

# demon

BY BARBARISM

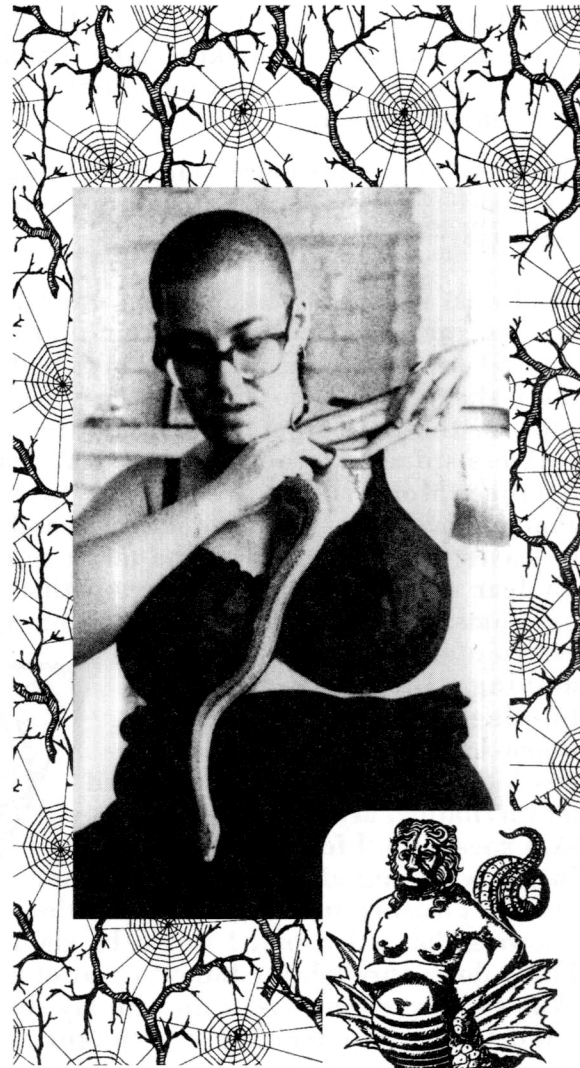
I sit somewhat impatiently, sharpening my teeth and claws. My tower built of stone may seem impenetrable, as it has no perceptible entrance. The shadows from the big colored glass window distract me from my task. I glance down, retracting my claws. It is past time for me to prepare my room. I light the candles, whisk the papers off my desk, and approach the armoire. The delicious smell of textures seeps out; silk, leather, velvet and sex tantalize my nose. I enjoy waiting for my demon lover; the expectancy sharpens my time awareness and teases my patience.

My lovers get into my tower in many ways; as many ways as demons are ingenious trixters, demanding and persistent. There is Eurys, who rises up out of the lovingly polished floorboards. Trailing her way up my thighs, wrapping round my belly, wisping across my nipples, flowing into my mouth and out my nose. She embraces me solid, full and fleshy at last. Her way of fucking is gentle, with the flow of a feather, and the directness of a gusting wind. If I look at her directly with hungry eyes I see the shimmer of her presence. Only when I take careful sideways glances, the non-seeing gaze, do I see her presence in full: her gold reflective eyes, thick abundant body, fur covered hands, the quick flick of her raspy tongue.

When Taine comes to me I hear the roar of her anger in the distance. Her explosive energy pulls at me as she scrapes her way up the side of my tower; sharp metal cleaving to stone. Her molten breath preceeds her through the window, which swings open with a crash. Her abrupt laughter shakes her jiggling belly as her gloved fists grab me by the throat, pulling me into her. Our fat bellies embrace as her studded codpiece rips up against my clit. She is just as likely to slap my face as beat my bottom. She fucks me from behind, forcing open my cunt, foraging my slippery asshole, amazed at how clean I keep it for her. She invades all my orifices with her tongue, her finger. Her finger up my nose, fucking it. Every hole of mine is hers.

Taine presents me braided pieces of barbed wire to weave into my hair. Out of her saddle bags fall shiny bits of metal, small rusty objects, and the shells and wings of once-live insects that I covet. She leaves me as abruptly as I come.

Dag is my polite gentlemanly lover. Clean in tailored shirt and tie, snappy leather suspenders, she steals her way into my tower. Lilted songs drift up, the pointed notes tapping on the window. Soft strumming mandolin phrases flutter at my heart. I respond and clap my hands; the once invisible-door swings slowly open; the long winding staircase invites her to join me. She offers me flowers with her songs. My breasts brush at her arm as I serve her warm food and spiced tea. Our foreplay is wit and laughter. She tantalizes me by feeding me food from her fingers, teasing me for being such a messy girl. She fucks me with her words and her eyes, undressing my body with her thoughts, invading my own... her breath becomes mine. My cunt opens up, the smell betraying my innocence. She only touches me to push the curls back from my face. "Touch your nipple"... "Lift up your skirt" ... "Open your lips" ... "Be a good girl and fuck yourself"... "Come for me...NOW."



She takes my fingers into her mouth, wet and sucking. With a toweled hand she wipes me dry, leads me away from the table and to my bed. Her lips whisper above my forehead with a kiss and a thank you. She slips down the stairs and out, gently closing the again-invisible door.

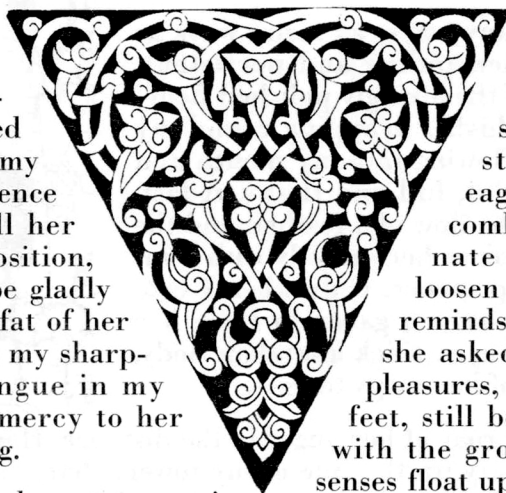
But I am hungry for more than they. I await Fearne, my bondmate, my demon who takes more than my body, more than my sex.

“And what ways are they, Jezebel?” the vines whisper as they sprout up, wrapping their thorny pathway around my ankles, slinking up my thighs, sinking their sharp ends into my fat sweet flesh; the soft spice of the flower petals trailing after the bite of ruthless spines. My arms whip back, reaching for balance. More vines sprout down to meet them, chaining my wrists up above me, my hands entwined in leaves. Armpits exposed, the tangy spicy smell of my fear and peaked desire mixes with the crushed blossoms. I lean my weight in tension against my restraints, both resisting and moving into my current bondage. My sweat salts my thorn-scratched skin, the continuous bite of their points both heated and irritating. My spine tingles as my skin gooses up. I feel Fearne’s presence in the warming air around, smell her vicious pleasure in my current position, knowing that if I could, I would be gladly biting down through the billowing fat of her skin, feasting on her lower lip with my sharpened teeth, imprisoning her tongue in my chomp. For the moment I am at mercy to her will; demon and brutally demanding.

The tower shifts, the heavy stone and mortar repositioning in response to my growing anxiety. Fearne takes this moment to make her physical appearance, swinging her massive weight down from the rafters above me. “Don’t look at me slut! I know you have been sitting around lazily, planning to take your desire out on me. Just you wait.” Ripping at my skin with her mittened hand, she snorts, the sharpened steel teeth embedded in the leather clinging to my breast skin, lifting my full breasts up and out of their corseted bodice. Steel teeth dig in deep, bruising my nipples a swollen purple. The weight of their fullness and the pull of gravity defy me as my tits sink willingly into the span of her hands. Fearne relaxes a moment, admiring the obscene ripeness of my tits spilling out and overflowing out of her large strong hands. “Bruja! you’ve got \*BIG\* tits!” Moment of admiration over, she gleefully twists my nipples into opposite but complementing painful directions. Stepping back she reaches for her shoulder buckle, quickly removing her leather tunic. I shiver, knowing

this will get messy. Fearne never musses her tunic. She looks piercingly at me as I stare, taking in her unbound tits, her meaty thick thighs and rounded forearms, her full round belly, the stretchmarks and scars she has accumulated. They criss-cross her, some white, some purple, some puckered, some rubbed with ink and ash. Some she gained in battle with the world. Some she gained from me.... My head cracks back into her cradling hand, the sting of her other bringing loose tears. The muscles in my arms burn, but my attention is drawn away to the razor-sharp knife Fearne has pulled that now rests against my breast. Pulling down the center of my chest, delicately and slowly my bodice is cut away. Slowly with great intention the rest of my clothes follow. The knife is handled just so, tracing thin lace-like patterns in my skin, stinging and numbing. Bright red beadlets form patterns of red-blood blinking lights before they begin to flow down my now fully exposed body.

My demon lover lights a thick-smelling smudge stick, cleansing the air around us, preparing for the spirit of my vulnerability. Standing behind me she asks me to name my pleasures as the full crack of her 24-stranded bull-hide flogger tastes eagerly of my wide fat juicy ass. The combination of stinging bite with alternate thuds of her now-removed belt loosen my breath and fears. Constantly she reminds me with hardened blows of the task she asked me to complete. “What are your pleasures, Jezebel? What makes you hot?” My feet, still bearing my weight, and my contact with the ground, stretch far below me as my senses float upward and inward simultaneously. A quick nip at my ear by gnawing teeth brings me back into my center. “Don’t disappear quite yet. You have a big sacrifice ahead of you that requires your willing presence and attention.” With that warning I slow down my breathing and send my spirit out to the tip of my head, my heart, my fingers and toes in preparation. Fearne has circled me, lashing out at sweet spots with her flogger, her lengthened cruel tongue. “Spread your wet lips for me,” she taunts, as she clips her chains to my blood-full labia, stretching them to expose my gaping burning hole, my clit hood standing engorged at attention. “Your hole will have to wait, though I might let you beg ungratefully for my cock...” Teasingly she sticks her fist on my mouth, gagging my begging pleas into heaving grunts. Once again I find the knife on my flesh, this time more insistent and urgent. Her free hand teases my clit, slowly working its way into my cunt, rubbing my flowing juices round the clit, down my thighs. The knife is working harder, deeper into my layers of skin, tracing round my soft spots, my breasts, my



chest, my thighs, as she writes repeatedly onto my soul. The flesh is parting, giving way to the loving penetration of skin. Hungrily it sucks Fearne's need into its own. The walls begin to break open, the gaping flesh emitting clouds of bright colored smoke, first ash-tinged green, then orange, then black. My holes breathe flames in rhythm to the deeper cutting knife. Smoke trails into patterns floating above my head, yellow, red, purple, blue. The pulsing of my body rises with the heat in my cunt. My body begins to shudder out ghosts of the layers of my painful past; I flow out my gaping wounds, flying out full force, touching the ceiling high above me. Floating amongst the mingling strands of smoke I reach out, dissipating the colors. The ash-tinged green of my fear, the orange of my despair, the black of my anger, the yellow of my hopes, the red of my pain, the purple of my heated passion, the blue of my peace all re-integrate into a pure blinding white heat that blasts at the walls and foundation of my tower. Fearne plunges her knife even deeper.

Pulled back to my core I open my eyes, looking into my opened side. My organs beating shiny and smooth, tempting me to bite and rip at my own entrails. I feel the trail of her chewing kisses along my brow, over my eyelids, down my cheek, the corner of my mouth, onto my throbbing neck, hovering over my jugular, plunging her teeth into its surface, pulling hard against its resisting walls. The world

wavers. My head rolls. Abruptly she let's go, her roaring laughter pushing up against my overflowing feelings. "Are you ready to sacrifice to me, Jezebel?"

Releasing my consent with a howl, Fearne delicately and ravagingly slices at my liver. She takes the sliver up to her lips, bowing her head. Eagerly she sucks at it, chewing slowly, sensuously; she swallows. She rubs her blood-stained lips across mine, smearing me in my fluids, fucking me hard with her demanding hand. Briefly, she slowly slips her knife into my cunt. We hold still, breathing together, eyes locked in embrace. With a wave of her hand she stills my bleeding side. Intently, we both visualize its healing, as the wound begins to re-weave itself. The bright white light swirling above us provides strands of healing light that stitch my side into closure. She replaces her knife with her hand once again. Fucking, fucking, I start to come and rip myself out of the restraining vines of thorns, screaming my joy and revenge! My teeth rip into the flesh of Fearne's upper chest, gnashing at my thunderous orgasm. The words she has carved into my flesh glow a brilliant purple as she whispers them to me.

"Inti hettit kibdi" / You are a piece of my liver.

Fearne, my demon lover, tears off her own skin and wraps me in its glorious soft folds, covering my exposed flesh with hers. ✱



Selena

“Are you  
ready to  
sacrifice  
to me,  
Jezebel?”