

Quickie #10

Devil's Night

The cool breeze sent dead leaves rustling across the courtyard. The sun had disappeared below the horizon many hours ago. Primitive lamps hung from the front of various buildings, lighting the thoroughfare of the humble, rustic town. Scattered members of the community were still out and about, concluding their business. Some were closing their shops. Others were saying goodbye to neighbors after a bountiful harvest meal. The streets would empty by the witching hour. It was All Hollow's Eve and soon haunts and demons of the netherworld would have free reign over the Earth.

Joseph marched across the town square with purpose, his mind and nerves in turmoil. He pulled his cloak around him tightly as his boots squished against mud and stone. The last few days had been trying, though he'd done his best to hide his troubled state from his dutiful wife. How could he tell such a pure woman of the awful things he'd seen? Of the scandalous things he'd done in his own mind's eye!

Theirs was a simple town and a simple people. They'd turned away from all modern things to live a life of hard work and faith. Their community consisted of a church, a tavern, a few shops, many farms and little else. Their days were spent in piety and reverence for all creation. This made the visions plaguing Joseph that much harder to bear. It was a mockery of their traditions. An affront to their entire way of life.

For three long nights, Joseph had not known peaceful slumber. Many times he'd been tempted to spill his seed while sweet Cordelia slept just inches from his trembling body. The visions drove him to lustful madness. Each night it grew more difficult to stay his hand.

Joseph could, at any time, have woken her to engage. Intercourse within the marriage bed was sanctified and his right as husband and man of the house. And yet, that was as far from his desires as Lucifer stood from the throne of God. His impulses had turned licentious and unholy. What he now craved was an abomination unto the lord.

He hoped the village priest could help dispel these fiendish manifestations. At his last sermon, Father Raymond had said, very specifically, that he would be available for confession later than usual on this night. It was not uncommon for men or women to contend with demons on the eve of All Saint's Day.

That's how *Halloween* had come to be known, after all, though no one in the village called it that. There were no glowing pumpkins. No candy or costumes. Only low voices and dim lights as Joseph closed the distance to the church. He thanked God as he witnessed candle light glowing from the cathedral's painted windows. Father Raymond was faithful, as always; a beacon of kindness and wisdom in a world growing ever darker.

He opened the large wooden door and stepped into the hallowed hall. Joseph pulled the hood from his head as he entered the lord's house; showing proper respect. Candles lit his way as he proceeded down the rows of pews. He continued to the front of the altar before turning and heading to the confessional. As expected, candles were lit outside the large, carved wooden booths. Joseph was pleased to see the

curtain of the *sinner's* stall was open. He was in no mood to wait.

He stepped into the booth eagerly and closed the heavy curtain behind him. Sure enough, he could see a dark figure sitting on the other side through the latticed opening in the center. He was surprised that Father Raymond had no lamps or candles lit within. That would seem prudent on so dark and ominous a night. His figure could only be deciphered by the residual glow of the candles outside.

“Good evening, Father.”

“Good evening, my son. What troubles you?”

“Is it not very dark in these booths?”

“It is good to reside in darkness from time to time. To know darkness and solitude is to truly know one's thoughts. To strip bare the soul and see what lies at its core.”

“Indeed, Father, you've struck the root. I fear that is precisely why I sit before you tonight.”

“Speak the words and unburden yourself, my son.”

Joseph took a deep breath and sighed. He raised his right hand and made the sign of the cross over his face, chest and shoulders as he began. “Bless me Father, for I have sinned. It has been two weeks since my last confession. In that time, I have transgressed on each and every day, but it was not until these last few nights that the weight of my sins became unbearable.”

“Of what sins do you speak?”

“Impure thoughts. Demonic visions. Lustful longing for adulterous impropriety.”

Father Raymond shifted in his chair and Joseph heard the creak of wood as he re-positioned himself.

“Demonic visions you say? Then, these urges you're experiencing are intense?”

“Very intense, Father, and the woman in these... *hallucinations* haunts me endlessly. She mocks, teases and seduces me into heinous acts of debauchery.”

“They may be more than hallucinations, my son, but before I judge, tell me more. Describe this woman who haunts your thoughts and dreams.”

Joseph paused a few moments, reluctant to go into detail. It would be embarrassing to share such things, but he knew if there was to be any cure for his malady, he must be forthright. “She is a fair skinned woman with markings all over her body. Some kind of scars or tattoos. Taller than most men and always dressed in sinful attire. The color of her hair is different each time. Sometimes she has horns at her temple, a cloven tail or even wings.”

Father Raymond waited, expecting more, but the booth remained silent. “Is that all, my son? Have you left nothing out?”

“She also has...”

“Has what?”

“...a large.... phallus.”

The word hung in the air and it was the priest's turn to pause before speaking.

“Joseph, I'm sorry to tell you this, but it's critically important that you know... You are in serious danger.”

“What do you mean, Father? What kind of danger?”

“I have seen this phenomenon before. Too many times, unfortunately. The forces of darkness seek to corrupt our village with stunning regularity. All Hallow's Eve is a common interval for such acts. Thankfully, it has prepared me with the knowledge to deal with such threats. You must listen to me carefully and do exactly as I say.”

“Instruct me, Father, please.”

The wooden seating creaked again and Joseph could hear the old man leaning forward in his chair. His darkened face grew closer to the divider between them.

“This means a woman in our village has been possessed. That woman has cast a spell on you. You've heard her calling to you, yes? Beckoning for your company?”

“I have.”

“Your torment will only grow until you meet with her. If you wait in the square, tonight, you will no doubt find her. Your sins will be many, but you must surrender to her and do what this woman commands. You must follow her, obey her and sate her every hunger on this night.”

“What?!? But that's...”

“I know, my son, but if you do not, you will deteriorate until your mind is gone.”

Silence permeated the booths as candlelight flickered outside. Shadows danced left and right as Joseph considered what he should say.

“I suppose I have no choice, then.”

“I'm afraid not. You must do this and then return to me tomorrow night. Fear not, for I will absolve you of all wickedness.”

“Will I return to normal?”

“I hope so. Let us kneel and pray.”

The chairs creaked as both Joseph and Father Raymond stood. Each lowered themselves onto the small risers near the center. They knelt just in front of the wall of cross-shaped holes that formed the divider. Both bowed their heads in prayer as the priest spoke.

“Lord God, please cleanse the soul of your servant and forgive his many sins. Bolster thy son, Joseph, against this evil plot. Protect him from the harlot and all her wicked machinations! Let him face this curse bravely and with stalwart faith. See him through this dreadful Devil's Night! Amen.”

“Amen.”

“Go, now, my son. Do not keep her waiting. I will pray for you while you face this ordeal.”

“Thank you, father.”

The curtain rattled open and Joseph made a hasty exit. Although grateful for his words, the prayers of Father Raymond had failed to soothe his conscience. His footfalls echoed through the holy chamber as he headed for the entrance with much trepidation.

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Joseph leaned against the outer wall of the darkened general store, waiting with an anxious heart. After fifteen minutes in the town square the cold was setting into his body. He was about to withdraw a pipe from his pocket and light up when a hooded figure walked into the dim light of the courtyard. This person had the figure of a woman, but was considerably taller than any woman in the village. It had to be her.

She zeroed in on Joseph, stalking towards him directly. Her identity was concealed under a thick, brown cloak. As she drew closer, her footwear gave her away. Her boots were glossy black with high heels. No one in the community owned such things. Or so he thought, until now.

As the mysterious woman came within a few paces, she raised her arms and lifted her hood. Joseph saw a familiar face and gasped.

“Elizabeth! Is... is that you?!?”

Her sultry lips and seductive, light gray eyes were the same, but much of her had changed. Her long hair had taken on the color of Azure blue. Her face was covered in the strange, fiendish marks he'd seen many times in his visions. Her taller stature could not be attributed solely to the stilettos of her boots. She was significantly taller and stronger than she'd ever been.

“It is, but you will not use that name tonight.”

Joseph swallowed. “Then how should I address you?”

“Mistress” she stated flatly with a cold gaze.

Elizabeth opened her robe and revealed her full, curvy body. Joseph's eyes went wide as he drank in an incredible sight. Shiny black leather crept up her legs to mid-thigh. Garters trailed upward to the black rubber corset that barely held up her massive breasts. In the midst of it all was a long, thick, uncut cock. The smooth, massive appendage looked more fit for some beastly creature of legend than a human

being. A condom dangled from her weighty shaft, the tip filled to bursting with viscous semen.

To his eternal shame, Joseph was not repulsed by this. His mouth went dry as the beating of his heart quickened. His penis stirred below as his body was overcome by lust. He desired to lay with this woman, as he'd foreseen many times. Their sinful copulation was the subject of his daydreams and nightmares alike.

"I grew tired of waiting, so I started without you" she said with a haughty grin. Elizabeth reached down, pulled the latex sleeve from her glistening rod and tossed it aside. It hit the cobblestones with a splatter of creamy spunk.

Joseph had many questions, but just as he moved to pose them, she silenced him with a command.

"Follow me."

Elizabeth closed the robe around her body and started down a quiet alleyway. Joseph followed her, his curiosity beckoning him as much as his libido. He'd always thought Elizabeth was beautiful, but she was married and so was he. A virtuous man would not look on her covetously. But man is sinful and the pleasures of the flesh forever weigh upon his mind. It was almost fitting she'd transformed and seduced him in sinister fashion. One would hardly call a sexual affair punishment, but given her size and strength, Joseph suspected he would soon reconsider.

The towering woman led him into the darkness. They passed behind many of the main street's buildings before rejoining the central road and walking into the gloomy countryside. The waning light of the devil's moon lit their path as they approached an abandoned barn. The structure had belonged to an old couple who'd passed away many seasons hence. It had not yet been repurposed.

They proceeded to the side entrance where Elizabeth opened the door and entered. He followed her in and the door was swiftly closed and latched shut. They were in pitch blackness a few moments as Joseph heard her boots squelch through the muck. An oil lamp blazed to life and the large barn was illuminated in light orange.

Elizabeth disrobed and tossed the long, brown garment over the side of a stall. "Remove your clothes" she instructed curtly.

Joseph set to the task, removing his hat and cloak and finding a place to hang them. The rest of his clothes joined them as Elizabeth strutted to his side and watched him get naked in the eerie light. Her smile was devious.

She grasped her cock and began stroking the giant hose of flesh up and down lewdly. "You want this, don't you Joseph?"

"Y-Yes..." he admitted, cursing himself for how eagerly his reply was given.

"Then you'd better get it nice and hard. This is your responsibility now." She chuckled before releasing her cock and turning her back to him. Her large, round buttocks was presented to him just above her latex-clad thighs.

"**On your knees** where you belong and **put your tongue in my ass**, you filthy pig!" she spat over her

shoulder.

Joseph shuffled forward, his bare feet squishing in the muck until he was just behind her. He knelt down, his knees pressing into the filth as he pushed his face into her ample ass cheeks. He put his tongue to work directly, gliding up and down her crack and probing her rosebud with warm, wet flesh. Joseph was astonished by how naturally it came to him. He took hold of her large, supple thighs to steady himself.

“Oooh, I should punish you for that! Touching without permission is a no-no. But I'll let it go this time, since you're new at this. Wouldn't know it from your technique... You've licked a lot of asses, haven't you?”

Joseph moved to extract his face and protest. She grabbed him forcefully by the hair and kept him sealed in her ass. “**I gave you no permission to speak, you lech!** Besides, your tongue is talking plenty...”

He speared his moist flesh into her soft pucker repeatedly. In between lengthy series of tongue-fucks, he glided his face up and down her increasingly sloppy crack with hungry moans. Blood rushed to her massive unit and Elizabeth's cock stiffened rapidly. Her heavy balls dangled below, churning with seed and aching with primal lust.

“What a **holy** man you are!” Her sarcasm dripped between panted breaths. “**Licking a woman's ass** in a muddy barn! About to get **fucked up the ass...** Do you think your wife will ever be able to please you again?”

Joseph groaned from the depths of her derriere. He hated her words, but his hardening cock attested to their truthfulness. In this moment, he wanted nothing but to be used and degraded by this demonic succubus. The thought of loving intimacy in the marriage bed was revolting to him, now.

He worshiped her ass until Elizabeth's enormous rod jutted out at full attention. Satisfied, she pulled his head free from her phlegm slathered cheeks. “**Get up!**”

Joseph was pulled, by the hair, to one of the nearby barn stalls. In it was a large, round bale of hay and some barn equipment; presumably leftover from the previous owners. It was all too neatly arranged for it to have been coincidence, though. It seemed that Elizabeth had used this area to *entertain* before.

She bent him over the thick seat of straw and kicked his legs apart. Joseph heard the jingle of metal rings and buckles. Within seconds, he was presented with an old horse bit.

“**Open.**”

He obeyed and the musty, leather bit was strapped into his mouth. The harness wasn't made for a human head, but his new Mistress made do. She fastened the buckles and straps tightly until the metal rings stretched his cheeks and the leather tube was pulled painfully into the back of his mouth.

“**I'm going to enjoy making you scream,** but I'd rather you not wake up half the village.”

She pulled his arms behind him roughly and tied them together with thick rope. Soon Joseph was bound over the large hay bale. His legs were spread wide and his bare feet sank in the gripping, muddy

sludge.

Elizabeth stroked herself smoothly as she groped his ass with her spare hand. She gazed down at his bound and spread eagle form, relishing the moment of conquest. “Look at you... A proper mare **ready to be bred**. And I have just the cock to do it! Sadly, for you, there's no lube for sale in this **backwater shithole**.”

She shoved the fat head of her cock into his silky starfish and rammed it home.

“**AAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH!!! AAAAGGGGFFFFHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

Pre-cum poured from her tip, providing at least some mild form of lubrication as inch after inch of her humongous cum pipe tunneled into his warm, fleshy walls. Elizabeth seized his hips with an iron grip as she guided her bulging missile of flesh into his moist depths.

“Nnnnnggggghhhhhhhhh... **OH FUCK!!! YES!!!**”

Claiming a virgin ass was the best feeling in the world to Elizabeth now. She wanted it every day. No, every hour! She would get her wish eventually. Soon she would learn the magic that made a loosened sphincter tight again. Her new companions had promised to teach her.

Pain and a brutal fullness Joseph didn't know was possible tore through his helpless hole. Elizabeth bucked into him and stretched his pucker without mercy. Tears streamed from his eyes as he wailed into his gag. And yet, even at this painful early stage, the gliding of fat, slick cock into his depths brought with it a hint of unexpected pleasure. He yanked on his tight bonds and was surprised to find the futile gestures thrilled him in an usual manner. It made him feel giddy.

Elizabeth emitted a devious chuckle as she began sawing her incomparable penis in and out of his desecrated rectum. She plowed in a little further with each sloppy insertion, her prodigious pre-cum lubricating the way for her full insertion. “Admit it, **you little bitch!** You're enjoying this!”

“**NNRRMMMMMM!!!**” Joseph shook his head from side to side. He'd found some tiny scrap of pride left at the bottom of his tarnished soul. He clung to it, stubbornly, even though it was too late. There was no denying she was right.

“Pfff... I may consort with demons, but at least I'm not a liar. Now you have another sin to confess!”

SMACK

She belted his ass with the palm of her hand before increasing the pace of her plowing. She railed him fast and hard as air and pockets of pre-cum escaped from his stretched pucker. Her cock dove deeper with every thrust until her massive balls slapped against the hay. Elizabeth had drilled all the way in and her climax was fast approaching.

Joseph sputtered into his gag as the pain faded into pleasant reaming. A strange sensation flooded him with queer pleasure as his prostate hummed for the first time in his life. Elizabeth grunted and moaned blissfully as she rutted like an animal. She fucked him mercilessly, plowing through his tight, spongy entrance with every thrust of her hips.

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Father Raymond sat in the confessional, deep in meditation. It had been a long service for All Saint's Day, but he was happy to stay longer and provide much needed assistance to his flock. He waited in the dark, patiently, until the sound of footsteps reverberated through the hall. He peeked out into the chapel and smiled. Joseph had returned and looked no worse for wear.

He waited until the man stepped into the opposite booth and the curtain rattled closed. Neither of them said anything at first and Raymond attempted to gauge his disposition. He was most likely confused by his experience, but Father had talked many men through this tribulation before.

"You've returned."

"I have, Father."

"Did the harlot find you in the night?"

"She did."

"So, now you've known true wickedness. You've felt the cruel flaying of unholy lust upon your flesh. You've seen the truth of carnal sin."

"I have."

"And you slept well last night, did you not?"

"Better than I have in weeks."

"There are no more visions? No more terrors in the day or night?"

"None, Father."

"All infernal temptation has been purged from your heart?"

"Yes" he lied.

"Lord God and all the Saints above, preserve us all as you have sheltered Joseph in his time of need! Bless and keep your son as he has kept faith in you! Forgive his sins and let him move forward, basking in the truth, the light and the love of the holy Trinity. Amen!"

"Amen."

"Go home, Joseph, and kiss your wife without apprehension. Your lips are pure once more."

"Thank you, Father."

The curtain shot open and Joseph stomped out of the booth. Swift footfalls echoed off the far walls and vaulted ceiling as he made a hasty exit.

Father Raymond watched him leave; a broad grin spreading across his face. His eyes twinkled in the dark seclusion of the confessional.

Elizabeth had chosen well. Joseph was a pillar of the community, but not for much longer. He would never be the same after this. He would always crave another unholy coupling. Always long for more. And Elizabeth would provide it, for now. She was quickly becoming an officer of merit in the dark lord's army. A succubus that loved her work and relished her power over men.

The corruption of the town was proceeding apace. When Father Raymond had gathered all the required materials and the moon was in its proper phase, the ritual would be performed again. Another woman would be transformed and a new succubus would be born. Cordelia would be next.

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