina were standing at the base of the ramp to a no-longer-existent second floor. The walk and the cool night air must have sobered the girl up. She no longer looked in the mood for it. Neil snuck up behind a pillar and watched as she angrily shrugged off Vernon's attempts to put an arm around her. And, just as Neil feared, Vernon wasn't the sort to accept a change of mind. Rather than gracefully accept the girl's rejection, his face twisted in anger and he went to grab her more roughly.



And then Neil knew he'd made the right decision.

"Hey, stop that!" He left his hiding spot behind the pillar and strode towards them.

Vernon saw him, recognized him, and span away with an anguished howl.

"Fuuuuck. I knew it was too good to be true," he said.

He kicked the dusty floor in frustration.

"Why?" he said. "We haven't seen each other in years. Why you gotta fuck with me now? Why?"

He marched up to Neil, his face florid and his nostrils dilated.

"Why, Virtue Venables? Why you always gotta butt into my business?"

He jabbed a finger angrily at Neil's chest.

"Look dude, you can't just take advantage of women when they're drunk or high," Neil said back.

"Times have changed. That shit's unacceptable now."

"You set her up for this, didn't you" Vernon accused. "Got her to get me all hot and turned on, and then slap me in the face. Why? Is this a joke to you? Fuck you!"

A harder jab to Neil's chest.

"Hey, I don't know her," Neil protested.

"Then why you here?"

Jab. Jab. Jab. Vernon's fat index finger speared at Neil's chest.

"I saw she was off her head and wanted to make sure she got home safely."

"And I'm so very glad you did."

That came from the girl and it stopped both Neil and Vernon in their tracks, because her voice was wrong. Completely, utterly, unequivocally... *wrong*. In horror movies the demon's voice became harsh and guttural when it revealed itself. The change to Seraphina's voice was far more subtle. It was still Seraphina's voice, but it had picked up a strange echo from... someplace Neil didn't want to think about too much. It added cadences to her syllables that sounded like nails down a blackboard or rusty gears grinding together. Or rather felt. As if the sounds had bypassed his ears and were scraping across the surface of his brain.

The change in her appearance was less subtle. She still looked like a sexy goth girl, only now she'd gained horns, bat wings and a long, whip-like tail terminating in a devil's point. Her costume had become more elaborate and spikier. It didn't cover anything. Her tits and navel were fully exposed. They were surrounded by loops of black leather, as if the function of her top was to flaunt rather than cover her nakedness. Below the waist she wasn't wearing anything other than fishnet stockings and her killer high heels. The silky-smooth folds of her sex were clearly visible.

She couldn't have got into *VICE!* dressed like that. Even they had standards. Or had she? Neil was trying to recall what she'd been wearing before and it felt like a blind spot in his memories. Could she have been walking around like that all night and somehow made people not notice?

"I would have been content with just this one, then I sensed you following us." Her nostrils dilated as if she was smelling him. "I knew you were the type that couldn't abandon a girl in trouble," the demoness chuckled.

Her eyes were empty black pits. Neil didn't like to look at them for too long for fear of being sucked in and lost in their endless darkness.

"What, you set this up?" Vernon said, incredulous. "You used me as bait. For him. You wanted him."

Priorities, Neil thought. Now was not the time to get jealous about who the demon was going to eat first.

Demon. Fuck. What else could it be?

He couldn't even put it down to someone spiking his drink either. Neil was the designated driver, so he'd been on soft drinks all night. What he saw was what was there, even as impossible as it looked.

And this brought the strange events of the evening to their gunfighter-esque showdown. The three participants stared at each other. There was a triangle where the rules of conflict called for two clear sides.

While the demon obviously scared the shit out of Neil, Vernon also represented an unpredictable quantity. Neil knew he hated him and knew he was stupid, but was Vernon stupid enough to put the settling of old scores over the unearthly threat standing over there in the moonlight. Maybe Vernon was thinking the same. His piggy eyes were filled with suspicion as he glanced from Neil to the demon girl and back again, as if he was convinced, even given her unearthly nature, the pair were in cahoots to 'get' him. As for the demon, she watched them both with a slightly amused expression, as if she hadn't yet decided who would be the first course.

Neil met Vernon's gaze. For a moment he thought the hatred would be too much to overcome. There was a pause, then an understanding was reached. They might have history, but they were human and the thing in front of them was not.

Maybe this was Fate again, but playing a different hand than the one Neil had expected. Together they turned to face the demon. There was a nod. An answering nod. They charged.

Not that it did a damn bit of good. Fate might have brought these two childhood enemies together, but the creature they faced was not of this earthly plane, and therefore not bound by the jurisdiction of such trifling things as Fate and Destiny.

She wasn't supernaturally quick. This wasn't a horror movie where the monster moved so quickly it seemed to be teleporting. A skilled fighter—agile and in their prime—might be able to follow her moves, maybe even match or surpass them. Unfortunately, neither Neil or Vernon were skilled fighters. They were just your regular chumps and that's what she made them look like—chumps. She moved like oil. It looked like dancing the way she slid under and around their clumsy punches and kicks.

Even her mistakes were not mistakes. Neil thought he'd been lucky as she'd tossed some kind of glob of pink goo in his direction and missed. She wasn't perfect, they just had to keep the pressure up. It was still two vs one.

Then, a few moments later, he realised she hadn't missed at all. The purple glob had gone exactly where she intended it. It had landed on the concrete floor behind Neil and ballooned out into a round cushion about the size of a small mattress. Neil hadn't seen this, as it had happened behind him, but he worked it out fast enough when the demoness planted a kick right on his chest and sent him flying backwards on top of it. He'd been expecting the jarring impact of the concrete floor and instead landed in a big soft mass.

How delightfully thoughtful, a sarcastic voice ran in his head. She'd known she was going to kick him on his ass and had prepared a soft cushion for him to land on. A soft and extremely *sticky* cushion. Neil landed spread-eagled on top of it and was immediately stuck as if he'd fallen on a giant blob of pitch, or super-sticky chewing gum.

Whatever he'd landed on also seemed to have some liquid properties as it surged and rocked beneath him like a rubber bladder filled with water. The surface was like glue. Neil couldn't peel his arms and legs free and the pitching of the bubble made it difficult for him to put any force into it. After trying fruitlessly for a few minutes, Neil now had insight on what it felt like to be a small insect trapped on the surface of a water droplet.

The sticky cushion at least gave him a comfortable view of the rest of the action. Neil was fairly certain that was as the demoness had intended as well.

The action could not be described as a fair fight. The demon woman was already too much for both of them. Vernon, who'd clearly had a pint or three already that night, couldn't get remotely close to landing a hit on her.

It was so easy she started toying with him. She span around behind him, crouched and pulled his trousers and underpants down in one easy movement. Vernon was left standing there with a pale grub of an erection flapping around.

Neil wasn't that surprised to see Vernon was erect. He had a stiffy himself. Even with the horns and other demonic parts, she was still a breathtakingly beautiful woman, and not shy about displaying her considerable assets either. Some instincts were impossible to control.

The demon girl stepped back and, with a finger resting on her plush lips, studied Vernon's exposed genitalia.

"Not as big as I'd like, but still adequate," she pronounced.

This enraged Vernon and he attempted to charge her like a bull. And Seraphina treated him like a matador would treat a charging bull. She smoothly side-stepped, grabbed Vernon and used his own momentum to spin him down onto his back on the hard concrete floor.

"Have you worked out what type of demon I am yet?" the demon woman asked. Neil wasn't sure if the question was directed at Vernon or him.

She crouched down and sat on Vernon's prone form.

"I'm a succubus."

One hand pressed Vernon's chest back against the floor. She lifted her hips up over Vernon's crotch.

"We feed off sex."

She drove her hips down, swallowing Vernon's cock up into her vagina.

Vernon's eyes widened. He gave a surprised little grunt. His body twitched. Neil thought he might have just come. That seemed confirmed by the look of bliss that washed over Vernon's face. He snapped out of it quickly when he realised exactly what was straddling him.

"Mmm, nice," Seraphina said. "But you can give me more."

She shifted the perfect round curves of her ass in Vernon's lap. It was less grinding against him than trying to find a comfortable position. As much as it looked like sex—the sexy goth girl riding the not-very-sexy Vernon—the succubus moved differently. No energetic bouncing and grinding for her, she just gave a little sort of flex and Vernon twitched and jerked beneath her and his face went all orgasm-stupid for a moment.

"Hmm, more," the demoness said.

She gave another little flex. Vernon twitched again. His feet started drumming uncontrollably against the floor.

The demon girl sighed in pleasure. "This is what it feels like to be broken by a succubus. Doesn't it feel so nice—to come over and over without any inhibitions?"

Neil started to hear the sounds them. Faint sounds like cream or a similar thick liquid substance being sucked up a straw.

Vernon's eyes widened. Pleasure gave way to panic. He tried to reach up and push the demon away. She caught his hands and pinned them to the concrete floor behind Vernon's head.

"Mmm, yes," she sighed. "Keep coming. Empty yourself inside me."

She thrust her naked breasts out. She flexed her flat stomach. Vernon's struggles beneath her grew weaker, became random twitches, then nothing. His gasps and groans faded to a quiet, blissful sigh. That horrible liquid burbling sound—that Neil found both revolting and queerly arousing—intensified.

The succubus was moaning now as well. Her eyes were half-closed and her eyelids fluttered. She tilted her head back and pushed her hands—and Vernon's—further out behind his head. Her upper body bent down over Vernon, low enough for her erect nipples to rub against him. Her whole body flexed. Vernon's soft moan faded out. The liquid burbling sounds became a horrible bubbling rattle. Then Neil watched on in horror as Vernon seemed to crinkle up and collapse in on himself. It was like watching the air being sucked out of a particularly lifelike inflatable doll. His cheekbones sank, his eye sockets collapsed inwards. The flesh of his limbs shrivelled up around the bones until his arms and legs looked like dried-up sticks. All the time the demon above him kept moaning and sighing in loathsome orgasm.

Then, as if she'd turned off a tap, that horrid liquid sound stopped. The succubus sat up, a contented smile on her face.

"Bland, but most filling," she said.

Vernon was unrecognisable beneath her. He looked like one of those museum mummies dug up in South America.

It was strange, but Neil fancied he heard—or felt—a mournful sigh. As if Fate had planned greater roles for the two of them and now those grand and ineffable plans would no longer see fruition. The succubus, who was an abomination that existed outside of this earthly plane and its rules, blew Vernon's corpse a little kiss and then got up off him.

Then she turned her attentions to Neil.

The blood drained from his face. He thrashed desperately in an attempt to free himself. The giant pink blob wobbled and jiggled beneath him. Neil could not pull either his arms or legs free of the sticky surface.

The succubus's lips turned up in a cruel smile while she watched Neil's fruitless struggles. She walked slowly—and sexily—towards him. And she was sexy. That was the worst part. She looked like the slutty goth queen—or seductively cruel dominatrix—of sweaty teenage fantasy. Her body was dynamite. And fully exposed to Neil. Even though he knew she was a horror, Neil couldn't stop his eyes from drooling over her exquisite face with her bee-stung lips, the voluptuously perfect curve of her tits, and the enticing folds of her sex.

Those folds became less enticing as Neil watched the lips swell and part—less a vagina and more a hungry maw. Even that couldn't detract from the overwhelming sexuality oozing from her every pore.

She hopped up onto the circular pink blob and crouched over Neil's stuck body.

"Now what to do with you," she said.

She hooked a talon-like fingernail under Neil's shirt collar and ran it down his chest, popping all the buttons in the process.

Neil struggled beneath her. Didn't matter how much he bucked and thrashed, he couldn't free himself. It was like being glued to flypaper.

"It's not always like that," the succubus said, sweeping her hand back to Vernon's corpse.

Something strange was happening with Vernon's body. She'd left his body all crumpled up like a doll with all the air sucked out. Now it looked like the air was seeping back in. Vernon's crumpled features swelled back out as if re-inflated. His form filled out, became less mummified. Right before Neil's eyes, Vernon returned to how he'd looked before they'd both entered this accursed ruin of a multi-story carpark.

Apart from the whole being very very dead part. That hadn't reversed. Vernon stared up at the moon with unblinking eyes.

Neil shuddered and tried again to pull himself free.

"I was in a rush," the succubus said. "There isn't long before dawn. I wanted to spend longer with you."

She lay next to Neil, unaffected by the sticky surface. She pushed aside his ruined shirt and lightly caressed a nipple.

"I like you," the demoness said. "You smell nice. Fucking you will feel nice. It's always nice with the good ones."

Neil remembered the sounds—the horrid liquid sounds—as the demon had sucked all the life out of Vernon.

The demoness leaned over and licked the tears from the corner of his eye. Her tongue was slenderer and more pointed than a human's.

"Mmm," she sighed as she savoured his tears. "I knew you'd taste delicious. I knew it when you stepped in to save me. I didn't need it, but you weren't to know that. It was nice of you to care. Nice of you to care about a poor random drunk girl getting herself in trouble with a nasty brute. There aren't enough nice men around nowadays."

She continued to play with Neil's nipple. Neil felt her hot breath, then her soft lips against his ear.

"Did you fantasize about what that poor random drunk girl would do to reward you? What she'd give you in gratitude. A kiss?"

Her soft lips brushed against his cheek.

"A blowjob?"

She sucked on his earlobe.

"A fuck?"

Her hand reached down to his crotch.

"I can make those fantasies come true."

Neil squirmed and tried, unsuccessfully, to buck her hand away.

"Leave me alone," he said. His voice cracked in a way that was most unmanly.

The succubus chuckled. "I'm sorry, it's in my nature to terrify."

Her lips brushed against his ear again.

"Fucking me need not be fatal," she whispered.

That caught Neil's attention. He turned his head as much as the sticky surface of the pink blob would allow. The succubus lay next to him like a girlfriend sharing a bed. She even smiled at him like a lover waking up next to her love.

"W-w-what do you mean?" he asked.

"I'm a succubus. We feed through sex, but we don't necessarily have to kill through sex."

She brushed a warm hand against the side of Neil's cheek.

"We're famous for sex. There's nothing quite like fucking a succubus. She can do things... make you feel pleasures... you never imagined possible. Warlocks summon us for this and have been doing so for millennia. Do you think they'd continue to do that if we kept eating them?"

Her voice had softened, lost some of its harsh cadences. Listening to it Neil felt strangely warm and aroused.

"There are not many warlocks nowadays," she continued. "Opportunities to visit your world are rare and limited. I miss those days."

She shifted on the mattress-like pink blob and ran a hand over her exposed belly.

"I'm full after eating the other one. Thinking about the old days fills me with hunger of another kind."

She ran a hand over Neil's naked chest. It was warm and crackled with a strange type of energy that caused Neil's hairs to stand up with a pleasant buzz.

"Maybe we can pretend," she leant close to whisper in Neil's ear. "You can be my warlock and I your slutty succubus you summoned for a night of indescribable pleasures."

Neil's head was a mess—a swirling soup of fear, revulsion, hope, arousal, desire. The hope was what he clung to—like a life preserver in a flood. Maybe Vernon had been enough to satiate her hunger. Maybe if he played along he might get a chance to escape. Maybe she had no intention of killing him. Anything that meant he avoided...

The horrid liquid sound of Seraphina sucking all the life out of Vernon replayed in his head.

...that.

"Would those warlocks allow their succubus to glue them to the floor like this?" he tentatively asked.

"They lie back and let their succubus use all of her considerable talents and abilities on them... if they're smart..."

"And if they're not smart."

The succubus leaned close and made a horrible sucking noise with her tongue.

"It's not a good idea to give a succubus orders in matters of the bedroom. We do not spread our legs and lie meekly beneath."

She got up and straddled Neil's thighs.

"And don't you like this lovely little bed I prepared for you? It so much more *comfortable* than the cold concrete floor. It also has other advantages when it comes to fucking."

She bounced on Neil's thighs. The sticky blob compressed and bounced back, then undulated like a water-filled bladder. Neil rose and fell with it. He understood what she meant. Once she started it rocking, the 'bed' would do most of the work for them.

"I'd like it better if I wasn't glued to it," Neil said.

Seraphina gave a throaty chuckle. "Some men find it a turn on. It's liberating. No pressure to take the lead and no responsibilities. Just lie back and enjoy what I do to you. You'll enjoy it."

Neil would quite happily settle for hating it, as long as he was still breathing by the time the sun came up.

"I don't really have a choice in the matter," he griped.

"That's the point," Seraphina said. "Now be a good little warlock and lie back while your slutty little succubus drains your balls with her exquisite pussy."

It was time. The demoness wrapped a hand around Neil's hard cock and held it upright while she repositioned her hips. Neil felt a spike of fear—that godawful liquid sucking sound kept playing and replaying through his mind—as his swollen glans pressed up against and was swallowed by the folds of her vagina.

And then he was up inside her and a lot of his doubts faded away. She felt incredible—tight enough for him to feel her warm flesh fit snugly around his penis, but also wet enough for him to slide deep into her with barely any friction. Neil's jaw dropped in pleasant surprise.

Seraphina reached up to brush back her hair, pushing out her magnificent chest in the process. There was a gloating smile on her full lips. She knew exactly how good she was making him feel.

"See, now you know why warlocks summon us, even with the risk," she said.

Neil couldn't respond. Little waves of contraction flowed up Seraphina's vaginal walls and the sensation was making it hard for him to concentrate on anything else.

"Oh, much better," Seraphina said.

She gave her hips a little wiggle to manoeuvre Neil's erection to an even snugger fit.

"I'm going to enjoy fucking your brains out."

She started rocking on Neil's crotch. Slow at first, Neil only sliding about an inch back and forth inside her. Her motions started the blob—or bed—rocking, which acted to amplify their movements as it undulated beneath them. Seraphina picked up the pace, bouncing higher and higher, and the



bed picked up the pace with her. Neil felt like he was thrusting back at her with the same fierceness, but it was just the motions of the bed, and the way Seraphina was skilfully able to ride both it and him.

It felt good, incredible even, but Neil had the nagging feeling he was superfluous in all this. This wasn't making love. He might as well be a silicone stunt cock taped to a balloon. She fucked him like he was an inanimate object—a sex toy.

Was that so bad? A good bit of animalistic fucking could be just as good for the soul.

Soul? Yeah, probably best not to think too much about *soul* while being ridden—and ridden *hard*—by a sex demon from hell.

That horrible liquid sucking sound started to replay in Neil's head.

No, don't dwell on that shit. Be a good little sex toy for her and survive until the sun comes up.

It wasn't as if it didn't feel good. It felt fucking amazing. Neil had never had a fuck like this, with someone—if you ignored the horns, the wings, the creepy abyssal black eyes—as hot as this.

Seraphina bounced higher and higher. Neil thought she was going to bounce him all the way to orgasm, but then she slowed her movements right down to slow little wriggles. The bed continued to rock and undulate beneath them. Neil's crotch rose and fell with it, and his cock moved up and down inside her luscious and well-lubricated vagina.

"Good, my little warlock." Seraphina smiled down at him as she gently rocked her hips in Neil's lap. "Keep holding it in. We still have plenty of time before dawn."

Had she kept going at the same pace Neil doubted he would have lasted much longer than a minute. But she relented, content to ride the slow rocking motions of the bed. It felt pleasant. Enough stimulation to keep Neil hard, but not enough to drive him over the edge.

Seraphina arched her back and leaned over Neil. Her hands pressed his into the soft blob mattress.

"I can't let you have it too easy. Let's see how you handle a little succubus suck."

She flexed. Her vagina clenched around Neil's cock. The whole organ changed. Rippling pulses undulated against Neil's shaft. The head of his cock was gripped by a soft suction that grew swiftly from powerful to irresistible. Neil felt the pull in every corner of his being. He was gripped by the uncontrollable urge to come, to spurt, to empty his seed into her wet cunt, empty his balls until they were completely shrivelled and depleted.

Then, just as if she'd flipped a switch, the irresistible suction stopped. She went back to merely straddling him while the bed slowly undulated beneath them.

She laughed.

"Now you know what it feels like and why so many men are willing to give us everything, even when they know the cost."

She lightly batted him on the nose.

"How about you, my little warlock. Are you willing to give me everything just so you can spurt your thick spunk into my juicy wet pussy?"

Her soft pussy clenched again.

Neil did. He really wanted to come.

But...

...that horrid liquid sound replayed in his head and reminded him of what would happen if he did.

"N-n-no," he said. "It's okay."

Seraphina smiled and caressed his cheek.

"That was my little test. If you'd come from just that little bit of succubus suction, I'd have kept going and sucked you dry. I cannot abide weakness."

Neil shivered. How the fuck was he still hard inside her? She had to have some kind of supernatural pheromones or something. His dick should be terrified enough to shrivel back in on itself, not throb away as eager as if he'd just scored a hot model.

At least the succubus wasn't—currently—sucking all his juices out. That was what he had to cling to. And pray—yes pray—he'd make it 'til morning.

"So, I live?" he asked, maybe a little too hopefully given that she'd just told him she despised weaklings.

"For now," Seraphina answered.

She purred in pleasure and started to move her hips rhythmically against him. The blob started rocking under them again.

"You're kind of forceful for a warlock's pet," Neil said.

Seraphina tossed her head back and laughed.

"You're lucky I'm freshly fed and in a good mood," she said.

She ran a fingernail against Neil's cheek. It was a lot longer and sharper than when she'd just been Seraphina, the kooky goth girl on a night out. Sharp enough to draw blood without Neil even feeling the cut.

"Only a warlock who's never summoned a succubus before would presume to call her his 'pet'. For if he had, his 'pet' would have opened up his guts and given him a necklace of his own entrails."

"Sorry, just trying to figure out what's expected of me in this 'warlock' role," Neil said. "What would a warlock normally do in this situation?"

"On a succubus's bed? They lie back and let their succubus fuck them senseless."

Seraphina increased her movements. She pumped her hips up and down. Harder. Faster. She drove Neil down into the soft 'mattress'. He didn't stay down for long as the magical blob's elasticity bounced him back upwards. Into her. Flesh slapped together. His cock slid back and forth inside her cunt with wet meaty sounds. Good wet sounds. Sex sounds. Not being-sucked-up-like-a-carton-of-drink sounds.

Neil didn't know for how long that would be. Seraphina wasn't slowing down this time. Moaning and sighing, she bounced her hips with escalating force, even adding a little wriggle to her thrusts that left Neil gasping in pleasure as his throbbing cock corkscrewed inside her luscious vagina.

He couldn't hold on. Even the memory of that horrid wet sucking sound couldn't hold him back. His balls were boiling. There was no way he could hold it in until dawn. Not unless he got her to slow down.

"Slow down," he gasped. "I'm—"

Seraphina shushed him with a finger across his lips.

"Just a little longer," she said. Her perfect breasts bounced with the movements of her body.

A little longer was too much. Now was too much.

Seraphina lifted her hips up high and slammed them down on Neil. He was driven up deep inside the tight clutch of her sex. Her vagina squeezed.

And *too much* was already in the past.

Neil lost control of his body. His orgasm crashed through him like a wave. His loins clenched. He emptied them inside her in a long, pulsating ejaculation.

Oh god no, Neil thought. Even as his body screamed *yes!*

Seraphina let out her own cry and collapsed down on top of Neil, covering him like a warm sheet. The bed rocked and swayed violently, and then the motions started to subside to gentle undulations.

It took Neil a while to realise he was not, in fact, dead. It took a while for him to form any rational thought at all. Seraphina had not been short-selling a succubus's sexual prowess. That had been... intense.

Not knowing if the orgasm would kill you would do that, Neil thought.

The original warlocks must have died out because they were all mad bastards.

Seraphina gave a contented sigh and lifted her upper body back up.

"Mmm, I knew you'd taste nice. The good ones always do."

"I thought demons only wanted the bad souls," Neil said.

Seraphina chuckled. "A lie put out by your holy men. Be a good boy or the nasty demon woman will get you."

She pulled a Halloween mask face. It would have been cute, except the fangs she bared were real.

"We like the good ones—the pure, the pious, and... ooh... the virgins."

Her pussy melted around Neil's cock. The fleshy walls rippled against his shaft.

"Just the smell of an unsullied virgin is enough to drive a succubus wild. And what we do to them when we catch one... ooh, just the thought is enough to make me wet."

Her pussy throbbed and Neil's cock was inundated with warm fluids.

Neil didn't know whether to be thankful or disappointed he'd lost his V-plates years ago, before he'd even gone to university.

"Not many of them around nowadays," he said. "Virgins, that is."

"There wasn't many of them in the old days either," Seraphina said. "That's why defiling one is such a treat."

*Thankful*, Neil thought. He really didn't like the way Seraphina's black eyes glimmered as she'd said that. He thanked his lucky stars he'd had that awkward fumble with Verity Nelson in the back of his beat-up Skoda just after he'd turned eighteen, even as crap and clumsy as it had been.

Seraphina wriggled in his lap. She reached up to squeeze one of her big soft boobs and sighed in pleasure. She started moving again in Neil's lap and the magical blob bed started undulating with her movements.

"Uh, I'll need a little longer to... uh... recover," Neil said. He'd never been one of those fast repeaters. One pop and that was usually him done for the night.

The succubus tipped back her head and laughed. "My dear sweet boy, do you not know what you are coupling with."

Another little wriggle. Another little flex. Bands of soft flesh wrapped around Neil's flaccid cock. Her belly gurgled and her vagina filled with hot juices. Those fluids soaked into Neil's cock and brought with them a tingling sensation that was quite... *ooh*... extremely pleasant. Blood surged back down to Neil's loins and his cock swelled up inside her.

Neil was ready again.

Seraphina gave him a gloating little sultry smile.

"That's... uh... quite some talent," Neil said.

Another little smirk from Seraphina. She gave a little bounce of her hips and Neil felt a burst of pleasure as his newly sensitised cock rubbed against her soft vaginal walls.

Seraphina grabbed Neil's hands and pressed them down into the soft blob. Her hips started thrusting again—harder and faster—as if she wanted to drive him right down into the pink blob. The pliable mattress swelled up on either side of Neil. Then it started responding to Seraphina's movement and bouncing Neil back into her with the same force.

"Here we go again," he said.

Again it felt like it wasn't so much lovemaking as Seraphina using him as a crude sex toy. It wasn't *that* bad. Neil didn't consider himself a couch potato, but neither was he a top athlete either. And he suspected you'd need to be a top athlete to keep up with Seraphina, and it would still be a challenge. Fuck it. He might as well do as she said and just lie back and enjoy it. It wasn't like he was going anywhere even if he wanted to. And—more importantly—it did feel damn good. He'd never had a fuck like this and he doubt he ever would again.

Assuming the demon didn't kill him before the sun came up.

Faster and faster she rode him. Her pendulous boobs swayed with her movements. She growled like a feral beast.

Neil thought he would be able to hold out longer this time, given it was his second pop of the night.

Nope.

Not versus this.

"Coming," he gasped.

And again, if he thought that would slow Seraphina down, he was sorely mistaken. She repeated her finishing move from before. She bounced up high, almost high enough for Neil to slip out of her entirely, then slammed down hard and buried Neil's erection all the way inside her. She gave another little wriggle as she slammed down... another little flex. Bands of soft muscle pulsed around Neil's hard-on.

And done, he thought.

Veins stood out on his neck. Neil grimaced, but with helpless ecstasy rather than pain. He temporarily lost control of his limbs. He twitched. His cock throbbed. He felt the satisfying rush of ejaculation.

Okay, so maybe this wasn't so bad after all.

The corner of Seraphina's sensual lips turned up in a sly little smile. Her belly gave a little flex.

Neil's cock was drawn up even deeper inside her. Wet fleshy walls puffed up and crowded all around him. Plump internal lips batted on the spurting head of his cock and *sucked*.

This wasn't just a little suck, like what she'd teased him with earlier. It was a full-blown suck he felt all the way down in his extremities. Her pussy thrummed around him like some kind of industrial vacuum cleaner.

Neil came.

But he was already coming, so the second orgasm crashed into the back of the first like a motorway pileup. There might have been a third in there. Maybe even a fourth. Neil had no control. He twitched helplessly beneath her. His cock throbbed and spat great globs of cum into her sucking cunt, each bringing with it a burst of purest bliss.

Fuck, she was going to kill him after all.

The worst part was he wasn't even sure he minded. It felt that good.

So much so he even felt a minor pang of disappointment as—giggling—Seraphina relaxed her vagina and switched off that irresistible suction.

Seraphina lightly caressed his naked chest. It was slick with perspiration and rose and fell erratically as Neil sucked in ragged breaths.

"You said you might need some help to come again, so I helped you," she said, her black eyes sparkling mischievously.

She traced a lazy circle around Neil's nipple.

"But not too much. We wouldn't want to suck you dry."

"That's good to hear," Neil said. "I wasn't sure for a moment there."

"I've already feasted," Seraphina said. "And we don't like to end the good ones."

"Now don't think I'm being ungrateful," Neil said. "But that's the part I don't get at all. You're a demon, right? Evil? Shouldn't good be your enemy?"

Seraphina laughed. "Your holy men are such liars. Almost the biggest liars of all."

"So you're not in a constant holy war versus the forces of heaven?"

Seraphina laughed even louder this time.

"We don't really care about such concepts. They only exist inside your silly heads. We only care about them in as much as the 'good' ones taste nicer than the 'bad' ones. Good begets good, and evil spreads evil, so it would make sense for us to keep the 'good' ones around."

It did make sense. Although the implication was a little shitty. Humans were nothing more than cattle to them, and 'goodness' was just a trait the demons wanted bred into the herd to improve the flavour."

It also sparked something else in Neil. For the first time that evening since he'd seen Seraphina's true form he felt a glimmer of hope.

He might survive this.

Seraphina shifted position in Neil's lap.

"Mmm, just a moment. There's still a little left in the shaft."

Her internal lips closed around the tip of Neil's penis. She gave it a little kiss, a little suck to draw out the last dregs of ejaculate in Neil's urethra.

That was enough to trigger another orgasm and this time it was Neil's wild thrusts that set the bed rocking.

Seraphina rode him with soft cooing sighs.

"Ooh, you are delicious," she murmured. "No saint, but still delicious."

Neil knew he was no saint, but he didn't think he was a bad bloke. He tried to be a good bloke. Or at the very least, not a cunt.

Purring contentedly, Seraphina settled down on top of him like a lover after sex. Her naked boobs rested on his chest and she nuzzled against him, cheek to cheek. If you forgot she was a demon, you could almost mistake this for a post-coital cuddle. Neil couldn't cuddle her back because his hands were still stuck to the irritating pink blob/bed. Otherwise, it felt... nice.

You're going to survive this, he thought. You're a good bloke and you're going to survive this because you're a good bloke.

It was almost karmic, which surprised Neil as he'd come to the painful conclusion long ago that the world just didn't work that way.

You're going to survive this.

Not only that, he was going to survive this while also experiencing the best fuck of his life.

"What did he taste like? Vernon?" Neil couldn't point, so he had to vaguely nod his head in the direction of Vernon's corpse.

"Him? Bland. Not much of anything at all," Seraphina replied.

"Because he was bad... evil?" Neil followed up with.

"No, he was just stupid," Seraphina said. "The ignorant aren't anything, so they don't taste of anything."

Vernon was certainly ignorant. Neil was in full agreement with that.

He felt a pang of guilt over thinking that way. Vernon was dead. It felt a bit cunt to mock him further.

Nah, fuck it, Neil thought. Guy was a cunt and had been all his life.

"He was your enemy?" Seraphina asked. "I sensed the enmity between you. You've been foes a long time. Did I do you a favour in ridding you of him?"

Neil looked at Vernon's lifeless form.

"I don't know," he answered. "Like you said, he's not anything."

And now wasn't anything at all.

When did you become such a callous cunt? Neil thought.

A close brush with death sure had a way of hardening a person's outlook, he thought.

"I guess that's probably why I'm not a saint," Neil said.

"You still taste delicious," Seraphina said.

She sat back up and straddled Neil. His cock was still inside her. This time she skipped the bouncy sex part and went straight to the sucking. Neil went back to full hardness and then orgasm in a matter of moments. His brain was scrambled by a wet burst of overwhelming bliss that washed everything else away.

It was a full whiteout. No thoughts. Just throbbing animal pleasures. Over and over as he pumped his seed into her. Or rather, her irresistible pussy pumped it out of him in great pulsing bursts of ecstasy.

Then it passed and Neil was trembling in blissful aftermath with Seraphina cuddling up to him.

He could get used to this, he thought. Maybe he should do some proper research into this warlock malarkey.

He lay there for a while and bathed in the relaxing afterglow. The bed gently undulated underneath them. Seraphina cuddled up to him and marked his neck and cheek with soft kisses.

The sky started to lighten above them. He heard the chirping of birds.

All in all, not a bad night, Neil thought. A bit fucking terrifying in the middle there, but it had turned out all right. Although, given what Seraphina's unholy nature said about the universe, maybe Neil should start going to church on Sundays. Just in case.

It had turned out all right, that was the important thing. He'd even got a killer shag out of it. He didn't know what the repercussions would be for his love life, as there was no way any future girlfriend could ever live up to this, but he'd cross that bridge when he reached it. For now he was happy to lie there with Seraphina snuggled up around him.

And he'd even got rid of Vernon for good. Call it stupid superstition, but there was... had been... some weird connection between them. You could call it Fate, as stupid as it sounded. Their paths would have kept crossing, no matter how unlikely. They would have kept butting heads. And it would have ended with one killing the other. Neil didn't know how he knew that, he just did.

Not now. That cord, Fate or whatever it was, had been cut. Seraphina had done him a favour.

The succubus stirred. She sat up, again straddling Neil with his dick inside her. It hadn't been out of her all night.



Could he do one more? Why not.

"Dawn approaches," Seraphina said. "And then I will have to leave this plane. It's been fun, but now it's time to bring it to an end."

"For tonight?" Neil said. "We can see each other again, right? I don't know much about this warlock stuff, but I can learn."

He'd love to do this again. Ideally without the pants-wetting mortal terror for his life and soul next time.

Seraphina said nothing.

"Will we see each other again?" Neil asked.

The corner of Seraphina's sensual lips turned up. Her vagina tightened around Neil's cock.

Neil's brow furrowed.

"Wait, you said."

Seraphina leaned over and lightly kissed him on the forehead.

"My dear sweet boy. You should know better than to believe what a succubus tells you. We're the most delightfully duplicitous of creatures."

She sat back up.

She smiled.

Her body flexed.

She *sucked*.

THE END