Creatures On Fire

by Predaliena

Summary

Delve into the world of passion with monsters in this steamy monster erotica collection! Believe or not, but monsters like me also need a piece of love. Strange but true. Contains adult content. Only 18+ please.
Monday. Today is the first day of practice for students from computer technics and electrical engineering faculties. A travel to an office building awaited us. I was rather interested in this. As one of the most hard working students, I was happy to do some work out of University. Me and a group of other students of six people were heading to the bus station where the arranged vehicle was waiting for us.

“Oh wow, I’m so excited! The first time we’re going to something outside our University!” Julia exclaimed. She was the daughter of my godmother and my best friend. She was a nice person generally but was too fond of parties and things like that which didn’t satisfy me.

“Yes, and I wonder what kind of tasks they prepared for us to do,” I replied.

“I’m sure there’s nothing so terribly difficult. We are on our fourth grade, and there’s not much left till graduation. So we are intelligent enough to do any task. Aren’t we?” she smirked.

“We are, no doubt,” I grinned back, “I only hope it will be interesting thing to do. Otherwise it’s useless when it sparks no interest in you. But… a task is a task, and we have to complete it, no matter if we like it or not.”

“That’s right. So here we are, there’s our bus. Hop in and way we go!”

The students boarded the bus, and it went its way to our place where work awaited. It wasn’t a long drive, half an hour was the maximum. While going to our today’s workplace, Julia spoke again:

“Hey, did you hear about what’s going on in Raccoon city?”

“No. And what is it?”

“Wow, it’s such a thing that couldn’t be missed! I heard they worked on some kind of virus or something, and as result of an accident the virus has spread and the infected ones turned into blood-thirsty walking dead!”

“Hey, come on, walking dead!” Spencer replied. He was one of the biggest sceptics among us. “This already sounds like a banal horror film. Zombies are fictional!”

“I know, but it’s what I heard in the news!” Julia exclaimed in response. “It’s not my fault that you don’t watch the news!”

“Calm down guys!” Annie decided to join the talk. “Fiction or not, but thanks god it’s not happening here. So stay calm.”

Annie was a person with a rather soft character. It was always easy to make a deal with her. And for that I liked her a lot. Next to Spencer was Mike. He was the one I could chat with for hours due to interests in common. He was one big fan of beasts of different kinds and just adored horror and science fiction genre.

“But I’m rather interested in this story,” Mike said finally, “what else did they say?”

“That’s not all,” Julia continued, “beside the zombies I’ve seen one really horrible creature. That one seemed very strong and indestructible. At least two metres tall, dressed in black coat and armed with a rocket launcher. He caused the most destruction in town. They were filming everything from
helicopter, otherwise there would be no broadcast if they were on the ground. As much as it was visible from the height, that beast had brownish skin, hairless head and mouth with teeth visible. Horrible face, indeed.”

“Oh wow, cool!” Mike exclaimed. “That’s really worth attention! And did they say anything about the origin of this monster? He also might be the result of this mysterious virus?”

“Well, not much,” Julia replied, “as far as I heard, he was created artificially in a laboratory and programmed to destroy the members of so-called S.T.A.R.S. troop.”

“Why’s that?”

“It seems that those people know too much about the experiments. So it’s decided to destroy them to prevent the secret information from spreading.”

“Yeah yeah…” Spencer added in an unsatisfied voice, “nice try. Worth making a horror film, heh.”

“Come on, Spence!” Annie interrupted him, “don’t be like that. Even I became interested, although I’m not a fan of such things.”

“I say, if it was just a horror film, I wouldn’t tell you that,” Julia said. “Hey, what do you think of that?” she turned to me.

“It sure sounds pretty interesting and damn exciting. But really, as Annie mentioned, lucky we are far from all those events. Who knows what could have happened to us if it all took place here”.

“Right. Zombies at least can be killed. But that monster really seemed invulnerable. Scary dude, indeed,” Julia said.

“Yeah. But we’re safe,” I smiled, “I hope neither the zombies, not that monster will ever get here. It’s far away from our place anyway. By the way, here we are already.”

Finally we arrived to a high office building with many floors. It looked very modern, much of it was made of glass. The whole picture was really impressive.

As our group approached the main entrance, a middle-aged woman was waiting at the doors. Seeing us, she greeted us with a friendly smile.

“Ah, so there you are, guys!” she smiled warmly, “Good afternoon, Mr. Jones. You’re just in time. There seems to be a little problem in our computer system, so your students could try to fix it. That could be their first task in praxis programme.”

“Of course, Ms. Konnerth. They are here to do their job. I’m sure they’re not going to disappoint you. Right?” he said, looking at his wards.

“Right, professor,” the students replied.

Ms. Konnerth lead the students to the third floor, to the cabinet with many computers inside. First of all, we listened to the instructions on how to work correctly with the local computer system, and then each student sat at his own computer and began working, trying to figure out what the problem was and how to fix it. When it seemed that it was nothing serious, and the problem could be easily fixed, something totally unexpected happened. All of a sudden the lights in the whole building went out, and with it the computers stopped working. To say that all of us were surprised, including Ms. Konnerth and Professor Jones, was like saying nothing. All stayed silent for a minute or something, until I finally spoke:
“What is that? What happened?”

“I don’t know,” Ms. Konnerth answered, “we’ve never experienced such things before. Something must have happened to the main power system. Maybe the knife switch went out or something. All those electricity switches are in the neighbour building, some metres away from here. So right now we have to go there and see what happened.

“I think we can fix that,” Richie, one of our students, said, “I’m somehow more than sure it’s nothing serious.”

“I hope you’re right,” Ms. Konnerth said, “if we can get the electricity back to normal, we will continue with the task.”

“All right, you guys, let’s go,” Professor Jones spoke, “we’ve had spoken much about how to face such problems theoretically and went through some practice in the University, so now it’s time for you to use your knowledge.”

The other building was not far away from the offices, so we went there on foot. The weather outside was nice but we had no time to enjoy it, we had things to do. And when we reached our destination, it turned out to be a three floor concrete building with many wires around it, which reminded me a power station. In the end my guess was correct – it indeed was a power station, and looks like something went wrong there. I only hoped it was nothing serious. To be honest, I never liked to work with electric stuff. Although I own much knowledge on how to treat such things, I was always afraid of an electric shock. So everything I could now wish for, was to finish this thing as fast as possible.

After we entered the station, we went upstairs to the last floor where an older lady, a duty one, was waiting for us. She looked very stressed.

“Oh, Ashley, thanks god you arrived! I was so worried! The power went out so suddenly! I can assure you that everything was absolutely fine with all the devices. I don’t want to sound insane, but… I have a bad feeling about this. It feels like someone did this on purpose… But ok, I don’t want to scare anyone. These are just my own thoughts…

“No need to worry, Ms. Frankfeldt,” Ms. Konnerth said, “I came here with a group of students from computer-electricity faculty and their professor, they have to work out their practice. And this is just the case for them.

“Good. Come then, I’ll show you the way.”

Our group followed Ms. Frankfeldt to the door on our right. She shined her torch, so it’s not too dark for us to see. In this room was the main device that regulated the power transmission. Richie, Spencer and Mike were the first to go to check it, while Julia, Annie and me were near to watch and see if any help was needed.

Looks like they guys did their job well. There was no lethal damage, so it was no problem for them to fix the device, and soon the power was back. Each of us, and especially Ms. Frankfeldt, gave out a loud, relaxed sigh.

“I can’t thank you enough, dear students! You sure did your job well. Thank you so much!” she said happily. “And a special gratitude to the professor for bringing up such good workers.”

Professor Jones smiled with a little embarrassment and gave a slight bow:

“You’re welcome, Ms. Frankfeldt. I’m glad to hear that my students are good workers and that all
that time, when I worked with them, was not a waste.”

“It sure wasn’t.” she replied and turned to Ms. Konnerth. “And thank you, Ashley, for your help, too.”

“It was nothing,” she flushed a little, “I was glad to help. So anytime.”

So, the power problem was happily solved, and it was time to go back to the office. All of us went out of the power room and were ready to go downstairs, when Julia suddenly stopped.

“What is it?” Annie asked.

“Sssh! Do you hear that?” she asked.

“Hear what?”

Julia didn’t manage to reply, but the answer was not long in coming. We could hear a loud crash, like something broke through the wall, followed by heavy footsteps coming from the room on our left.

“Oh my god, who could that be?” asked Ms. Konnerth in a frightened voice.

“Whoever it is, we have to get out of here and fast!” Professor Jones exclaimed.

Just at that moment when the students started to run down the stairs, the door was torn off its hinges, and there stood something that we’ve never seen before. We all literally froze in fear. Whatever it was, for sure it was no human. It was at least two metres tall, with rock hard body and dressed in a black leather coat and pants. But what terrified us the most, was his face. He had one open eye, absolutely blank and white in colour. The other one looked sewn close. And his mouth… It definitely was lipless, exposing the sharp teeth. The skin colour was something between brownish and dark yellowish, and there was something pink wrapped around his neck. When I had a better look, I saw that those were tentacles. It was a pure monster, the one that Julia had mentioned in the news broadcast.

Where did he come from? And what is he doing here? Looks like it was the same monster that we mentioned on our way here. But how the hell did he get out of Raccoon city? Neither me, nor anyone else had any idea. It didn’t matter now. But what’s the strangest thing… I could practically feel the sight of monster’s eye on me. Exactly on me, and not on any of my course mates. But why? I have nothing to do with S.T.A.R.S. troops or any other events in Raccoon city. I had an uncomfortable feeling. He looked at me like if I was standing naked before him. His eyesight was… lustful. It scared and surprised me simultaneously. The monster, whose goal is to kill, looks at you not like at his victim but like at the object of his lust.

Whatever the monster’s intentions were, we had to get out of there until it’s too late and he kills all of us. We began to run downstairs when suddenly I felt a big, strong hand grab my left arm. It was the monster who grabbed me and pulled me closer to him. My course mates wanted to run back to help me, but I screamed:

“No! Run for your lives! Run, or he’ll destroy all of you!”

With sorrow in their hearts, other group members had to leave me in monster’s hands. It was more than clear that it was no use trying to save me in any way. So all they could do is leave, and all what remained for me to do, was to wait for him to deliver the final blow and to accept my death.

But death never came. Instead, I felt that his touch and how he grabbed me, was not in an aggressive
manner. He didn’t squeeze me strongly to suffocate or to break my bones. Unexpectedly for me, the monster showed zero violence towards me. He was holding me so that my back was pressed against him, and I felt his crotch rubbing against my butt. I could guess what his intentions were, and fully realized them when I felt a large bulge growing under his leather coat.

I was trembling in fear that he might force me to mate with him right there and now. It looked like the monster was busy with his blissful feelings, growling with satisfaction, so a thought flashed in my mind – I have to use this moment of his weakness and escape! Collecting all my might, I rushed out of monster’s muscular arms and ran down the stairs as fast as I could. I could only hear his angry and disappointed roar, but I didn’t care. When I rushed out of the building, all others were slowly walking back to the office. They all looked sad and depressed, I could hear Julia’s and Annie’s sorrowful sobs.

“Hey!” I screamed, running after them. “I’m still alive!”

They all turned around with surprised face expressions. No one expected that I would survive this encounter with a beast.

“B-but how… how can it be possible? Why hadn’t he killed you?” Richie asked. “He looked like he had a wish to destroy everything and everyone on his way!”

“I don’t know,” I said in response, “you may not believe me, but looks like he wasn’t planning to kill. At least not me.”

“What do you mean?” asked Mr. Jones.

“You left when I told you so you couldn’t see what happened next,” I explained. “but when he grabbed my arm, it was not aggressive at all. What’s more, he pressed me close to him, my back to him, and started rubbing his lower area against me, growling with satisfaction. And I… um… felt something… khm… growing underneath his coat.”

My course mates exchanged surprised glances, hearing my story, and Mr. Jones and Ms. Konnerth’s eyes nearly popped out of their skulls.

“Oh dear… does that mean that he actually… wants you as a female?” Mike asked.

“I guess he does,” I said. “At least that’s what he made me understand.”

“All right, now let’s move while he’s not chasing us yet,” Ms. Konnerth said in a worried voice, “the faster we get away from here, the better.”

We all practically ran back to the office building, locking all the windows and doors, trying to prevent the monster from getting inside. To be safer, the windows were additionally covered with metallic shutters, because glass could be broken easily. We went up to our cabinet to finish what we started and to drive home when it’s safe enough.

During the work I suddenly felt the need to use the ladies’ room. Telling Ms. Konnerth about it, I went out of the computer room. After I was done, I went back through the corridor, when suddenly one door on the left opened, a hand grabbed my arm again, and I was dragged into a room.

At first I was so shocked that I just couldn’t understand what was going on. When I finally regained the ability to think, I looked around and found myself in an empty room with a few desks and chairs. Hearing the familiar growl behind my back, I slowly turned around and came face-to-face with the same monster again.
How the hell did he get inside?! All the windows and doors were locked firmly! Impossible! Did he actually manage to break through somehow? Different thoughts raced through my mind. No matter how he got in, now I was completely alone with him in this room. I knew I couldn’t get away from him. Whatever he was planning to do, I only prayed it happened fast and painless.

I slowly sat on one of the chairs and waited for his next action. He stood before me, growling quietly. I couldn’t understand at once, what he wants from me. But then he gently took one of my hands in his large hand and put it on his leather coat right where the first button was. I realized at once that he wanted me to unbutton and take off his coat.

To be honest, I was afraid to take it off and see what was underneath. But on the other side, did I have any other choice? I guess not, so I slowly put my right hand on the first button on his coat near the left one and started to unbutton it. The monster didn’t move. He just stood there and growled with pure satisfaction. While I worked with his coat, I felt his hands slide up and down my body in a studying manner, until one of them stopped on my breast and squeezed it. I let out a small gasp, not from pain but more from surprise. Seeing my reaction, the monster did it again, earning a faint moan from me this time.

Continuing unbuttoning his coat, I finally reached the last button and slowly slid the leather clothing from his upper body. Looking up, I studied the monster. His body was indeed very muscular, with brownish skin and tentacles protruding from his collarbone area, which made an impression that they were wrapped around his shoulders. But so in general his body looked more or less similar to human one. In some way, he even looked beautiful.

Right after the coat fell on the floor, the monster lifted me up on my feet, and his hands continued to run up and down my body. No matter how strange it might sound, but I finally started to like his actions. In the result I began to let out faint moans, which showed that I was getting aroused. He used this moment when my mouth was slightly open and slid his tongue inside, exploring the warm cavern. I had nothing else to do but to return the same, and our tongues weaved together like two snakes. It was one very unusual “kiss” but I found it rather enjoyable, no matter how strange it sounds.

When the monster finally decided that it was enough “kissing”, his face slid down from my face to my neck and shoulders. I didn’t understand at first what he was doing but then it finally came to me that he was sniffing me. Feeling my arousal, he grabbed the edge of my shirt, ready to tear it off my body. Being afraid that he could tear my shirt to pieces, I put my left palm on his chest and shook my head, saying:

“Let me do it myself, ok?” I was afraid he might not understand what I say but seems that I was wrong. He nodded and took hands away from my shirt, so I took the shirt off myself. But it looked like he wasn’t satisfied with that, he wanted to see more. He made me understand it, letting out a grunt and sliding the straps of my bra down my shoulders. So I undid the clasp and slid the piece of garment off my form. From his further reaction it was more than clear that he liked what he saw. One of his large hands moved up to my left breast, squeezing it gently. I gasped at his touch, and he immediately repeated this action, earning more gasps from me. In turn, I began caressing his chest and stomach while his fingers touched my already hard buds. As this was one of the most sensitive place on my body, I just closed my eyes and let the pleasure overwhelm me. Hearing my silent moans, the monster lifted me up so, that my chest was on the same level with his face. That was an easy thing for such a muscular creature like him, my weight was nothing to him. Right after that I felt something wet touching one of my nipples. Looking down, I noticed his tongue sliding out of his lipless mouth and getting in contact with the sensitive tips of my breasts.

To say that I was overwhelmed by blissful feelings, was like saying nothing. Monster or not, but I
loved what he was doing to me. But I could guess that it was only the beginning. When he decided that it was enough playing with my breast, he put me down on my feet and moved one of my hands to the zip on his pants. It was more than clear what he wanted me to do. So I started unzipping his black leather pants, freeing his rock hard member, aching for release. His size was indeed impressive. After it was free, I used my hands to give it a massage and even licking the tip of its head. While doing this, I could hear satisfied growls above my head. But the massage only wasn’t enough for the horny monster. He grabbed my hair, which was rather unexpected, making me open my mouth a bit from the surprise. And before I could react, he shoved his hard member into my mouth. I didn’t hesitate and started working with my mouth, otherwise I would be out of air, because he pushed it rather deep inside, considering his size. I was doing my best to give him as much pleasure as possible. He was growling from overwhelming pleasure, and I could swear that beneath the growls I could hear something that sounded like moans. Well, it’s only for the best. I sucked him with more and more energy, and he moaned louder and louder, until finally he let out a deep and lour roar, and my mouth was filled with a load of his seed. I had no other choice than to swallow everything, not to make mess around.

The monster was obviously satisfied with this foreplay. But the main part was still ahead. He grabbed my arm and pulled me up to my feet, caressing my face, which was a sign that he was satisfied with my job. I barely nodded, being relieved that I’ve made him satisfied. I unbuttoned my pants then and slid them down together with panties. He lifted me up again and put me on the desk, spreading my legs apart. I was ready for whatever was going to follow. Then I saw one of the tentacles on his shoulders move and slide to my wet opening. Looks like he wanted to have a bit more of foreplay. The tentacle tickled my entrance and after a second it slid in. The feeling was... unusual, let’s say so. I could never imagine that I would ever experience tentacle sex. This was very exotic, indeed. But it was very pleasurable, I’m not going to hide the truth.

The tentacle continued moving inside me for a few minutes when suddenly he decided to take it out. I felt empty in some way. But soon enough something bigger touched my wet labia. I understood that the main part was going to start right now and there. The monster grabbed my hips, this time rather rough, and slowly began to push his large member into my vagina. I pressed my eyes shut and clenched my teeth from pain. He was big, really big. I knew my limits, and I completely wasn’t used to such size. Luckily he didn’t push in aggressively, allowing me to adjust. He didn’t move for a minute or something, until I finally nodded, making him understand, that I was ready. So he moved his hips backwards and pushed in again. I still could feel pain, but with each thrust it subsided, and soon it was replaced with a feeling of pleasure. When the pain was totally gone, blissful moans began to escape my lips. Seeing this, he increased the speed, hitting my sweet spot with each thrust. I was nearly screaming from pleasure, from how hard he was pounding into me. His movements became faster and more frantic with each moan that he received from me. I was close, very close to the peak, and I could tell that he was close, too.

Finally it was enough. I couldn’t hold myself anymore. My insides clenched around his member, and with a loud scream I came. After a few seconds he followed me, spilling his seed into me. He nearly collapsed on the top of me, but held his hands against the desk, not to crush me with his weight. My body was covered with sweat, the heart was still beating like crazy. After regaining my breath and strength, I sat on the desk and then jumped down on the floor. He touched my face gently, and I came closer to him and pressed myself to his chest, feeling his arms wrap around my waist. Listening carefully, I could still hear very faint sound of a beating heart. Despite being created in the laboratory of Umbrella Corporation, he still was a living being that was capable of feeling something.

Freening myself from his arms, I began putting my clothes back on, and so did he. No matter how much I wanted to stay with him, I had to go back to my duties and finish my job. I told him this, being afraid that he might not understand. But he just nodded, making me feel relieved. Before leaving I pressed myself to his chest one more time, and he hugged my waist again. I went to the
door then, taking a look at him for the last time. He nodded again, and I left the room.

Damn, now I will get hundreds of questions from my course mates and the professor about where I have been so long. But never mind, I’ll think something out on my way. We’ll finish the job in the end and go back to the University, and then each of us will go home. What is for sure – I’ll never forget what I have just experienced. I doubt heavily that after this I will want any human guy to approach me. I don’t know whether I’m going to see this monster again, but I really hope he will find me. And I’m looking forward to it.
His Prey (Without Warning)

Sandy, the only survivor in the horrifying hunt. Those flying parasitic jellyfish-like things drained the life of all her friends. Greg, Tom, Beth… All of them have met their painful death. And now all their bodies were kept in a small shed where no people walk around.

*Very good place to keep the corpses,* - she thought.

But her friends weren’t the only victims of this merciless hunt. Three more men were there, who met the same fate. And now Sergeant Dobbs was killed right before her eyes, exactly the same way like the others. Well, at first he seemed to support them, but in the last hours he has only caused problems to her and Greg, taking them for aliens. And it was no use to make him think different. He was like obsessed with the idea to know the aliens’ plans. He was more than sure that the aliens are able to change their appearance, taking human forms. But man, how wrong he was! The alien hunter, the merciless killer, never tried to hide his identity. He was similar to a typical ‘Grey Alien’, just like people usually imagine the aliens to be. Probably someone has already encountered such type of aliens, so now it has become more or less a standard alien appearance.

Now her only hope was Joe Taylor, the local lorry stop owner. He kept one of those flying things in a jar as a trophy. After Greg’s death he helped her to escape the blood thirsty Alien, explaining that he came to Earth to hunt human prey. He has already managed to put dynamite on both sides of the entrance to the shed where he kept the corpses, because he was more than sure that the hunter will come there for his prey. But that crazy Sergeant has nearly ruined their plans. The Alien appeared just in time, killing Sergeant Dobbs when he approached him, hoping to have a conversation. Naïve old man…

Taylor tried to shoot the Alien but it was no use. The bullets did nothing to him. In turn, he threw one of those flying things at Taylor, so he ordered Sandy to blow the shed up together with the Alien. But… the detonator didn’t work. Sandy panicked, trying to fix the wires, but it still did nothing. And right before her eyes Taylor shared the same fate as all her friends did, while the parasites sucked out his blood. The hunter watched it with a satisfied look.

*Perfect. Another prey caught, * - he thought, *- now the last one is left. But I think this time I’ll use this human female for different purpose. I’ll take her to my ship and make some experiments with her.*

Sandy understood that her life was going to end right now and there. The Alien slowly approached her, grinning evilly. She no longer had the strength to run, because she knew that he will get her anywhere. He was an experienced hunter that has done this for years. And who was she? Neither a soldier, nor a professional fighter, or anything like that. She was just a girl who was used to live a peaceful life. She could never imagine that she would encounter anything of this kind. But here she was now, a helpless victim, sitting on the ground and waiting for her life to end. But it looked like he didn’t hurry to kill her. Sandy didn’t know what to expect. Such anticipation was worse than death to her.

The Alien was just standing above her, watching. Sandy wondered what he was thinking now. It looked like he was studying her with his eyes. Maybe he has changed his mind and decided to let her go? He has claimed eight victims so far. So maybe he decided it was enough hunting? Sandy hoped for the best.

The Alien was still standing motionless. Although it lasted for several minutes, for Sandy it seemed eternal. She didn’t know what to do – whether to run or to stay, and he maybe will leave her alone? She knew that such unpredictable situations were the most dangerous. Luckily it didn’t last long. The
Alien leaned to her a bit and stretched his hand to her.

*Now this is the end,* she thought, *now he’ll take away my life. I just hope it won’t be very painful.*

But the pain never came. He just touched her head, and everything went black.

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*POV Sandy*

Oh dear… my head… Wait a minute… Am I still alive? Really? So he decided to spare me? But… I can’t move…

Opening my eyes, I found myself in some kind of a modern laboratory or something like that. The technologies were far more advanced than I have ever seen. Different devices, many lights, panels… Where am I actually? And why can’t I move? What is that on my wrists and ankles? Some kind of cuffs… I’m chained to something and I can see I’m lying on something. But I feel somehow a bit cold, such a feeling that my skin is bared… Damn, I am naked! Oh shit… Whoever they are, what are they going to do with me? Wait a minute… I remember that alien stretching his hand to me and touching my head, and then I fell unconscious. Is this place really what I’m thinking it to be? Oh dear, there are also the bodies of all his victims… I’m in his space ship, that’s what this place is! But why did he take all my clothes? He didn’t do that to all other victims. I know, they are his trophies. The hunter’s pride, heh… But why did he make me an exception? Is he really going to… Oh dear, I hope not. He is probably going to make some experiments with me, so he needs to see all body of mine. Yes, that would be only logical. I just hope it won’t be too painful. And in the end it will probably result in my death. But let’s see what happens next.

*End of POV*

Just as Sandy finished her thought, she heard large doors open and there he was – her capturer and killer of her friends. Having a look at his trophies, he slowly approached the girl. For some moments he was studying her, and Sandy felt rather uncomfortable with him looking at her naked body. Those moments seemed like eternity to her, when suddenly she felt his fingers slightly touch her left arm. But it was just the beginning. After that his hand moved to her face, then to neck, until it reached her chest. Sandy moaned slightly when his fingers touched her left breast, creating a hard bud. But he was emotionless while doing that. Looks like he was curious about her reaction on his touch. He didn’t know what female body is like and what kind of reflexes it might have. He has already experimented with a human male once, so he was rather curious whether female body reacted the same way. Sandy felt his fingers moving along her forehead and cheeks. Till now it was rather gentle, and Sandy liked it in some way, so she closed her eyes and submitted to his touch, trying to make him understand that she liked his touch. Suddenly the light pain came when he touched her ear. Looked like he pinched her hear, continuing to check her reflexes. Sandy twitched a bit, but it wasn’t painful, just a little bit unexpected.

The Alien cocked his head to the side, it looked like he was curious. But she reacted approximately the same like the human male he has experimented with. Maybe the female was a little bit more sensitive, but till now it’s nothing special. At least with the face there was nothing very different.

His hand moved down on her shoulder, moving his fingers up and down along her arm. Sandy didn’t expect that his touch might be so gentle. But it was just the beginning. His fingers moved from the shoulder to the chest, until his hand cupped her left hill. Sandy arched her back lightly, feeling his hand on her sensitive spot. The Alien became even more curious, touching that spot and earning a
soft moan from her.

_This spot must be more sensitive than the others, - he thought, - she didn’t react so when I touched her face and head in general. The male didn’t react so on such touch. Interesting…_

He decided to do this again to observe more of her reaction. And again, the human female reacted the same way, moaning silently at his touch. His hand slid down to her stomach, exploring the area. The female was more or less peaceful when he touched her stomach. Then he decided to check the lower area, moving his hand to her hips. Here the reaction was similar when he touched her stomach.

Sandy was ready for everything. She already felt that he’s going to touch her right there. But she understood that he had no sexual intensions towards her. He was just curious, and that’s it. She didn’t have to wait long when she felt his fingers gently touch her slit. This time she moaned louder, and when his fingertips touched her clit, she arched her back and breathed deeply. But soon enough the Alien took his hand away from her intimate place. Sandy felt a little bit disappointed but she knew what the situation was like. He went away from her and approached some kind of machine. Sandy was beginning to get scared. She was afraid that he might cut her up or something, but then the bright light came, so she had to close her eyes, otherwise she might get blind. After that everything went dark, and she fell unconscious.

During this time the Alien scanned her body with the help of special device. He could see all her insides on the screen during the scan.

*POV Alien*

This is indeed interesting… Human male and female bodies differ not just from the outside but from the inside, too, - he thought, - Not just sexual organs are different, but also some other parts of the body and the body itself, its shape. Yes, and the sounds they make. Male and female voices are also different. Male voice is… lower and more rude, I’d say. I must admit, I even like the sound that the female makes. I don’t know even why. Till now I only hunted them for my own pleasure, for my honour. But it’s worth to examine some of their species.

*End of POV*

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The Alien left Sandy lying unconscious on the examination table and went to the next room. He really had to think things over.

*POV Alien*

Well, what conclusion can I make of all this examinations? I’d say human body has something in common with the bodies of the species of my kind. Not much, but there is definitely something. What is for sure that our males have rather similar sexual organs like human males have. I’m not an exception. Several times, when I went hunting, I’ve seen mating couples. During the mating process they made similar sounds like this female made, only much louder and often. And I noticed that human females enjoy when males treat them gently. This female that I’ve just examined also enjoyed when I touched her gently. And another thing… Many times I’ve seen their mouths touch for some time. Last time one couple I’ve killed also did this. Looks like they enjoy this not less than the mating...
itself. I’m really curious, what would happen if someone from my kind could mate with a human. That would be very interesting. I’m interested in the result. I’ve seen adult human couples with little humans with them. I guess they are the result of human mating. Our kind produces posterity in a similar way. I wonder what would happen if a representative of our kind and a human would connect. I think I’ll give it a try with this female. I’d like to try this mouth connection thing and maybe even mate with her. I just have to wait until she wakes.

*End of POV*

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Sandy woke up in the same room, lying on the same table, chained to it. She was afraid, very afraid. Not because of the Alien himself, but because she didn’t know what to expect. Was he going to kill her in the end? Or what his plans were? She didn’t know what to think when suddenly the doors opened, and the Alien entered the room.

*POV Sandy*

Oh my god, here he comes… What now? What is he going to do with me? Well, I guess my death is here. I just hope he won’t torture me and do it fast and painless.

Wait a moment… is he… touching me again? This gentle touch again... But this time I can see that he’s not doing it in an examining manner. Is he… caressing me? Well, it feels like that. I couldn’t imagine that he could be so gentle… A merciless killer like him… unbelievable. His touch is so… calming… It makes me relax…

*End of POV*

The Alien continued caressing Sandy’s body, trying to do it as gentle as he could. He really wanted to know whether mating with a human female is different than with a female of his kind. So he had to make her relax, so she doesn’t resist him. Looks like he was succeeding. Sandy was really getting relaxed by his touch, and not to say the least… she was slowly getting aroused. His hands cupped her breasts, massaging them gently, his fingertips touching her already hardened buds. Sandy moaned silently from pleasure that he gave her with his touch. She closed her eyes for a moment, but opening them after a moment, she saw his face, leaning right over her own face. She wondered, what he was going to do. His face was leaning closer and closer to hers, until finally his mouth connected with hers. Sandy realized that he was kissing her. He probably didn’t know how to kiss like humans do, so Sandy started moving her lips in kissing movement. The Alien felt it, so he decided to imitate her movements, because he really didn’t know what the kiss was. For his kind it was totally atypical. He moved his mouth simultaneously with hers. It was one strange but rather passionate kiss. The Alien obviously enjoyed it, so he deepened the kiss. Sandy felt rather peculiar at first but then she caught herself enjoying it either. But her hands were still chained to the table, and she wanted to put her arms around his body. So she let out a frustrated moan. The Alien didn’t realize at first, what was wrong, she seemed to enjoy the process. Then he understood the reason of her dissatisfaction, when she tried to move her hands. He saw that she wanted her hands to be unchained.

The Alien was pondering for a moment, whether to unchain her hands or not. *What if I really try to unchain her?* – he thought, *But if she tries to fight or escape, I’ll kill her at once.*
Deciding so, the Alien unchained her arms and legs. Sandy was free. But she had no intentions to escape or fight. She knew that it could result in her death. Besides, she had already managed to get aroused by this alien hunter, so she had no wish to resist him. She knew that she wanted it, so she let him do what he planned to do, just lying there on the table and expecting for his further actions.

“Please…” she begged, “do it. Take me and give me all you got”.

The Alien understood that she wasn’t going anywhere, so he was free to do what he planned to do. More than that, he saw that she wanted him. Desperately wanted. Deep inside him his male pride triumphed. Sandy stretched her arms, begging him to lean closer, which he gladly did. He didn’t know why but he wanted to kiss her ravenously again and again. And looks like she didn’t mind at all. He leaned to her, and she wrapped her arms around his neck, and their lips connected again in a deep, ravenous kiss. The feeling was indescribable. They both enjoyed each other very much. But he still had his greenish clothing on, and Sandy found it unfair.

“Could you please take off your clothes?” she asked, “It would be only fair. I’m fully naked, and I want to feel you completely. Please?”

The Alien heard her lustful voice. And why not to try it? – he pondered, - Would be rather interesting to feel her skin to skin. Our kind doesn’t do that but humans do. So it would be an interesting experience.

So he complied with her request without hesitating. Standing straight, he slowly started removing his clothes. First the net, that was covering the upper part of his body, fell on the floor, soon joined by his mantle and pants. Now he was standing completely nude before her. All his body was the same colour like his head and hands – a combination of grey and white colours, even more it was grey, with a light mixture of blue. In general his body shape was similar to human, even his sex organs were similar. The Alien cocked his head, like asking – like what you see? Sandy ran her eyes along all his body, admiring it.

“You really are very pretty” she said, smiling, “I really like you. You have a nice body. Come to me, I would like to touch it and feel you with my own body”.

Sandy was surprised how brave she felt now. But it was better for her. The Alien obviously was satisfied with her behaviour. So he approached the table she was lying on and climbed up on her. Sandy ran her hands along his body, absorbing every inch of it into her memory. The Alien’s lust was growing with every touch of her hands, he wanted to take her right now and here but he decided that a little more foreplay wouldn’t be bad. His hands ran up and down her upper body, feeling every inch of her skin. Their bodies were so close, rubbing against each other. It was an amazing feeling for both of them, especially for the Alien. He has never felt anything of that kind. He was doing his best not to take her right there and now because he wanted to play with her body a bit more. Sandy moaned silently when his mouth touched the curve of her neck then suddenly a sharp feeling of pleasure pierced her body when she felt his hands cupping both her breasts. She somehow expected him to be rough at first but now she completely forgot about that, seeing how gentle he could actually be. His touch was driving her crazy but she knew that it was only the beginning and there was much more to come.

Noticing that she enjoyed to be touched on her breasts, the Alien decided to play with them a little. His fingers moved around her hardened nipples, gently squeezing her soft hills and touching her buds playfully. The girl moaned loudly when his fingers touched her nipples. The Alien liked to listen to her lustful moans, the sound made him even more excited than he already was. He caressed her breasts a bit more, earning more moans from the girl.

But he hasn’t explored all of her body yet. As far as he has seen, observing mating human couples,
the most pleasure they got from interaction, using the place between their legs. This part was more familiar to him, the representatives of his kind also mated in the similar way, at least the penetration itself was the same. He knew he was going to do it with this human female but a little bit of hand play will not excess, so one of his hands moved down to her lower region. Her legs were spread wide enough for him to explore everything. Sandy let out even a louder moan that before when his fingers touched her already wet slit. The Alien didn’t stop moving his fingers up and down her labia until he found a sensitive spot that made the girl arch her back a bit and let out a deep breath, combined with a moan. He decided to rub that little spot a bit more because she obviously enjoyed it. His cock was already rock hard and he felt that can’t take it anymore.

“Please…” Sandy nearly whispered, wanting to feel him inside her. “I want you…”

That was all he needed to hear to start slowly penetrating her. She was so narrow, wet and warm, and from that their eyes became dim. He has mated with females of his kind but this feeling was totally new for him. He has never felt such pleasure in his life. The sound he made while entering her seemed strange to Sandy. It didn’t sound like moan too much but whatever it was, it was obviously the sound of pleasure.

It was rather painful at first but soon enough, after he went out and entered again, the pain subsided and was replaced by pleasure. But his strokes were slow, and she whispered to him:

“P-please… m-move faster… I want you all!”

The Alien gladly complied with her request. His thrusts became faster, and louder were Sandy’s moans. Yes, he will make her moan… No, he will make her scream of pleasure! He penetrated her with all his might, going deeper and deeper in her vagina, touching her sweet spot with every thrust. His wish came true – the girl underneath him was nearly screaming with every move of his hips. She knew that this alien was going to push her over the edge. And that was what she wanted at this blissful moment of their copulation. She didn’t care if maybe she could be dead after that or that maybe someone else could see what was going on between them. It was only between her and her alien lover, and no one else would interfere in this unorthodox coupling scene. The knot in her stomach was tightening with every minute, with every thrust, and Sandy felt that she was close to the peak. A few more hard thrusts, and finally this knot exploded, the walls of her vagina tightened around his cock, and with a loud scream she climaxed. That was what the Alien wanted to achieve – that his human mate screamed from pleasure, and this has just happened. Hearing her screaming, he made a few final strong thrusts and with a loud sound, which was something between scream, moan and roar, he released all his load into her, and right after climax, he collapsed on her chest from exhaustion.

Both were lying on the table, breathing heavily and slowly regaining their strength. Sandy was now pondering about what could happen next. No matter how strange it sounded but she didn’t want to be separated from him anymore. She could even forgive the death of her friends. Stockholm syndrome? Most likely, but now it didn’t matter. Even if he decides to kill her right now and here, she would die happy. It was definitely worth to live to experience all the things that she has just experienced. Now all that remained was to wait for his decision.

The Alien was more than satisfied with the result. At first, when he saw her, he wanted to kill her, just like he did with the others. But he decided to take her with him for examination. And he didn’t regret for a single second. He didn’t really plan this but he was happy that things went like they went. He knew one thing – this girl will live, and he will keep her.
1998…

The events in Raccoon City. I’ll never forget them. There are things that can never be forgotten, and that nightmare is one of them. Who could have imagined that something like that is even possible? The whole city was infested with monsters literally in one flash, it was like Hell had arrived on earth. I’ve never seen such creatures before in my life. But the most terrifying fact was that nearly all of them had been human before, which meant that this was some kind of infection that caused such extreme mutations. And when the truth came out, then no wonder why all of this was happening.

The pharmaceutical corporation known as “Umbrella” was behind this mess. They were responsible for the creature infestation as each of them was the host of so-called T-virus, created by Umbrella’s insane scientists. Zombies, those four-legged and skinless creatures with long tongues and open brains, huge spiders… God, I have a feeling that I’ll never be free from the nightmares about all of this when I go to sleep. My luck was to stumble on a rookie police officer Leon Kennedy and a young woman named Claire Redfield that came to Raccoon City to search for her brother. The three of us did our best to survive. And then this sweet little girl with blonde hair… what was her name again? Oh yeah, Sherry. We had to take care of her as she was chased by two horrible beings at once – her mutated father, William Birkin, and a tall humanoid in a trench coat. The first one’s purpose was to breed, although I don’t know how he planned to achieve it, but the second was tasked to get a sample of a new virus, developed by Sherry’s father. The thing was that this sample was hidden in a pendant that Sherry wore on her neck. Lucky we managed to get rid of that after we found out about it from Annette Birkin, Sherry’s mother, and Claire threw the pendant into the furnace. At least from one monster Sherry could get rid of.

But one creature disturbed me the most. Yes, the one that was tasked to get the G-virus sample from Sherry and eliminate the remaining police officers from the Raccoon Police Department. With that purpose he was dropped through the roof from a helicopter. Although in that police station there was no one to annihilate anymore, as they all turned into zombies. Well, except for Leon Kennedy, of course, but he was a new one and couldn’t know much at that moment. But, new or not, the monster, or, if we call it correctly, a Tyrant, didn’t care. He was given a mission and he would do anything to complete it. Funny thing that Leon nicknamed him “Trenchy”, as the creature wore a long, dark grey trench coat. From all the monsters that we encountered, he was the creepiest, at least for me. It might seem strange as his appearance was the least grotesque of all, but there was something about him that made me shiver. You would ask – why was he the most disturbing for me? Well, I’ll explain. The reason I’ve just mentioned is not the main one. It was his behaviour towards me. If Leon or Claire encountered him, he tried to kill them with his bare fists, as he lacked the claws or any other weapon. But every time he noticed me, his attention was switched to me at once, even pushing his main task aside. This smirk on his face and the look in his white, lifeless eyes… it was hunger, so much I could say. Whether it was hunger for flesh or something else, I didn’t care. All I wanted to keep myself as far as possible from this creepy mutant.

Somehow we managed to escape the city by train, of course, nothing was as easy as we could expect. That damn Dr. Birkin, that had mutated into some ugly, toothy blob, tried to stop the train. It was indeed one hell of hard work to get rid of him, but we finally did it. After we got out and bid farewell to each other, Claire continued searching for her brother and Leon took Sherry with him and went his own way. I, in turn, set purpose to reach my own home while it was still daytime. Later I heard on TV that the government found out about Umbrella’s illegal experiments with the B.O.W.’s and their stock fell rapidly. Umbrella was finished. And thank God, it served them right. The President gave an order to wipe the city from the face of Earth and with that, the Raccoon City stopped its existence. It was destroyed by bombs totally, together with all its monsters.
Now, when a year has passed since all that nightmare, there was finally peace and silence. I haven’t heard anything about Claire and whether she succeeded in finding her brother. As for Leon, I’ve heard rumors that now he worked as a government agent. Well, good for him, I guess, although I have no idea whether he’s happy with his new job or not. I haven’t met him personally since we parted a year ago. I’m sure both he and Claire also are unable to forget everything we have gone through together. I still see that city in my nightmares and all those Umbrella’s creations. But this Tyrant in a trench coat… I still laugh every time I remember Leon nicknaming him “Trenchy”. Really, a funny name for such a monster like him, although it was difficult to think of something else that would fit him, and there was no time to think anyway. And… I don’t know why, but I can’t stop thinking about him. That look on his face… I can’t forget it. This monster has burnt into my mind and memory more than anything else I experienced in Raccoon City. Sometimes I even feel that I want to see him again. What the hell is wrong with me?! This Tyrant, the merciless killer that wouldn’t think twice before murdering me, and yet deep inside I wish I saw him again. I guess my psyche is a bit damaged, but that’s expectable. Each person, if he or she was unlucky enough to be in my place (or Leon’s and Claire’s) would be affected by such a terrible experience, but we were strong enough not to suffer a nervous breakdown. And if my psyche is damaged, it resulted in me wanting, sometimes desperately, to see one of Umbrella’s monsters again. Needless to say that now and then my wishes and thoughts turn into rather dirty fantasies, and I’m embarrassed myself when thinking of it. But it’s not possible in any case, as Raccoon City has been destroyed with all the creatures, including that Tyrant.

Time passed peacefully and one morning, when I left home for work as usual, I had a strange feeling, you know, like something is going to happen, but didn’t know what. I tried to dismiss it, but it kept coming back and back again. I remembered the warning – never ignore your gut instinct, and if something deep inside you says something is not right, trust it. This feeling didn’t leave me all the day long, and it was really annoying when you don’t know what to await. Seriously, what could happen? Could it be that another virus outbreak is coming? Damn, I hope not. If something of Umbrella survived, they wouldn’t come out that soon, because the damage the corporation got was irreparable. No, there is something else, but what? Hell knows, I just have to think of something different and occupy myself with work to get distracted from these paranoid thoughts.

I usually finish work around seven o’clock and today was no exception. As it was summer and it doesn’t get dark early, I decided to walk home. Besides, I don’t live that far from the city center, although the area where I own a house looks more like suburbia, and after a few more meters there was a wooded area. At least it’s always peaceful there which makes me happy, as I can get peaceful sleep at night without annoying noises like ambulance sirens or just the sound of engine when cars pass your place non-stop. I was satisfied with life in that area.

As I approached my house, I saw Anne, a neighbour and a good friend of mine, peeking out of the door in fear. That seemed strange to me, as she wasn’t one of those who can get scared easily, so I was curious to find out what happened.

“Hey, Anne, how’s going today?” I said loudly so she could hear me.

“Oh, hi! Thank God you’re fine!” she sighed in relief.


“Yeah, I sure am, but I wouldn’t like to scare you too much…”

“Oh, come on, are you serious?” I huffed. “You’re telling me that? After all that I’ve gone through in Raccoon City I highly doubt that something can scare me. So come inside for a cup of tea and calm down.”
“Alright, thanks,” she smiled and followed me inside.

“Which tea would you like?” I asked.

“Jasmine, if you have one.”

“Sure thing,” I nodded and began warming up the water. “So tell me, what is this all about?”

“Haven’t you heard the news today?”

“No, I didn’t really have time for listening the radio or whatever, I was too busy, much work today. And what was on the news?”

Anne cleared her throat and began explaining:

“You know, at first I didn’t believe it, thinking that it was some kind of a hoax, but later I wasn’t so sure. They said there was some kind of a strange humanoid seen in our area.”

“What? What humanoid?” I started to blink fast. “Who has seen it?”

“I don’t know, they told nothing about the witness,” Anne continued “but they gave only an approximate description of the creature. It was very tall, maybe around two meters and wore a coat that covered all his body, except for the head which was bald. And that’s it, no more details. They said it was seen in the woods, so all people are warned to stay inside their houses while the area will be searched through and something more concrete will be found out. The creature might be aggressive, so they said it’s safer for us to remain inside. That’s why I was so relieved to know that you’re fine.”

After all the things Anne said I felt cold sweat beginning to cover my face and body. A tall, bald humanoid in a coat? It couldn’t be that thing that Leon called “Trenchy”, or could it? Was there a possibility that he survived the destruction of Raccoon City? No, it’s impossible. Nothing could have survived that mass destruction. Only if… if he managed to escape before the city was bombed… Damn, I was totally confused now. Anne, of course, couldn’t miss that.

“Are you ok? Now you also seem scared.”

“It’s ok, I’m fine,” I said, wiping sweat from my forehead. “It’s just… when you mentioned a humanoid in a coat, it made me remember one of the creatures I’ve seen in Raccoon City. It was exactly a tall, bald humanoid with grey skin and dressed in a trench coat. I thought at once that it might be him, but if the city was destroyed with all the monsters, so it’s not possible. But the description of the being that was seen in our area is eerily similar to him.”

“Oh…” Anne nodded understandingly. “If it is so like you say, then this is some kind of different being, not connected to Raccoon City. Let’s just hope they find out more about it.”

“Yeah, I hope so,” I agreed. “It only means I have to sacrifice my walking for some time and use public transport to go to work and back, and that is sad. I love walking a lot.”

“I know, me too. But safety is more important,” Anne winked.

“Sure. By the way, the water is hot already. You’ll get a nice cup of tea in a moment.”

“Thanks,” Anne smiled friendly.

Thus we spent a few hours, drinking tea and chatting cheerfully in a relaxed atmosphere, forgetting
about the strange news for some time. Finally Anne looked at the clock which showed 21:00, and decided that it was time to leave.

“Well, thank you very much for the tea. Now it’s time for me to go home. We both have work tomorrow. See you tomorrow and good night. Sleep well.”

“Thanks, same to you. Good night,” I said and we exchanged hugs. After that Anne left my house.

As it was getting late, I washed the cups and began preparing for bed, as tomorrow I had to wake up at six for work. Before bed I usually take a shower, so first I set the alarm clock in my smartphone and then went to the bathroom. Shower always allowed me to relax fully and forget the everyday problems. I washed all the stress away with the warm, pleasant water and stepped out of the shower, taking a soft terry towel to dry myself. I put on a bath gown of a knee-length while drying my hair with a hot airflow of a hair dryer. I was lost in dreams until I thought I heard some kind of a thud with an edge of my ear. Dismissing it as a hallucination, I continued my business until I heard it again, this time louder and quite clearly.

Now this was suspicious already. I didn’t own any pets, so it was clearly an intruder of some kind. Turning the hair dryer off, I ran to my bedroom and pulled a suitcase from under the bed. That’s where I kept my handgun and shotgun, the weapons I’ve carried with me from Raccoon City, with the help of which I survived. I loaded the shotgun and carefully walked out of my bedroom, trying not to make any sound. Whoever this bastard was, he would regret breaking into my house, and if he does something stupid, I’m going to blow his brains out.

I pressed the light switch at the top of the stairs and the light illuminated the living room. I went downstairs slowly, holding my shotgun ready. But what I saw in the living room nearly made me drop the weapon from shock. And there he stood, in all his macabre might, a perfect monster, the ultimate life form, as Umbrella’s scientists would say. So it was true all along – he really did escape from Raccoon City before it was destroyed and he obviously searched for me, not for Leon or Claire, until he finally found me. This thing was very persistent. I was right when I thought that the description of an unknown visitor matched this Tyrant’s appearance. He had obviously disobeyed Umbrella’s orders. But that cursed corporation was finished, so it didn’t matter anymore. He was free and could do whatever he pleased. And he was clearly not a stupid being like many others that we fought. This one understood perfectly what he did and why. It seemed like he hated being just a puppet of some arrogant scientists and now was more than happy to be finally free of everything. And that hungry look on his face was back. It was a predator, looking down at his prey and ready to attack any second. But as I was already used to tense situations, I didn’t lose courage. After all, it’s not the first time I encounter him already. Several minutes of looking at each other passed until the monster began moving towards me, smirking and licking his lips.

“No way, don’t you dare to come closer, you bastard!” I shouted angrily and aimed the shotgun at his head. I knew that shooting at the coat was useless, so I aimed at his head. At least with the zombies it always worked. But I didn’t forget for a second that the creature standing before me was no zombie. It was something much more serious and dangerous. And it looked like my attempts to stop him didn’t affect the monster, because he continued to approach me until just a few centimeters separated him from me. At this moment I cursed myself and my wishes and fantasies. Beware of your own thoughts as they might materialize – I understood this warning too late, and looks like my every fantasy about this monster were going to become true. Deep inside I wanted to encounter this creature again and here we are – he is standing right before my nose. And this look in his white eyes, it’s not like he always looked at those that he was going to kill, it was different. The Tyrant suddenly lifted his hand and put it on the shotgun, lowering it until it was pointing to the floor. I realized that he wanted me to put it down, but I wasn’t stupid and wasn’t going to let this monstrosity cheat me. If he notices that I relaxed for a mere second, he will use it and attack. I’ve learned already that he was
intelligent so I mustn’t lose vigilance.

Holding my gun down with one hand, the Tyrant began exploring me with the other hand, moving it up and down my body, his touch growing impertinent with every minute. All the time while he did it, he licked his lips and I could hear growls emanating from him. Now it was more than clear with what purpose he followed me. It was desire to copulate, it was lust. Now I finally understood what kind of hunger was on his face already during the chases in Raccoon City, but then there was no time to ponder about it. Then suddenly, with one swift movement, he snatched the shotgun from my hands and tossed it aside where I couldn’t reach it. I was doomed, that’s for sure, now I was sure he would use this moment of my weakness and kill me, hopefully quickly.

But nothing of that kind happened. Instead of murder, the Tyrant pulled me up to the level of his face and pressed me to the wall with his body. I was literally “sandwiched” between a wall and a monster. This thought made me giggle. The Tyrant didn’t understand what was so funny, but it was of no importance for him. He was searching for his “prey” for a whole year and now finally found it. And he will not refuse himself the pleasure to enjoy every moment of what was going to follow.

The monster lifted me up so that our faces were at the same level. His white, empty eyes looked into mine for a few seconds and then he nuzzled his face to my neck and pulled air in with his nose, moving it up, and when he puffed out, he growled in satisfaction. He obviously liked my smell and he repeated the same process a couple more times, replacing the nose with the tongue afterwards. A faint moan escaped my lips as I felt myself getting sexually excited with every movement of his nose or tongue, whatever he preferred to use. With each movement he growled and those growls echoed in vibration though his body. In the result I felt that vibration too, considering how tightly his body was pressed to mine. One of his arms was wrapped around my waist to hold me stable while the other one touched my fleshy thighs and moved to butt, squeezing it, not too gently, but too roughly either. It was bearable. But even if it caused a bit of pain, it only added to the pleasure that burnt all my body from inside. It seemed that the monster wasn’t satisfied with caressing a covered body, so he grabbed the string that was tied on my waist and held the bathing gown closed, and pulled it roughly, tearing it to shreds. No mercy was shown to my gown either and he just tore it from my body in one movement. As I had nothing under the gown, now I was completely open before him and he moved his eyesight up and down, absorbing every centimeter of my flesh. I closed my eyes and waited for his next move until I felt a wet sensation on my left nipple. Looking down, I saw his face at my left breast and his tongue swirling around my hardened nipple. The feeling was just amazing and I arched my head with a moan when he repeated the same process with the second breast of mine.

But it was nothing comparing to the feeling when his fingers moved between my thighs and found the sensitive spot. I couldn’t help but arch my back in pleasure which grew even stronger when he added those delicious bites on my neck, continuing the stimulation of my clit. The Tyrant wasn’t going to stop and explored more of my already wet opening, caressing the labia with fingertips until he finally inserted a finger inside me, adding one more for a better effect. To say that I loved every second of his manipulations with my body, was like saying nothing. After a minute or two he pulled both fingers out and brought them to his mouth, leaping up my juices and making satisfied growls. But I knew that he was far from done with me, as when I looked down I saw a large bulge was already formed under his coat, aching for freedom. As I couldn’t reach the belt with my hands, I tried to do it with feet, just to let him know that I want him to remove his coat, especially since I was curious to see what was underneath.

Luckily, the Tyrant understood the hint and put me down to undo the belt. While he was busy with removing the coat, one naughty thought flashed in my mind. I wanted to tease him a bit more and play cat-and-mouse for the last time before he takes me. I rushed upstairs to my bedroom and while I was on the stairs, suddenly, I don’t even know why, but I remembered Leon’s phrase, and I shouted
“Alright, come on now, Trenchy! Come and get me!”

Not sure whether he would understand the joke, but I continued running upstairs, laughing merrily. I turned around to see the Tyrant’s reaction, and to my joy, he smirked playfully and followed me upstairs. Maybe he remembered when Leon addressed him like that, or maybe not, but who cares. I ran into my bedroom and practically jumped on the bed. The night lamp was on, so its faint light created good mood. The Tyrant entered my room and watched lustfully how I sat on my knees and rubbed my wet folds, beckoning him to come and take me. He licked his lips again and unbuckled his black pants, letting them fall freely down to his ankles. Now he stood naked before me, revealing the full sight of his grey flesh. I realized I had to thank Umbrella mentally for creating such a marvellous being. I couldn’t tear my eyes away from his muscled body which generally didn’t differ from a human male body, except for height, size and skin color. But when I looked at his manhood, which was now fully erect, my eyes widened in horror. I wasn’t sure that I will be able to handle him. Although it wasn’t the first time I had sex, of course, but when he inserted two fingers into me, it was a feeling of a normal male penis inside, but such monstrous size… I don’t even know.

The Tyrant then climbed up on me, ready to get down to the main part of our intimate interaction, but noticed that something wasn’t right, that I was holding back, and tilted his head in confusion, accompanying his feelings with a growl. I thought on how to explain him better, so he would understand me.

“Um… I’m afraid a little because of our sizes. Please, try to be careful. Do you understand what I say? You might hurt me a lot, so try to control yourself, and no violent moves, alright?”

I didn’t know if he understood me, but the monster brought his face close to mine and rubbed his nose gently against my cheek. It meant that he understood what I said. Well, I hope it goes fine then. Before we began, I couldn’t resist the temptation to massage his male parts. I took his fleshy member in my hand and stroked it along its full length, while the other hand massaged the balls. The lustful mutant responded to this with a loud growl, which sounded full of bliss.

Finally I lay on my back and spread my legs apart, waiting for what it was to come. The Tyrant took his large member in one hand and rubbed its tip against my wet folds and then slowly plunged it inside my opening. I clenched my teeth as it was still painful, but not as bad as I expected it to be. He stayed so for a few moments, letting me adjust to his size. When I got more or less used, I nodded, giving him a sign to continue. The monster pulled his member out to the tip and then plunged it back in as deep as my physiology allowed. For some time we kept the slow, rhythmical movement until the boundary between pain and pleasure began to blur and finally pain totally subsided and was replaced with pleasure only.

“You can move faster now,” I barely managed to say between blissful moans, and the Tyrant was more than willing to fulfill my request. He moved his hips faster and faster, each time hitting the sensitive spot that made me not just moan, but even scream now and then from overwhelming pleasure. I couldn’t even imagine for a second that such bliss was even possible. This is something utterly different, something special that you cannot experience with a human male, and I knew that no one is capable of such things that this monster was now doing to me. Oh, and these satisfied growls of his with every movement of his hips… it was like music to my ears. No, I’m not even kidding, I wanted to hear these sounds all night long. My body moved in synchronized rhythm with his, matching him thrust for thrust, and I felt myself approaching the peak. The monster increased his thrusts, moving now in inhuman speed. I tried to hold as much as I could, but it wasn’t possible anymore, and I finally climaxed with a loud cry of euphoria. The walls of my vagina clenched around his member and in a few moments he couldn’t hold back anymore and literally roared into
my face, enjoying his own release.

Finally he pulled his manhood out and collapsed beside me, panting heavily. If he needed to get his breath, then what could be said about me? I don’t even remember being that exhausted in my life, but it was a happy exhaustion. I was exhausted from pure, unadulterated euphoria. Then I turned my face to a panting Tyrant and whispered:

“Thank you… Thank you for making me happy tonight.”

A light smile appeared on the Tyrant’s lips and he nuzzled his face to mine, hugging my waist with his arms and pressing me to his muscular chest. I noticed him being very tired and closing his eyes, and I was even more out of strength. My eyes were closing too, so I switched the night lamp off and snuggled to the chest of my unusual lover. His peaceful breathing and heartbeat were the only sounds that could be heard in silence and, accompanied by them, I finally fell into a blissful sleep.
A Demon's Mate (Sinister)

A/N: The story features Bughuul and my OC, Lena Firth from my Sinister fic The Assignment Of a Demon. So I suggest to read that first for a clearer picture.

Much time has passed since Lena Firth had disappeared from the world of the living. Everyone that knew her have become desperate, especially her family that lived in another city. No one had any idea where to look for her, people have tried any possible ways, but police and authorities were useless in this case. It seemed like Lena had simply dissolved in the thin air. Only the deputy knew what has actually happened to Lena, as he still held her note in his hand with sorrow in his heart. By saying that now she was in a place where no one can find her, she clearly gave a hint that from the moment she committed the murders she was gone to Bughuul's netherworld that became her new and eternal home.

Lena herself didn't know how much time passed since she stayed in Bughuul's netherworld, but it didn't matter anymore. She has become sort of demonic entity herself, and for immortal beings time is simply missing, it becomes nonexistent. Now all she had to do is make sure she regularly fed on human souls to sustain her own existence, just like Bughuul did. From now on, when another murder happened, often two children disappeared after killing their family, as one of them was taken by Bughuul, the other one by Lena. They took the young victims to their netherworld and devoured their souls. Lena appeared to the chosen children and behaved in a caring, almost motherly manner, thus making it much easier to manipulate the kids to the grisly crime before taking them. Sometimes both demons worked separately, not depending on each other, but they always achieved their goal.

Needless to say that eventually Bughuul began to see much more in her than just his apprentice and helper. Lena has become a fully developed demoness, and he started looking at her as his potential mate. And she didn't seem to object against his courtship. Each time his cold fingers touched her pale face, the demoness nuzzled her face to his hand, pressing it even closer with her own hand, and her mouth stretched into a smirk, revealing rows of razor sharp teeth. Lena looked into his face with her pitch black eyes, but she could see through this mask-like face that lacked any expression. She didn't even need to look to know what he felt.

Desire.

Passion.

Need.

Lena closed her dark eyes and smiled. She knew she wanted him all this time, but didn't fully realize it while being human. This is what he was after, he chose her for purpose. And now, when she has become like him, nothing was in their way anymore.

And he will finally make her his mate.

Bughuul's hands cupped her face, gently touching her cheeks with both thumbs; and if he had a mouth, he surely would have claimed her lips with his, but unfortunately, this was not possible. So he used another available option and nuzzled his face to hers, rubbing nose against nose, and that served as a perfect replacement for the kiss. Feeling his strong arms enfoldling her waist, Lena pressed her head to his chest, wishing this intimate moment last longer. Bughuul moved his palms up and down the female torso, feeling the delicate curves of her slim waist; and Lena, in turn, pressed her soft lips to the spot where his mouth should have been and planted a small kiss there, just because she could. Smirking slyly, she moved lower to Bughuul's neck, leaving kisses on every spot her lips
touched, until he felt something warm and damp replace the softness of her lips. Her long, grey tongue slid out of its cavern, touching his neck, and moved up to the chin in a playful manner. Bughuul didn't remain in debt and rubbed his nose against delicate neck of his mate, inhaling her smell. Hearing the beautiful demoness moan in pleasure quietly, Bughuul finally decided to get to business. He felt her arousal, and that pretty meant that it was time to act. He pressed Lena to the wall with his body, his touch becoming more and more impudent with each second. His hands ran up and down her body, pale palms squeezing the soft flesh of her breasts and butt. Lena looked at him with the deep glance of her pitch black eyes, feeling his arousal, and her own slender hand slid down, caressing the already large bulge between his legs through the fabric of his pants, and then suddenly squeezed it rather hard. Bughuul felt like an electrical wave went throughout his whole body when Lena's skillful hands unzipped his pants, pulling out his manhood that was already fully erect, and began stroking its full length. Guttural growls emitted from his chest while the thin fingers of his demoness's hands did their work, but then she suddenly stopped. Bughuul snapped back from bliss, and Lena felt his confusion, but she was far from done with him. The black-haired demoness then lowered herself on her knees and in a moment Bughuul felt a wet sensation on his stiff member. Lena's sharp tongue moved along the whole length and girth of the demon's erection, tickling the tip and making its owner growl from pleasure. At this moment Bughuul began to feel sorry for the lack of mouth, as it prevented him from tasting the pleasure of his mate. But it was his fault alone. At one time he angered his brother Moloch by mimicking the child sacrificing rituals, and Moloch had shut his brother's mouth forever as a punishment. But it didn't serve as a big problem to deal with. Right now though it was a barrier between his desire and the most tempting places of his mate's body. While his fingers played with her already wet folds, the demon wished to have his mouth free more than ever; but in this case he had to give her the second best he could. And she didn't mind in any way or form.

At last Bughuul realized he couldn't bear this sweet torture anymore. He wanted to take her right here and now. Telling Lena to get up from her knees, he pulled the hem of her long black dress and then lifted her up a bit so their faces were on the same level, and thus it would be more convenient for him to enter her body. The demoness wrapped her arms around her lover's neck and threw her head back with a loud moan, feeling his erection penetrating her heated and wet cavern. Lena had no idea that she would experience anything similar to this pleasure that this ancient demon was giving her. Of course, she had a few boyfriends in her life as a human, but not even a single day a thought of having sex with a demon crossed her mind, not mentioning herself becoming a demon. But this is exactly what was happening to her now. With every movement of Bughuul's hips, with each thrust of his member into her Lena wished this delicious moment of passion lasted eternally. Her lustful moans just made the ancient demon move faster, increasing his appetite for her with every second of their ardent copulation. He only wished he had found her earlier, but never mind; he had all the time in the world. He had never thought of having a mate, but when his glance fell on a woman named Lena Firth, everything inside him turned upside down. He knew at once she would be his, he just had to be patient and give her time to adjust; and in the result his patience was rewarded by a newly created demoness whose love he was enjoying in this intimate moment between them.

Lena felt she couldn't last long, as each time Bughuul thrust into her, the closer she was approaching the peak. She tried to hold as much as she could, but after a couple of minutes the tightening sensation became totally impossible to bear; and with a loud cry of bliss she came, panting heavily of pure euphoria that overwhelmed her. Bughuul, in turn, made a few more hard thrusts and finally released his load with a loud guttural sound, enjoying his own orgasm.

Finally he put Lena down on the ground, and the long skirt fell back down, covering her pale, but curvy legs fully. Bughuul zipped up his pants and took his mate in his arms. They would continue working together as they did before since he took Lena to his netherworld, but now only one thing...
mattered.

He had finally claimed this beautiful demoness as a mate, and now she was his, and his only.

Forever.
A young woman stood on the balcony of a tall building and watched the smog rise and fall over a Middle Eastern city of Harran. If a deadly plague hadn’t overwhelmed it, this would be a nice place to spend vacation, or so she thought. Georgina has travelled much to the countries of Middle East, managing to visit Turkey and Israel, not missing also a few countries of North Africa like Egypt and Tunisia. Each time pleasant memories were brought back home, and Georgina thought that it would be another nice travel to exotic places. But this time she was wrong. She couldn’t have imagined that her vacation would turn into real-life survival.

Literally in a few days some unidentified infection had spread around Harran, turning the infected people into flesh-eating monsters that looked at living human beings as a delicious meal. The town became isolated from the rest of the country, and the remaining survivors managed to barricade themselves in a tall, multi-floored building that looked more like a tower, and named it a safe zone. Georgina soon became good friends with a local girl named Jade Aldemir and her brother, Rahim; although sometimes he behaved like a schoolboy, and Jade had to take responsibility to tame him, but he was a nice guy nonetheless. When it’s about survival, it’s much better to have good relationship with as many people as possible. So much Georgina had learnt. Authorities dropped some supplies now and then in several spots of the town, but it wasn’t enough. The medicine called “Antizin” helped, but not for a very long time; and there was no antidote manufactured yet. Georgina heard thought that Dr. Zere was studying the infection and tried to understand whether it was possible to create something that might cure the infected ones that haven’t turned into zombies yet.

At first it was hard for Georgina to deal with these creatures, as she had never imagined that she would see the walking dead in her life. She thought that something of this kind was only in games and movies, but now this was real life. But she wasn’t the only one. All other survivors were caught by surprise, and there was no time to fall into stupor. Everyone had to act to stay alive. But lucky for them, the zombies were slow and stupid; and after some time it grew easier to deal with them if you learnt a few tricks. But there was a strict warning: when the night falls, stay inside at all costs. Georgina had no idea why, as it was as dangerous at daytime too; and one day she decided to speak to Jade and ask if she knew anything about it.

“Night is the time when each human being must stay inside at all costs,” Jade explained. “That’s when more dangerous predators come out to hunt for prey.”

“Predators? What kind of predators?” Georgina wanted to know. “These zombies that roam around the streets are already dangerous enough. So it means there are more?”

“Yes, and those hunt only at night. They are called Volatiles among us. They are very agile and fast, and much stronger than any average zombie out there. If they spot you, you’re finished; they will outrun you without any problems. But that’s not all,” Jade coughed and continued: “The Volatiles are harder to kill, but if you are armed well enough, you can at least fight off one or two of them. But there is one creature that is much more dangerous than the Volatiles.”

“And who is that?” Georgina asked.

“We know him simply as the Night Hunter. This is a unique type of zombie. He is one such type among other zombies, but nothing can be compared with his ferocity and thirst for flesh and blood. When our men went to fetch the supplies, they encountered the Volatiles. Some were killed, of course, but the rest were able to fight and kill the enemies. But the next time they went for the next portion of goods, during the radio contact we heard they were attacked by the Night Hunter, and… they never returned. That thing tore them all apart.”
“Oh God…” Georgina was terrified. So indeed daytime zombies were just one half of danger that lurks out there.

“Yes. So now you understand why it is so important to complete all tasks before nightfall,” Jade said. “In case if you don’t manage to get back here, you have to find a shelter. At daytime it’s better to explore for safe zones; that’s where you can see living people. You can find a safe place there to spend the night.”

“Okay, thanks for the information,” Georgina said. “It’s important to know. I’ve heard many times that it’s dangerous to stay outside when it’s dark, and I wanted to know why.”

“You’re welcome,” Jade smiled, and both ladies exchanged hugs. Georgina was happy to have a friend like Jade. She could always count on help and support from her, and Georgina gladly returned the courtesy. So far things went more or less fine and life was bearable, although people hoped for something more than just supplies from helicopters. No one was satisfied with living in isolation from the rest of the world, and people were afraid that one day authorities might decide to erase Harran from the face of Earth. No one wanted to die, and each survivor hoped that maybe… maybe fate will finally have mercy on them.

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Another day came and another portion of supplies was dropped from a helicopter. Besides, the lights in the area were broken and needed to be fixed. A group of volunteers equipped for these tasks, and Georgina agreed to join them. She wanted to show that she could also make use of herself, so she decided to volunteer. Arming themselves with different melee weapons from knives and broken pipes to fire axes and baseball bats, the group moved out. There wasn’t much time left until the sunset, so they had to hurry. While the male part of the group were busy with fixing the lights, Georgina and her female partner named Salma went for the Antizin and other useful supplies. The light was slowly dying and dusk covered the whole city. It meant that soon darkness will consume everything, so the group had to hurry back to their shelter. Salma and Georgina were contacted by their partners through the walkie-talkie and in a few moments regrouped with them. The survivors began running back as it had darkened quickly, until one of the guys suddenly screamed:

“Shit! The Volatiles! Watch out!”

And right at that moment a nightmarish creature leaped upon them. The guy with a fire axe in his hands swung at the enemy and struck. The Volatile made a disgusting sound that sounded like a screech, and Georgina noticed that its left arm was bleeding heavily. But it didn’t stop the zombie and it tried prepared for another attack.

“Come on, Amir, run!” Salma yelled in panic, and the guy named Amir began to run with the others. Georgina joined the rest of the group when another Volatile jumped on them, which resulted in her separation from the others. The strong blow of the creature’s arm on her face made her drop the things she carried, and so it happened that at this moment the group was located near the descent to the sewer pit; and Georgina rolled down the hill, landing into a stream of water that flowed out of the sewers. Hearing the terrified screams of other survivors, she understood that regrouping with them was impossible, but she remembered what Jade told her about finding a hiding spot; so she crawled deeper into the sewers to stay out of sight until she could think of a better plan. Georgina was lucky to be still alive, as the Volatiles were more interested in chasing the other survivors, and she had time to think about her next move. One thing she knew for sure: she would never forget the terrifying looks of the creatures known as Volatiles. It seemed like they have crawled out directly from a horror movie. Georgina had no idea that such things could even exist. Their ribs looked like they were ripped apart from the inside and the lower jaw seemed to be missing. If it was the case, then
Georgina could only wonder how they managed to devour flesh without being able to chew properly. But such monsters could always find a way. But the most sickening fact was that all of them had been human before, and the severe mutation has made them completely unrecognizable. Now all the frightened woman could do is hope that the others made it to the safe zone and pray that she would stay unnoticed until dawn.

However, her hopes were doomed to break like fragile glass against the rock. Georgina realized it when she heard the sound of a muffled growl in the darkness behind her. The young woman felt her insides trembling and her blood turning cold. There was definitely someone or something behind her, and that something was definitely not a human being, judging by the sound it made. Was it another Volatile? Georgina really hoped it wasn’t. If it is just an average zombie that usually roamed around the town, she may have the hope to survive.

Holding her pipe ready, Georgina moved back to the exit from the sewers. It was pitch dark in there, thus making the entire situation more difficult. She couldn’t see what exactly was approaching her, and Georgina knew well that you can’t fight what you can’t see. On the other hand, the sound of struggling might attract the other zombies nearby, and there might be Volatiles around here somewhere. But she had to take a risk at least to get out of the sewers and try to hide somewhere where zombies couldn’t get to her. So Georgina increased her moving speed, not losing vigilance for a second.

Georgina saw herself being almost at the exit, but something suddenly wrapped itself around both her wrists and pulled back, making her drop the pipe in the process. She didn’t even manage to squeak when she was thrown on the ground with the creature on top of her. Georgina knew it was useless to scream as the noise would attract more zombies, so all she could do is try to free herself from the creature’s grasp, but it was impossible. That thing was much stronger than her. It growled quietly and lowered its head to her face, and the trembling woman could feel his breath on her skin. Feeling the being taking deep breaths and puffing out while moving its face in all direction on her face and neck, Georgina made a conclusion that the monster was sniffing her. While doing this, the zombie growled in satisfaction, obviously liking her smell. Georgina was unaware of the fact that the creature was male, and the smell of a ripe female made his hunger for flesh go away, at least for now; and his male instinct came out to the fore. Thus he grabbed the female with his strong hands and threw her on his shoulder. Georgina still tried her best to free herself, but then felt stinging pain in her side. The zombie used his claws on her to silence her down and make her stop struggling, and finally he succeeded. The woman stopped undulating and fighting, understanding that her feeble attempts to escape would only make things worse. Thus he crawled out of the sewers and used his appendages to leap up the different surfaces. Georgina felt her head spinning when she saw herself almost flying from building to building and started feeling sick. She always hated heights, even looking down from a window higher than the second or third floor made her feel sick. In the end she couldn’t bear it anymore and finally blacked out.

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The zombie mutant was satisfied. Finally this female stopped struggling, making it easier for him to leap. Choosing the highest building he could find, he used his tendrils to jump from surface to surface until he finally reached the roof. There he put his precious cargo on the ground and sniffed her once more. It was a ripe and healthy female, ideal for mating; and that was good. Finally there was a human female he caught that was good for something else than just eating, so he sat down and waited for her awakening. There was no need to hurry, he could be patient and wait. The monster had his own plans for her.

Lucky for him, there was no need to wait long. Georgina finally stirred and made muffled sounds. Opening her eyes, the first thing she saw was a beautiful sky filled with millions and millions of stars,
and full moon was shining brightly among them. At first a spark of hope ran through her mind that all she experienced before was just a nightmare that she had just awaken from, but it seemed too good to be true. And then the growling sound on the left from her confirmed her suspicions. Turning her head left, Georgina widened her eyes and opened her mouth in horror, being unable to make even the tiniest squeak of disappointment. A hideous creature was sitting on the left of her and looming above her helpless form. The first thought that flashed in Georgina’s mind that one of the Volatiles had finally got her, but when she looked carefully, she understood her error. As the moon was shining brightly, she could see the creature quite well. It wasn’t a Volatile as its lower jaw was in its place and the ribs didn’t stick out of its torso. But man, it was so large! Much bigger than any zombie she had seen, even a Volatile. And another difference she noticed was that both his hands were split in two parts almost to the elbow, and two snake-like appendages were sticking out of these openings. Then it finally dawned on her and her whole body began shivering frantically. She was facing no other than the infamous Night Hunter.

Georgina fell into stupor, being unable to move at all. She got into the hands of a most dangerous predator that inhabited the city of Harran. And now she was completely at his mercy.

“Please… don’t kill me…” she pleaded, her eyes filling with tears. Deep inside the woman was sure that it was very unlikely that this monstrosity understood her. All of them were obeying just the instinct to eat and multiply through their deadly bites, infecting every living organism. But a small part of her still hoped that maybe this being might be at least a tiny bit more sentient than the other zombies in the city.

The Night Hunter snorted at her pitiful pleas. She sounded like a bleating lamb before the deadly maw of a predator. This was nothing new for him. So many victims behaved the in the similar manner when he caught them, and no pleas could save them from death. But not this time. Tonight this female’s pathetic whimpering might actually save her life. Not because he felt sorry for her or anything, but because he wasn’t planning to kill her for his own reasons.

Georgina watched the nightmarish ghoul before her, waiting for its next move, and he finally began acting. Crawling on the top of her, the mutant sniffed the woman again, making satisfied growling sound during the process; and then Georgina felt something wet touching her chin. His monstrous face was dangerously close to hers, and when the trembling young woman saw a long tongue sliding out of its sharp-toothed mouth, she instinctively pressed her eyes shut, but nothing awful happened. Instead, she just felt the slimy appendage touch her chin carefully. Georgina was more than surprised. She didn’t expect anything that gentle from such a being like the Night Hunter that ripped his victims apart without mercy. And when he pressed his face to hers, rubbing it cheek against cheek, she finally understood his true intentions. On the one hand, Georgina was happy that in the end she actually might survive the encounter with this thing, but, on the other hand, she felt scared to think about what awaited her. But if it helps her to stay alive, she had to give him what he wanted; and, not having plenty of options, Georgina decided to play along and hoped for the best.

The monster watched the human female getting rid of everything that covered her flesh until there was nothing hidden from his view. Georgina then lay on the concrete surface of the roof, supporting her weight on one elbow, and extended her other hand to the zombie, inviting him to come and do what he wanted to do. The Night Hunter seemed to understand this gesture and crawled on top of her again. His clawed hands moved up and down the female body, and the monster obviously enjoyed the feeling of her soft skin, as his growling definitely showed that he was satisfied. And as one of his palms touched the soft mounds on her chest, curiosity got the best of him, and the mutant wanted to explore this part of her body. He touched it again with his fingers, giving it a light push, and the pliant flesh vibrated a bit. This seemed interesting to the mutant and he repeated the process with both female breasts, but this time he rubbed his face against them. Georgina watched the monster’s actions and surprisingly for her, she realized that she actually might begin to like it.
The zombie continued cuddling with his face to the soft and warm flesh of her breasts, and only after a minute or two he noticed the pointed tips that to this moment have already hardened. Sniffing them, he decided that it would be interesting to use his tongue on them. That’s when he finally got the reaction from his female. As soon as his tongue touched her hard nipple, Georgina couldn’t help but let out a quiet moan. The monster didn’t know it, but her nipples were the most sensitive spot of her body, so such reaction on its stimulation was inevitable. He didn't miss this moment and repeated the same movement with the second nipple, earning more pleasurable moans from the woman beneath him. She didn’t resist and made the sounds that obviously were not full of pain; and from all of this the Night Hunter made a conclusion that the female was enjoying it after all.

For a moment Georgina even forgot who her sex partner was, only the growling sounds made her remember that her current lover was far from being human. And while he continued the sweet torture of her nipples, the woman began realizing that she became aroused, and this couldn’t miss the attention of the zombie. He felt the new smell emitting from the female and wanted to find out where it was coming from. Leaving her breasts in peace, the monster moved backwards, sniffing her entire body; and the lower he moved his head, the stronger the smell grew. And when he felt the peak of it, he spread her legs apart and finally found the source of the smell – the opening between her legs. Georgina’s heart was beating insanely, almost threatening to jump out of her chest. The most private part of her body was now completely open before the undead monster, and she was now in anticipation of his next action. The Night Hunter sniffed her wet slit and nearly fell into ecstasy. The smell of a female almost made him lose control, but he managed to restrain his instinct to take her right now and then in an animalistic and ferocious manner. He wanted to enjoy his female fully and thus knew he had to control himself not to harm her. Georgina, in turn, held her breath and felt a bit nervous, as this anticipation was the worst torture. She knew he was sniffing her down there as she felt him breathing and pulling air with his nose and puffing out. So it continued for a few moments until…

“Oh God…” she moaned when the tip of his tongue touched her clit. The zombie found the knoll at the top of her slit and right then the female let out a loud, shameless moan. He understood that this spot was sensitive, so his tongue began swirling around the throbbing nub. Georgina writhed and moaned while the undead creature tickled and stimulated her clit; and she had to admit that this zombie male had a very skillful tongue. The mutant licked her wet folds, caressing the soft labia and leaping up her juices; and with every second of these manipulations he felt his own body heating up even more than before. His erection was now hard as a rock and his sexual hunger for her grew stronger until he finally decided it was enough. It was torture for them both to bear it, and they craved for the release.

Georgina felt his face moving away from her private area, but soon something rather large and hard was pointing at it and slightly touching it with the tip. She didn’t even manage to lift her head up and look at his male organ when she felt it penetrating her heated vagina. Although she was ready for him, Georgina sure didn’t expect his penis to be that large. It stretched her insides to their limits, and she clenched her teeth to bear the pain. It was far from being the first time, but she never imagined doing it with a real monster; and such beings had their male organs much larger in size than human males had. The Night Hunter growled loudly from overwhelming pleasure when he pushed his member into the female body; and then finally started moving at medium speed. The pain Georgina felt at first slowly began to subside and at the end it hurt no more than an ordinary bruise. While the undead ghoul moved his hips, slowly increasing the speed, Georgina’s lustful moans became louder with every thrust. She couldn’t even imagine that a zombie turned out to be such a passionate lover. Her mind might tell her how wrong it was to have sex with something that sees humans just as food, with the undead being; but the feeling of him inside her made Georgina forget everything. She didn’t care anymore whether what she was doing now was right or wrong. The only thing that mattered was her copulation with the monster that many would call a spawn of Hell. And only she was lucky
to discover another side this being that no human being could know. He was capable of something more than just hunting and killing; and Georgina got the opportunity to enjoy it fully.

The Night Hunter himself didn’t expect to experience such pleasure he felt during the copulation with this human female. At first when he saw her he was reluctant to let her live, but something inside made him decide otherwise. And now he was sure he made a right decision. With each movement of his hips the mutant growled louder, and hearing the passionate moans of his female made him move even faster and harder. And every time his member pushed itself inside her velvety cavern it hit the sensitive spot inside her, and Georgina arched her back and moaned when that happened. She felt the knot in the lower part of her belly grow tighter, and as much as she tried to hold back, it finally became impossible; and she finally climaxed with a piercing cry of ecstasy. Her juiced covered the entire organ of her monstrous lover, and soon enough he couldn’t hold back his own climax, releasing the entire load into her with such a howl that Georgina had to press her ears shut. After the last drop of his semen was inside the female, the zombie collapsed on her chest, exhausted and satisfied.

Georgina lay on the concrete roof, caressing the head of her ghoulish lover and enjoying the aftermath of euphoria she had just gone through. But, on the other hand, she understood that in the moment his sperm got into her, her life as a human was over. The infection could get into the body not just through the zombie bite. Their semen was as contagious as their blood or saliva. If she didn’t die, she would most likely turn into another zombie, but all she had just experienced was worth it. So she closed her eyes and just lay there, waiting for what was to come.

Taking a quick rest, the Night Hunter got up and looked at his female. Her smell now made him understand that she was infected, and after a short amount of time the mutation would begin. She was now his female and mate, and his only, so he had to deliver her to safety. So the undead ghoul took the weakened female body, throwing it on his shoulder again, and started leaping down until he got to the ground floor of the ruined building. He chose it for a purpose, as in the basement of this building he began creating the new nest. All the floor was covered in sticky substance, so when the zombie delivered Georgina there, he put her on the ground and began covering her with the substance as well to keep her stable on her knees. There were several nests around the city with potential Volatiles in them, but this particular nest would be special. The Night Hunter will guard it with special ferocity, as the incubating Volatile will be his mate. All he had to do was to be patient. The mutation and incubation period would take some time, so he had to keep a constant eye on the nest and make sure the process goes smoothly and ends up successfully.

In the end the Night Hunter would get his reward when his mate finally joins him. And he would be looking forward to it.
The time for another hunt has come. I don’t know already how much time has passed from the moment when we successfully freed our Mother and escaped the human captivity. Those pathetic creatures deserved to die, each of them. We made pure chaos in there, slaughtered every soldier and scientist, destroyed their facility which we are totally proud of. After we were free, we had to find a safe place to create the Hive. Not much time has passed until we found some abandoned building, far away from the places where a lot of humans were. It was abandoned and hidden, a perfect spot for making a new Hive. Luckily, there were really a lot of humans around, and it meant the new hosts for us.

The Hive was finally created and Mother has already laid eggs. Now she gave an order to find hosts for our facehuggers.

I crawled out of my hiding spot and left the Hive quietly. As far as I could understand, it has nearly got dark. Not a very convenient time for hunting, on the one side, as human beings do not go out too much, and animals I’ve encountered were too small and thus unusable. On the other side, darkness is our friend, as each of our kind is black as the night. But an order is an order, and it has to be obeyed.

As my instincts told me, our kind reproduces only through facehuggers that crawl out from eggs, laid by our Mother. But there are exceptions. I am one of the rare Xenomorphs that own sex organs which gives us the chance to mate. And I happened to be female. But, in every case, now there are more important things I have to do. I need to find a living human host.

Still no one around. I don’t know how long it will take, but I continue searching, when suddenly I felt something approaching. I climbed on a tree, so I can go unnoticed, and watched. Yes, there it is, a human being is coming. As far as I could tell, it was a male, a young male. He moved rather fast. I hissed silently in satisfaction as the fresh, healthy host was here. Looks like he heard something within the trees and stopped, turning his head. I could feel his fear. He tried to stay calm, but his pheromones betrayed him.

Yes, be afraid, human. Be very afraid. You don’t know yet what awaits you.

I continued watching him for a bit more, not making a single move. Only my mouth stretched in what could look a malicious grin. The human male had calmed down a bit and continued his way. I decided to make another sound, banging my tail against the tree slightly, not too loud, yet loud enough for him to hear. He turned around again, looking in my direction, but couldn’t see the source of the sound, as I collided with the surrounding darkness. Yes, he’s nervous again, I can feel it. How I love such games with my prey! It’s such a pleasure watching how your victim is afraid, seeing nothing, but feeling that there’s something watching it. An indescribable pleasure for a hunter.

The feel of his fear and pheromones made all my body shudder. I knew he won’t last long, so I decided to have my fun with this male before my mission would be complete.

You can’t escape me, human. I’ve got my own plans for you.

Although this male looks rather strong, he’s not an equal to me. I’m taller and stronger than any human. As I’ve hatched from a human being, I inherited the ability to walk on two legs. As he increased the walking speed, I began moving. I climbed down on the ground and followed him. Lucky for me, I was able to creep silent, but fast, and he didn’t even manage to react when my large hand covered his mouth and my strong, sinewy tail wrapped around his body, not allowing him to move. I clutched my tail around him, hissing in his ear, like warning that if he attempted anything,
he’s dead meat.

Fortunately, he was too shocked from such surprise, so he was nearly paralyzed. I had no time to lose. Releasing my tail grip a bit, I turned him around to face me. His eyes widened in fear, but he didn’t manage to react, as I grabbed his body and put it on my shoulder. His head hit against my bony shoulder so hard that he fell unconscious. Well, better for me, so I can deliver this precious cargo to our Hive without any problems. With that thought I took off.

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There, finally home. Entering the hallways of the Hive, I finally felt safe. The human I carried on my shoulder was still unconscious. Well, good for me. It gave me enough time to prepare the male for the things I planned to do with him. I put him on the ground, then took a small amount of sticky substance that covered all the walls of the chamber I was in and glued his wrists and ankles with it, so he couldn’t move. The facehugger could wait for its turn, as I had my own plans for this human.

Despite that his fate was clear, I was going to have my time with him. No matter what, I was still a living being, and now I wanted this male. His pheromones woke the desire inside me, and I was going to use this moment. I’ll make sure we both enjoy each other before his demise. Now I just had to wait until he awakes.

Some time has passed until a faint moan broke the silence. Finally, he’s awake. Opening his eyes, he saw a black being above him which was me. I could guess he has never seen anything like that in his entire life. A slender body and hard exoskeleton, long head, tubes protruding from back, a sharp tail and six-fingered hands with long claws. Yes, we are beautiful beings, I knew it all the time. And I could bet this human was shocked from what he saw. His eyes became wider and he began trembling.

“Please…” he begged, his voice shivering. “Don’t kill me!”

What’s wrong, human? Why are you screaming? I haven’t done anything to you. Not yet.

Oh, there it is again… He is afraid. I feel the frantic pulse of his heart while his aura was pulsing with flashes of red, yellow and even purple which meant high nervousness and concentration of fear. It made me so very excited that I could hardly keep myself from taking him right now, wildly and brutally. But no, this is not what I wanted.

I lowered my head, engulfing his smell. It was so intoxication that I started to drool, my saliva dripping on his neck. My mouth opened slightly and the second mouth appeared. The small teeth planted gentle bites on human’s neck which made his body shiver.

You didn’t expect this from such being like me, did you? Well, you just wait, there is much more to come.

I wanted to explore his body, but the fabric didn’t let me to it. It irritated me. I could never comprehend why humans wear this thing on them. What is the use of it? It doesn’t protect as it is soft and thin. So what’s the need? Anyway, this useless fabric will be out of my way right now.

I slid both my hands under the thin fabric that covered the upper body of his, and with one harsh move I tore it with my claws. The thin fabric was off, revealing the smooth skin. Now that’s better. The same process should be done with the rest. My hands were strong and claws sharp enough to get his body rid of this useless cover. Yes, this is what I wanted. All his body is now free of fabric and I can do whatever I was planning to do.
Although I have no idea about human body, I’m going to get some reaction from this male. And I want to hear more of his voice.

*Let’s see, how many times I can make you scream for me.*

The male was still trembling beneath my boney body, and in attempt to calm him down a bit, I ran my hand along his upper body, trying to do it as careful as possible, not to injure the skin with claws. He still wasn’t calm, but at least the trembling ceased slowly. It meant that I was succeeding. I lowered my head to his face, showing my small mouth again, and slightly bit the soft lip of his, trying to make him understand that I wanted him to open his mouth.

To achieve my goal, I ran my hand lower to his sex organs and began moving it slowly and smoothly. And it was the right thing to do – the human arched his back a bit, his mouth opened a bit and a moan escaped from him. That is what I wanted. I wanted his reaction. And I got it.

While his mouth was slightly ajar, I used the moment and slipped my secondary mouth between those plump lips of his. The small teeth wrapped around his tongue and suckled. He moved his head, not really enjoying the process, but one my hand grabbed his hair to hold it in place. Thus I let him know that if he continues, then it will only make things worse for him.

While I continued mouth work, my other hand caressed his stomach. I really wasn’t going to kill him or anything of that kind. I needed him to stay alive and well as he was the chosen host. So I pulled my small jaws out of his mouth and gently nibbled his chin with my main teeth. This was already better, more calming for him. But I couldn’t wait too long. The heat in my body was growing fast, and the instinct pushed to start copulating. So I skipped his torso and moved down to the most sensitive place. Using the fingers, I played with the soft flesh until it began to harden. During this process the male made those sounds of pleasure again. Looks like he enjoyed that after all.

When his member was hard, I lowered my head to it. Oh, this smell… in this spot it was the strongest. I nearly snapped from intoxication, but held myself under control. Saliva was dripping from my mouth again, making the hand movement easier. I smeared its entire length with my saliva and couldn’t hold myself from using my small jaws one more time. The small teeth enveloped the human member and began sliding up and down the length. Saliva lubricated it perfectly, making the feeling pleasurable for my mate as he was in this moment, and loud moans filled the chamber.

*Scream for me, human!*

He moaned loudly, his body arching and undulating while I continued moving my inner jaws on his now hard organ. Each sound he made, together with his smell and pheromones made my body shiver, and another strong wave of heat ran through me. I felt that my black slit started to give out the clear, thick substance, which meant that I’m totally ready for the final act.

It was enough mouth job, so I slid the inner jaws back into my mouth and saddled the man, lying beneath me. I couldn’t hold back my appetite anymore. His member was now fully standing in all its length and ready for sexual intercourse. So I positioned myself so that my slit was right above its tip and thrust myself over the full length of his hardness. Oh, this was something I’ve never felt before. This feeling was new to me, as I’ve never mated with a human. It was new and truly enjoyable. The human beneath me arched his back again with a loud moan and even started moving his hips to meet my movements.

*Scream louder for me, my mate!*

Of course, for him it was as foreign, as it is for me. We are of different species, and yet we both manage to pleasure each other. Putting my hands on his shoulders, I increase movement on his
member. The substance leaking from my black slit made the things easy. During the copulation I broke the cuffs on his wrists, letting him touch and feel me with his hands. And I liked his touch. His hands were sliding from my hips to chest, feeling every unusual curve with his fingertips. I kept the current speed for some time, but when I felt getting closer, I increased it more, now moving at such speed that my human mate would consider inhuman. If I decided to give him the pleasure of his life, I’ll do it, as he was about to serve as host and his life will end soon.

The male was already screaming from pleasure, his breath was erratic, and that’s what I wanted to hear. Finally it happened. I was getting closer and closer to the peak when finally I could hold it anymore. My insides clenched and flushed the thick juices on his hardness and soft flesh around it. After a moment he followed me, giving out his loudest scream and filling me with his seed. We both were exhausted and panting heavily from such intercourse, and I finally collapsed on his chest.

It was good, really good. This feeling was totally new for me and made me feel the pleasure I’ve never felt before. For a moment a thought about leaving him alive flashed in my mind. But I remembered about my duty. Our Hive was not yet big enough and it needed more hosts. I mustn’t fail and deceive our Mother.

_I felt very good with you, my mate. But there is a task I must do for my kind. I’m sorry._

Freeing his ankles, I lifted the tired human’s body and brought it to the wall, sticking it to it with the same substance I used before, only now with much larger amount. Somehow he was peaceful now, and I could guess he already knew what awaits him, so he accepted it. So I did what I had to do – I went to the egg chamber. Taking one of them, I brought it to the chamber where the host was and placed on the ground it in front of him. Right after that the egg opened and a facehugger crawled out. It jumped on human’s face and enfolded it, wrapping the tail around his neck for stability.

And that was the end. Mission complete.

Deep inside I felt a little bit sorry that I couldn’t keep this human male for myself. Mating with him was too good. But maybe someday, when our Hive is large enough, I’ll be able to do that. But not now. After all, I serve our Mother and our Hive. The reason is simple.

We are One.
I Want Your Soul... And Your Body (Annabelle)

Natalie didn’t know what to do. In one day her niece is going to celebrate her seventh birthday, and she still had no gift for her. Natalie’s brother, David, earned very well, and so did Mary, his wife; so they bought so many things for little Jenny that Natalie already had no idea what to buy her. But she knew one thing: Jenny was very fond of dolls. Of course, she had many Barbie dolls, and one that Jenny loved most of all. It was a baby doll, and Jenny liked to play the role of a mother, calling her doll “Baby Emily.” Natalie couldn’t help but smile while remembering her niece pushing a little baby trolley with Emily inside it while Mary took her for a walk. It looked so cute. Then she suddenly remembered something. Jenny had many dolls, but neither of them looked as pretty as a porcelain doll that she has seen in a shop nearby. The idea then came to her mind at once: she would buy a beautiful porcelain doll for her niece’s birthday.

The toy store wasn’t located far from Natalie’s living place, so she decided not to waste time and pay a visit at once. This appeared to be one of the largest toy store in the city; and when Natalie entered, plenty of various kinds of toys opened to her glance, from toy cars and planes to plush animals and dolls. Natalie’s eyes ran up and down such a big amount of toys, but she knew what she was after, concentrating her attention on shelves with dolls which stretched from one end of the store and almost reaching the other. And while she studied them, the voice of a saleswoman behind her back made Natalie turn around abruptly, startling her a bit.

“Can I help you?” she asked kindly.

“I’m looking for a porcelain doll for my niece,” Natalie replied. “Tomorrow she will be seven years old, and she loves dolls. So I’d like to buy her one.”

“Oh, I see. Come with me, please,” the woman said, inviting the customer to follow her. Natalie obeyed and followed the saleswoman to the middle of the long shelf where the porcelain dolls were stored. “Well, here we are. Take a good look, there are many dolls here. I hope you find what you seek.”

“Thank you very much,” Natalie said, and the saleswoman left her with the dolls. The choice was big, and each porcelain doll looked more beautiful than the previous one. Natalie could only admire their beauty. But when she lifted her head to check the higher shelf, her eyes fell on a vintage doll in a white dress and auburn hair with two braids. So far it seemed to be the largest of all the porcelain dolls and also beautiful in its own way. But something about this doll felt disturbing to Natalie; she couldn’t even comprehend what. She decided to ignore it then and get back to searching for a gift for Jenny until finally one doll on the left caught her attention. This one was smaller and dressed in a white royal-style dress and bonnet, embroidered with gold. The strands of her fair hair were curled up like the noblewomen wore in antique times, and her sky-blue eyes seemed almost alive. Natalie was totally charmed with this little porcelain princess and decided to purchase her. This doll cost more expensive than many other ones on the shelf, but it was worth the money. It would be a great gift for her beloved niece.

As Natalie took the pretty doll from her place, she couldn’t help but take a look at that vintage doll again that sat higher, and right then she felt tingling inside her body. The doll had her head turned to the side and looking to Natalie. The young woman thought that before the dolls head was looking straight. This seemed weird. Natalie had such a feeling inside that this creepy doll was watching her, but in a minute she tried to do her best to dismiss it. How could a doll possibly watch someone? It’s not alive, so in the end Natalie decided that it was just a hallucination and went to the cash. The saleswoman was standing there, waiting for her customer, and when Natalie reached her, she
decided to ask about that strange doll.

“This doll is rather old. No one creates them anymore, so it is pretty much the only one left, at least in our area,” the saleswoman explained. “It appeared in our shop recently, but I have no knowledge about how exactly it got here. The owner should know more details, and my job is just to sell. Would you like to have it?”

“Um… thanks, but I’d rather not,” Natalie said. “If you ask me, this doll looks creepy. I would refrain from buying it even for myself, not mentioning the children.”

“Well, I would agree with you on that. I wouldn’t buy it for my children or grandchildren as well when I have them. I guess this doll would be fine only like a piece of antiques, and if I were the owner, I’d prefer to bring it to the antique shop. But it’s not up to me to decide, you know. I’m just a worker here.”

“Yes, I understand. I’d like to have this one instead. Could you please pack it for me?” Natalie asked, placing the chosen doll on the counter. The saleswoman smiled to her and nodded.

“Of course, dear, you’ve made a good choice. I’m sure your niece would love this one.”

The saleswoman packed the doll in a box, wrapping and decorating it so that it would look like a gift. While she was busy, she and Natalie discussed the toy business and how the children’s preferences change with time. When the package was ready, Natalie paid the price and took the box, thanking the saleswoman. Before leaving the store, she turned her head to take one final look at the vintage doll. The sense of anxiety refused to leave her when she did it, and not without reason. The creepy doll was still watching her…

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The next morning Natalie woke up in a good mood. This had to be a special day, as today her beloved niece turned seven years old. The thoughts of the creepy doll in the shop faded from her mind, at least for now. Jenny’s birthday celebration was scheduled to take place at their home, in the backyard; and the guests were invited to be there at five. David and Mary didn’t plan to invite many people, just the closest relatives. Natalie had time to prepare herself, and when the time started approaching five o’clock, she took the gift and got into her car, putting the box in the passenger’s seat. Driving to David’s place didn’t take long, and Natalie managed to get there in time. Her and David’s parents were already there when she arrived and Jenny was unpacking her first gifts. When Natalie drove into their territory, Jenny was the first one to spot it.

“Look, there’s Aunt Natalie!” she shrieked Merrily and ran to the car that stopped beside the garage. Natalie then turned off the engine and stepped out of her car.

“Oh, hey, my little sweetie!” the young woman exclaimed, hugging her niece. “I’ve got something for you, you know that?”

“Oh, really? What is it?” Jenny was more than curious.

“I know you love dolls, so I bought you a little princess,” Natalie winked and went to open the passenger’s door. She took the package out and gave it to Jenny. “Well, happy birthday, my darling. I hope you like your gift.”

“Oh, thank you, Aunt Natalie!” the little girl hugged her aunt and ran back to the backyard. Natalie slammed the passenger’s door shut and activated the car’s alarm system. She knew no one would try to steal her car, but putting the alarm system has become more of a habit. Then she finally joined the
“Hi, mum! Hi, dad!” she greeted her parents and went to her brother and his wife, greeting them as well. Jenny was unpacking her aunt’s gift at that moment, and soon enough her happy exclamation echoed throughout the whole backyard and farther. The girl looked obviously happy when she opened the box.

“Well, do you like it, my dear?” Natalie asked her, sitting near her niece.

“Oh yes, yes, I love it!” Jenny almost started jumping in her spot. Her hazel eyes were shining from overwhelming joy. “Thank you, Aunt Natalie! I love you!”

“You’re welcome, honey. And I love you too, you know it,” Natalie said, caressing the girl’s hair. David was curious about what his daughter was so happy and came closer to look.

“Well, what a beautiful little princess you got,” he said, admiring the doll. “Natalie sure likes to spoil you.”

“Oh, come on, David, and why not?” Mary joined them. “She hasn’t got her own kids yet, and she loves Jenny as much as we do. Right, Natalie?”

“Sure,” Natalie nodded. “Besides, today is her birthday, and I wouldn’t come without a gift.”

“Thanks, sis,” David then hugged his sister. As an elder brother, he always cared for his sister and loved her. Naturally, when he created his own family he dedicated more time and attention to his wife and daughter, but nothing has changed in his relationship with Natalie. They have always been loving siblings and still remain such.

Soon Mary’s parents and siblings arrived, all bringing some gift for Jenny, and in a moment the whole family sat at the table, full of various treats. Jenny blew the candles on her birthday cake and got the first piece. The celebration passed in a warm and soulful atmosphere, and the main heroine of the occasion couldn’t be happier. And when the late evening began falling on the entire city, with it the time to leave approached. Natalie left her brother’s house shortly after their parents did; and when she reached home, she took a shower to relax and just enjoy her time. Putting her bathing robe one, she was ready to walk into her bedroom and change into the nightgown, but before she entered her room, Natalie thought she heard a knock on the door of her apartment. Dismissing it as her imagination, the young woman continued her business, but all peace was taken away from her when someone began banging loudly at the door.

Natalie thought her heart was going to jump out of her chest. It was almost midnight now. Who would want to band at her door at this time? This was more than weird. Natalie then ran to the kitchen and grabbed the knife from the drawer. She didn’t know who was at the door, so an item of defense would come in handy if needed. Coming to the door quietly, she looked into the peephole, but saw no one at the door. She then opened it and stepped outside, but still everything was quiet, not a living soul around. Finally she decided that it is some kind of prankster messing around, so if next time he does anything like that, she won’t be giving him the joy anymore. She would take her laptop and switch the music on and use the headphones, ignoring all his tries. He will get bored with it eventually and leave.

With this thought Natalie walked back to her bedroom, but as soon as she entered, she saw something that made her stop and widen her eyes in terror. The doll! She saw the same antique doll from the store sitting on the chair at the desk. Natalie made a few steps back, staggering and holding her head. How the hell did the doll even get inside? Who brought her here? Natalie didn’t know what to think of it. All she was able to do at the moment was grab the doll and stare at it wildly.
Knowing it wouldn’t help her, she put the doll back; but then some strange noise reached her ears. It was coming from the direction of the window, like something was knocking lightly on the glass. Turning her head, Natalie saw a little girl standing at the window and banging her finger against the glass. Strangely enough, the girl was dressed in a very similar way the doll was, even her hairdo was the same. Natalie began shaking frantically, noticing how pale this child was; and from that she deduced that the girl wasn’t alive. She was a ghost. But why was she here, in her apartment?

“Who are you?” Natalie asked her. The girl didn’t turn around, but just said one word:

“Annabelle.”

Supposing that it was the girl’s name, Natalie continued her interrogation.

“Annabelle? But why are you here?”

“Will you help me?” Annabelle asked back. The young woman tilted her head and said:

“If I can, I will. What do you want?”

Annabelle was silent for a minute, but when she finally turned around, Natalie thought she would lose consciousness from shock. The girl’s face was something like from a nightmare – black and hideous, and rows of sharp teeth were seen through the slightly open mouth.

“Your soul!” the creature roared in its now inhuman voice, making the terrified woman fall back on the floor. She watched the girl’s body increase in height and darken, losing all signs of humanity in it. The lights in the room began flickering, and Natalie finally found the strength in herself to get up and run; but her attempt to escape turned out to be futile. The door slammed shut right before her nose, and no matter how she tried to get it open, the door wouldn’t budge. Natalie then turned to face her enemy, but managed just to catch a glimpse of what appeared to be a black humanoid creature with sharp ears and horns on its head; and right at that moment the lights went out, leaving her in complete darkness. The only thing she could see were the two fiery eyes of the being, burning through the dark. Natalie realized that it was some kind of a demon that was most likely attached to the doll, but too many things were unclear. Why did it choose her? Did the owner of the toy store know that the doll was a vessel for a demonic entity? She had so many questions, but now there was no time for that. She had to think how not to let this thing take her life or whatever it wanted to do.

The woman began moving away from the demon, sticking her back to the wall, so if the being decided to approach her, it would be able to do that only from the front. Her eyes were now used to darkness, and the moonlight also got into the room, illuminating it. The demon still stood in his place, watching her with the piercing glance of his orange eyes and smirking. And in the rays of the moon Natalie finally saw that the demon was male. She couldn’t help but blush when looking at his crotch and was thankful that it was dark and her now red cheeks weren’t visible. But with those eyes he might possibly be able to see in the dark. Whatever the case, Natalie understood that he was waiting for something, and she sure would like to know what he had in mind.

Natalie continued moving, not breaking the eye contact with the demon, and she was oblivious to the fact that the bed was now right behind her back. The nightmarish creature stood still till now, but then suddenly rushed to her so fast that the woman couldn’t even react; and in the next second she felt herself being pushed roughly, and her back collided with the soft sheets on her bed. Not giving her time to understand what was going on, the demon was on top of her in a mere second, pinning her to the bed. All that Natalie knew now was that she was trapped and there was no escape. She could only wait for the moment this diabolical monster finally devours her.

“What the hell do you want from me?” she practically hissed through her teeth. The black monster
then lowered his face to her ear and said:

“I want you.”

Natalie felt a bit confused by his answer.

“Me? What do you mean?”

“I want all of you. Your soul… and your body…” he growled in her ear, and with every word his voice was becoming more lustful. “You are mine now, Natalie!”

Hearing him saying her name, Natalie felt her blood growing cold. How did he know her name? But in the next moment she remembered that demons had much more abilities than humans, and one of them might be the ability to read people’s minds. Either way, there was actually nothing surprising. And as soon as the demon finished talking, Natalie felt something wet touching her neck and going up to her chin. There weren’t many options for guessing: it was no other than his tongue. He licked her neck, doing it slowly on purpose and enjoying the process. Natalie wanted to say something, but he didn’t let her; and as soon she opened her mouth, he claimed her lips with his. To say that she was surprised was like saying nothing. In the first second her eyes were so wide that they nearly popped out of their sockets, but the more the demon kissed her, the more she succumbed to this rough, but very passionate kiss, and finally closed her eyes, giving in. The common sense tried to call to her, to say how wrong it was to kiss the true spawn of hell, but she dismissed it when lust began to cloud her mind. This demon kissed her and was most likely dead set on having sex with her, but she didn’t care anymore whether it was right or wrong. All she cared for now was that this being was going to give her something she might never experience again; something she wouldn’t regret.

During the kiss, the black creature pushed its tongue inside the woman’s mouth, exploring the cavern and feeling all of it. And the more they kissed, the more he felt her lust increasing, thus making his own desire for her grow stronger. He felt her body heat up, making him want to take her instantly, giving in to rough and barbaric copulation, but he kept his control. There was much more to come, so the demon decided to take his time. There was no need to hurry. He might not claim her soul now, but her body was something he was going to enjoy right here and now.

Being unsatisfied with caressing the covered body, the monster tore her gown open, revealing the view of a voluptuous female body. She had nothing underneath, and that was a true jackpot for him, as he had the access to anything he wanted. He licked his teeth and grinned while Natalie sat up and removed her gown, tossing it aside. He devoured the female body with his glance; it was so tempting, so exciting, so… delicious. The demonic being was so aroused that he could barely control himself, his member now being hard as a rock and aching for caress. Natalie, in turn, held her breath and waited for his next move. She moaned quietly when his large palms lay on her soft breasts, kneading them and fingers pinching the hard buds. The feeling was nice, but it became even better when the demon decided to use his tongue on her. It swirled around the hard nipple, sending tingling waves through her body and making Natalie throw her head back in pleasure when he repeated the same with the second breast of hers. Natalie began moaning louder while he caressed her soft mounds; and then, leaving her breasts alone, he moved his face down, leaving a wet trail on her stomach from breast to pubic area, and then spread her legs apart. Her most private part was now fully open before the creature of hell, and that’s when his tongue found the sensitive spot. It stimulated her nub, moving down the already wet slit to the entrance now and then, adding the fingers for better effect. The female body quivered from his manipulations with her body, and she couldn’t deny the fact how skillful his tongue was. She felt herself slowly approaching the peak, but the demon suddenly stopped the tongue work and moved his face away from her private parts. Natalie lifted her head to look at him, feeling a bit frustrated. But he was far from done with her. He was ready to get to the final part of their interaction.
Grabbing her legs, the demon positioned himself between them and started pushing into her body. His member wasn’t too large in size, so it didn’t cause inconvenience. Besides, her entrance was well lubricated and made his movements much easier. Natalie yelped when he plunged into her to the base, but it was from surprise, not pain. In fact, she didn’t even feel anything that could be called pain, maybe just a little bit when he entered so abruptly. She adjusted to his size quickly, and the monster began moving instantly; first keeping the middle tempo. Gasping and moaning softly, Natalie lifted up her hips to meet his thrusts and clawed at his back, leaving the scratches. The demon, in turn, growled lustfully, and the feeling of her nails scratching his back only added more to the pleasure. Her legs wrapped around his waist, pulling him closer to her and making his penis bury itself deeper into her cavern. His growls grew louder and deeper, and Natalie felt shivers running down her spine from his bass. She moaned louder as well and tossed her head back with a cry of euphoria when he hit that sweet spot inside her.

“Yeah… t-there… Oh dear… Ooh!” she screamed out between the moans, writhing and undulating under his body. Hearing this, the demon grinned and began thrusting faster and harder, moving inhumanly fast and hitting that spot over and over again. Natalie felt she was going to explode when she felt the peak of pleasure approaching fast. She tried her best to hold her orgasm, not wanting it all to end yet, but finally it became impossible to hold anymore. Her body said otherwise, and with a loud scream she climaxed. The demon kept thrusting into her for a few moments until he couldn’t hold back anymore, and with a deafening roar he released his hot seed deep inside her body and collapsed on her chest, panting heavily.

Natalie lay on her back, taking deep breaths until her heartbeat returned to normal. Her fingertips played with the demon’s horns while his head lay on her chest. She didn’t remember being that exhausted in her life, not mentioning the feeling of indescribable bliss that she had undergone with this demon. Now she understood that he was always attached to the doll and he spotted her already in the store. This is why the doll’s head turned to the direction where Natalie stood. He was watching her all that time, waiting for the convenient moment to get to her. In the end it resulted in something she would never forget, even if the demon decided to disappear forever and she would never see him again. Natalie knew for sure that she didn’t regret what she has just done even for a single second. The only thing she didn’t expect that this being turned out to be such a perfect lover.

Taking a short rest, the demon lifted himself on his hands, looking at his human mate. Natalie felt the forces slowly leaving her body and looked into the amber eyes of her demonic lover before her own eyes shut. Before it happened, the demon pulled her into one more deep and passionate kiss; and after that Natalie blacked out.

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Morning sun shred its rays on the town, some of them getting into Natalie’s room as well. She opened her eyes and yawned lazily, remembering the events of the last night. These memories excited her, but when her vision cleared, she found herself alone in her room. For a moment she doubted that all what happened was for real, and it all might be just a wet dream. Then she remembered about the doll that sat on the chair near the desk. If it was a dream, the doll wouldn’t be there. Simple as that.

Natalie sat up in her bed and only then realized that she was still nude. She always slept in a nightgown or pajamas, but this time her body was free of all clothes. She also felt wetness in her private area and discovered a stain on the sheets. Then it wasn’t a dream after all. And when Natalie looked on the left, she saw the antique doll in a white dress still sitting on the chair. She smiled to herself as it was another proof that all what happened at night was real. And if the doll was still here, it could mean only one thing.
He will come back.
It was a big mistake walking into a place called McMillan Estate. Anna with a group of four friends organized a camping trip into a wooded area and accidentally stumbled on this strange location. It seemed abandoned at first, but very soon they learned how wrong they were.

It was a trap. A gruesome and deadly trap.

The most curious of the company appeared to be Meg and Dwight. It seemed weird to Anna, as Dwight was such a scaredy cat that sometimes it made her laugh. He reminded her very much of a Shaggy character from Scooby-Doo series that she loved so much in her childhood. Shaggy often got scared of his own shadow, and sometimes she noticed similar phenomenon by Dwight. And now he suddenly decided to be one of the bravest and go first exploring the place that looked like a junkyard in the woods. Meg, in turn, always loved adventures, and this promised to be a good one. Little did she know that this would be the last adventure in her life.

Jake and Claudette were reluctant to go in there. Being usually a loner, Jake would prefer to stay out of this, but this was not the best situation. Now it would be only clever to stay together, so he had no other option but to follow his friends. Claudette had similar thoughts about staying away from this place, but she understood that it would be selfish to let two of her friends risk their lives; and thus she and Jake also moved forward, not losing Meg and Dwight out of sight. Anna was the last one left behind, still afraid to make a step. Noticing that she wasn’t following them, Jake and Claudette turned around.

“Anna? You okay? Are you going with us?” Jake asked her, tilting his head.

“I don’t know, guys… I have a bad feeling about this,” she replied, her voice shaking. Claudette then came to her, putting a friendly hand on Anna’s shoulder.

“Well, to tell you the truth, so do we. But we cannot leave Meg and Dwight there alone. Who knows what kind of a place this is. It’s better if we stay together,” Claudette said, looking at Jake who nodded in agreement. “So come on, let’s go. We’re all afraid, but we should stick together.”

Anna sighed and gave up, agreeing that Claudette was right. If anything happens, they would have more chances of survival if all stayed together. So she finally nodded and joined Jake and Claudette. All three moved into the junkyard territory until they caught up with Meg and Dwight who stood near a barrel with burning fire in it.

“Strange,” Dwight muttered thoughtfully. “This place looks pretty deserted, but there’s still fire here.”

“Dude, I think you know what it means,” Jake said. “If there’s fire, it means someone has made it.”

“Jake is right,” Claudette agreed. “This place is not totally deserted. I think we’re not alone here.”

“And I have noticed large hooks strewn around the territory,” Anna added, pointing to one of the hooks nearby. “What do you think they are for?”

“No idea and I don’t want to know,” Meg huffed, feeling shivers run down her spine. “Oh, before we leave, I have to take a pee, otherwise I’ll get my pants wet any moment. I’ll be right back, okay?”

“Okay, just don’t go too far,” Claudette said, watching Meg disappear behind piles of junk. All of them waited in a state of nervousness, each wanting to be away from this place as far as possible.
Something wasn’t right, and as a proof, silence was suddenly broken by Meg’s piercing scream. All four friends ran to check was the problem was, and as soon as they saw Meg, their eyes widened in surprise and horror. She was sitting on the ground with her leg stuck in a bear trap.

“Jesus Christ, Meg! Are you alright?” Dwight ran to her first, followed by the others.

“Please, help!” Meg moaned in pain. “Get this thing off my leg!”

“Hold on, we’ll free you in a moment,” Jake said, prying the trap open. Dwight helped him to get it open faster until Meg’s bleeding leg was finally free.

“Damn, it hurts!” Meg clenched her teeth, her face showing a grimace of pain and torment. “How the hell a bear trap is here? Who put it?”

“Who knows? One thing I’m sure of: whoever lives here is clearly hostile and doesn’t live visitors,” Jake said, looking around. “We have to move if we want to live.”

“Couldn’t agree more, dude,” Dwight nodded, helping Meg up. “Can you stand and walk?”

“I suppose, but I’ll slow you all down,” Meg sighed.

“And what do you mean by that? We sure won’t leave you behind!” Dwight exclaimed in a bit surprised voice. “Jake and I will carry you if needed. Right?”

“Of course,” Jake agreed. “Now let’s just… Hey, Anna! What are you doing there?”

No one noticed how Anna stepped away from the group until Jake spotted it. She found a chest in a meter from them and was searching the contents of it. In a minute she returned with a first-aid kit in her hands.

“Hey, look, what I found!” she said, showing her finding to the others.

“Good job. We can at least stop bleeding,” Claudette said, taking all the necessary stuff to heal Meg’s wound. Claudette seemed to have experience with wound healing, so she worked rather fast. And while she was busy, Anna looked somewhere in the distance and felt blood in her veins turn cold. Now there was no doubt that they weren’t alone here.

“Guys, please hurry. We have to get out of here, right freaking NOW!”

“What? Do you see someone?” Claudette asked.

“Look there.” Anna pointed behind Jake’s back, making them all turn around. There, in the distance among the trees, was a large masked man standing with something that looked like a large cleaver in his hands.

“Oh God… Who is that?” Dwight sounded scared. “How long has he been watching us?”

“I don’t know, but I know one thing,” Anna said “I’ve seen enough horror movies to know that no one wearing a mask is ever friendly.”

“Run for the gate! Come on!” Claudette yelled while Jake helped Meg walk, supporting her with his shoulder. She limped, but still could walk more or less. The group of friends almost made it to the exit, but the large metal door suddenly shut right before their noses. They were trapped.

“Shit! He locked us here!” Meg exclaimed in horror. “What shall we do now?”
“Damn, this lever does nothing,” Jake swore, trying to open the door by pushing the nearby lever, but to no avail. “It seems to be out of power, so there must be some switch or maybe a generator to activate the power again.”

“A generator? Wait, what’s this?” Dwight pointed to a strange machine with something that looked like lights on top of it. “Maybe this is what we need?”

“Let’s give it a try. At least we have to do something,” Jake agreed, and both guys crouched down to check the machine. “Hey, you’re right, it is a generator, but broken one. I think we can fix it in no time.”

While Jake and Dwight were busy with the generator, the girls stood guarding. Claudette noticed one more such generator on the right, the other one was north-west from them. But no one managed to reach any of them as unbeknownst to them, a gargantuan man in a mask crept to their backs. He lifted his cleaver, its blade above them like a guillotine, and in a second silence was broken by Claudette’s painful scream. The deadly blade hit her right on the shoulder with all the might, making her fall on the ground, holding the heavy-bleeding wound. But despite the pain, she somehow managed to get up and try to run. All five friends ran in different directions in panic, forgetting everything. Each of them had just one thought in mind – survive. If they are lucky, they could regroup again and make another attempt to escape.

Meg was the second unlucky one to get under a killer’s blade, and being injured already, she had the smallest chance to get away; and when the masked man hit her, all she could do was trying to crawl away from him. The deranged murderer, however, left her alone, knowing that no one was going to leave this place. It was his hunting territory, and he, a perfect hunter that sharpened his skill for years, will make sure nobody survives.

Nobody but one.

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Anna separated from the group, just like the others, thinking what to do now. Meg and Claudette were severely injured, and that monster of a man sure wasn’t going to let anyone leave. Her heart was beating in her chest insanely, thoughts were barely coherent. Where were Jake and Dwight now? Were they still intact? She was sure they wouldn’t last long as well, and this psychopath will get them later or soon. Hiding behind one of what remained of a brick wall, Anna did her best to gather her thoughts. Those generators that are strewn around the territory, they sure have something to do with the gate, and if they are fixed, as Jake already guessed, it could provide power to open the exit and get out of this hellhole. Making a deep breath, she started moving to the nearest generator. Anna decided it would be safer to move in a crouching position, making it harder for the killer to spot her. Little did she know that she had been watched already for a long time; and as soon as Anna moved out of her hiding spot, something hit her on the head and everything went black.

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Anna didn’t know how long she was unconscious, but as soon as consciousness returned to her, so did the headache. But even before she opened her eyes, she felt something was pulling her shirt from behind. But the worst was that she couldn’t feel the ground. Opening her eyes abruptly, the young woman noticed she was indeed hanging in the air, but when she looked up, she finally saw herself hanging on one of the large hooks by her shirt. It’s not like it was painful or anything, just inconvenient. Grabbing the hook, with both hands, she tried to unhook herself, but after a few useless attempts she gave up. Anna understood that she wasn’t strong enough to lift her own weight so all what remained was just to hand and wait what happens next.
After a few moments went, something caught Anna’s attention. The sound of a faint moan reached her ears, and when she turned her head to the right in search for the source, she saw Meg hanging on the neighboring hook. Unlike Anna, Meg was obviously doomed as her body was pierced by the hook, and she just hung there like a piece of meat. Anna was surprised about how Meg was still alive. But that was not all. Not at the sight of Meg’s bloody body on a hook made tiny hairs on Anna’s skin stand on their ends. Something began to morph around Meg’s helpless body until it turned into something that resembled giant spider legs. Meg struggled with all her might, but that nightmareish overpowered her easily, piercing her body and finally killing her. Anna felt her heart practically squeezing from sorrow while watching one of her friends die, but the hellish surprise didn’t end there. Those deadly legs lifted Meg’s body and it literally dissolved in the air. The hook fell down on the ground and Meg was gone for good.

Anna shook her head, trying to digest everything she just saw. She had just witnessed a human body disappearing in the thin air. How was this even possible? And what are those spider legs? Anna was totally confused. All that she witnessed looked like some twisted form of sacrifice. One thing she was sure about: this murderer didn’t kill for himself, but for this… thing, whatever it is. And most likely the rest of her company suffered the same unenviable fate. Then why was she still alive? Strangely enough, the killer hung her in a different way, not like the others. It meant he wanted her alive, but for what purpose? But in a minute Anna realized that she would get her answer soon as she saw the killer coming her way.

The young woman watched the gargantuan man standing before her, obviously studying her as well. Now Anna could finally behold him in all his macabre might. She had never seen a man of such size. To her he seemed like a walking house. He was tall and muscular, although only his shoulders were visible, the rest of the body covered with rubber overall. His face was hidden beneath a white mask with a monstrous grin full of what seemed to sharp teeth. Anna was curious about what he looked like behind the mask, but she presumed him to be somewhat disfigured. As far as she had learnt from horror movies, such killers usually hid their deformed faced underneath the masks, so this guy’s situation could be the same. She noticed also that he had no cleaver or any other weapon in his hands. A sparkle of hope that she might survive burned in Anna’s heart, and, taking courage, she dared to speak to the killer.

“Who are you?” was the first question she asked. The masked man didn’t move for some time or made any signs of understanding. Anna’s heart began to fall slowly as she started to suspect that this guy had the mind of a child, but then he suddenly spoke back, saying just one single word:

“Trapper.”

“Trapper? Um… okay… I’m Anna,” she muttered, not knowing what else to say. “So… are you going to kill me too?” She giggled a bit right after asking this question, realizing how funny she must sound. She has just asked the killer if he was going to murder her, although the answer seemed obvious. But to her surprise he shook his head, meaning a “no”.

This confused Anna even more. If he wasn’t planning to kill her, then why was he still keeping her alive? There was something weird about it. But soon she got the hint when the man who called himself a Trapper brought his hands to the mask and took it off his face. For a moment Anna had a weird thought that this man lived for surprising her on every step. She expected him to be deformed under the mask, but instead she saw just… a face. A normal face of a man. It was covered with dirt like the rest of his visible body, and except for several scars in a few places, there was nothing out of ordinary. The only feature that spoke of his monstrous nature was the cold, harsh glance of his dark eyes. And to Anna he seemed almost… attractive.

The Trapper approached the woman so close that just a few centimeters separated them from each
other. Grabbing her waist, he lifted her higher and in the next second Anna stopped feeling pressure anymore, as she felt herself being taken off the hook and put on a massive man’s shoulder like a bag of potatoes. And while he carried her, Anna’s mind seemingly became separated into two halves. One part yelled at her that she must resist and try her best to escape the killer’s clutches, but the other, more sensible in her opinion, told her to stay calm and not to make things worse with the futile attempts to get away. This could only anger the predator which might result in her death. And Anna sure wasn’t going to die, at least for now.

Their final destination was located in some kind of a cellar with four more hooks attacked to a single wooden pillar. The Trapper passed them and put Anna down, pressing her to the wall with his own strong body. One of his arms held her waist, making sure she doesn’t try to get away, but Anna had no such plans anyway. She was determined to stay calm and better give him what he wanted; and perhaps then she might have a chance to get out of here alive.

And again Anna got a surprise to experience when the killer pressed his face to her neck and inhaled deeply, making guttural sounds when puffing out. He sounded more like a carnivorous beast, but this time a satisfied one. He obviously liked her smell as he repeated the same gesture again and again; and instead of feeling disgusted, Anna caught herself on beginning to feel… aroused. Her neck was a major turn-on spot, and when his lips touched the soft skin, planting small kisses, she couldn’t help but let out a faint moan. She really didn’t expect this monster of a man to have a gentle side, but now she understood how wrong she was. He was capable of being gentle, but only when he truly wanted it. He just chose to be cruel to people, especially being a servant of some supernatural thing; but sometimes exception can be made, and this was the case.

Noticing the woman’s reaction, the Trapper clearly understood that she liked what he was doing to her, and he wanted more. The more he inhaled her smell, the more his body heat up. The soft skin, the silky touch of her hair… and those plump lips… The more he looked at them, the more his desire to taste them grew. So he decided not to waste time and, grabbing Anna’s face with both hands, claimed her lips with his. Her own desire pushed all the common sense into the darkest depths of her mind and she kissed him back, her own tongue entangling with his like two snakes trying to overpower each other. For a man like him, this Trapper guy sure knew how to kiss and how to make a woman slowly go mad. Anna felt heat slowly pooling down between her legs, wanting so much more, but she had to be patient. There was so much more to come.

The Trapper suddenly grabbed Anna by the shirt, clearly intending to tear it off her body, but she, being a smart being by her nature, just took his hand gently and purred:

“Hush now, no need to rip my clothes apart. I know you want to see more of me, so I’ll help you.”

Light confusion could be read on Trapper’s face as he tilted his head a bit, but soon enough all became clear when the woman before him removed her shirt and jeans, followed by her undergarments. He devoured her body with is glance greedily, feeling his own flesh burning with fire of desire. Also, the large male couldn’t stand the tightness in his lower region, suppressed by the overall, so he undid the clasps, removing the filthy piece of rubber as fast as possible. And while Anna watched him strip, she couldn’t help but admire the shape of his body. She couldn’t even imagine what was hidden under the overall, but now, when he stood before her, hiding nothing, she mustered up her courage and ran her soft palms all over his muscled torso, feeling every curve with fingertips. The Trapper stood still, enjoying the gentle touch of her hands on his own rough skin; but then he made another guttural sound that momentarily caught Anna’s attention, and she looked into his eyes. The killer looked at her and then down at himself, and Anna understood at once what he wanted. She slowly moved her hand down his stomach until it reached the man’s crotch; and when her fingers wrapped around his already stiff shaft, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. While Anna massaged his male parts, he snapped back into reality, wanting to touch her curves. His
calloused fingers made circles around her breasts, kneading them and playing with already hardened buds. Anna let out another moan, now louder than before, as breasts were one of the most sensitive spots on her body; she even loved to be touched there more than between her legs. He liked the reaction he got from the female, and then a thought flashed in his mind – what if I use my tongue on her? Without thinking twice, the Trapper lowered his head to one of her breasts, and in that very second Anna felt wet sensation on her right nipple. Anna felt she would soon be unable to bear the sweet torture of his manipulations with her body, and the monsterman himself felt growing more and more impatient from his own prelude. She was already going to beg him to take her now, but it was no longer necessary as the Trapper left her breasts alone and lifted her up so that their faces were almost on the same level. Thus it would be easier for him to enter the female body. Anna had no time to react as his love shaft began penetrating her, easily sliding deeper into her heated cavern. She closed her eyes and clenched her teeth, getting used to his size. He was large enough to stretch her insides, but everything was bearable. The Trapper didn’t give her much time to adjust though. His cup of patience was full and all he wished now is to bang his female so that she would collapse from exhaustion. Anna wrapped her arms around his neck while the massive man started moving his hips rather fast. At first she felt some pain, but it was merely because of being unused to the size; and later it hurt no more than just a plain bruise. After all, this guy still looked pretty much human, despite the size, so actually there was nothing so unusual about him.

With each thrust, the Trapper growled like a bear, increasing the speed step by step and planting small bites on Anna’s neck and earlobe. It gave a slight ticklish feeling and only added more to the pleasure she was bathing in. She felt her peak approaching fast, and the more he thrust into her, the more often he hit the sensitive spot inside her, and Anna couldn’t be more sure that this man, killer as he may be, would be able to send her to cloud nine. She writhed and moaned while their bodies rubbed against each other in this bizarre but steamy dance of a predator and his prey, his growls and her cries of pleasure combining in a cacophony of passionate sounds of desire. Anna tried to hold back her orgasm, but it proved to be unsuccessful, considering how fast and powerfully his strong body was pounding into her. Finally she climaxed with a piercing cry of bliss, feeling drops of hot sweat running down her entire body. The Trapper still continued thrusting for a short amount of time, but quiet soon it was too much for him too, and he released his hot load deep inside her. He roared so loudly during his orgasm that Anna had to cover her ears not to go deaf, but it helped little. To her it resembled the sound of erupting volcano that could be heard for kilometers.

Taking a few deep breaths, the Trapper put the female on the ground and looked into her deep blue eyes. Anna stared at him, waiting for his next decision. Was he going to kill her afterwards? Many murderers do like this; first satisfying their carnal needs and then killing the victim. Such behavior was rather usual for such types like him, but still she didn’t lose hope that maybe he would let her go. All she could do now is waiting.

The Trapper was lost in thoughts, being unsure what to do with her now. He liked this woman named Anna, and so far she was the first one not to give in to panic in his presence. Besides, she even tried to talk to him, and this was something worthy. These thoughts touched his dark heart and he was close to deciding to let her leave, but copulating with her was so great that he didn’t want to let her go. The monsterman wanted to experience this again, and now he was sure that only Anna could give him that pleasure.

Anna, in turn, was also torn between wanting to be free and her desire for him. If he decides to let her go, she will have every chance to live her life and be happy. But, on the other hand, she knew there would be no other man like the Trapper who could make her experience such euphoria and feel desirable as a woman. Maybe if he could allow her to stay with him a bit more? Anyway, it was up to him to decide, not her.

Finally, after a few minutes of thinking, the Trapper picked up Anna’s clothes and gave them back to
her, gently brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. He then put his overall and mask on and left the basement. Dressing up, Anna wasn’t sure what to think. Has he decided to let her go or keep her for a while? She didn’t know, but he sure wasn’t going to take away her life, and that made her happy.

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The Trapper still hesitated to make a final decision. He liked this young woman and knew it would be torture to force her to stay here. But he also noticed that she had similar feelings to him, he could read it in her eyes. Before that he never wanted any trespassers in his territory, but now things have changed. All her friends were dead and the Entity was pleased, so his main mission was complete. Who knows when another group of victims dares to wander into his hunting grounds? No one knows that for sure. So he then had an idea that later became his final decision.

He would keep Anna until the next group of careless wanderers enters his domain. And then he would let her leave.

Her future is freedom.
Atone For Your Sins (Silent Hill)

A/N: The story contains a rape scene. It's not a romantic tale.

The deafening sound of sirens blared through the air, making many passers in the street cover their ears. People watched with surprised glances how a car passed them on insane speed, followed by two police vehicles. Whatever the case was, no one had any doubts that the criminal’s identity was clear and now all that remained was to catch him or her.

Vanessa pushed the gas pedal almost to the ground, trying to get away from the chase as far as possible, but the police was still on her tail. Several months ago she caused fire in the house of her rival, Carol Harris, which resulted in her instant death. Thus Vanessa hoped that Carol’s fiancée after some time would finally belong to her. But in the end her hope broke like thin glass against the rock. David not just refused to be with her, but blamed her in the first place in Carol’s death, as Vanessa was the only known person that hated Carol. The unfortunate man cursed her verbally and blamed her in the arson of Carol’s house and death of his beloved one. In the end he went to the police station and told everything to the cops. And being locked up in prison was the last thing that Vanessa wanted to experience. She wasn’t going to end like that. It was better even to die than rotting away in jail.

Vanessa noticed that the speedometer of her car exceeded 120 km per hour, but she cared little. All she wanted to do is get away as far as possible and be left alone. She continued her crazy driving until she was finally out of the city borders where the rural area began. The only thing that confused her a bit that the farther she moved, the more foggy it became around her. After she passed through the woods, the fog grew almost as thick as cotton, and Vanessa was forced to slow down a bit not to crash anywhere. Very little was visible in front, and the further she drove, the worse the entire visibility became. The police sirens grew quieter, but they still were after her, so Vanessa continued driving, not knowing where exactly she was going to. Suddenly the radio in her car switched on by itself which made Vanessa feel scared. If it was music she heard, then things would have been more or less bearable, but all she heard was static. Her heart started beating faster, and Vanessa was close to deciding to turn around and go back; but then she would get directly into the hands of cops. She didn’t stop driving, reducing the speed just a bit; but the deeper she moved into the fog, the louder and more annoying the static became. Vanessa tried to switch the radio off, but when she lifted her head up to look at the road, she caught a glimpse of a tall and very weird looking man. But it wasn’t his height that made Vanessa feel shiver going down her spine, no. It was something that had a triangular shape on his head, but she couldn’t see what exactly it was. He appeared right before her car, and Vanessa pushed the brake pedal with all her might, being afraid to crash into him. In the result the car stopped obeying its owner, and Vanessa couldn’t control it anymore. The wheels rubbed themselves against the asphalt with a loud, screeching sound until the car finally crashed into border and fell downhill, rolling around several times. Vanessa yelled her lungs out, holding the steering wheel in a deadly grasp while the vehicle rolled down the slope until her car finally landed somewhere, but she couldn’t see where anymore. During the impact she hit her head against the steering wheel and everything went black.

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No one knows how much time has passed until Vanessa slowly opened her eyes. In the first few seconds she dared to think that all what happened was nothing more than just a nightmare. But when her vision cleared, she realized she still was inside her car, head lying on a steering wheel. In addition to that, severe headache reminded her once more that everything that took place before was harsh and merciless reality. Vanessa felt like her head was going to explode any moment, temples were
pulsating intensely. Then she felt something running down her forehead slowly, and when her fingers touched it, she saw them painted red when she looked at them.

“God damn it…” Vanessa swore, seeing blood on her fingers. “I must have hit my head against the wheel. I just hope it’s nothing serious.”

Rummaging through her pockets, Vanessa found a package of paper napkins and put one of them to the wound on her head. She had to use more than one though, but after some time the bleeding finally stopped, and that made her feel relieved. Vanessa then pressed the door handle and tried to open the car door, but it didn’t budge. She sure wasn’t planning to stay stuck in a broken vehicle, and lucky for her, the windshield was cracked and could be broken with some effort. Vanessa then began checking the inside of her car for something that she could use and found an umbrella on the backseat. She grabbed it and started hammering the cracked glass with its sharp ending until the glass finally broke in that spot. Vanessa continued breaking it until the hole was wide enough for her to squeeze through without cutting her face or hands. When she got out at last, the first thing Vanessa saw was that she was surrounded by fog so thick that nothing was visible farther than her own arm’s length. But it wasn’t what surprised her, no. It was something else.

Silence.

Yes, this is what reigned in this strange, foggy place. There were no sounds that could be heard by human ears. Nothing. It was absolutely quiet, just like in the cemetery. But even in the cemetery you could hear at least something, like the sound of trees swinging in the wind or birds chirping. And here it was just dead silence, not even a single sign of life. Vanessa felt like she got into some vacuum zone, and if something happens, no one would hear her call for help. She pulled out her cell phone to check whether it still worked, but no, of course it didn’t. The same thing happened to the radio in her car. It was such a feeling like some jamming machine worked in this area. But whether this was the case or not, Vanessa understood that staying in one place and just pondering would do no good. Whatever this place was, she had to move.

As it seemed that she would walk into the woods and get lost if she went just forward, Vanessa thought that the best idea for now was to climb up the hill and get back on the main road. She only wondered where the cops were now. There were no signs of them either. No sirens, no voices. Could it be that they lost her tracks and went back to the city? Perhaps, but now Vanessa wasn’t so sure whether it was good or bad. She was totally alone in this place and there was nowhere to get help from, at least at this moment. So all she could do now is follow the main road, hoping that it would lead somewhere.

Vanessa had no idea how long she walked alone the road. It felt like the time was frozen in this place or was just missing. She wondered how long this road would last, but soon something like a large road sign began appearing through the mist. Vanessa approached it until she could read the welcoming words for the town visitors:

“Welcome to Silent Hill”

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“Silent Hill?” Vanessa asked, more to herself. “I’ve never heard about this place. Where exactly am I?”

Her question remained unanswered, but nonetheless she decided to move forward. Vanessa knew she was now in the middle of God knows where, but at least she found some town or city, whatever this Silent Hill was; and that meant there was hope to find help.

Vanessa walked forward until she reached the area where the town itself began, but the deeper she moved into it, the more she understood that the town was as deserted as the whole area around it.
While she walked through the town, Vanessa studied the surrounding buildings. Neither of them was open, major part of stores, salons, and apartment buildings were boarded up, and it looked like they stayed so for a long time. The cars she stumbled on now and then were abandoned for years, and many of them were rusty. All this town looked like it had fallen into a state of disrepair for centuries, and most likely it was the case. Vanessa had no idea how old the town of Silent Hill was, but now she doubted that she wanted to know it. She also doubted that getting help in this place was possible as there was no living soul around here; and it was very unlikely that electricity in this town worked at all, so using the stationary phone somewhere was out of question. Vanessa felt she was literally trapped in a ghost town in the middle of nowhere and had no other place to go. This was the moment she started realizing the meaning of fear and isolation, but little did she know what horrors the town of Silent Hill contained. Also, the vision of that weird man she saw before the accident refused to leave her mind. Whoever he was, Vanessa was sure he lived somewhere in this town and hoped that she would be lucky not to meet him face-to-face.

Vanessa continued walking carefully, reaching the first crossroads, but then something on the ground caught her attention. There were some little stains, more like drops; but when she crouched to look better, she realized to her horror that those were drops of blood. She touched one of them with her fingers and saw that they were still fresh. It could mean only one thing: someone was hurt, and he or she couldn’t have gone far.

The frightened woman decided to follow the blood trail, knowing that it was probably a bad idea; but, on the other hand, she didn’t have plenty of options. Besides, this someone needed more help than she did, so she followed the trail. It took around ten of fifteen minutes to walk until a faint sound of footsteps and crying reached her ears; and judging by the sound, that person was limping. And the further Vanessa walked, the louder the crying grew. She could feel her insides trembling from the heartbreaking crying of this unfortunate being, and her wish to help him or her increased with every minute. Vanessa approached the crying being that, judging by the voice, was female; but the closer she approached, the sharper the contours of a ruined house became. When she could finally see all of it, she realized that the house was ruined by fire, and most of it had already turned to ashes. Vanessa felt something pinching in her soul, as the images of Carol’s burning house flashed in her mind. She closed her eyes and shook her head in denial. No, it cannot be… or can it? – Vanessa pondered as thoughts about it being Carol’s burned house filled her mind. The only fact that all now happened in Silent Hill told her that it was very unlikely, but still some part of her believed it was. The sounds of continuous crying made her turn away from the ashes and concentrate her attention on the suffering female. But as Vanessa approached her, she saw a woman sitting on the ground, turning her back to her; and only then Vanessa noticed how torn and untidy her clothes were, and how messy her dark hair looked. This poor being sure was in trouble, so Vanessa approached her from the back and touched her shoulder carefully.

“Excuse me, miss… Are you alright? Do you need help?”

The woman stopped crying and slowly turned her head. Seeing her face, Vanessa widened her eyes in horror and started moving backwards with her mouth open, unable to make a sound. The face of the woman looked like it missed the skin, and blood was dripping from her mouth. She then stood up and slowly began limping towards Vanessa, her gait reminding the one of a zombie. Now Vanessa could see the creature’s face better, and when she looked with more attention, she realized that her face wasn’t missing the skin. It was severely burned. More than that, Vanessa realized that the face of this terrible woman reminded her on someone.

“C-Carol…? Is… is that really you?” Vanessa stammered, barely being able to form at least a few words. The memories of a burning house and Carol dying in fire pressed on her brain at the sight of this creature, eating it from inside; and in the moment when Carol’s name was pronounced, the infernal female shrieked so loud that Vanessa’s blood turned cold. She had never heard a sound more
terrifying than that. Her shriek was entirely inhuman, and Vanessa couldn’t think of any animal on earth that could produce sounds even a bit close to that. And right after that the monster began limping twice as fast, stretching her hands towards Vanessa and obviously wanting to grab her. It was then when Vanessa’s lungs finally regained their ability to function. Letting out a piercing scream, she bolted away into the fog without looking back. She didn’t know where exactly she was running. All that mattered now was getting away from the creature as far as possible. And Vanessa was more than sure that this thing was some kind of twisted and demonic version of Carol that wanted her dead.

Getting tired, Vanessa finally slowed her running and noticed that she reached some rusty gate. As she had nothing to lose, she slowly opened them and clenched her teeth from the screeching sound, being afraid to attract the demonic Carol’s attention. Closing the gate after her, Vanessa found herself in a small yard of a building that appeared to be Alchemilla hospital; at least that’s what the name said. Not being sure whether Carol was still on her tracks, Vanessa decided to hide in the hospital, hoping that her deadly enemy wouldn’t find her.

The hospital was as empty as the whole town, and Vanessa wasn’t sure what to do now and where to go. First of all, she had to find something to defend herself. She wasn’t sure whether she would encounter any other creature beside Carol, but in case they meet again, she had to be ready. But where could any weapon be inside a hospital? This was the question that bothered Vanessa’s mind. To find it out, there was nothing left to do but move inside the hospital and search each room; and if she’s lucky, she would find at least a knife or a scalpel. In any case, it was better than nothing.

Vanessa searched all the rooms on the ground floor, but could find nothing she could use, not even a scalpel. Studying the hospital map, she found out that the operation room was located on the first floor, so there might be something useful. As the elevator appeared to be out of power, Vanessa used the stairs to get to the second floor. While searching for the operation room, she was grateful to be lucky enough not to encounter any monsters here; but as a rule of meanness, misfortune can be called upon just by thinking about it. She understood it right then when a strange sound reached her ears that most likely came from outside as it wasn’t loud enough to irritate her ears.

“What? A siren? Where is it coming from?” Vanessa whispered to herself, feeling confused. She couldn’t understand what was going on. What was this siren? Who turned it on? Whatever it was, but such sound was creepy enough by itself, but hearing it in a ghost town felt even more frightening. Vanessa pressed her back to the nearest wall in fear, being afraid to make another step, but she had no more time to ponder about what was going on. The torturing headache was back, and this time it was much more severe than before.

“Oh! My head! What’s happening?! Aaah!!” she yelled in pain, grabbing her soaring head. It felt like her skull would crack open any moment. In the end Vanessa collapsed on the floor unconscious without noticing how the world was changing around her.

It didn’t take long until Vanessa woke up, and strangely enough, the headache was gone when it happened. It surprised her, but the absence of headache was nothing comparing to what she saw when her vision cleared.

Rust and blood… Darkness and fire… The more she looked around, the stronger were her doubts that all of this was real.

“Jesus Christ… Is this a dream?” she whispered to herself. “It has to be. None of this can be real…”

Vanessa felt like a rabbit that was going to be surrounded by predators any moment and was afraid to move or make any sound. The walls around her looked like they were burning or pulsating, like living their own life. She doubted whether she should touch anything, but Vanessa had to be sure
whether she was still dreaming or not. She put her trembling palm on a wall, but it felt like any other wall in any building she had been in. The fact she was able to touch and feel things around her, was a proof that it was no dream.

“Where am I? Is this... hell?” Vanessa continued talking quietly to herself. “How did I even get here? Am I still in the hospital?”

She stood up carefully and made a few steps forward, peering around the corner for any danger that might lurk there. Although it was barely recognizable, but Vanessa now understood that she was still in the hospital as the location of all rooms was still the same. To be more precise, it could be called an infernal version of Alchemilla hospital. She could only wonder whether the rest of the town looked the same way like this hospital did. *Most likely it does,* - she thought to herself. – *I guess the entire town has been consumed by forces of Hell.*

Vanessa now tried to concentrate and decide where to go. She remembered being in her way to the operation room when this hellish transformation began. But all she managed was to move away from the wall she stood at when she heard something behind her back. Something was moving towards her from the darkness; and judging by the sound, those were footsteps of a female that wore high-heeled shoes. Vanessa began shaking instantly as she thought at first that the infernal resemblance of Carol had found her and now was coming to get her. But when the stranger finally appeared in the light, she saw it was a creature that looked like a nurse; at least it was dressed like one. Vanessa knew that the nurse sure wasn’t planning to talk or be friends as she was armed with a steel pipe and clearly planned to murder the uninvited guest.

“Shit!” was all Vanessa could hiss through her teeth and quickly turned around to run for her life. Reaching a large door, she turned her head back to see whether the zombie-like nurse was following her, but saw nothing, at least for now. She sighed in relief, as the nurse was rather slow, so running away from her was not that difficult. But Vanessa sure wasn’t going to stand and wait until the creature appeared again, so she entered the room and closed the door firmly after her. She found herself in a rather big room, but empty one. The only thing to watch out for was a huge hole in the floor that led into the dark abyss. Red light illuminated everything, so lucky for Vanessa, it wasn’t totally dark. Noticing the second door in the other end of the room, she carefully walked around the hole and reached the door that lead to another corridor. But as soon as she opened the door, Vanessa was greeted by pitch darkness, not even a tiny ray of light was seen. She pulled out her cell phone to help herself travel in the dark. No matter that it had no signal, but at least it could be used as a source of light; and although it provided little illumination, it was better than nothing. Vanessa crept as quiet as she could, afraid to stumble against something in the dark and fall. But soon enough she realized there was something much worse than that as she could clearly hear that someone or something was following her; and this thing, judging by the footsteps, was much larger and heavier than a nurse. The nurse wore high-heeled shoes, but this thing had boots on its feet. Having no better idea than to run, Vanessa rushed forward down the corridor, not entirely knowing when she was going. Only one thought occupied her mind: a large monster was on her tail, and she had to save herself, no matter how. Her heart was beating like crazy, threatening to tear her chest apart, especially when she found out that the door in the end of the corridor appeared to be locked and there was no other way to go. She has run into a dead end.

She was trapped.

The creature moved closer to her with every minute, its footsteps growing louder. All Vanessa could do was sink to the floor and pray that this thing, whatever it was, might not see her in darkness. The feeling was even worse when she had no idea what exactly she was facing. The monster stood before her and for several minutes all was silent. Vanessa counted the seconds nervously, but very soon the waiting was over. A large and strong hand grabbed her by the throat roughly, and Vanessa
didn’t even manage to realize what was happening when she felt her body being thrown on something and left hanging in this uncomfortable position. From that she guessed that the monster has thrown her on his shoulder and in a split second he began walking. His grip was so strong that the unfortunate woman realized it was no use to fight back as this thing might hurt her even more than he already planned, or so she thought. Vanessa was truly afraid to imagine what this monster was going to do with her.

While he carried her like this, Vanessa had no idea how much time has passed. To her it seemed like eternity, although in reality the travel took no more than fifteen minutes or twenty as maximum. Some rooms the monster went through were barely illuminated with faint red light, and then she noticed that the thing that carried her wasn’t actually taller than the average man, but he had something large on his head, but Vanessa couldn’t fully see it from her position. She didn’t have to wait long though to find it out as suddenly the monster stopped at one of the doors and opened it. The room was brighter than any other location in the infernal hospital, but still the red light accompanied her anywhere she went. But it wasn’t what made Vanessa’s blood turn cold. It was a knife of a huge size on the table when they passed it, and a spear standing at the nearby wall. The monster finally stopped then, and Vanessa was roughly thrown on a filthy mattress soaked with blood and God knows what else. Now she had every chance to behold her enemy and the place where he brought her.

Looking at the monster before her, Vanessa widened her blue eyes in terror, feeling every tiny hair on her skin stand up. It was the same creature she saw in the second before the car accident. He was the one who appeared on the road and made her car crash. This triangular thing on his head was something she would never forget, and there were no visible holes or anything for seeing. Is he even able to see? – Vanessa pondered, seeing no holes or anything through what this thing might be able to see. – If not, then how does he know where he was going? Echolocation maybe? Whatever the case was, he sure knew how to navigate through this place, and even darkness wasn’t an obstacle for him. This was a creature that came out of a pure nightmare, his whole appearance presented his nature of a merciless, and bloodthirsty monster that was obsessed only with one thing – death. This red triangular thing, the filthy robe, gloves, and black boots he wore made him look like some twisted version of a historical executioner, and it was very unlikely that he ever let him victims live. And that is what most likely awaits her. Vanessa was somehow sure of that.

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This woman… Her black soul has brought her to this town. Pyramid Head could read her mind like an open book. She burned a person, burned the entire house with a woman inside. She was a sinner and had to be punished. He will make sure she gets what she deserves. But before killing, Pyramid Head planned to have a bit fun with his victim. Thus he would make her suffer before death, and that would be a vital part of her punishment.

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The anticipation was already a torture. Vanessa couldn’t stand it anymore. One mere sight of Pyramid Head standing and obviously looking at her was simply unbearable. And then she saw it, something that made her understand that the monster had plans for her before killing. She had no doubts that the creature was male, seeing the bulge under his robe growing larger. Vanessa knew now what exactly he was going to do with her.

“No… please… don’t! Please!!” she begged, her eyes filling with tears, but begging was futile. Her tears meant nothing to him. And her pitiful pleas combined with horror in her eyes made his body heat up even more. Grabbing her by the throat again, Pyramid Head lowered on his knee and ripped the pants off the female body with one rough movement. No mercy was shown to her panties too.
Vanessa tried to pry his gloved hand open, but his grip was too strong. She could barely breathe, but the monster wasn’t trying to suffocate her. He wanted her alive during the torture.

Pyramid Head then grabbed her legs and roughly pushed them apart, nearly breaking her bones in the process. Lifting the edge of his robe, he revealed the sight of his thick, veined member. And when Vanessa saw this, she automatically began fighting back, realizing what awaits her. But her feeble attempts did nothing to save her from what was coming. The monster released her neck, grabbing both her wrists instead with one hand and held them above her head. There was no chance to get away now, so Vanessa’s body went limp and she closed her eyes, not wanting to see what comes next. She did her best to prepare herself for the pain that was about to follow, but what she expected was an understatement.

A large and serious understatement.

When the monstrous member entered the female body in one rough thrust, piercing screams and swearing broke the eternal silence, echoing throughout the infernal hospital. Pyramid Head wasn’t going to wait and let her to adjust to his size. He pulled out to the very tip and then slammed back inside, stretching her insides to their limits and earning another painful scream from the victim. Vanessa screamed as loud as she could while the monster made fast and powerful thrusts and was sure that when this torture ends, she will end up with damaged organs. But deep inside she knew she deserved everything what was now happening to her. She committed a murder, burned an innocent person in her own home, and for what? For taking her boyfriend away that she was infatuated with. Only now, going through her own hell, Vanessa realized what a huge and unforgivable mistake she made. And now she was paying dearly for what she did.

Painful screams of a victim made Pyramid Head thrust even faster and stronger as his sexual appetite grew with each sound she made. He felt himself approaching the peak of his monstrous orgasm. A few more hard movements of his hips, and he spilled his seed into her with a deafening roar. Vanessa didn’t even try to do anything or cover her ears; she didn’t care about it anymore. The monster then pulled his organ out of her and let the edge of his robe fall down, covering his private parts. Blood and sperm oozed from her damaged opening, but Vanessa cared little. She had almost grown numb to the pain. Now all she could do was waiting for it all to end.

Pyramid Head decided not to waste time. He threw the woman on his shoulder again like if she was a rag doll, and carried into another room, the same one with a hole in the middle. Not thinking twice, he grabbed Vanessa by the waist and threw her limp body down the pit. His mission was complete. Now, if there was anything left of her, would be useful for other creatures that might be hungry and waiting for new prey.

Vanessa lay on the ground in darkness, unable to move a muscle and wondering how she was still alive after all what happened and after she landed on the bottom of the pit. But it mattered no more. She knew she would die right here and now. No one would mourn her, especially in this place. She was a sinner and she got what she deserved. She got to Silent Hill for a reason, and that reason was punishment. She was just another victim of this sinister town; not the first one and definitely not the last one. And as she lay there, waiting for death, she heard growling sounds surrounding her. Light flashed in the room for a second, letting her see four things that barely resembled dogs; all were coming to her. It was enough for her to notice their deadly maws with rows of razor-sharp fangs and saliva dripping from them. The creatures were starving, and the smell of fresh blood and meat only increased their hunger. All four wasted no time and rushed forward, plunging their teeth into juicy flesh. And while the hellhounds devoured her, the last thing Vanessa saw before her eyes closed forever, was Carol’s burned face with an ominous grin on it…
Blood Red Sandman (The Sandman)

Jennifer sat on bed in her bedroom, gazing into the darkening sky through the window. Her heart was beating fast and mind refused to give her peace. There was something that has changed her life drastically when something came out into the light. She realized she was born with special ability of moving the objects with the power of her mind that scientifically was called “telekinesis”. Jennifer could have never imagined that something like that was even possible. She remembered reading Stephen King’s famous novel named “Carrie” which became one of her favorites, but Carrie’s telekinetic abilities seemed fantastic to her then. And now Jennifer herself felt like being the real-life Carrie White. This power lay dormant in her for years, and now, when she has become a beautiful young woman, it finally began coming out of darkness. Every time Jennifer felt angry or frightened, things around her started shaking, and the more her emotions grew in power, the more violent the shaking was. Her mother was no less surprised that Jennifer herself, but despite all her best tries to hide it, Jennifer could see it in her mother’s eyes that she was afraid of her own daughter. Jennifer could be grateful though that unlike Carrie’s mother, Margaret White, her mother was far from being a religious fanatic. Despite her fear, Deborah Cotton loved her daughter and would never leave her, no matter what happened. That made Jennifer happy and she could live with it without any problems until one day life brought her one unexpected and macabre surprise.

When she was a child, her mother used to tell her a tale of a Sandman before sleeping. According to her memory, Jennifer remembered the Sandman to be a little benevolent dwarf-like character that sprinkled the children’s eyes with magical sand, helping them fall asleep faster and showing them nice and pleasant dreams afterwards. But as she grew up into an adult, one day Jennifer stumbled on a movie with Sandman’s name as the main title. And it positioned itself as a horror movie. Jennifer wasn’t a fan of horror movies, but she finally decided to watch it just of curiosity. She just wanted to know how it is possible to make a scary movie with the participation of such a nice little thing as the Sandman.

As night fell on the entire town, Jennifer switched her laptop on and searched for the desired film online. It was sort of problematic to download it as the movie was shown on Syfy some time ago, but luckily it was still available for watching online. Jennifer turned the light off and pressed the Play button in anticipation to see what exactly this supposed horror movie had to do with a mythical figure named Sandman.

As the film progressed, Jennifer saw that the titular character was far from being benevolent and had nothing to do with the Sandman she has known and loved in her childhood. It was a pure nightmare, a monster that an eight-year old girl has manifested with her abilities when being scared or angry. To her horror, Jennifer realized that Madison, the girl in the movie, had the same abilities as she did. Interesting thing was that this sand creature acted as some sort of a bodyguard for Madison, but all of it was a result of a child’s mind. And what if she, Jennifer, happened to materialize such kind of creature? Would it also be her bodyguard? Or would it be something else? On the one side, Jennifer was curious if her own mind was capable of such things, but on the other side, she doubted it was a good idea trying to materialize a monster in real world. It might end badly as well.

When the movie finally came to its end, Jennifer shut her pc down and sighed. It wasn’t the best movie she has seen and definitely not the scariest. But the titular monster… there was something in him or it that made her shiver, and Jennifer couldn’t really comprehend what it was and why. Was it the fact that they made a pure nightmare of the Sandman? Perhaps. One she knew for sure: it sure ruined her childhood memories, but it is something she could deal with. In any case, it was one of such cases that a film will soon be forgotten as there really was nothing special about it in general; except for the monster. Although her mind told her that this creature is not just frightening, but also
bloodthirsty, her soul and heart found it almost... beautiful. Jennifer couldn’t help but admit that she was charmed by this being, fictional as it may be. And if she tried hard enough, she might be able to help him materialize in the world of living... and maybe make him her bodyguard as well.

As it was late, Jennifer pushed the disturbing thoughts aside and crawled into the warm bed. She managed to fall asleep quickly, but her sleep was far from peaceful. She saw herself among various people whose faces she couldn’t see, but in each situation there was someone she wanted to be dead. And as soon as she thought that, she saw each such person being surrounded by... sand. It circled in the air around him or her, like if a small sandstorm took a person in its embrace. It continued like that for a minute or even less until she finally saw him – the Sandman; just like she had seen him in a movie. A monster that crawled right out of a nightmare, but he showed no aggression towards his creator, focusing on those that were doomed to die. Jennifer watched as he murdered his victims in most gruesome ways, leaving bloody remains of what has once has been a human being. And the first thing that surprised Jennifer was that she felt little to no fear at all, not even a feeling of disgust could get to her. All she could do was watch the killing machine she created with her unique abilities.

“Blood red sandman...” she whispered quietly, more to herself, doubting that the monster would hear her. But he did, even standing in the distance. And as soon as she spoke these words, the Sandman turned his head to her abruptly and slowly walked towards her until he stood a few centimeters away from her. Several minutes of silence between them passed while the sand creature watched his creator, tilting his head and studying her with the glance of his invisible eyes. Jennifer couldn’t see anything that resembled eyes, just two deep holes, but she was somehow sure that the monster could see everything and was now staring at her. And then he finally moved. Lifting his clawed hand, the Sandman touched her cheek lightly. At first Jennifer got her scare in the moment she saw his claws right in front of her face, as they looked like blades growing from his fingers; but as soon as his fingers were on her cheek, she relaxed. And here came the second surprise: his fingers on her skin felt... natural, like real skin. She knew what it felt like when you touch sand, but this was something different. Jennifer then lifted her own hand and touched the monster’s clawed hand. And she was right. It felt like he wasn’t made of sand, but had real flesh. And the more she felt his touch, the stronger the feeling was that she wanted him to be with her always and never leave her side. It felt so nice that she closed her eyes, wishing for this moment to last for eternity...

Jennifer opened her eyes and found herself still in her own bed. Sitting up, she scanned the memories of the last night. So it was all a dream? But it felt so real... She was fully awake, but still felt the touch of Sandman’s fingers on her face. In fact, she felt sorry that he visited her only in a dream, but for now it was enough for a good mood for the rest of the day.

She awoke one hour before her alarm went off, so technically she could still have some more sleep, but after the dream experience there was not a single trace left of drowsiness. The sun has just begun to rise, so the room was still dimly illuminated. And as Jennifer stood up from her bed, her heart skipped a beat. When she looked down on the floor to find her slippers, she noticed something on the floor at her bed, like a tiny pile of something that looked like dust. She was more than sure that before she went to bed yesterday, there was nothing out of ordinary in her room. Jennifer crouched to take a better look at the strange, little brownish pile; but right when her fingertips touched it, she felt blood in her veins turn cold.

It was a small amount of sand...

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During her walk to University, Jennifer couldn’t get rid of thoughts about what she found at the foot of her bed. How did that sand get into her room? The first idea, of course, was about the Sandman,
but it sounded silly. Yes, she dreamt about him, but it wasn’t the reason for the sand in her room… or was it? As much as she tried, Jennifer couldn’t find a rational explanation of what it was. Could it really be that the sand creature appeared in her room at night while she slept? Was that even possible? Jennifer decided it would be better if she concentrated on something else, otherwise her head felt like if it was going to explode.

Being in University also served as a test for her nerves and patience. As Jennifer was a silent type, no one had an idea about what she was capable of. She talked very little to her course mates and kept distance from the local company. Of course, the so-called “cool” girls didn’t accept her, especially Chelsea Williford, the popular girl. They took such behavior as conceit, not even trying to understand that Jennifer was just keeping her emotions by herself. Chelsea was the number one bully in the company and always tried to play some nasty tricks on Jennifer. She always ignored her though, which was the best way for Jennifer. She knew that arguing and trying to fight back meant lowering herself to the level of those whose mind was not smarter that a chicken’s. The maximum what she could do was showing middle finger to that narcissistic bitch. And today it seemed that Chelsea was in a bad mood or whatever, as she behaved especially awful towards Jennifer, instigating her two best friends to do the same. Technically, Jennifer could use her abilities to kill them all, but doing that at the University wasn’t the best idea. But she carried this wish in her heart for a long time. And today something inside told her that it was finally time to teach them a good lesson.

Studies ended in afternoon, around three. Jennifer walked out of the building and this time decided to go the shorter way home which lead through the wooded area. She often did this as the atmosphere of the woods and forests helped her to calm down and relax. The smell of the forest was something that couldn’t be compared to anything in the world. It was something truly special. Sometimes Jennifer thought that forest is such a place that holds some magical power in it, and anything might be possible, if you truly wished for that.

But her plan of enjoying the woods failed when something painfully hit her in the back. Jennifer turned around and saw a stone landing on the ground right behind her. Lifting her head up, she saw Chelsea and two her friends standing a meter or two away from her. All three had those nasty grins of their faces.

“What’s the big idea of throwing rocks at me?” Jennifer asked in irritated voice. “And why on Earth are you following me?”

“We’re not obliged to excuse ourselves in front of an ugly schmuck like you,” Chelsea replied in mocking voice. “And it was just one tiny rock. We’ve got much more for you!”

“Fuck off, bitch!” Jennifer hissed in response. Chelsea tilted her head, still grinning, but her anger was obviously rising.

“What did you say?”

“I said – fuck off and rot in hell, you disgusting bitch!”

Jennifer failed to notice that she literally yelled these words out, her mind now consumed by rage. All the anger that lay dormant in her heart was now pouring out like waterfall. It was enough. In this moment she had just one thought in mind: she wanted them all dead.

And right in that moment the girls noticed wind coming up, which was strange. All the day had been peaceful, not a single hint of storm; but now the wind grew stronger with every second, although the weather was sunny and the sky lacked any clouds. But it was just the beginning. Chelsea and her friends soon began to cough, indicating that something got into their noses.
“Shit, what the hell is that?” she exclaimed.

“I don’t know,” Jenna screamed back. “My eyes are soaring from this crap! Wait, I think this is…”

“Sand!” Liz finished the sentence for her. “Why on Earth is sand whirling in the air? It’s like being in the middle of a sandstorm.”

In a few moments the wind with the sand settled down, and the three bullies stood in their spot, unable to move from horror. Right before their eyes the sand morphed into a humanoid-like creature, towering over them like a mountain, reaching almost two meters. Jennifer stood in her place as well, watching the scene in awe and surprise. She only knew one thing: her rage triggered her abilities at full power, allowing her to conjure up the being that she had dreamt about last night.

The Sandman.

The monster didn’t have to think twice to understand who was before him and why he was here. Wasting no time, he lifted both his hands, and the girls watched in terror how his claws increased in length, now looking like real blades. Chelsea’s friends had no time to react and in a single blink their necks were pierced through with the deadly claws. Chelsea began to step backwards, mouth open in fear; and the last what she saw before her useless attempt to run was Jennifer’s glance. It wasn’t the timid young woman she had always known. Those eyes looking at her were the cold eyes of a blood-thirsty murderer. Chelsea then turned around and ran, but she understood too late that she couldn’t get away from her fate. It was useless to outrun the monster that morphed before her, blowing the sand into her eyes and thus blinding her. Chelsea stopped at once, trying to clean her eyes, and in a split second her head was in the hands of the Nightmarish creature. The Sandman started pressing on her head, enjoying the painful screams, until he heard the sound of cracking bones. Collecting all his strength, he made one last press, and Chelsea’s head turned into bloody mess. He was satisfied. His work was done for now. Dropping the headless body on the ground, the Sandman dissolved in the air.

Jennifer still stood in her spot, unable to believe what she just saw. Did she really do it? Was she able to let the Sandman into the real world? At the first moment she dared to think it was all one big hallucination, but the three corpses on the ground proved that all what happened was absolutely real. She found it a bit weird, but the sight of Chelsea and her dead friends’ bodies instilled little to no fear in her. Deep inside she was happy that they were dead. These girls were true pain in the ass, and now they got what they deserved. Jennifer realized that she achieved what she wanted – the Sandman has become her personal guardian.

Jennifer walked quickly home, understanding that later or soon the bodies will be found. In any case, no matter how hard the police and detectives try, they won’t succeed finding any evidence that could indicate it she had something to do with these killings, as there were no fingerprints or anything that could leave her trace. And even if she told someone about the Sandman, no one would ever believe her and proclaim her insane. But Jennifer wasn’t going to tell it to anyone, even to her mother. The Sandman was her personal secret and hers only.

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On the next day most of Jennifer’s course mates didn’t stop wondering where Chelsea and her friends were as all three didn’t appear in the University. Guys were especially frustrated, as Chelsea was their favorite; especially Brian was sad about her disappearance as he was in relationship with Chelsea. He tried to call her both on cell and home phone, but she never answered. When the girls hadn’t appeared also on a day after that, finally the police was called and the search began. Not much time had passed until their dead bodies were found in the nearby woods. Police officers were shocked from the sight of the bodies and how gruesomely they were murdered. Two of them had
their throats torn and Chelsea Williford had her head missing, and no matter how thoroughly they searched the woods, there were no signs of the missing head. All looked like if that head had simply… exploded. The police and detectives were unable to find the culprit, and thus the investigation simply ran into a dead end.

Jennifer, in turn, could finally have peace in University. After she successfully got rid of her bullies, her course mates stopped treating her like a piece of crap. To say that they became her friends would be incorrect, but at least no one insulted her anymore. It seemed like most of them were like under some kind of spell when Chelsea was alive, but now they were free from it, whatever it was. And no one had any idea of what has actually happened to the popular girl and her two friends, but no one thought about blaming Jennifer as well. As she was known a quiet and timid girl, it was just ridiculous and impossible for her to commit such atrocious thing as murder. In any case, going to University has stopped being a psychological torture for Jennifer.

As she sat in the kitchen at home, having supper, Jennifer pondered whether she should summon the Sandman without feeling any negative emotions. She was in rage when he materialized and set him on Chelsea and her poor excuse of friends. But what about trying to summon him through other emotions? If it is possible, how would he behave? Would he search for someone to kill? Or would he do something else? The more Jennifer thought about it, the stronger her curiosity became. In the end she decided to try it before going to sleep.

Warm shower helped Jennifer relax, and that is how she felt after everything that happened. Did she regret summoning the Sandman on three of her course mates? Not at all. They got what they deserved. Their hearts were full of hatred that they poured on her, and this hatred had returned to them in the end. All is fair. Hatred always spawns even more hatred, and that’s exactly what happened. Jennifer smirked at this thought while streams of hot water ran down her bare skin. Little time passed until her thoughts returned to the sand monster. While he finished Chelsea and her friends, Jennifer had all the time to study his appearance and shape of his body. Yes, he looked frightening, but at the same time he seemed… beautiful… so monstrously attractive… Jennifer closed her eyes and sighed deeply, imagining what this monster could be like during the copulation. She noticed his pelvis being covered with some rag of the same color as his body, and Jennifer’s wish to see what was hidden underneath was growing stronger with every second, as was her sexual desire for him. While she fantasized about the sand creature, her hands slid up and down her skin, making caressing movements in the most sensitive places. Jennifer felt so aroused, wishing that her creation was near and could see her like this. But in a minute Jennifer snapped back into reality when she felt water slowly getting colder, and that wasn’t that pleasant at all. She turned the shower off and stepped out, drying herself with a soft towel. Not even caring about putting her nightgown on, Jennifer walked to her bedroom fully nude and lay on her bed. She was still aroused, so she continued conjuring up the steamy fantasies about the Sandman in her mind, concentrating as much as possible. And at last the result didn’t make her wait long. Jennifer felt light wind coming up inside the room, mixing with the sand until it morphed into the sand humanoid, just like it did in the woods a few days ago. Jennifer stood up from her bed, frozen in her spot and waiting for his next move. The Sandman slowly walked to his creator, studying her with the glance of his invisible eyes. She watched as he tilted his head left and then right until finally his clawed hand lay on her cheek. It reminded her very much of the dream she had some time ago, and just like then, Jennifer felt that his hand didn’t feel like sand. To make sure, she touched his hand first, then moved to his face, touching it with her fingers gently; and to her pleasant surprise, the monster pressed his face to her palm, like a cat that wanted to cuddle. Jennifer felt her lips stretching in a smile at this, and it grew even wider when her hand brushed against real, genuine skin. It meant that for her the monster wasn’t just a walking sand figure like he was for his victims, but a real being of flesh and blood. And in this case it might be possible that he had an opportunity to mate. At least she hoped so.

As Jennifer continued exploring the monster’s flesh, she realized that his skin felt somewhat leathery,
but at the same time, soft. The Sandman obviously liked being touched like this, as Jennifer could hear guttural growl emitting from the depths of his chest. Feeling his arms wrapping around her waist, Jennifer pressed herself to his chest, burying her face into his flesh. And while she stayed still, her ears caught a faint sound of his peaceful heartbeat. So he indeed was alive, and she was the one who gave him life.

The Sandman also didn’t waste time and ran his clawed hands up and down her bare skin, exploring and feeling every curve; and when his fingers reached the soft mounds on her chest, he stopped there, running his fingers carefully along the female forms, trying to do it as gentle as possible, as his sharp claws might easily injure her soft skin. While he played with her already hardened buds, Jennifer felt like if electrical waves ran through her whole body. And the Sandman himself felt his own body heat up quickly from the feeling of the softness of her flesh, especially when touching her bare hills. And while he was busy with caressing her torso, Jennifer looked down and smirked playfully, seeing an already formed bulge under the fabric that covered his pelvis. Slowly she put her hands on the edges of this semblance of a short skirt and slid it down, baring more of his flesh and revealing what was hidden underneath. The Sandman was so overwhelmed with pleasant feeling that he didn’t notice at once that something was sliding down his hips; and when he snapped back into reality, it was too late, as the skirt-like fabric he wore had already fallen to his ankles. Jennifer giggled quietly at his reaction, but the monster soon forgot everything when her thin fingers embraced his erection, making slow, massaging movements along the whole shaft. The Sandman’s body was shaking lightly from the feeling of bliss; this was something entirely new for him, and now nothing was stopping him from experiencing the true pleasure that his creator was giving him; and he also wanted to give the same to her. So he slid two of his fingers between her fleshy legs and found a sensitive spot, making circular movements on it, making Jennifer arch her back and moan from pleasure. Her slit was already moist, and he felt she was more than ready for him. Also, the Sandman was always watching out for his claws. The last thing he wanted was to cause pain to the woman and thus rob both of them of the most wonderful feeling that an intimate intercourse could offer. So he tried his best to make this night unforgettable for both of them.

In that moment Jennifer decided it was enough hand job, so she took the monster’s hand and led him to her bed, lying first on it and beckoning him to join her. The Sandman gladly fulfilled her request and crawled on top of her, ready to get down to the copulation. Jennifer spread her legs apart in anticipation, waiting for him to enter her body. She didn’t feel afraid or unsafe, as his size looked more or less fine to her. Of course, it was larger than any usual human sex organ, but nothing too inconvenient. Jennifer was somehow sure she would be able to handle him.

For a few moments the Sandman just looked at her, admiring her beautiful naked form, until he finally grabbed both her legs for stability and started pushing inside her wet opening. Jennifer breathed deeply, trying to relax her muscles, but as she was rather well lubricated, his member slid inside without any problems. The monster growled from the wave of bliss that swallowed him fully and began moving his hips in average speed. It was with Jennifer, as his member felt perfectly normal inside her and didn’t cause pain, although at first it made her gasp when he pushed inside, but generally all was just like she expected. The feeling was magnificent, and she wanted him to help her reach the sweet peak of pleasure.

“Please… move faster…” she barely managed to push out the words between lustful moans, and the Sandman was only eager to do what she asked. His thrusts became harder and more rapid, and as he continued pounding into her, he succeeded in hitting the sensitive spot inside, making Jennifer cry out from euphoria. She was so close to her orgasm and was sure that he was close as well. After some more minutes the monster reached practically inhuman speed, and with a loud growl he spilled his seed into her right after Jennifer screamed out her own orgasm, allowing the sweet waves of bliss swallow her one after another until all she could do is lie and breathe hard from exhaustion.
The Sandman didn’t move for some time, recovering from his own orgasm, and finally pulled his member out of her. He could see that his beautiful creator was very tired, so he decided it was time to give her rest. So he crawled off the bed and went to pick up the piece of fabric that he always wore. Jennifer raised herself a bit, supporting her weight on an elbow and watched her creation picking up his garment from the floor. Seeing that she was looking at him, the Sandman nodded lightly, and Jennifer returned the gesture, thanking him for this unforgettable experience. He would come back to her whenever she calls to him, and with that, the Sandman dissolved in the air.

Jennifer switched off the night lamp and put her head back on the pillow, covering herself with the blanket. She fell asleep quiet soon after that, allowing slumber take her in its embrace.

The Sandman was her creation, and that meant they will see each other many, many times. From now on, he was not just her guardian, but her lover as well.

And most likely he will be for the rest of her life.
Desire's Call (Doom 3)

Kelsey Banks

Sweat was running down her temples while a space engineer named Kelsey Banks sat behind a pile of large metal boxes that served her as a hiding spot for now. She understood that she mustn’t stay there for a long time as it wasn’t the best place to hide and later or soon she would be discovered, but at least it was better than nothing. The frightened woman had no idea how much time had passed since the entire scientific station on Mars had been overwhelmed by something that could be best described as forces of Hell. Part of her regretted coming to Mars City to work, and her mother was very worried when she found out that her daughter was going to another planet. Kelsey did her best to calm her down and reassure her nervous parents that all would be fine; that she would do her job as long as necessary and then return home safe and sound. Besides, good payment was guaranteed. Remembering this, Kelsey admitted that she should have listened to her mother and stayed home; but who could have known that something like that would happen in a place that seemed completely secure? Sure, sometimes accidents happened in Mars City, but each of them soon were solved and fixed, returning life to normal. Even then, those accidents seemed suspicious, as the workers were complaining about unbearable conditions that gave them the creeps. Kelsey wasn’t sure what this was all about, but she had a feeling that Dr. Malcolm Betruger had something to do with it. She never liked the man; there was something… evil about him. The way he looked at everyone, the way he spoke… He was definitely hiding something, but what? Unfortunately, Kelsey had no time or opportunity to find out as peaceful life in Mars City was broken. Every time she approached another dark room or hallway, Kelsey was afraid to encounter the creatures that looked like they have crawled directly out of a horror movie. But it was worse than that. Those monsters came from the depths of Hell and in just a few moments took over the entire station. Kelsey was lucky to still be alive, as most of the crew were either brutally murdered or transformed into zombies. And if they were soldiers, even being zombies, they haven’t forgotten how to use weapons. So far no one has spotted her yet, but it was just a matter of time. Kelsey knew that if she wanted to survive this mess, she had to find something to defend herself.

Screams and shots surrounded her, mixed with such inhuman sounds that made her blood turn cold, but no one seemed to be around, at least in her area. Kelsey decided to take a risk and come out of her hiding spot. It was nearly as dark as in a cave, but still some dim light somewhere did at least something to illuminate the area. Equipped with a flashlight that stuck out of a pocket on her chest, Kelsey slowly moved forward, trying to walk as quiet as possible. As the automatic door moved to open the doorway when she stepped closer, a faint moan of pain reached her ears. There was someone alive here and needed help. Kelsey moved to the source of the sound and discovered a heavily wounded soldier lying on the floor, supporting his back against the wall. First of all, Kelsey grabbed his helmet, removing it from his face, wanting to know who it was. And as soon as his face was revealed, she recognized the man at once. It was the security officer, Ryan Fox, and he was obviously heavily wounded and bleeding.

“Ryan!” she whispered loud enough for him to hear her. “Ryan, do you hear me? It’s me, Kelsey Banks. Look at me!”

The wounded man barely opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

“Oh… Dr. Banks…” he spoke finally. “I’m glad you’re still alive, although… surprised as well… considering that fact that you’re unarmed… ugh…” He could barely speak, clenching his teeth and taking a breath after every few words. Kelsey could see that it hurt too much.
“Hold on, Ryan, I’ll bring the medical supplies,” she said. “Don’t try to talk too much, as I can see what a torture it is for you.”

“No, don’t bother, Dr. Banks,” he exhaled. “I’m afraid I’m… not going to last long. All I can say is… when you hear the call of Arch-Vile, run or hide. It’s the most dangerous and ferocious creature I’ve encountered so far.”

Kelsey tilted her head in confusion.

“Who’s the Arch-Vile?” she asked. Ryan swallowed and spoke again:

“It’s the pale humanoid. When he screams, he… calls for a bunch of other creatures. He throws fire as well and… he’s the one that wounded me hard. He’s much more… intelligent than… others. Hell broke into the station… literally. If I knew who opened the portal in Delta complex, I’d… I’d shot the bastard myself. But… I’m afraid I do not know… any more details. So, Dr. Banks… take my PDA and all my weapons and ammo, and don’t forget to search for… extra supplies on your way. You’ll need them more than I do. S-stay… safe…”

Those were the last words spoken by Officer Fox, and before Kelsey could say anything, he passed away right before her eyes. She lowered her head sadly, but there’s no way she was staying here any moment longer. Searching his body, Kelsey found a pistol and a shotgun with some extra ammo for both weapons, not forgetting about Fox’s PDA as well. Reloading both weapons, she set out on her way of survival, hoping for the best.

Arch-Vile

He was furious. Since the portal was opened and the forces of Hell were free to roam around the Mars station, the first reaction of the pale-skinned demon was destroying anything living. Especially when those pathetic humans tried to fight back, his thirst for blood increased. Those things they carried in their hands that sometimes lightly hurt his skin, they hoped it would save their lives… Oh, how they were wrong! Arch-Vile easily could burn them up with the fire he produced, and if that wasn’t enough, he called. Every time people heard that, fear consumed them from head to toe, making their insides shake and blood freeze in their veins. And that’s where the surprise for them awaited. Just after the Arch-Vile screamed out, his hands blazing, a bunch of Imps appeared around him. Human soldiers were overpowered and had nothing else to do but run for their lives. The pale demon watched how his helpers eliminated their foes without any problems, his mouth stretching in a sinister grin. It won’t be long until the entire station belongs to Hell alone, and, perhaps, they would have the possibility to spread even further, beyond the borders of Mars City.

Thus Arch-Vile walked through the darkest hallways of the complex, hiding and waiting for the unsuspecting prey. For some time no one has crossed his path with the pale demon, and this was already getting a little bit boring, until…

Something in the distance caught his attention. There were sounds of light footsteps approaching his location. The monster hid behind the wall and didn’t move a muscle, listening and sniffing the air. There was definitely another human being coming, and judging by the smell that grew stronger with every second, it was a female.

The demon grinned again and licked his sharp teeth. Things went on even better than expected.

Oh, that was going to be fun.
Kelsey Banks

She slowly walked through one of the dark hallways, her whole body shaking. Despite being armed now, it didn’t save her from being afraid. It seemed that there was no one around, but Kelsey had a bad feeling that she wasn’t truly alone here, that someone was watching her, but who was it, and where from? Holding her shotgun steady, Kelsey forced herself to continue her way forward. But as soon as she passed a hallway that lead to the right, a large hand covered her mouth. Heavily surprised, she dropped her weapon, and in the next second she found herself being pulled into the neighboring hallway. Kelsey tried to struggle as much as she could, but the stranger’s grip was too strong for her to handle. And that’s when her body tensed, her heart beating frantically in her chest. She heard a threatening growl right at her left ear, and when her fingers touched the hand that was still covering her mouth, she could feel razor-sharp claws on her skin. Realizing that she was trapped, Kelsey began whimpering quietly, hot tears running down her cheeks. She was caught by one of those monsters that took over the station, and judging by its clawed hands, it wasn’t even a zombie. It might be, as she thought, one of those grey things with multiple eyes that she spotted earlier. But in this case, she would be dead instantly. This creature lingered with killing her. All it did at the moment was sniffing her and growling, his body vibrating every time he made this sound. Kelsey could feel the vibrations too, considering how close her body was pressed to the monster. He kept her steady with his other hand that held her waist. Kelsey doubted whether those creatures possessed any type of intelligence, but this particular one didn’t seem to be stupid, at least for now. This made her doubt that it was one of the grey humanoids that threw fire balls.

And then it dawned on her.

If it wasn’t the grey one, then it was that pale humanoid that Ryan Fox warned her about.

The Arch-Vile.

Kelsey’s eyes widened in horror and goose bumps ran down her spine.

Now she was really trapped.

Arch-Vile

She’s mine!

That was the first thought in Arch-Vile’s mind. It was an easy catch, but he knew it would be good if he delivered his prize to a safe spot. She belonged to him, and he would take care that it remained that way.

Throwing the woman on his shoulder, the pale demon started moving. His legs carried him so fast that Kelsey already had no idea where exactly they were. He moved with such inhuman speed that even the hypersensitive doors didn’t manage to open fully when he rushed through. Darkness wasn’t a problem for him. Unlike humans, his vision adapted to light or its absence. And right now it showed him where exactly he had to go: a shaft hidden behind a pile of containers. The woman tried to free herself, undulating and screaming for help, so the pale monster plunged one of his claws into her side, making her understand that she should keep quiet. If she made such noise, it would sure attract the other demons that wouldn’t hesitate to kill her. And that was the last thing he had in mind.

Finally the woman stopped screaming and struggling, which was good. It only made his task easier.
Finding his goal, the Arch-Vile took his precious cargo down from his shoulder and pushed her inside the shaft, making sure that his own body was fully inside, and the shutter then closed itself behind him.

The shaft had little lights in it, so the female wouldn’t have problems seeing him or anything around her. And better for him as well. Although he could see in darkness, his vision functioned even better in light. And now he could see his female perfectly, and from the thoughts about what was to come his whole body began shuddering.

Despite being a monster, a demon from Hell, he now felt something different inside him. Instead of blood thirst, the living being inside him came forward, pushing all the murderous thoughts away. The living being wanted this female, and it didn’t matter how he got her.

It wanted to mate. And the Arch-Vile won’t deny himself the pleasure to enjoy his female fully.

Kelsey Banks

Kelsey could do nothing but wonder why the pale creature carried her into this hidden shaft. Obviously it wanted her for itself only, but why hiding here? She got her answer soon though as when they got into a wider place where there was enough space to move and turn, she could study her captor well. The shaft was rather well illuminated, comparing with many rooms in the complex, and she was able to behold the pale-skinned creature in all its might. Now Kelsey had zero doubts that it was the Arch-Vile, as his pale skin and face differed from the other monsters she spotted before. This monster wasn’t as grotesque as the others; in fact, it looked more or less human-like if you compare it with those grey things or dog-like creature with two heads. Running her glance over the pale muscular body, Kelsey felt her face heat up as to her this creature looked… attractive. She was still scared, not of his appearance, but of what this being might do to her, how brutally he could murder her. But it seemed that the creature wasn’t even pondering about the cold-blooded kill. Instead of that, the pale monster almost gently pressed his head to her face, rubbing it against her skin in a cat-like manner and growling quietly. This time there was not a single hint of a threat in his growling; it seemed more like the sound of a satisfied animal. Kelsey was totally confused by his behavior, not expecting such tenderness from a hell spawn. And when she looked at his crotch, she understood why Officer Fox always referred to the creature as “he”.

The monster was obviously male.

And the reason why he brought her here now became clear as a day.

Arch-Vile

The female before him was gradually growing more and more peaceful which surprised him. The Arch-Vile was used to humans screaming, whining, and begging for mercy every time they encountered him or any other being of Hell. It always entertained him, and if some tried to fight back, it provided more challenge. Either way, he could have his fun with them. Now he was going to have fun again, but this time it would be a different type of fun.

This time he would make sure that both of them would be pleased.

The demon noticed the woman’s face getting crimson, but couldn’t really understand why. He had never paid attention to human faces and whether they ever changed colors, but now he had all the
time he needed. Human emotions were something beyond his understanding, but that wasn’t necessary for him anyway. He wanted to mate with this female, and he knew that this act brought pleasure in any case, whether there was something like emotions or not. He lowered his head to the female’s neck and pulled the air inside deeply through his nostrils. The smell of a female only increased his hunger for her, and the call of desire now screamed out inside him. Waves of pleasure flowed through the monster’s body, and when his teeth took a gentle bite on her neck, he heard a faint moan from the woman. It wasn’t a moan of pain, and the smell that her body emitted indicated that she enjoyed it so far.

The Arch-Vile liked this sound, and he wanted to hear more. He wanted reaction from his female, and he got it.

Now he was going to see how many times he would make her moan.

Kelsey Banks

Kelsey was ashamed to admit it, but when the monster bit her neck, it made her body shiver from satisfaction. Her neck appeared to be one of the major turn-on spots on her body, so no wonder that her reaction was a quiet moan. And when he took his face away from her, she dared to put her palm on his shoulder. The pale demon looked a bit confused, but Kelsey pointed at her neck and lifted her head up, trying to make him understand that she wanted him to bite her again. And knowing that she liked being bitten on her neck, the demon repeated this action, biting her skin a bit harder, but not hard enough, trying to avoid injuries. Kelsey felt her fear of this creature fade away, instead feeling the heat pooling into her lower area. It was obvious that biting the neck wasn’t enough for the monster, so he put his clawed hand on her chest and pushed Kelsey back until she lay her back on the ground; and then he crawled on the top of her. She held her breath and waited for his next move. The monster sure knew what he was doing, and if they continued this way, Kelsey was sure she would enjoy it after all.

Arch-Vile

As he was on the top of his female, the Arch-Vile felt unsatisfied with being unable to see and feel more of her skin. Just like the other demons, he had no need to wear clothes, and he could never understand why people needed to cover their bodies. Neither he, nor any other monster knew what shame meant, especially weird it seemed to be ashamed of your own body. This and also feeling of sexual arousal from the look of the body was something beyond Arch-Vile’s comprehension. He chose this female with the help of totally different criteria. As he owned the ability to feel the human aura which could be compared to looking inside the soul, the pale demon knew at once that this particular female was exactly what he wanted. Besides, her smell attracted him; there was something in it that he couldn’t feel when he encountered other females in the complex, so he never hesitated to kill them. This female, in turn, was different. The Arch-Vile couldn’t really explain to himself what exactly attracted him, but now it didn’t matter anymore. All he felt was arousal, and the thought that very soon this woman will be his made the heat in his body grow stronger.

But first of all, he had to get rid of that annoying fabric that covered her body. Using his claws, the pale monster ripped her blouse apart, making all the buttons fall on the floor like crumbs. The woman didn’t resist, which was good, thus allowing him to do what he planned. Under the thin fabric he saw something rather tight that held a pair of small hills on her chest. He pushed on of them carefully with his claws, and the supple flesh vibrated lightly. This couldn’t get past his attention, so the Arch-Vile
moved two of his claws under the fabric between the soft hills and pulled roughly; and the tight material tore without problems, revealing the full sight of her bare mounds. Licking his lips, he stared at them and her slightly erect pink nipples. The demon couldn’t resist the temptation to touch these soft pieces of flesh, and when his large clawed palms enveloped the female’s breasts, he earned another moan from her and felt the tips growing hard from his touch.

*If only he could use his mouth…*

Without thinking twice, the Arch-Vile lowered his head to the woman’s soft mounds, and as soon as his tongue touched the hardened tip, the woman arched her back, moaning out her pleasure. The monster felt her arousal, and he did his best to control himself and not to delve into barbaric intercourse. He wanted to enjoy this prelude as much as she did, so things should go smoothly. His tongue played with her hard buds, making circular movements on and around them, and every time her blissful moans reached his ears, the smell of her arousal made him even hungrier for her. The Arch-Vile was so passionate about his business that he didn’t notice at first that the woman’s hands wrapped around his neck like a grapevine. She wanted more, she wanted him; and he knew that. Plus, he felt the new smell emanating from her, and it seemed that it was coming from her lower area. So he decided to leave her breasts in peace and investigate the source of the smell.

**Kelsey Banks**

While the monster’s skillful tongue made manipulations with her breasts, Kelsey felt like on cloud nine. She didn’t expect the demon of Hell to be such a great lover. From what she had seen before, these creatures slaughtering people, it was even more surprising that he was capable of something like he was now doing to her. The fact that he decided not to kill her and chose her as his mate made her feel special. She sighed and moaned from the pleasure that this creature was giving to her, and now being claimed by this demon was all she wanted. It mattered no more that her lover wasn’t human. If he made her feel special and wanted her then who cares if he’s a monster or not? All the aroused female wanted was him and his manhood inside her.

While the Arch-Vile was busy with her breasts, Kelsey made a conclusion that he enjoyed playing with them. She never thought that her breasts were attractive and never understood why many women were so proud of this part of their body and liked to show it off in public. The last part disgusted her more than anything. And men always fell for it, getting aroused like some dumb animals from the view of female breasts. Luckily, the monsters didn’t give a damn about it, and it made her more than happy. It was something else that triggered the pale demon’s lust for her, and her soft flesh was just an addition, something that he enjoyed playing with. And as long as it continued this way, she didn’t mind at all.

Suddenly the Arch-Vile stopped playing with her breasts and sniffed the air. Kelsey lifted her head from the ground to see what he was up to. Noticing that he slowly moved down her torso and approached her private parts, she understood what he was going to do. Kelsey knew he sure would rip her pants apart, and that was what she didn’t want to allow. If he doesn’t decide to kill her after he’s done with her, there will be nothing for her to wear. So she moved her hands down to unbutton her pants and take them off her legs together with panties. The demon watched his female removing the remains of her clothing and smirked, licking his lips. When her whole body was open for him, the smell became even stronger; and the Arch-Vile realized that the source of it was the place between her legs. Spreading her fleshy legs apart, he used two of his fingers to touch that slit and check if he was right, bringing them to his face and sniffing. And that’s when Kelsey realized something that made her blush even more.
She was wet down there.

**Arch-Vile**

As he touched the spot between the woman’s legs, the Arch-Vile felt it being wet and slimy. Of course, he had no idea about human anatomy and how it worked, but when he brought his fingers to his nose, he nearly fell into ecstasy. So this is where the smell of her arousal came, and there it was at its highest peak. He licked his fingers, tasting her juices, but that wasn’t enough. He wanted to have more. Holding her legs, he lowered his head to her crotch and moved his tongue up her entire slit until he found a sensitive bud at the upper end of it. And just when that happened, the woman arched her back again with a loud moan, showing that she enjoyed to be touched there. So the Arch-Vile didn’t waste time and started teasing that little spot with the tip of his tongue, occasionally moving it up and down, licking her wet folds and plunging his tongue inside her opening. His own member was painfully erect and ached for attention as well, so he used one of his own hands to stroke it. While his tongue worked with her intimate parts, the woman lifted herself of her elbows to look at what he was doing. It seemed that she noticed him playing with his manhood and smirked playfully, moving her crotch away from his face. The pale monster was confused about this sudden change. Has he done something wrong? Why did she move away?

Then he noticed the playful smirk on her face and realized that she had something on her mind. The woman sat on her knees in front of him, and her hand reached out to his male parts. The Arch-Vile didn’t manage to realize anything when her fingers wrapped around his hard member. She moved her hand up and down his shaft, massaging the testicles; and that’s when it was his time to make low, blissful growls. He thought about entering her after he was done with playing with her wet folds, but she decided to take the initiative in her own hands. Well, as long as he enjoyed her actions, the Arch-Vile didn’t mind at all.

Kelsey watched him enjoying her hand job and then thought that it would be only nice for her to use her mouth on him. The more pleasure she gave him, the better. She lowered her head to his member and licked the head, teasing it with her tongue. The growls of pleasure above her head encouraged the woman to do more, so her lips enveloped the entire head of his manhood and slid down the shaft, taking as much as she could in her mouth. As her head bounced up and down his member, the Arch-Vile’s back arched this time, his guttural growls getting louder every minute. He closed his eyes and threw his head back, falling into the embrace of bliss while his female did the good work with his male parts. He felt himself gradually getting closer to the peak, but then she suddenly stopped her business and lifted herself up. The Arch-Vile wanted to grab her head and bring it back to his crotch, but the woman lay back on the ground and spread her legs apart, beckoning for him to take her right now. The pale demon then smirked, showing his sharp teeth, and positioned himself between her legs, the tip of his penis touching her pink folds. The woman held her breath in anticipation, and the next moment he began pushing inside her body. As her opening was wet and well-lubricated, his member slid inside easily. Looking at her face, the Arch-Vile smirked again as it didn’t express a single sign of pain.

On the contrary, she was obviously in ecstasy.

Well, the better for them both.

**Kelsey Banks**

The moment he entered her, Kelsey thought she would explode from the pleasure that swallowed her
whole. His member sure was larger than any human male had, and when the monster’s manhood was inside her, it found the sensitive spot inside her, and that’s what made her almost scream her feelings out. The Arch-Vile began moving, at first slowly and increasing the speed to middle, keeping it for some time. Kelsey opened her eyes to see that the monster had his own eyes shut which indicated that he loved every minute of their intercourse. She, in turn, writhed and moaned, feeling his hips moving faster and faster until he finally reached the speed that could be considered inhuman. At this moment Kelsey thought that if she got out of the entire situation alive, she doubted that it would be possible for her to have relations with a human male. All the things this demon was doing to her… No human is capable of that. Kelsey had no idea that such pleasure was even possible, and she happened to be the lucky one to experience it. With every minute of his frantic hip movements her breath and heartbeat became more erratic, her moans growing louder; and Kelsey felt herself approaching the sweet peak until it was finally impossible to hold anymore. She yelled her lungs out, overwhelmed by orgasm, until her whole body became limp. The Arch-Vile followed her in a few moments, being unable to hold himself anymore, and with a few hard thrusts he spilled his seed into her, enjoying his own release with a roar so loud that Kelsey had to cover her ears. Taking a few deep breaths, she collected her strength and sat up, looking at her demonic lover and waiting for his next action.

Arch-Vile

He breathed heavily in the aftermath of his own orgasm. When he pulled out his already soft member out of her, he watched as the woman sat and looked at him. Judging by the look in her eyes, she regretted nothing, and that made him happy. The pale monster had no doubts that he made a right decision, choosing this woman as a mate. With her he went through the best moments he could ever wish for. To show that, he reached his clawed hand to her face and stroked her cheek as softly as he could. Kelsey pressed his palm closer to her face and returned the gesture, caressing his own face; and the monster nuzzled to her hand, closing his eyes and accompanying his feeling with a guttural growl. They could stay like this for a long time, but in a few moments the silence was broken by shots and angry roars of a bunch of demons. It looked like another group of annoying soldiers has decided to try fighting the hordes of Hell. The Arch-Vile grinned, knowing that they would fail, as Hell was spreading faster than they expected, and the entire station was already under the control of demons. Those pathetic humans better say their prayers as no weapon will save them.

As for the female, the Arch-Vile had to think what to do with her. She was a perfect mate for him, so killing her was not an option. He couldn’t decide yet whether it was better for her to stay hidden or take her out of here so she could maybe join the demon horde. There was no need to hurry though, so he would think of something. And if the situation in the complex gets bad, there is always an option that will never fail.

She would join him in Hell.
Mary was desperate. It has been twenty-three years since her little brother had been taken by a creature that, as she thought, came right from the depths of Hell. The nine-year old Danny had even no time to react when suddenly something flew out of the nearby forest like a rocket and carried him away in an unknown direction. Mary was just twelve years old then, but she had an idea that Danny’s kidnapper wasn’t human. She had spotted the creature before while it was watching her family from different hiding spots; sometimes seeing it being dressed in a dark cloak and fedora hat, and sometimes she had seen it without any clothes, waving its membranous dragon-like wings. No one but Mary had seen the monster, but even her own parents did not believe her when she mentioned a monster being in their area that was spying on them more than once. But strangely enough, Mary felt little to no fear of the creature, even after seeing it carrying Danny away. It surprised her family no less that her, considering the grief they were in after losing their son. Only in her adulthood, around the age of twenty she learned about her state that was known as “ataraxia”, the inability to feel distress, fear, and worry; even in most dangerous situations. And now, when twenty-three years have passed, and she turned thirty-five, Mary sat at her laptop, having done enough research about the blood-thirsty demon that preyed on humans every twenty-third spring. The most important fact was that it found its prey by instilling fear into them, thus being able to smell them and decide whether they have something it needed or not. Mary’s lips stretched in an evil grin. Knowing her inability to feel fear, she wouldn’t give the monster the satisfaction to smell her fear.

Finally she switched off the laptop and stood up from her chair, rubbing her hands in anticipation.

“I’m ready for you. Come and get me, you son of a bitch!”

On the other hand, the words she just said made Mary giggle. What could she do against this creature? She knew basic facts, but much was still unknown. What exactly is he, or it? She wasn’t sure whether the monster had sex or not, but from what she remembered the creature had some features of a male, at least facially. And where does he come from? Is there even a way to put an end to his carnage once and for all? Such creatures do not die easily, and Mary wasn’t even sure whether it was mortal or not. But she wanted to know more. She tried to gather as much information from people as possible, but still many questions were left unanswered. So there was the only way left.

She had to face the monster on her own.

Only so there was possibility to know more, and maybe, just maybe she would take her revenge on him.

For Danny.

For her family.

For all the sorrow he made her go through.

It has been too long since he hunted for innocent victims, and now he was going to do it again. But this time someone will be waiting.

She was going to see who will be the hunter this time, and who will have the role of prey.

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It was now the end of March, and that pretty meant that the monster’s hunting time had begun. She knew he usually hunts for twenty-three days before falling into slumber for the next twenty-three
years. During this time she hoped to learn more about him, but to do that, she had to find him. Mary had no idea where to look for him so she left her apartment at dusk, wandering around in hope for an encounter. Each sensible person would call her insane if he or she found out that she was searching for a monster that wouldn’t hesitate to murder her in cold blood and use her body as a decoration for the walls of his lair. But Mary didn’t care about what people would think of her. Her brother was taken and most likely was dead, father began to drink after Danny disappeared, and mother had gone insane and got locked in a mental asylum. In fact, Mary had nothing else to lose. This monster had ruined her family, and now she was ready to do anything to ruin his fun.

Even if it meant sacrificing her own life.

Thus she wandered around the area for several days and every time her search for the mysterious creature failed. Searching for him was like looking for a needle in a pile of hay. Mary was ready to fall into despair and admit her defeat until something quite unexpected happened. The sun had already set and darkness was slowly consuming everything. Mary was on her way home when she heard a dog growling angrily in one of the yards while she passed. It seemed weird to her as no dog had ever growled at her when she walked by, but this time it was different. Mary noticed then that the dog growled in fear instead of anger and was looking somewhere behind her back. Turning around, she felt her heart start beating faster, her eyes widening more of surprise. The monster, known among people as the Creeper, stood in the middle of deserted road, rays of street lights illuminating the spot behind him, so only a dark cloaked silhouette was visible. Mary still felt no fear before the creature, despite knowing what it was capable of. Taking a deep breath, she slowly walked towards the monster until she was standing so close to him that she could make out his face features.

“There you are,” Mary hissed quietly, but it was loud enough for the monster to hear. “Finally I found you.” She crossed her arms on her chest. “I’m not afraid of you, do you hear me? Come and get me, asshole, if you dare!”

The Creeper watched her in silence, and Mary could see that he was at least a bit confused. He sure didn’t expect a human being that brave before him, especially when having nothing to defend herself. He sniffed the air, trying to catch at least one hint of fear emanating from her, but felt nothing. All he could see was sparks of defiance burning in her dark eyes.

Well, it looked like she was daring him to scare her at least, and the monster grinned, revealing his sharp teeth to her. Mary could see that his face expressed fun, and it could mean one thing.

Challenge accepted.

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Mary had no time to ponder about anything when the monster grabbed her by the waist and spread his wings out; and in the next second she felt herself being lifted up moved farther and farther away from the ground. She sure didn’t expect flying like that in her life, and that move was sudden to say the least. Mary wasn’t afraid of height, but such flight, while being in a monster’s arms instead of a plane or a helicopter, made her feel slightly dizzy. She had no idea how much time has passed while he carried her in the air like that, but when a seemingly abandoned building appeared in sight, the Creeper reduced the speed and began descending until he finally landed in front of a heavy metal door. The building was literally located in the middle of nowhere, so no wonder no one has discovered his new shelter. Mary knew that before his lair was hidden in a basement under an old, abandoned church; but as it was discovered by a pair of siblings, Trish and Darius Jenner, the monster had no other choice but to burn the place to ashes so no cops or authorities could get inside and find his bizarre collection of bodies that he somehow managed to attach to the walls and ceiling.
Still holding his precious cargo, the Creeper pushed the heavy door until it was open enough for him to squeeze through with a woman on his shoulder, and then slammed the door shut, its sound echoing through the empty building like thunder. While he carried her, Mary managed to study the building a bit. Some time ago it had been a factory of some sort, but had already been abandoned for God knows how long. The whole place was horribly damp and somewhere the water was leaking inside, and only the dripping sounds could break the dead silence that reigned in this place. And, not to mention, it was very, very dark; and no wonder as the night had already fallen down the entire area. Mary wasn’t sure whether there were any windows or at least cracks somewhere that light could go through, but she had to wait till the sunrise to find it out.

Or, more precise, if she managed to survive until dawn.

Then suddenly a new sound reached her ears, and this time Mary couldn’t hold back her surprise. It was a sound of… a vintage gramophone? It seemed very much that way. The closer the monster approached the source of this strange sound, the more Mary’s nose felt the smell of paraffin. When the Creeper finally stopped and dropped her down on the ground, the first thing Mary’s glance caught were rows of burning candles and an antique gramophone that played an old song she had never heard before:

Jeepers Creepers

Where’d ya get those peepers?

Jeepers Creepers

Where’d ya get those eyes?

Mary slowly got up and could only mutter a silent “wow”. A monster that enjoyed listening to music? And burning candles? This was something she truly did not expect from a being like him. What she saw here totally broke all her ideas and knowledge about monsters. This creature was definitely much more intelligent than she thought. And if it wasn’t for the bodies that occupied major part of the wall on her left and a presence of a carnivorous monster, the general atmosphere seemed almost romantic.

The Creeper watched the woman with interest. Still no fear emanated from her, despite seeing where she was, especially a large amount of bodies attached to the wall. Instead, her curiosity grew stronger with every second. She was the first victim that raised so much interest inside him and a wish to study her more. He watched how Mary walked to the wall with the bodies and just inspected it, not being afraid to touch them. And to her surprise, the bodies felt hard like wood and looked like naked mannequins rather than actual corpses. She wondered how he managed to achieve that body tissues hardened that way, but knew that it was no use asking him anything as this monster wasn’t a talkative type.

Hearing his footsteps behind her back, Mary turned around to stand face-to-face with her captor which startled her a bit. The Creeper wasted no time and grabbed her by the neck, pressing her form firmly to the wall free of bodies. But even that instilled no fear into this strange woman, thus robbing him of the possibility to find out whether she had something that he wanted or not. Mary watched how something began moving up on his head until she saw that those were sharp spikes, each connected to another with a membrane, thus making the monster look like a frilled lizard a bit. Together with that he expanded his wings once again and shrieked so loudly that Mary had to cover
her ears. It was the first sound she heard of this creature, and that sounded pretty much like what could be called inhuman. She couldn’t even recall any animal that made sounds at least a bit similar to that. And while Mary watched him, her lips stretched in a playful smirk. The monster clearly exerted himself, trying to frighten her, but all his attempts failed miserably so far. His facial expression showed irritation and almost screamed out: *Be afraid of me, human! Be very afraid!*

But she still wasn’t.

“Someone doesn’t look so happy, eh?” Mary almost giggled, trying not to burst into laughing, but kept herself under control. If she started laughing, it might raise his anger. The spikes on Creeper’s head then returned back to their place, his head now looking more human-like. He tilted his head instead and growled. “I see that you’re trying to scare me in all possible ways, but sorry, I’m not afraid of you. I have always been like that, since childhood. State like mine is called “ataraxia”, in case if you want to know. And yes, I’m the one whose brother you carried away twenty-three years ago. By the way, where is he?”

After Mary finished her monologue, the Creeper released his grip a bit, but didn’t remove his hand from her neck yet. Of course, he remembered the day he carried a boy away, being the last victim before he fell into slumber, and a girl witnessed it. Already then he noticed that nothing emanated from her, not even a single hint of fear. But then he had to hurry as his time was close to the end. And now she was an adult female and got into his hands. Isn’t it a strange coincidence? Or was it even a coincidence?

It didn’t matter at this moment. The Creeper still hoped to feel whether there was something useful inside her, so he pressed his face to the soft neck of the woman and pulled the air in. It was then when Mary spotted something like a third nostril between his eyes, thus increasing his sense of smell at least three times than human sense of smell. He could probably smell things even better than dogs, but Mary had no time to ponder about it now. While he was busy with sniffing her, Mary slowly brought her hand to a bush of grey hair on the back of his head and pulled roughly, earning a loud and sudden growl from the monster. His eyes widened a bit, as he obviously didn’t expect her to do anything like that. Using the moment of his confusion, Mary imitated his manner of sniffing.

“I can do this as well, you know,” she grinned, although her strength couldn’t be compared to his. If he wanted, he could break her neck in a mere second or something worse than that. And still she was peaceful as a stone statue.

Lucky for her, no anger appeared on Creeper’s face. On the contrary, he was clearly entertained by her behavior, although it surprised him a little. Nevertheless, he continued his sniffing business, using his tongue on her neck now and then. And instead of turning away and feeling disgusted, Mary felt that she was slowly getting… aroused. Her face grew crimson when she felt heat pooling into her lower region. Of course, the Creeper couldn’t miss that. He felt her arousal and stretched his mouth into a grin again.

Now this was really going to be fun.

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Mary shut her eyes from the enjoyable feeling of this monster sniffing her like that and licking her neck. He planted a few bites on her skin as well, but not strong enough to bite off a piece of flesh. For now, the Creeper changed his mind and decided not to harm her in any way or form. Besides, the feeling of her arousal made his body heat up. And each time he bit her neck, she replied to that with barely audible moans which only increased his hunger for her.
This time though it was different type of hunger.

The Creeper discarded his tattered cloak followed by his dark worn pants, revealing the sight of his grey flesh. Mary couldn’t help her curiosity and touched his skin that felt very thick and far from soft. In fact, it felt almost like some kind of shell. It didn’t surprise her too much though as she was sure that some people have definitely tried to shoot the monster, and such skin served him as armor. Besides, from what she learned from her research, the Creeper eats body parts that replace the old ones inside his body, thus increasing his strength, stamina, and ability to survive the attacks. Anyway, no matter what purpose his rough skin served, generally his body pretty much resembled human one, except for skin color, wings, and sharp teeth and claws. As she expected, his member was larger than any man had, and now, when it was fully erected, it had pretty impressive size. Mary, of course, used the moment and quickly got rid of her clothes, and both stood naked before each other, hiding nothing. The Creeper stood there, his eyes burning into hers so intensely like no other being had ever looked at her. He devoured her bare flesh with his glance, moving one of his clawed hands up and down her silky skin and cupping her breasts. With every touch on her body Mary’s desire for him only grew stronger, and when his fingers slid between her fleshy thighs and found a sensitive bud, she arched her head with a moan. At this moment she wanted no more than feeling him inside her.

Feeling the wetness between her legs, the monster removed his hand from there and brought his fingers to his mouth, leaping up her juices of pleasure. Her taste nearly made him lose control, but he managed to keep himself from delving into rough, barbaric copulation. He wasn’t done with tasting his female, so the Creeper kneeled down and touched the bud with his tongue, making her cry out her pleasure once more. Mary spread her legs as much as it was possible in standing position, allowing his tongue slide further along her slit. Here the smell of her arousal was the strongest, and the monster finally felt that his body demands to take her right now and then. He just couldn’t stand the sweet tension anymore. Mary was growing especially impatient, and when her demonic lover finally stood up, she realized that the time for the real pleasure has come.

The Creeper lifted the female’s body so that their hips were approximately on the same level, thus making it easier for him to enter her. Mary, in turn, locked her legs around the monster’s hips for stability and wrapped her arms around his neck, feeling his chest pressing firmly to her breasts. He plunged into her opening rather swiftly, in one quite rough movement, but his member wasn’t that huge to cause inconvenience. Yes, it was rather large, but when her insides stretched enough to accommodate to his size, there was nothing to complain about. Mary now had no doubts that she was going to enjoy it after all.

The movement of monster’s hips increased fast as slow speed didn’t give him the satisfaction he craved for; and soon enough the coition of two so different lovers became fierce and insanely passionate, but so damn wonderful. Mary had no idea that sometime in her life she would have a possibility to experience something like that. But here she was, in an abandoned factory in the middle of nowhere, in a candle-lit room with dead bodies as a wall decoration and enjoying the company of her demonic lover that came from God knows where and that made her approach her orgasm with every thrust of his hips. The cacophony of her moans and his lustful growls filled the room, echoing through the entire factory, and both had little care if someone might hear them. All that they cared about was to enjoy the approaching of the sweet final of this unusual coupling.

Mary was the first to give in to her euphoria, and with a loud cry she climaxed, her insides clenching around his rock-hard member, still thrusting into her with inhuman speed. The Creeper, in turn, continued his movement for several seconds until he was unable to stand it anymore. Feeling her warm, slick vagina tighten around his member, he released his seed into her with a loud roar, enjoying his own climax. The monster didn’t regret for a second that he let this strange woman live and that’s the way it was going to be till his time is up. He would enjoy her delicious body again and
again, whenever he felt the need. Copulating with her was too good to miss the opportunity to do it again.

After the Creeper released Mary, allowing her to stand, her eyes expressed a questioning look.

“You still haven’t answered me,” she began. “Where is my brother?”

The monster turned his head to the wall with bodies and pointed somewhere up. Mary walked closer to the wall and lifted her head, trying to take a better look. And there he was, among other bodies, still young in his childish years, and his lifeless face lacked any expression. He looked like a doll, so still and so peaceful.

“Danny…” Mary whispered, feeling a single tear running down her cheek. “I’m so sorry…” The she turned to the Creeper. “But son of a bitch you are nonetheless. I would still understand hunting adults, but why did you have to kill an innocent child?” She shook her head in disapproval. The monster just smirked and shrugged. For him there was no difference. If he feels that a human being has something he needs, he won’t hesitate to take him or her into his lair and eat the body part he wants. Age plays no important role in his hunt. Mary realized this and sighed sadly. Changing a monster is absolutely impossible.

While Mary was lost in thoughts, the monster lifted her in his arms, this time gently, and put her on an old mattress in the corner. Mary didn’t try to resist, even when he put a chain around her right ankle to prevent her escape. Not like she was going to leave anyway, at least not now. She smirked slightly, knowing that one time was not enough for him, and he was going to keep her for himself and mate with her more than once. He sure enjoyed it, and it would be hypocritical of her to deny the pleasure he granted her tonight. Mary sat quietly, watching the monster get back to his business with another body, not bothering to put his clothes back on. And despite being truly satisfied and thus happy, her mind was occupied by different thoughts.

“Well, here we are, me being in your lair as a mate. I’m happy about that. You granted me the euphoria that I could have only dreamed about, and I sincerely thank you for that. It was something worth the risk. But you still killed my brother and ruined my family. If I’m lucky, I’ll manage to find out more about you while I’m here, and the next time we meet, I shall at least try to stop this carnage. I can only hope for the best. Time will show.

And now I’ll enjoy your company fully. There might not be another lucky chance after all.”
Her Astral Lover (Insidious)

It wasn’t the first time Nicole has seen a strange place in her dreams. It happened so many times that she could easily draw it on paper. Not that she was happy to travel there again and again and be surrounded by what seemingly appeared to be spirits of the dead. The red door at the end of a dark corridor has already become an object of hallucinations, even in real life. She was very afraid of that place, and afraid for a reason.

The door contained a horrible secret behind it, and Nicole had found it out.

Nevertheless, all would be bearable if it wasn’t for this… red-faced thing she has begun to see, or, more precise, to hallucinate. He or it, whatever it was, haunted her dreams every time she got to a place that reminded her of a theater a bit, but all was so dark that it was hard to see a thing. And the music… there always was this strange music, the source of which appeared to be an antique gramophone. Nicole felt rather surprised that this thing listened to music while being busy with whatever it was doing. She couldn’t see what though, as the creature’s lair was located at least one floor higher than she was. Besides, the room the monster lived in was full of some strange, demonic decorations.

And that’s where this monstrous creature lived.

Behind the red door.

Nicole was happy that at least she hasn’t encountered this demon directly so far and returned to the real world unharmed. She was sure that those were just dreams, no matter how real they might seem. Yes, they were indeed creepy, but nothing bad could happen.

Or could it?

Nicole smiled and giggled a bit, thinking of that. Many people had something bad happening to them in their dreams, but all was happily gone when they awoke. Life is not like those silly horror movies about a dream demon named Freddy who murdered his victims in their dreams, and it resulted in their death in real life. It is fun to watch, but nothing like that is possible in reality.

Nicole sighed and got up from her bed, ready to go to the bathroom. Last night she made another travel to that sinister place, so finally it even stopped frightening her so much as it did in the beginning. Despite her dream travels, there was not a single sign of exhaustion or bad sleeping, and no one had any idea what she was going through at nights. Today was Friday, and she was planning to visit the cinema with two of her friends – Jodie and Linda, and after that invite them both to her place for tea. With that thought she walked into the bathroom, but before she managed to open the water tap, the bathroom door slammed shut behind her with a loud noise, making her heart almost jump out of her chest. Nicole froze on the spot, facing the door and feeling all her insides trembling.

This was the first time something like that occurred in her apartment, and she didn’t like that. All windows were closed, and all the doors weren’t self-closing ones. Still shaking, the frightened female scratched her head, trying to concentrate. Finally she took the courage and opened the door in one swift movement, but found nothing out of ordinary. Never before she had been that confused, but understanding that thus she would be late for work, Nicole returned to her business and opened the water tap to brush her teeth. Cool water created pleasant feeling of refreshing when she splashed it on her face, but as soon as Nicole lifted her face from the wash basin and looked into the mirror, her piercing scream of terror echoed through otherwise empty apartment. Beside her own reflection she saw a red-faced creature standing behind her, grinning and showing its sharp teeth. Nicole froze again, this time the feeling of pure, unadulterated terror was five times stronger. Although she could
see the creature’s face for a mere second or two, but it was enough for her to recognize its identity.

It was the same red-faced demon from her dreams.

Nicole was too scared to think anything, so she quickly wiped her face, grabbed her back and keys and rushed out of her apartment, not bothering to eat anything for breakfast. All she wanted now was to stay out of her apartment and hoped that no hallucinations would bother her at work.

The day at work passed without any disturbing occurrences, and Nicole was happy about that. She already began pushing the dreadful things that happened at her place into the depths of her mind, but she was unable to erase them totally. Such things cannot be easily forgotten. She really needed some kind of entertainment at the moment to occupy her mind with something else, and in a few moments her phone rang. It was Jodie. She had already finished her work, and soon Linda would be joining her as well. Nicole didn’t have to wait long, as in five minutes her own day at work was over. Three best friends met at the entrance of the cinema and spend a few hours full of fun and laughter during a nice comedy full of kindness. Nicole felt much better after they left the place, and as soon they entered her apartment and she made tea and some snacks for her friends, both Linda and Jodie noticed that something wasn’t right with their friend.

She looked a bit worried.

“Nikki, are you alright?” Jodie asked. “I can see you’re worried about something. Is anything wrong?”

Both Nicole’s friends watched her with questioning looks. She sighed sadly, hesitating to tell them the truth.

“I don’t even know how to explain it to you,” Nicole began. “If I tell you the whole truth, you girls will probably think that I’m crazy.”

Jodie and Linda exchanged glances in confusion.

“What makes you think that?” Linda asked, tilting her head. “You have told us weird things before, like these dreams of yours, and have we ever mocked you? No. So you can tell us. Nobody will laugh at you.”

Nicole then sighed deeply once more and began speaking.

“Well, let’s put things straight then. Today I discovered that something really weird was happening in my apartment while I prepared for work.”

“What do you mean by weird?” both friends were curious.

Nicole then told them all what happened to her in the bathroom this morning, and both Jodie and Linda widened their eyes in surprise and horror. Neither of them could imagine such things happening at their home.

“Jesus Christ, that’s awful,” Jodie shook her head. “If I experienced something like that I don’t know what I would do. The least I could do is run from this place and never return.”

“It scared the crap out of me,” Nicole said. “This was the first time I’ve encountered paranormal events in my life. And it might be just the beginning.”

“I sure would freak out as well,” Linda added. “Especially if I caught a glimpse of the thing I’ve seen in my dreams.”
“Technically, I could move to other place to live, but it won’t do any good,” Nicole pondered loudly. “It’s not the fault of the apartment. It’s me. No matter where I go it will follow me. And I’m sure that what happened today is somehow connected with my dreams.”

“It might be,” her friends agreed, and Jodie then offered: “I think you should visit the church, Nikki, and talk to a priest. I’m afraid this is something beyond the police or authorities. It is more like… spiritual type of matter, if you can call it that.”

“Yes, I think you’re right. Maybe I should…” Nicole hasn’t managed to finish the sentence when suddenly lights in the room started flickering, first slowly like it was just a light problem, but with every minute it flickered faster, creating almost sinister atmosphere. Nicole’s friends turned their head around and their frightened face expressions were clear as day.

“What’s going on with the lights?” Linda asked in a shaking voice.

“I don’t know,” Nicole replied, her own voice sounded scared. “It hasn’t happened before. I don’t like it at all.”

“Maybe it’s a severe light problem?” Jodie pondered. “It’s unpleasant of course, but I hope it gets fixed soon. If any of us was epileptic it would… Oh my God, Nikki! Behind you!”

Jodie screamed her lungs out, looking somewhere behind Nicole’s back. In a second Linda joined her with eyes wide and mouth open in terror. A horrible creature with red-and-black face stood behind their friend’s back, mouth stretched in a predatory grin and revealing rows of razor-sharp teeth. Never before have they seen such a gruesome creature, and before both women could say or do anything, they felt like some unknown power held them in its iron grip, robbing them of their ability to move; and in the next second the same power threw them both away from the table, making them hit their backs against the nearby wall. Nicole rushed to her friends, helping them up, and in the next moment the main light bulb that illuminated the room, exploded. The living room was consumed by darkness, and the only the kitchen lights allowed to see at least something.

“Are you both okay?” Nicole was no less scared than her friends. “I hope neither of you got a concussion?”

“We’re fine, but what the hell just happened?!” Linda practically yelled. “We couldn’t even move when something threw us against the wall like ragdolls. And what was that thing behind your back?”

“It’s the same creature from my dreams,” Nicole explained. “I have no idea how it got into real world, but it is here now and I can see that it wants you out of here.”

Jodie and Linda exchanged glanced in confusion, unable to say a word. Nicole then continued:

“Did you notice that all this crap with lights started right after you mentioned the church and priest? This… demon or whatever it is, got angry and it clearly doesn’t like you both. Girls, listen to me. No matter how much I do not want to stay alone with him, I have to deal with the demon myself… somehow. Whatever he’s after, he clearly wants something from me. So I think you better leave at once. It’s for your own safety.”

Linda and Jodie just nodded silently and moved to the door to dress up for leaving. All this time they did things reluctantly, being afraid for their friend, but understood that their presence indeed might make everything worse.

“Are you sure you will be okay?” Linda asked.

“I can’t be sure about anything,” Nicole sighed “but if I get out of this alive, I’ll call you tomorrow...
and let you know that I’m fine. Now hurry and go before that thing gets mad again.”

Both women nodded, exchanging hugs with Nicole, and then hurried out of her flat. Nicole couldn’t blame them for being afraid, but at least they would have peace and silence when they come home, and that can’t be said about her. There was a demon in her apartment that clearly wanted her alone with him, but why? Nicole felt scared and confused simultaneously. Was he going to possess her? From what she knew about the demons, they usually were after human souls and would not stop at anything to achieve their goal. And that’s what this creature wanted – her soul. Nicole was sure of that, and also that most likely she would end up dead when the sun rises next morning. So she slowly walked into the middle of the room, ready to accept her fate.

“What do you want from me?!” she yelled both with anger and panic. “Come on, I’m right here! Show yourself!”

But nothing of that happened. Instead, Nicole noticed that the door to her bedroom opened by itself, and that served as an indication that the demon wanted her to go there. Having no other option, she walked into the room and pressed the light switch. The light from the main lap illuminated the room, but nothing out of ordinary could be seen. The room looked as it always does, and not even a single object was moved.

Nicole stood where she stopped in confusion. Why did the demon want her to come into the bedroom? There are no hints or anything what could indicate his intentions, but there was no time for further pondering as suddenly the light in the room went off and Nicole felt that something touched her waist from behind. As it was pitch dark she had no choice but to feel it with her fingers, and it’s hard to describe how fast her heart was pounding in her chest when her fingers felt something like metallic claws on her stomach. Nicole opened her mouth but couldn’t scream or even say a word when the second clawed hand covered her mouth, and there was a sound of a threatening growl right at her left ear.

The demon was right behind her back.

Nicole understood that it’s not worth even trying to resist, this creature is stronger than her in every possible way. Even if she tried, this would only anger the monster and he would kill her instantly. She was sure he would murder her anyway, so it was better to behave now and finally accept the fate. So Nicole just closed her eyes and waited when the demon finally delivers the final blow.

But nothing of that happened. No matter how long she waited, no pain came. Nicole dared to open her eyes and saw that she still was in her room but the light was weird, like the mixture of red and orange. Combined with the surrounding darkness, it looked rather creepy altogether. She couldn’t understand whether she was still in real world or the demon has somehow carried her into his world. Never before she was as confused as now. The red-faced demon still was holding pressed firmly to his body, and that’s when Nicole felt something damp and slimy touching her earlobe. There was no doubt that it was his tongue, but as he licked her cheek she felt the touch of two spiky ends of it. So he probably had a forked tongue, like snakes or any other reptiles. His behavior brought Nicole into stupor at first. She sure didn’t expect such actions from a being like him, but when she felt his sharp teeth take a bite on her neck, she couldn’t help but make a faint, moaning sound. Her neck happened to be one of the most sensitive spots on her body, and this rather gentle bite of his made her feel heat slowly pooling down into her lower region.

Now it was clear as a day to her why the demon wanted her friends to leave. Not just because Jodie spoke about churches and priests that angered him. Each demon hates anything connected with God, so no wonder that this creature reacted this way. But there was also another reason.

He wanted privacy.
He wanted to claim this woman, right here and now.

Nicole knew it, and despite that her mind yelled out at her that mating with such creature as a demon is so wrong, but her body told her otherwise, betraying the common sense. The way this monster touched her, the movement of his skillful hands did the unimaginable things to her. She didn’t resist when she felt his claws sliding under her shirt and moving it up. Nicole lifted her arms to help him with that, and in a few seconds the piece of fabric was off her body and fell to the floor. The same way he ridded her of the bra, sliding one of his claws beneath the middle of the garment on her chest and cutting it. As soon as her breasts were free of any cover, the demon cupped her soft mounds, playing with her sensitive nipples that have already gotten hard from the touch of cold air. Nicole didn’t resist when she felt his claws sliding under her shirt and moving it up. Nicole lifted her arms to help him with that, and in a few seconds the piece of fabric was off her body and fell to the floor. The same way he ridded her of the bra, sliding one of his claws beneath the middle of the garment on her chest and cutting it. As soon as her breasts were free of any cover, the demon cupped her soft mounds, playing with her sensitive nipples that have already gotten hard from the touch of cold air. Nicole writhed slightly and moaned from his manipulations with her body, arcing her head and thus supporting it against the demon’s right shoulder. For a few moments he continued playing with her bare hills until suddenly he turned the female around to face him. Finally Nicole was able to see her demonic lover’s face in its full beauty. And indeed, to her his face looked like one of such pieces of art that could be valued by only a few of hundreds or even thousands of people. Generally it looked more or less human-like, but these black and red color patterns in combination with sharp teeth and almost colorless eyes made his whole image look so that it could be best described as “macabre beauty”. The rest of his body was fully black which made it harder to see him in half-dark room, but there was enough light for Nicole to notice his arousal: his member of rather generous size that was as black as the rest of his body, already stood erect and ready for action. Nicole could continue looking at him with a secret admiration, but in a mere second the monster lowered his head to her chest and his forked tongue began swirling around the hard bud of her right breast. She moaned from pleasant tingles that ran throughout her body, and while enjoyment took over her, the slender female hand rand up and down the demon’s dark skin, making small circles with her fingertips playfully. Nicole smirked when she heard lustful growls of her monstrous lover in the moment when her hand wrapped around his shaft and massaged the whole length of his manhood. The feeling was so great that the demon stopped playing with her soft hills and quickly ridded his mate from the remaining clothes and put her on the bed. And while he walked closer to crawl on the top of her, a weird sound reach Nicole’s ears; like something hard hitting the floor with every step of the monster. Only then she noticed that his legs ended with hoofs instead of feet, just like she has sometimes seen in the portrayals of Baphomet. But nothing mattered anymore when the black creature was on the top of her, caressing her already wet folds with his clawed fingers; and Nicole wanted nothing else but feeling that impressive shaft of his inside her. The demon also was growing impatient from his own prelude and, wasting no more time, grabbed her hips and positioned himself in front of her opening; and the next second the woman let out a moan, quiet but full of bliss when he filled her up with one soft movement. The red-face monster liked that, his mouth widening in a satisfied grin. He knew how to give sexual pleasure to females, and tonight this particular female will find out what he’s capable of.

For some time they kept a moderate rhythm, and when both lovers felt that they were slowly approaching the highest point of their pleasure, the demon moved his hips faster, hitting the sweet spot inside her with each thrust. Nicole, in turn, tried to move her own hips, matching him thrust for thrust, undulating beneath him and moaning out her pleasure in full voice. The thought about being claimed by a demon aroused her even more. Not every night you could experience a moment when two such different beings became one. Her lover was now moving in inhuman speed already, and the feeling he gave her, combined with the sounds he made that could be described as a mixture of growls and low moans, Nicole was unable to hold anymore. This was too much for her to bear, and she finally released her pleasure with a blissful scream. Hearing this, the black monster made several hard thrusts and soon also climaxed, spilling his seed into his mate’s body and instantly collapsing on her chest, panting.

Nicole felt so exhausted that she could barely feel how the demon pulled his manhood out of her
cavern. Her eyes were closing, and no matter how she tried to stay awake, sleep soon took over her. Lucky that the next day was Saturday so she could sleep as long as she wished. When she opened her eyes, rays of sunlight were leaking into her room, and the clock showed almost 11 a.m. Not yet fully awake, Nicole pondered whether all that happened last night was a wet dream, but seeing herself absolutely naked and feeling wetness between her legs, she realized that it was no dream after all. She never slept naked, and having her flesh free from all clothes was a first sign that the events of the last night were as real as the new day. The feeling she experienced with the demon were something she couldn’t describe in words, it was something you must feel to fully understand. Nicole wondered whether she would see her demonic lover again, but if the dreams of that strange place continue that it’s more than likely that they will meet again. Smiling at this though, Nicole took her cell phone as call her friends as she promised. They were definitely worried, so after her call both were happy to know that their friend survived the night as felt alive and well.

Little did Nicole know that her night travels to that dark dimension where the demon lived were astral projections that she always mistook for dreams. Every time she stepped into his domain, he felt her presence and fed on her energy, giving her his own instead. Thus a bond formed between them which resulted in helping him cross the border between worlds and find his way into the world of the living. Thus he achieved the possibility to get to her in the physical plane and make her feel the ecstasy she had never dreamed of.

And that’s what he was going to do again.

Very soon.
Brutish Desire (Monstrum)

A/N: This story is based on my dreams with a particular monster.

Dana felt her face and entire body getting covered in cold sweat while she watched as the monster that looked like it had crawled out of depths of Hell, now was looming over her. She had never seen anything like that before. Actually, she had never even believed that monsters existed. Dana now felt so stupid when thinking that monster existed only in books and movies, or in people’s dreams. And now here she was, facing a creature that made her feel like a tiny flea before a giant. But regretting her silliness was now too late. This mountain of muscles with a shining face now stood right above her, and all Dana could do was close her eyes and pray for a quick death.

But it never came.

Shaking all over, Dana dared to open her eyes and saw bright orange light shining right into her face. She had no idea why the monster hesitated to kill her, but then it did something that could cause nothing but pure, unadulterated surprise in the frightened woman’s heart. Instead of a cold-blooded murder, the macabre creature almost gently pressed one side of its face to her hair, pulling the air through its nostrils and puffing out. It was sniffing her for some reason, so much Dana could understand. And while the monster did that, it emitted such a loud growl, that it resonated in vibrations through Dana’s body. Each time it felt her smell, the creature rubbed its face against her head, reminding her of a satisfied cat’s movements when it thus marked something that belongs to him or her. With every minute of such actions, Dana’s surprise grew stronger. She really had no idea why this beast behaved like that; it was totally uncharacteristic of it, considering its brutal nature. She had already seen many times how it chased any sailor it spotted with such a roar that could easily make your eardrums pop if you stand too close. In such moments only one instinct took control of her: run and never look back. Not all the crew member were lucky to escape the monster’s deadly grasp; Dana’s blood turned cold when she heard painful screams of death or bones cracking when this spawn of Hell got a hold of its victims. He just squished them like bugs, and they had no chance against him. Those who had better luck, in turn, jumped overboard into the sea; and Dana couldn’t blame them. It was definitely better to choose death by drowning in the sea rather than get into the hands of a creature like the one that was looming over her. Oh, and more than that, it even had a name. Roaming around the ship, Dana stumbled on several documents strewn around the rooms; and there she learned that this particular being was labeled “The Brute”.

Very appropriate name for such a creature; it perfectly goes together with its behavior. But what was totally unexpected that it was also capable of being almost tender.

Just like it was now with a female named Dana.

While she tried to figure out the monster’s intentions, Dana at first reconsidered her decision to join the crew. Her mother was nervous when she applied for a cook’s job on the ship, considering that the crew consisted mostly of males. But Dana got on well with her crew mates, and nothing foretold any trouble. Who could have known what was in one of the containers that they were transporting and how it would end? What’s even stranger, no one in the crew knew what cargo it was. They were just given a task to transport the cargo from point A to point B without asking any unnecessary questions. Like if it wasn’t suspicious enough. But no one could have imagined that this top secret cargo happened to be a monster of an unknown nature. And as long as Dana managed to study its appearance, she grew sure with each moment that it wasn’t actually a supernatural being, but some kind of a bizarre mutant that has been human some time ago.
It’s because his left arm looked almost fully human.

Dana sat up and tilted her head. The more she looked at the monster, studying it with her glance, the less fear she felt and the stronger her curiosity grew instead. It seemed like the creature wasn’t even planning to kill her. But what did it want then? She was confused. Was it trying to show her that it had no intentions to kill her with its movements? Most likely it was, but what now? How long was it going to last? Finally she decided to take the courage and speak.

“What do you want from me?” she asked, being rather surprised of how confident her voice was.

“Do you understand me? You’re not going to kill me, right? Then what do you want?”

Dana wasn’t sure that the monster understood her, but in a moment she got the answer to all her questions. Hearing a sound that distantly reminded her of slurping, she lowered her head to check the source of it; and that’s when she finally realized what exactly the monster was planning to do with her.

When she spotted him before, Dana was sure there was no sign of sexual organs visible between the creature’s legs, so till now she thought that it was asexual. But now she had to confess to herself how wrong she was. With the slurping sound a slit opened on its crotch and a slimy-looking organ stuck out of it. Although it looked more like a proboscis than actual human penis, there was no doubt that the monster was male.

Dana widened her eyes with the realization of his intention. The monster had not just one killing instinct after all. Now he showed her that there was another one, hidden deep inside him and coming out only when it’s really needed.

He smelled a healthy, ripe female and now wanted to mate with her.

Dana didn’t know what to do. She mulled about two options in her mind: to try fighting or to give in. She understood though that fighting wasn’t a good idea as thus she could anger the monster and he would break her bones. Besides, what could a fragile female do against this mountain of muscles? So there was no other choice but to give him what he wants. He might even spare her life after that. At least a ray of hope still lived in Dana’s heart.

And no matter how awkward and in some way ashamed she felt, Dana realized that the idea of having sex with such a creature was dangerously alluring. If he could control himself then she might even enjoy it after all.

He might have been capable of incredible things as a sex partner. And from this thought Dana felt her heartbeat increase in speed and body heat up.

She was slowly getting aroused.

The Brute sniffed the air, noticing the changes at once. At first it was fear emanating from the female, but now there was something entirely different. He could smell her arousal, and that made him take the action in his hands at once. Looking around in a search for a more comfortable place, the fiery monster grabbed her waist and lifted the woman from the floor. Dana gasped from such an unexpected gesture, wondering where he was going to take her. But they ended up in the same room, not even leaving its walls. As it was wide enough, the Brute just chose to carry her to a table for support, thus making it more convenient for him to perform a mating act. As soon as the woman stood on the ground, he grabbed the hem of her pants, ready to rip them off in one rough movement.

“Hey, hold on, big guy!” Dana exclaimed, grabbing his hand in turn. “I’ll remove them myself for you. No need to rip my clothes in pieces.”
The Brute stopped abruptly when her slender hand grabbed his wrist. He growled and watched her removing the fabric that covered the lower part of her body to the waist. As her pale, slim legs were open, the monster couldn’t resist the temptation to touch the soft female skin. It was another surprise for Dana, as the creature known as the Brute could be that gentle when he really wanted. His fingertips brushed along her skin from the waist and down, feeling every curve; and while he discovered the feeling of her flesh, the Brute accompanied his feelings with a satisfied growl; and Dana had no doubts that he was enjoying this business. Curiosity got the best of her once again and she carefully put her palm on his chest, moving it in different directions and feeling his charred flesh. Of course, it couldn’t be called soft, but all she could think of was it feeling leathery to the touch.

Feeling courageous enough, Dana smirked playfully, and her hand slid lower until it reached the monster’s crotch. Her fingertips brushed along the entire shaft of his member, and it was slimy to the touch indeed. The Brute froze in his spot when he felt her fingers wrap around his sensitive organ and pulled gently a time or two. The wave of pleasure he felt made his entire body shake slightly, his growls becoming louder with every movement of the woman’s hand. Then finally, being unable to bear the sweet torture, he spun the female around, facing her back to him and pushing her a bit forward. Thus it was more convenient for him to enter her from behind; but before doing that, the Brute grabbed one of her plump butt cheeks, pressing it a bit in his large hand and obviously loving to play with her soft flesh. Dana felt his slippery member rubbing between her legs until she felt it find the sacred entrance into her wet cavern. She expected it to be somewhat painful, considering the size; and his penis size was larger than any human male had. And in the moment he filled her up in one smooth thrust, Dana tensed herself, but only for a short amount of time; and soon enough she felt herself relaxing already. It wasn’t as bad as she thought, and his male organ was already slimy from the very beginning, making it slide into her opening even easier. The Brute wasn’t going to wait and began thrusting into her swiftly, his growls mixing in the cacophony with her lustful moans. Only a few minutes ago, when she only saw this creepy being chasing and killing the crew members, she would have thought that having sex with this monster was so wrong; but now she didn’t give a damn, burying these thoughts deeper into the darkest caverns of her mind. It was only desire for him and dirty fantasies that controlled her now; and with every powerful thrust he made inside her body, Dana felt little to no regret. His lust was truly brutal; and the faster his thrusts became, the more Dana felt herself practically flying up to cloud nine. With every movement of the monster’s hips his member hit the sensitive spot inside her; and no matter how hard Dana tried to hold back, she finally was unable to stand it anymore, giving in to her orgasm with a loud cry. Her sounds of pleasure made the Brute do a few more wild thrusts, and then he released his seed into her with such a deafening roar that she had to cover her ears. Both were so overwhelmed by euphoria that neither of them noticed the presence of another person in the room; and that’s when the angry voice of a man took them both by surprise:

“Hey, asshole! Get the hell away from her!”

Dana’s eyes widened from such unexpected turn, and when she looked on her right, she couldn’t believe what she was seeing. There, in the doorway, was Arthur, one of the mechanics, with a fire extinguisher in his hands. She sure didn’t expect to see another survivor, wondering where he had been before. Arthur aimed the fire extinguisher at the monster, and just a few seconds passed when he sprayed its contents into the creature’s face, stunning it for a minute. Of course, this angered the Brute a lot; and Arthur then dropped the extinguisher on the ground and yelled:

“Over here, you, ugly freak! Come and get me if you can!” He turned then to the surprised woman before running. “Save yourself, Dana! I’ll distract him!”

Arthur then ran as fast as he could. The angered Brute then began chasing him with another deafening roar, and this time it was a roar of rage. Dana was still under the influence of shock, but soon enough she was fully awake from this state and quickly put her pants back on. She still couldn’t believe that another member of the crew was alive; and in this case, if Arthur gets out of his situation...
alive, they could double their efforts and get the lucky chance to escape the ship with their lives.

And the memory of her unforgettable lover will live in her heart forever.
Sorrow and rage filled Jade Warren’s heart since the moment when the only man she had ever loved, left her. It was so sudden, so unexpected; and Jade couldn’t get over the shock for a long time. When she found out that Joel was having an affair with a woman named Darla behind her back, Jade confronted him; in the result it ended up with a strong argument, and then he did something that she never expected him to do.

He beat her up.

“I’m having an open relationship,” he said in conceited voice. “It pretty means that I can visit Darla whenever I want. Either you cope with that or leave. Have I made things clear to you?”

“Clear as a day,” Jade hissed through her teeth.

This memory has burned itself into Jade’s soul for a long time, hurting her every time she remembered that. Since that moment Jade left him for good. She wasn’t going to bear the humiliation and suffer whenever her man slept with another woman. It was too much. Jade scolded herself for being so stupid. But then she had no idea that Joel was such a bastard. He seemed very loving and caring in the beginning, but then his mask fell off and he showed his true face. What did he even need her for then if he wanted to be with that woman, Darla? It seemed that Joel almost enjoyed seeing her suffering like that, which was most likely. Maybe Jade wasn’t the first victim of his cruelty, but if so then no one has done anything so far to teach him a lesson, which is weird. The more she thought about it, the stronger was her wish to come up with some revenge plan. Jade was lost in thoughts when a sound of a car engine in the distance reach her ears followed by several male voices. Her heart skipped a beat when she realized that the voices grew louder, and they seemed to approach her house. She peeked into the window and saw four men and among them she recognized Joel.

“Great,” she huffed. “When you remember shit, it always happens.”

Joel and his friends were drunk as hell, and Jade knew that when he took even a small amount of alcohol, he became aggressive. She sure had no wish to deal with him, especially when he wasn’t alone. What could she, a fragile woman, do against four drunken men? And judging by what they were talking about, as they wanted “to have fun”, they were planning to rape her alternatively. Jade felt her insides shaking from that thought, but there was no time to ponder about anything as the unwanted guests started banging at her door.

“Open up, bitch!” one of them yelled in a drunken voice. “You better cooperate, or we can have it the hard way. The choice is yours!”

Jade wasn’t going to wait when those drunken pieces of crap broke into her house and did unholy things to her. She opened the kitchen window and crawled outside, doing her best to remain unnoticed. Lucky for her, the neighbors’ place was located nearby, and she rushed to their house to ask for help. It was evening, but not yet that late; and the windows had bright light in them. The house belonged to the farmer couple, Henry and Minnie Davis; and Jade had always had good relationship with them, so she was sure they would never refuse to help. And in the moment Jade reached the front door of the house, one of the intruders spotted her.

“Hey, there she is!” one of them shouted, but it wasn’t Joel. Jade had no problems recognizing his voice among the others. “Get her!”
“Shit…” she swore quietly, seeing that all four men moved to her direction. She had no other choice but to start banging at the door, and in a moment it opened. Henry Davis stood in the doorway with his wife behind him.

“Jade? What happened?” he asked, seeing her frightened face. Jade was really so scared that she could barely form coherent words.

“Please, help! Those four men are after me!” she pointed behind her back, and the old man could see four strangers moving his way. “They wanted to break into my house or even something worse.”

“Come inside, dear, quickly!” Minnie said, and Jade almost rushed into the house. Minnie could almost feel the young woman shaking while holding her hand. Henry then grabbed the shotgun from the wall and aimed it at the intruders, not forgetting to check if it was loaded before.

“Hold it right there!” he shouted angrily, pointing the barrel of his shotgun to the intruders. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“Hey, stay calm, old man,” one of the men said. “We were just visiting the neighbor of yours, and it looks like she is by you. We meant no harm.”

“Oh, is that right? Doesn’t seem so to me, judging by how she is frightened,” Henry said. Minnie then took the flashlight from the drawer and shone it at the unwanted visitors. Her husband then recognized one of them. “Hey, I think I know you. You’re Joel. You can’t trick me, rascal. I know what you’re up to.” He then turned his head to his wife for a second. “Minnie, call the police. Now!”

While Minnie spoke to the police on the phone, Joel and his company still tried to reason with Henry and persuade him to let them get to Jade, but the old man remained inflexible. The police station wasn’t located far from their place, and soon enough the sirens blared through the air. Joel and his friends quickly turned around and ran to their car, but before that he turned to Jade, piercing her with his eyes full of hatred.

“You’re so dead, bitch! It’s not the end yet!”

They left right the second before police arrived, and Henry, his wife, and Jade almost simultaneously pointed to that direction, telling the cops to follow the car that had just left their territory. The police vehicle then followed Joel’s car, and the farmer couple then invited Jade into the living room. She was still scared, but felt better.

“Are you alright, dear?” Minnie asked her. Jade nodded.

“Yes, thank you so much,” she said. “I don’t know what they would have done to me if they managed to break inside. They spoke about “having fun” with me, and that could only mean they planned to take me by force.”

“Jesus Christ!” the old lady exclaimed with indignation. “How can Earth even carry such people?”

“I hope the cops catch those imbeciles,” Henry grumbled, putting the shotgun down. “No, you just look at that impertinence! Trying to break into the house of a lone woman and then threatening her with violence! They should lock him in prison for the rest of his life!”

“Couldn’t agree more,” Minnie nodded. “Jeez, Henry, the poor girl was trembling all over when she walked inside!”

“Yeah, I could see that,” Henry agreed. “Well, at least tonight they won’t disturb us. Oh, and did I mention that they are driving in a drunken state? That’s plus one more trouble for them.”
“Yes, sure,” Minnie said and turned to Jade, patting her shoulder. “Settle down, dear. I’ll make you a cup of hot tea now. It will help you relax.”

“Thank you,” Jade smiled. Minnie then went to the kitchen, and Jade talked to Henry, telling him more about Joel and what his purpose was. The farmer was old and had seen many things in his life, but even he was shocked to find out how cruel some people can be; and the young woman before him was unlucky enough to stumble upon one of them. Joel deserved to be punished, and all three inhabitants of the farmer’s house hoped that he gets what he deserves. Minnie soon returned with a teapot and three mugs, and all had a nice cup of hot tea in a friendly atmosphere. And when the clock showed half past nine, Jade thanked her kind neighbors and got up, ready to leave; but Minnie stopped her.

“Why don’t you stay in our place for this night?” she asked. “You can sleep in peace, and tomorrow then you can return to your house.”

“Um… thank you so much, but…” Jade stuttered “I don’t feel very comfortable. I feel like a third wheel, you know…”

“Oh, Christ, you better stop that nonsense,” Henry laughed. “Throw these thoughts out of your head. There’s a place to sleep on the sofa in the living room. Take a look, it’s reserved specially for guests.”

The old farmer then walked to the sofa and spread it so that it turned to a bed. It was enough even for two people to sleep on it.

“There you go. Make yourself comfortable,” he said kindly. “Oh, and Minnie is already here with the bed sheets.”

Jade didn’t even notice how Mrs. Davis left the room, and here she was with a pillow, a blanket, and bed sheets in her hands. It looked like they were serious about her staying in their home.

“You better listen to him,” Minnie giggled. “It’s more than enough place. Come on, we insist.”

Jade sighed and lifted her hands in defeat with a thankful smile on her face.

“All right, you won,” she said. “How can I ever thank you? Really, God bless you for your kindness.”

“Oh, don’t mention it, sweetheart,” Minnie caressed Jade’s hair gently, like a mother. “You know, Henry and I have our two children, a son and a daughter; both are adults with their own families. They live in the city, and we sure miss them very much, although sure, sometimes they visit us. You live beside us here, and for us, you almost seem like our third child. No, it really is like that. So you can always count on us if you need help or something.”

Hearing Minnie’s kind words, Jade couldn’t hold her emotions back anymore and fell into the old lady’s embrace. She really needed to feel such tenderness, even if these people weren’t her parents. Long time ago she lost her own family, as father lost his battle against leukemia; and her mother began drinking from sorrow of losing her husband. Jade even started thinking that there might be some kind of a curse on her, that only misfortune followed her in her life. But in the moment she met Henry and Minnie Davis, she grew sure that life wasn’t that bad after all. Finishing the tea, Jade helped Mrs. Davis to wash the dishes and then the owners of this hospitable house went to sleep. Jade went to bed in a moment as well, but her mind didn’t let her fall asleep quickly. She was sure that Joel wasn’t going to leave her alone. If he threatened her like that, he would undoubtedly make his threats come true. Police was after him, but she doubted that they would succeed, at least not that
soon. She had to think of something.

And then it suddenly dawned upon her.

In the area where she lived there was a local legend about a creature known as Pumpkinhead, a demon of vengeance Summoned by an old witch on people’s request. There were cases during her life when an unfortunate victim banged at the doors of houses and cried for help, the monster being on his tail. But the locals didn’t even try to help the victim as no one wanted to get in the demon’s way, otherwise his wrath would fall upon them as well. The more Jade thought about it, the stronger was her desire to summon Pumpkinhead to kill Joel and his whole company. He had threatened her with death, and death is what he will get instead. After thinking for some more time she finally made her decision.

Just like the rest of the locals, she knew where Haggis, the old witch lived; and tomorrow night Jade would visit her and summon the demon of vengeance, setting him on Joel and his poor excuse of friends.

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The next day went on peacefully, no sign of any threat from Joel’s side, but Jade was still nervous. Not so much because of him, but of what was going to happen tonight. She couldn’t stop thinking of the many ways how Joel would be punished, how he would be squealing like a pig before the deadly glance of the monster. Her lips stretched in an evil grin. All she could hope for now was that the deal with the old sorceress goes smoothly.

Jade sat at the window in her house, watching how the last lights of the dusk faded; and as soon as the entire area was enveloped by darkness, she exited her place quietly, making sure to remain unnoticed. The witch lived deep in the forest where people rarely dared to go; only when it was really necessary. Jade never liked to be alone in a dark forest, always frightened that she was being watched in the darkness; but she had to do it. It took some time to reach the destination until the golden light of burning candles in an old hut pierced the blackness of the night. Jade hesitated for a minute or two and then took the courage and knocked at the wooden door.

“Come in,” a screechy voice said from inside. Jade pressed the handle and stepped inside, closing the door after herself.

“Good evening, Haggis,” she said, thinking how to begin the conversation to get to business.

“Come in, Jade, my child,” Haggis continued. “Come in and tell me what’s inside your heart.”

Jade widened her eyes in surprise when the witch said her name. She wondered how Haggis knew that it was her, but considering her respectable age and occupation, the sorceress had her ways of knowing things without even looking at them. Jade then walked closer to the witch and sat on the right side from her.

“You’re thirsting for revenge, my child,” Haggis said and looked at the young woman before her. Externally her face showed no emotions at all, and Jade couldn’t tell what the sorceress was thinking at the moment. But what she said was right though, so Jade decided to get to business.

“Yes, Haggis, it’s true. My heart is full of rage and desire for revenge against the man who cruelly betrayed me,” she said, clenching her fists when thinking about Joel. “I loved him, I really did; and he just threw me out like a piece of garbage.”

“Tell me the whole story first.”
Haggis asked for more details, and Jade was more than glad to share the whole story with her. She told all the truth about Joel, how he betrayed and then beat her up when she tried to resent; and how he tried to break into her house with his drunk friends and how Henry Davis and his wife protected her. The witch listened in silence, and when Jade finished her story, she spoke again.

“Yes, Davis is in fact right, some people can have a really black heart,” Haggis shook her head. “So what you wish now is to summon the demon of vengeance to punish him, right?”

Jade nodded in response.

“Yes, if this is possible,” she replied. “Joel must be punished and get what he deserved. He might be able to escape from the police, but not from the monster.”

Haggis was silent for a couple of minutes and then spoke:

“Now, listen to me, my dear. Your wish to punish that man is pretty understandable. He really does deserve it. But you must think well before you make a final decision. Once the demon is summoned, he will not be stopped until his mission is complete. If you attempt to get in his way or stop him, his wrath will fall on you too. With every victim he kills, you will become one with the monster. Each injury he takes will cause pain to you. You will feel his pain and he will feel yours. Besides, you will feel the pain of every victim he kills.”

“It means I will suffer physically, right?” Jade asked. “In this case, I’m ready for that. No matter how painful it will be, it’s nothing comparing to the pain he made me go through.”

The witch smiled and continued:

“But that’s not all. When the demon’s mission is finished, he will take you with him to the underworld, and you will disappear from the world of the living forever until the creature is summoned once again. Then the new demon of vengeance will be you.”

Jade widened her eyes again, this time both from horror and surprise. That was what she didn’t know about the whole business. She had no idea that in the end it results in death of the one who requested the summoning.

“Yes, my dear, that’s how it works,” Haggis said. “That’s why I’m warning you. I need you to understand the bridge you will be crossing, as there will be no way back. If you’re still determined to continue, we will begin the ritual.”

Jade sat in silence, lost in thoughts. She really had to think things over before making a decision, weigh all the pros and cons. The perspective of dying in the end wasn’t satisfying at all, but, on the other hand, she had nothing to lose. Jade lived completely alone: no friends, no family. She lost her parents when she was ten years old, and now the man with whom she hoped to create a family in the future, betrayed her. Of course, Henry and Minnie Davis will be very sad, but they at least have their own children and grandchildren. It will be easier for them to get over the grief. She lifted her glance upon the witch then and spoke confidently:

“I am ready. Let’s do it.”

“Is it your final decision?” Haggis asked one last time; and Jade nodded.

“Yes, it is. You know my life story, Haggis. I have nothing to lose. If I am to die in the end, so be it; the fate cannot be avoided. At least I will achieve my goal and take my revenge on that rascal; then I can die peacefully.”
“Well, it’s your will, my child,” Haggis said. She still sat in her place motionless, like a stone statue, but deep inside she felt sorry for this maiden that made such a fatal decision willingly. But a deal is a deal, and it had to be fulfilled. “In this case, let’s get to business. See that shovel at the wall behind you? Take it and the lantern on the table, too. All you have to do is go to the pumpkin patch graveyard nearby and find the highest hill surrounded by pumpkins. That’s the creature’s grave. Dig up its corpse and bring it here. The rest is my job.”

Jade obeyed and did all what she was told. The graveyard Haggis mentioned was located within a few meters from her hut. It wasn’t difficult to find Pumpkinhead’s grave as it stood up higher than the rest of the graves. She started digging and soon found what she was looking for. The corpse wasn’t buried too deep, and as soon as she saw it, Jade’s face twisted in a grimace of terror and disgust. The corpse was so disfigured that it barely held any similarities to a human being. It was indeed a dead monster buried beneath this ground. But Jade had a job to do. Holding back her feeling of disgust, she dug out the monster’s corpse, and it took her some time to carry it back to the witch’s hut. And as soon as the dead monster lay on the floor in front of the sorceress, she asked Jade to give her one of her hands. Haggis explained that her blood is needed to make the demon arise from the dead. Jade obeyed once again and stretched her arm out while the witch took a blade and made a cut on Jade’s hand, pouring her blood on the dead creature. Pumpkinhead then began to move and finally came to life. As he stood up in his entire macabre glory, Jade was close to fainting. She had never seen such a monstrous creature in her life. Haggis helped her to stay still while the monster studied the maiden with his eyes; the one that wanted him to live once again. Then he turned his back to both women and left the hut, disappearing in the darkness.

“It’s done, my child,” Haggis said, smiling. “The demon will now do what he has to do. You can go home now.”

“How will he find his target?” Jade wanted to know. Not like Joel was somewhere nearby at the moment.

“Don’t worry about it,” the witch replied. “The victim will come himself to meet his demise. Now go. Stay strong.”

“Thank you very much,” Jade gave a grateful smile to the old sorceress and left the hut. On her way home she thought about what Haggis had just said. The victim will come himself to meet his demise. It pretty meant that Joel was going to come here again to fulfill his threat, maybe not even alone.

But this time someone will be waiting.
On her way home Jade repeated the witch’s words in her mind again and again. *The victim will come himself to meet his demise.* It meant that Joel was going to come after her, and during the time she spent with him Jade had already learned that he never threw his words out for nothing, especially if it was a threat. But when was that going to happen? Would the demon wait as long as needed? Jade was worried, but if Pumpkinhead was already summoned, he surely would wait for him victim, no matter how long it would take.

Jade slowly walked towards her place, smirking. She sure couldn’t wait to see Joel’s face expression when he faces a creature that will be doing her bidding. That will be fun, but a painful fun, as Haggis had warned. But Jade was ready. If she had to suffer physically, so be it. At least Joel will get what he deserved.

As she approached her house, Jade lifted her head to look at the clear night sky. She always loved to enjoy the magnificent view of stars shining in the depth of darkness, and the moon was full tonight, making the night even brighter. And that’s when she spotted something out of ordinary. A dark, hunched silhouette was sitting on the roof of her house, and as soon as it heard her footsteps, it crawled to the edge of the roof. At that distance Jade recognized the being as none other than Pumpkinhead. She froze in her spot, being afraid to move; her heart beating frantically in her chest. But her anxiety decreased quite soon as the monster obviously made no movement towards her anymore and had no plans to harm her. Pumpkinhead still sat on the roof, watching the woman and making quiet guttural sounds. Jade tilted her head, her curiosity growing stronger with every minute; and to her surprise, the monster returned the head tilting gesture and growled. Such sound would surely scare any human being at night, but Jade could unmistakably hear that this growl of his contained no threat in it. It seemed almost… gentle to her. Jade couldn’t help but smile, but the next moment she had a feeling like her stomach turned upside down and her heart skipped a beat again, but this time for another reason. The more she looked at the monster above her, the more she realized that he had his own plans for her, and it sure wasn’t death. That lustful glance of his, the movement of his thick, long tongue against the rows of sharp teeth… The way he looked at her made Jade feel… naked. She was glad it was night and he couldn’t see how red her face became. Or maybe he could see well in darkness, she wasn’t entirely sure. The heated tension among them was growing stronger, and Jade felt that if she continued standing there and staring at the demon, it might result in something she didn’t expect at all. It was becoming unbearable, so she just shook her head violently and rushed inside the house, locking the door tight after her. After all, he was summoned for a different reason, right?

Joel didn’t appear tonight which made Jade feel both peace and anxiety simultaneously. On the one hand, she was glad that bastard wasn’t here, as she couldn’t bear the mere sight of his disgusting face. But, on the other hand, the anticipation was killing her. She knew what will follow after Pumpkinhead’s mission is complete, and the thought of death awaiting her at the end was difficult to deal with. But it was her choice, and she was ready to accept her fate. She had nothing to lose.

Jade slept peacefully which surprised her a lot, considering what she would be going through in the nearest future. Morning sun shred its light around, and with that a new day began and nature awoke once again. As soon as sunlight got into Jade’s room, illuminating it brightly, she finally opened her eyes and yawned. The weather outside provided a good mood for the rest of the day, and Jade even managed to forget about Joel and Pumpkinhead for some time. All she wanted right now was to spend the day as pleasantly as possible, enjoying her life while she could. It might be her last chance.

As the day approached its end and the sky began to grow dark, Jade stepped out of her house. If Joel
decided to come tonight, the first location he would go to would be her place. So she considered it to be a good idea to hide in a nearby forest to stay out of sight. And right then, just like summoned, the peaceful silence of the night was broken by voices. Jade felt her lips stretch in an evil smirk. It pretty much meant that Joel has finally come, and he wasn’t alone. He had his three friends with him, plus there were also female voices heard among them. So he has brought his new girlfriend with him and maybe some other friends of his did the same. Not like it mattered anyway. Soon all their pathetic company will be joining their ancestors.

Very soon.

Darkness has become Jade’s ally while she stood among the trees, watching the company of four men and two women. One of the men was Joel, she could recognize him anywhere and anytime; he was accompanied by a fair-haired woman around his age. Finally Jade could see what this Darla looked like and wrinkled her nose in disgust. She was more or less fine in appearance, but her behavior… It looked like she was ready to give it to any guy she saw. And Joel didn’t seem to mind at all. That man was seriously messed up. Jade could now only be surprised about herself, what she saw in him before; but it was only for her good to leave him. It’s better late than never.

Jade watched them leaving their two cars in quite a distance from her house and make a fire at the opposite edge of the forest that surrounded the area. She crept a bit closer to see better and listen to what they were talking about. Their conversation provided nothing of importance, but Joel glanced at her house now and then; and even in darkness, in the light of the fire hatred in his eyes was pretty visible. But Jade’s hatred for him was ten times stronger, and in any moment it will devour him and his entire company fully and without mercy.

While she stood in the dark and watched, a quiet sound of a guttural growl reached Jade’s ears. It came somewhere from behind and with every second grew stronger. The woman froze in her spot again, only tuning her head slowly to glance back. Pumpkinhead approached her in a slow, leisure gait. She looked into his grey, almost lifeless eyes for a minute or two and then whispered:

“Kill them. Kill them all.” She then turned to face the group and pointed at Joel. “But leave this one as the last. He must suffer.”

The monster growled again and passed her by, moving in the direction of his potential victims. Jade could only wonder how he managed to move so quietly, considering his size. She was indeed curious about how he was going to deal with each of them. She only had to wait and see.

After some time she noticed that Joel had separated from the group and was obviously heading to her house. Jade smirked, fighting the urge to laugh at that stupid idiot. He had no idea what awaited him. But in a few moments his slut of a girlfriend followed him in a distance. Neither of them spotted Jade in the darkness among the trees. And as soon as Darla passed Jade’s hiding spot, she heard bushes rustling behind her and stopped right there.

“Who’s there?” Darla asked, her voice betrayed the fear she felt.

No one answered of course.

Darla turned around, ready to run for it, but she had no chance to make even one step forward when something grabbed her from behind. She let out a piercing scream which didn’t last long, and the next moment her lifeless body fell to the ground where Jade could see it, with her throat turned into a bloody mess. Jade fell to her knees, clenching her teeth in pain and feeling her entire neck and part of chest burning like fire. She held to the soaring spots of her body and tried to breathe deeper, but everything remained intact. No blood or injuries were visible on her body. She felt just the pain of Pumpkinhead’s victims, just like the old witch said. She couldn’t see the monster tear Darla’s throat
apart with his claws, but her death was quick, and the pain Jade felt also subsided relatively fast. Most likely the others were going to die in a similar way, so she wasn’t afraid to go through that. Joel’s death would be the most painful, as she wanted him suffer; and the demon of vengeance would take good care of it.

Joel had undoubtedly heard his girlfriend screaming, and so did the others. Jade knew they all would be coming to the source of the noise, so she hurried to move away from there far enough to stay unnoticed and not to lose the sight of the events as well. The sound of cursing and frightened talking was heard very well in the night.

“Who did this?!” Joel yelled in rage. “I swear if I get my hands on you, bastard, you’re dead meat!”

“Her throat… oh God!” a female voice exclaimed.

“Stay calm, Kim,” another guy spoke. “We mustn’t panic and think soberly on our next actions.” He crouched next to Darla’s corpse and illuminated it with his lighter to see it better. “I think she was killed by some wild animal.”

“How do you know that, Cody?” Kim asked, glancing at her boyfriend.

“Look at the wound,” Cody said. “Of course, I can be sure of nothing, but I can hardly imagine such wounds to be the result of some weapon. I can only think of one option – claws. And their owner seems to be a large one.”

“Large or not, it will be dead in no time,” Joel declared proudly. “Come on, we have to get to the cars.”

And right in the moment he spoke the last word, a loud noise that sounded like glass and metal breaking startled them all. At first no one understood what it was, but then it dawned upon them quite soon.

“Shit, it’s our cars! Come on!”

Joel ran the first, and the others barely could keep the speed. He was determined revenge Darla’s death, no matter who was the culprit. He totally forgot about Jade, the main reason he returned to this place, but when they are done with this mess, he would finish what he wanted. Right now there were more important things to do.

Just as he reached the cars, he stopped where he was, unable to believe his own eyes.

“Fucking shit on a stick!” he swore. “No! No, no, no! It cannot be!”

“What happened, man?” Andrew asked.

“See for yourselves,” Joel huffed, turning his face to the cars.

His friends came closer to the two cars they came here with and all widened their eyes in surprise and horror. Both doors at the driver’s side were torn off, the steering wheels broken, and the control panels smashed to shreds. The cars totally were not in a working order.

“What happened to our cars?” Kim asked. She was the most surprised by this event.

“I don’t know,” Cody replied, scratching his head. “I just know that we’re not going anywhere.”

“Don’t tell me that it’s some animal again,” Luke said, looking at Cody. “It can only be the work of a
human being. I doubt animals are intelligent enough to do something like that.”

“Sure, you’re right,” Kim agreed. “I have a bad feeling that there is someone who doesn’t want us to leave.”

“We will leave this god damned place even if we have to walk,” Joel said, opening the trunk and pulling a shotgun out of it. “Let’s kill that motherfucker and leave at once.”

“I’ll be on the light duty then.” Cody took his flashlight out of the glove compartment. “It will be easier to spot him with the light.”

“Yeah, I think we’d better…” Kim began and suddenly widened her eyes in terror, leaving the sentence unfinished. In a matter of a second two large clawed hands appeared behind her boyfriend’s back. “Watch out! Behind you!”

“What…” Cody managed to say just one word when someone or something grabbed him and in the next moment he felt himself being roughly pulled up, making him drop the flashlight. Kim quickly grabbed it instead, shining it where Cody was pulled up and now screamed in the dead of night. That’s when the whole group froze in their spot, unable to move or make even a smallest frustrated squeak. A horrible pale-skinned creature with a long tail sharp as a spear sat on one of the branches high up a tree, holding the screaming guy in the air. Cody was kicking and undulating, trying to free himself from the creature’s grasp. But his pathetic attempts did nothing to help him in any way, and then a nasty sound of cracking bones reached their ears. Cody stopped yelling and calling for help, his limbs went limp, and the next moment a lifeless body fell to his friends’ feet, his neck twisted unnaturally. All the remained young adults were in a state of shock, but when consciousness returned to them, the creature vanished.

“Did you see that?” Andrew gasped. “What the hell was that thing?”

“I don’t know, man,” Luke said. “He murdered Cody in cold blood right before our eyes. But why didn’t you shoot it, Joel?”

“Yeah, why?!” Kim almost yelled at him, her eyes filling with tears. She has just lost her beloved one and could do nothing about it.

Joel lifted his hands in a defense manner.

“If I tried to shoot, I would have hit Cody,” he explained. “His body was in front of the creature. I don’t know if you noticed or not, but that thing was like covering itself with Cody’s body. It’s not as stupid as you might think, and obviously very agile. I have to be careful and watch whom I shoot. And I sure didn’t expect that we would be facing a real monster.”

“Yes, but you could have tried at least,” Kim insisted.

“I will, have no doubt,” he said. “Did you see its claws? Now I’m more than sure that it killed Darla as well. He owes me. In fact, he owes us all.”

While the rest of the group argued, each of them was oblivious to the fact that as soon as the demon of vengeance claimed another victim, Jade Warren once again suffered from agonizing pain, clenching her neck with hands when unbearable pain pierced it. She fought hard not to let out a scream, otherwise she would attract the unwanted attention, and it wasn’t the monster. No matter how much it hurt, the last thing she wanted was to let Joel find her before she planned to reveal herself to him. But to do that, she had to make sure that everyone else of his company was out of the way, so he would have no one to help him.
Joel, in turn, tried not to show the fear that overwhelmed him, but Jade knew him well enough to see that he was trembling like an aspen leaf.

“Listen, we have to take cover somewhere,” he offered. “If we stay outside, that thing will easily get us all. Come on, follow me.”

He already knew where exactly they were going to hide. The only option he had was Jade’s house. It won’t be difficult to force her to let them inside, considering the fact that he had a shotgun in his hands. And when they have a place to hide, then starting from there they would think of some plan. Right now the main objective was to hide from the monster.

Joel ran to Jade’s house, his friends following his footsteps. Unlike the neighboring houses in the area, this one was completely dark, not a single light visible in any of the windows. Joel didn’t care about knocking and just pressed the handle; and to his surprise, the door wasn’t locked. He entered the house, followed by his friends, and switched the light on. Everything was quiet.

“Looks like nobody’s home,” Kim said, looking around. “It’s weird why the owner left the door unlocked. Any thief can technically come in and steal things.”

“By the way, why did you choose this place where no one’s home?” Luke wanted to know. “There was one more house where lights were on.”

“Because those people won’t let us in,” Joel explained. “Do you remember last time when we were here when my ex ran to the neighbors? The old couple that called the police. Do not doubt that they wouldn’t have let us inside. They hate us, especially me, you know.”

“Oh yeah, I remember that,” Andrew nodded.

“So this is your ex-girlfriend’s house?” Kim asked.

“Yes,” Joel replied. “So I thought it was better we hide here. I only wonder where she is and why she left her house practically open.”

“She probably forgot to lock the door,” Luke pondered.

“Even if she did, where could she be in the middle of the night? It’s not safe with that… thing out there,” Kim looked worried.

“She might have perished as well,” Joel was somehow sure of that. He walked into the kitchen and put the shotgun on the counter at the window. “That thing moves very fast, so I doubt it’s possible to run away from it for a long time. It will catch you later or soon. I guess she fell into its claws.”

Deep inside Joel was happy that Jade supposedly fell victim to the monster. He wanted her dead from the moment they separated, and especially after the last time when she ran to the neighbors who called the police. At least there was one problem less. They now had much more serious things to deal with.

Kim walked to the window in the living room, trembling from head to toe. She could have never imagined that she would ever experience anything like that. She had never believed in monsters, and here they were, chased by a horrendous creature that methodically took them down one by one. The young woman couldn’t come up with the idea why that thing was after them. What did they do? She knew she would never find answers to her questions, even if they survived this night. At least she hoped for the latter.

But little did she know that all her hopes were false.
While she peeked into the window, trying to locate the threat, Joel and his friends were discussing their ideas of surviving. All were nervous and on the edge of panic, so the men raised their voice now and then. It was hard to concentrate and think soberly with a murderous creature on their tail. And that’s when they were startled by a sound of breaking glass and a piercing female scream. It came from the living room.

“Shit, Kim is in trouble!” Andrew screamed. “Come on!”

All three men rushed into the living room just to see Kim being dragged out of the window. Joel then ran for his shotgun and stepped outside, followed by Andrew and Luke. A few seconds ago Kim’s screams echoed through the night, but not everything was eerily quiet. Like time itself had stopped.

“Where is it?” Luke asked, looking around, shining the flashlight that Cody dropped in the moment of his death.

“Come on out, you filthy bastard!” Joel yelled into the night. “Come on and fight me if you’re not afraid!”

As a reply to his challenging voice, a dead female body was dropped before his feet with a gaping bloody hole in her stomach. It looked like she was pierced through with some sharp object. And the identity of the victim left nothing to guess.

It was no other than Kim.

The hole in her stomach indicated that the monster had used his tail to kill her. While it took a minute for the men to process the most recent happenings, Pumpkinhead decided not to wait this time. He pounced on Joel from the spot where no one could see him and pinned him down to the ground, knocking the shotgun out of his reach. But he wasn’t going to kill him at the moment, not yet. This guy was the monster’s main target, so he was going to leave him as the last one. And now the rest of the company was going to witness how fast and agile the monster was. Not thinking twice, the pale demon grabbed the shocked two remaining men by their heads and bashed them against each other with all his might. The impact was so strong that very soon their faces were bruised and covered in blood, noses were broken, and crimson liquid was oozing from their mouths. Pumpkinhead had no plans wasting much time on them, so with one swift movement of his clawed hand he twisted Andrew’s neck with the same unpleasant cracking sound, and his spear-like tail went through Luke’s body, ending their life instantly. Joel, in turn, slowly rose on his feet, keeping an eye on the monster that watched his every step. Sweat ran down his face when both his friends were brutally murdered right before his eyes, and he failed to save them. He felt so pathetic, especially now, when this terrible being was standing before him, ready to end his life any moment.

Only then he noticed something weird about the creature. The first time he caught a glimpse of it, the monster had such a face that can only be seen in a nightmare. Now he noticed a change in it. The creature’s face looked more human than before.

All of this seemed strange to Joel, but now he had no time or wish to ponder about this. He and the monster stood opposite each other, and Joel glanced at his shotgun that lay on the ground a few meters away. If he could get to it somehow then maybe… maybe he would have the chance to survive.

Joel was prepared to run for it, but didn’t manage to move from his place. He heard light footsteps approaching him from behind. Before he could check who it was, he noticed that the creature was looking somewhere behind his back, and its mouth stretched, almost resembling a… smile.
“Well, hello there, Joel,” a female voice suddenly spoke behind the man’s back. “We have been waiting for you.”
Joel turned around slowly to face the source of the voice. Who else could have been waiting for him beside the monster? The surprise his face expressed was indescribable when he saw the one to whom the voice belonged.

It was no other than Jade.

“‘You..? How can you still be alive?’ Joel muttered. ‘That thing is going to kill us both now. We must run!’”

Jade shook her head and smiled.

“Yes, he will kill you, have no doubt about it. But me… it’s very unlikely that I will die from his claws.”

“What do you mean?” Joel asked in a confused voice, tilting his head. That’s when he noticed something out of ordinary about his ex-girlfriend. Her black hair was a mess and her eyes… They barely even looked human. Instead of her deep dark eyes he saw black, misty eyeballs with barely visible red circles on their edge. Jade looked almost… demonic.

“What happened to your eyes?! he exclaimed in terror. “Jade, answer me! And this thing’s face has changed as well. What’s going on?”

Jade still smirked, and that sinister grin made the shivers run down Joel’s spine.

“He has a name if you didn’t know,” she said. “It’s Pumpkinhead. He’s a local legend.”

“I don’t give a shit about his name!” Joel almost yelled angrily. “I asked you a question!”

“Alright, I’ll answer,” Jade shrugged. “What you see now, these changes in me and him, means that I and Pumpkinhead are one.”

“You and him are what?” Joel asked again. “What does that mean?”

“It means that we are connected and he’s doing my bidding.”

When Joel still showed the signs of incomprehension, she continued:

“Did you really think that I would forget all the sorrow and suffering you made me go through? You think I do not know what you and your drunken friends were planning to do to me? Well, I have to disappoint you then. I vowed to take my revenge on you, and that’s what’s going on now. I made a deal with a witch to summon Pumpkinhead, the demon of vengeance.” She pointed to the monster standing behind his back. “I know you want me dead. That’s why you are here, aren’t you, Joel? But you will be the one who dies. I will perish in the end after he’s done with you, so much I know. But at least I will die happy. I have nothing to lose. Now, it’s time for you to die.” She then glanced at the demon, nodding to him and thus giving the sign to act.

Joel stood with his mouth agape, unable to believe his ears. So this woman even chose to give her life to a monster only to see him being killed in a most horrific way? Now he had no doubt that she lost her sanity.

“So that’s it? You summoned this creature on me and my friends? Alright, so be it. I may die tonight,
but only after you die, bitch!”

Before Jade could reply or react, Joel’s fist slammed into her stomach. She let out a painful moan, holding her stomach, but it wasn’t what made Joel stop beating her. It was a deafening roar of a monster behind his back. The surprised man turned around and saw Pumpkinhead holding his stomach as well, and it looked like that he felt Jade’s pain as well. Joel widened his eyes and blinked fast. So that’s what Jade meant by saying that she and the monster were connected. It’s not just becoming similar to each other. It’s also sharing the pain from getting damage. Realizing this, Joel decided to take a risk and run for his shotgun. He knew now that he had to kill Jade. It was more than clear to him that if she dies, the monster will die with her.

Pumpkinhead was now in rage. He knew he wasn’t going to let this vile man win. Hissing angrily, he pounced on Joel one again, he knocked the man off, not letting him reach the weapon. Jade watched how Pumpkinhead grabbed Joel by the neck and lifted him up so that his feet couldn’t reach the ground. Joel writhed and undulated, feeling the air slowly leaving his lungs and tried as much as he could to rid himself of the creature’s grasp. But the monster wasn’t going to suffocate him. That would be too easy. He was summoned to make this rascal suffer, and he would do his job well.

Grabbing one of Joel’s arms in his clawed hand, the demon used his strength to twist the arm roughly so it was unable to move anymore. Joel yelled in hellish pain, feeling his left arm being broken so that it was unlikely to fix it ever, even if anyone tried. The other arms suffered the same fate, and Pumpkinhead growled in satisfaction, hearing Joel’s scream. He reveled in the man’s suffering, and his painful screams were music to him. Jade, in turn, had no reason to hold back anymore, and she allowed herself to howl in unbearable pain when both Joel’s arms were broken and now hang down like pieces of a rag. But the monster wasn’t going to stop. The final blow had to be delivered. One last time Joel’s agonizing scream echoed through the forest when Pumpkinhead’s long and sharp tail went through the entire body of a man, exiting through the mouth. The monster put him on his tail like a pig on a skewer and now his mouth stretched in a satisfied grin, revealing rows of razor-sharp teeth. To make sure the man was dead once and for all, Pumpkinhead plunged his teeth into Joel’s neck, ripping a mouthful of flesh from it and leaving a bloody gap in it, his tail visible through it. Joel finally stopped moving, and his body went limp. The man was finally dead, and Pumpkinhead just threw the corpse aside, indicating that his job was finally done.

Jade thought that she was going to die in agony, but the pain in her body slowly began to subside. She knew that Pumpkinhead has completed his task, but what now? What was he going to do now? She was prepared to death, so all that remained was to close her eyes and wait for him to finish her and be done with this mission once and for all.

But nothing happened. Jade opened her eyes and saw Pumpkinhead crouched over her. Never has he been that close to her, and that look on his face that she saw yesterday was back. It was pure lust, his desire to claim her as a female before he leaves this world with her soul. The monster wanted to do that last night, but decided to wait until he’s done with his task, and now he had every possibility to give in to his sexual hunger. Jade, in turn, wasn’t surprised. From the moment she saw him on the roof of her house, his intentions were clear to her. So she decided to allow him to have what he wants, to let them both delve into pleasure before she abandons the human world forever. The pale-skinned demon let out a quiet and rather gentle growl when her soft palm brushed along his head and face, and he nuzzled to her hand like a cat. Jade smiled at this reaction of his and sat up to remove her clothes. Pumpkinhead watched her baring her entire body to him while his own body was engulfed by heat with every second. Just as Jade had her flesh free of all clothing, she caught a glimpse of his male organ that she was sure she hadn’t seen a few moments before. It looked like two bony plates opened on his crotch like shutters, revealing the sight of his male part. Jade tilted her head, studying the monster’s anatomy. His member didn’t look entirely like a human one, but it wasn’t anything grotesque as well. Generally it resembled something like proboscis, but the tip
looked more similar to what human males have. The size seemed more or less normal, or so Jade thought. The creature wasn’t a giant, so his member wouldn’t cause problems.

Pumpkinhead ran his glance over the beautiful naked form of his potential mate, absorbing every curve. He wanted to claim her more than anything, but before he did that, he decided to satisfy his wish to feel her skin. Jade tensed a bit when his hands ran over her bare skin and let out a light moan, feeling his claws touch her soft mounds and the sensitive tips. She felt herself being in heat already, as did the monster. Feeling her arousal and her being ready for him, Pumpkinhead lifted her body up so that Jade could wrap her arms around his neck, thus pressing her close to him, and in one stroke he entered her body, letting out a loud growl. Jade felt no pain and that was no surprise, considering how much pain she has endured this night. She felt herself being a heroine after going through so much physical suffering and still being alive. Unfortunately, it wasn’t going to last long, so she made sure she would enjoy every moment of her coition with the demon of vengeance.

The sound of skin slapping against skin, the lustful growls combined blissful with female moans echoed through the night while a human female and a demonic creature engaged in a sinful act of love, and the silent trees and pale moon were the only witnesses of this unusual coupling. Pumpkinhead moved with inhuman speed, and with each thrust of his bony hips Jade was approaching the peak of her bliss until it was unbearable to hold back anymore; and she finally climaxed with a loud moan of pure, unadulterated euphoria. It was the best orgasm she had ever had in her whole life, and Jade did not regret anything. If she had to give her life now, so be it. What she has just experienced was worth to live and die for.

Pumpkinhead soon followed her with his own release, accompanying it with a deafening roar, but this time it was a roar of pleasure. It was the first and most likely the only time he claimed a human being as a mate, and when her soul finally leaves the physical body, he will make sure it stays safe with him. Pumpkinhead held the weak body of a woman in his arms and stared into her demonic-looking eyes. Jade’s life was fading, and, collecting the last remains of strength, she lifted her hand to the demon’s face and caressed it gently. Once again he nuzzled to her palm, and Jade smiled weakly and spoke the final words on her last breath.

“We are one.”

With that her eyes shut and her hand fell down. Jade Warren has fallen asleep forever.

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The next day the bodies of Joel and his friends were discovered by the locals who immediately called the police and the paramedics to collect the corpses. Of course, the locals had an idea about what happened the last night, and considering that Jade’s body was never found, everyone could guess that she was the one who asked the old witch to summon the demon known as Pumpkinhead. Henry and Minnie Davis were in deep sorrow and mourned Jade’s demise. Minnie cried bitterly, pressing her face into her husband’s shoulder. They loved that unfortunate young woman as their own child, and her death was a great loss for them.

And when the night fell on the area, the old witch visited the pumpkin patch graveyard once again and buried the corpse that has once been Jade Warren. When the work was finished, Haggis smiled and cast one final glance at the grave.

“He sure liked you. Now you are together forever.”

With that she turned and left the graveyard, disappearing inside her hut. And Jade would be resting in this grave until the demon of vengeance is summoned once again.
She will be the new Pumpkinhead.
Christy Wheeler ran through the dark forest, nervously looking back now and then. She barely managed to escape with her life, but for the others it was too late. The six young adults that used to be her friends now turned into bloody mess. Their flesh was ripped up in a most horrific way, some had bones sticking out. Christy wondered how she was even able to stand on her legs and avoid fainting from what she saw. But she knew one thing: if she wanted to live, she had to run as fast as possible.

She ran and ran, her hair fluttering in the wind like a flag. Christy had no idea how much time has passed. How long was she running? Five minutes? Ten minutes? Or more? And did that even matter? It seemed like an eternity to her.

Christy continued running until she felt her feet soaring and lungs burning from the lack of air in them. It felt necessary for her to stop and take a breath, but she was afraid that if she stopped even for a few seconds, that man, that… monster would get her instantly. Whoever he was, he moved fast and relentlessly, with all the skills of a true born hunter. Christy knew that even if she managed to escape this place with her life, his white mask of a hockey goalkeeper, stoic and expressionless, would be haunting her for the rest of her life.

Why did she even agree to come to this God forsaken camp in the woods? Her course mates invited her, and Christy continued to refuse for quite a long time. Just like everyone in her company, she knew what kind of rumors circled around Camp Crystal Lake. She believed in the legend of a cursed camp and that an undead killer named Jason Voorhees lived there and murdered anyone who dared to trespass his territory. Christy appeared to be the only believer within the company and that’s why her friends teased her for that. She remembered how Troy, the guy known to be a womanizer, made cruel jokes about her, about her fear of the stupid campfire story. And once the situation went out of control. He said that if any of the males in their company don’t have her, then Jason Voorhees would be the lucky one. Christy finally snapped and slapped that bastard on the face with all her might, not caring that the others were present and watching the scene. She was often teased and mocked for avoiding the courtship of the guys in her university, but what could she do if she liked no one there? She sure wasn’t going to date anybody against her will. What then if she had no boyfriend? She felt absolutely fine alone, at least for now.

None of those memories mattered right now. Troy was brutally murdered, gutted with such ferocity that it’s hard to imagine that something like that was even possible. Christy could be happy that he was dead, as that rascal got what he deserved. But the other course mates of hers were also dead, and now Jason Voorhees was on her tail. She regretted her decision to join the company, regretted it many, many times. But all of that was already unimportant. She had to do something. She knew she had to reach some place where Jason wouldn’t be able to reach her. Anywhere would be good, just as far from this damned camp as possible.

Finally Christy stopped to take a breath and realized that she reached the road. She pondered whether it would be a good idea to stick to it and just go back to the direction they came from. The road would finally lead to the town, but on the other hand, she would be more visible here for her pursuer. The trees at least helped her to stay more or less hidden, or so she thought. But Jason didn’t care. Those were his woods and he knew this place like the five fingers on each of his hands. It didn’t matter to him whether the victims ran through the trees or along the road. He always caught them no matter what.

Christy was ready to continue running along the road when suddenly a bright light illuminated
everything, and a sound of a car engine broke the silence of the night. She stopped, unable to believe her luck.

It was a car.

Seeing that the vehicle was moving in the direction of the town, Christy ran into the middle of the road, hoping the driver would stop. And lucky for her, the car stopped, and a middle-aged woman opened the window, peeping out of her car.

“Please, lady, stop!” Christy gasped, running closer to the car. “Wherever you’re going, please let me go with you. I will be murdered if you leave me here!”

“Whoa, calm down,” the woman said. “What are you doing here alone in the middle of the night? Who will murder you?”

“It’s Camp Crystal Lake here, ten minutes of driving from here. Please, help me! I have to get out of here!”

The woman at the wheel widened her eyes when Christy mentioned Camp Crystal Lake. But before she could say anything, her face expression suddenly began showing the signs of panic.

“Quick, get in! Hurry!” she yelled. Christy didn’t waste time and hopped inside the car. And no wonder why the driver began to panic when she saw its source. A gargantuan man in a hockey mask with a machete in his hand stepped out of the dark forest and was now heading to the vehicle. The woman slammed the gas pedal and the car raced forward swiftly, leaving the masked killer no chance to get his last victim.

As soon as the signs of the town started to appear, Christy could finally relax and take a deep breath. The woman looked at her with a worried glance.

“Are you alright, dear?” she asked. “Should we go to a hospital maybe? You have blood oozing from your temple.”

“I’m alright, it’s just a small wound,” Christy said. “I think I’ll be fine. But it would be better to go to the sheriff’s office and tell him everything.”

“Sure, no problem, I’ll take you there,” the driver smiled. They were eventually approaching the town. “So what’s your name, dear? And why were you there, at that abandoned camp?”

“Thank you very much for your kindness,” Christy smiled in response. “I thought I was done for there. It’s like God himself sent you. Oh, and my name is Christy.”

“Don’t mention it,” the woman said. “I’m Meghan. I was driving late from work and I have to pass the camp territory every time. Not like I cherish that. There are many bad rumors circling around that place. And now I guess I got the solid proof when I saw your pursuer.”

“Believe me, it’s all true what they say about Camp Crystal Lake,” Christy nodded in agreement. “You see, I came there with a group of six friends from my university. I was the only one who believed that Jason was out there, but the others didn’t and dismissed it as a creepy campfire story. In fact, I went with them against my will. I refused to go for a long time until their whining started to get on my nerves, and I finally gave up. And I sincerely regret it. I should have continued to refuse. In the result I was the only one who was lucky enough to escape from the camp alive. And then I found you. Otherwise Jason would have gotten to me as well.”

Meghan shook her head, her face expressing compassion.
“I’m very sorry to hear that. No one would want to experience the things you went through.”

Christy didn’t reply, but she just gave Meghan a thankful glance and smiled kindly. Meghan then continued talking.

“You know, I really don’t understand why young people still come to the camp. Legend or no legend, but any person who went there has never returned, and that’s a fact. I’m just surprised how naïve some can be. You really were lucky, but such cases are very rare. I only hope you can return to your normal life after what happened. It’s a strong psychological trauma.”

“Well, I definitely hope so too,” Christy giggled weakly. “I know it won’t be easy, but I’ll try.”

“Yeah, sure. Oh, here we are. That’s the sheriff’s office.”

Sheriff John Scratchwell was residing in his office, doing some paper work at the moment. He invited both women to come inside and sit across him. Christy told him everything what happened to her and her company at Camp Crystal Lake, and Meghan confirmed that she saw the hockey-masked murderer chasing Christy to the car with a large blade in his hand. When they finished speaking, sheriff sighed and rubbed his forehead. It was nothing new to him, as there were dozens of such cases with people getting killed at that camp, or even more than dozens. He was surprised as well that the teens and young adults continue ignoring the warnings and “No trespassing” signs at the entrance to the camp. He scolded Christy and her friends, understanding that it wasn’t her fault. He then gave an order to the deputy to organize the brigade of paramedics and a police squad to go to Camp Crystal Lake to collect the bodies and bring them to the morgue. It seemed that something had to be done to prevent the trespassers from crossing the camp borders. Maybe it would be good to organize a guarding patrol at the camp and keep a watch on it. Perhaps it could help. Taking contact information from both ladies for the case he needed them here again, he let them leave his office.

Meghan then drove Christy to her place. Christy thanked her once again and, exchanging the contacts, waved goodbye to each other.

Christy walked wearily to her door, pulling the keys out of the pocket, and unlocked it. She wanted to forget this nightmare more than anything, but it would take some time. Such things couldn’t be forgotten so easily. It was a few minutes past midnight, so all that remained now was to go to bed. But before that it would be only good to take a warm, relaxing shower. Christy felt herself being filthy after all the deadly adventures at the camp and wanted to wash everything off as fast as possible. At least her body would be clean of all the muck which can’t be said about her mind. But later or soon she would finally let it go. With this thought Christy rid herself of all the dirty clothes, dropped them into the laundry bin and stepped into the shower cubicle. She was more than happy to feel the warm water touch her skin, so Christy closed her eyes and tried to relax. She still couldn’t believe her luck and imagined what would have happened if Jason Voorhees got a hold of her.

No one had ever known it, but Christy has always been fond of large and muscular males. Size difference has always aroused her. And despite her fear of Jason, his whole image and his size were dangerously alluring. She then began fantasizing about what would follow if that large man dropped his deadly weapon and pulled out a different one…

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Christy has just become a witness to a terrifying, macabre scene of carnage when Jason Voorhees murdered Troy. Cold blade pierced his body so easily like if it was made of some soft material and then the true carnage began. Pulling his machete out, Jason kicked Troy’s body down and plunged the blade in it again, carving the body up and ferociously pulling the internal organs out and throwing them on the ground. Jason was obviously in rage. Christy thought for a moment that she was going to faint, but she was much stronger than that. The whole scene was sickening, but she was
glad nonetheless that the rascal died such a terrible death. In a few moments Jason was done with Troy and then turned his attention to Christy.

Christy stood still and watched the monstrous man slowly approaching her. Fresh blood was dripping from his machete, a deadly weapon that took so many people’s lives. For a minute or two Christy and Jason Voorhees stood silent, staring into each other’s eyes, although it was impossible for her to see his eyes through the black eyeholes of the mask, especially in darkness. Nothing broke the silence between them, and only his deep breathing was heard in the night.

“Jason…” she barely whispered. It was so quiet that Christy wasn’t sure that he even heard it. But he did. Jason tilted his head and then dropped the machete and walked to the woman before him. Christy made no attempts to run or even move, so he grabbed her by the neck and pressed to a nearby tree. The proximity of his creepy-looking mask to her face would have instilled animalistic fear into her, but not this time. The way he pressed her to this tree, the way he dominated over her… Instead of being afraid, Christy felt herself getting sexually aroused. The more she ran her glance over his massive form, the stronger her desire for him grew. The only thing that was left now was to make him want her more than anything else.

Christy went through all the possible options in her mind quickly and decided that the best way was to start slowly. She lifted one of her knees so that it was right between Jason’s legs and started moving it, thus rubbing his crotch seductively. Jason tensed when he felt her leg touching the place that was so long forgotten, and that touch was pleasant to say the least. The woman’s leg continued massaging there for some amount of time, making Jason close his good eye and let out a guttural growl. Christy watched his reaction and smirked. It looked like that he was enjoying that. Well, it was only for the best.

Jason felt heat in his body rise and his pants getting tight when Christy’s limb was moving. She finally decided to take the courage and replace her leg with her hand. And in the moment she took her leg away from Jason’s crotch, he snapped back into reality only to see her slender hands unzipping his pants and releasing his already stiff member that was aching for freedom all this time. And as soon as her glance fell on his manhood, Christy’s eyes went wide. Jason noticed that and looked down at himself. He was rather large, wasn’t he?

Christy raised one of her eyebrows at the sight of his member. He sure was larger than her previous boyfriend had, but if Jason could control himself then with such an impressive organ he would be capable of extraordinary things. Before getting to the main part, Christy thought it would be only nice to give him some more pleasure with hands. When her small hand wrapped around his penis, Jason thought it couldn’t get better than that. He released her neck, holding her now by the shoulder to make sure she didn’t attempt to move away. Christy had no such intentions anyway and she started moving her hand along the entire shaft of his member. Meanwhile her second hand was busy with unbuttoning her jeans and sliding them down. It wasn’t that easy to do with one hand, but at the moment there was no other choice. As soon as her jeans were off her legs, the panties also fell down to her ankles. She was already wet down there and ready for him, and now the only wish that filled her mind was to feel him inside her. So she eventually stopped massaging his male parts, making Jason tilt his head. As he wasn’t a talkative type, this gesture was supposed to mean the question “why did you stop?” Before he managed to grab her hand and put it back on his member, Jason noticed that the young woman before him had no pants on. At first he wondered when she managed to take them off, but considering that he was lost in his own pleasure from her actions, he might have missed this moment. Anyway, Jason knew what he had to do now. He has seen those stupid teens do it many times.

Christy looked at her soon-to-be mate and wondered what he was going to do. Jason didn’t make her wait long. He spun her around so that she was facing the tree, supporting her weight against it with
her hands. Holding her hips tight, Jason filled her up in one rough movement. Christy clenched her teeth from stinging pain as it was rather unexpected; and his member stretched her insides to the limits. Jason, in turn, let out another growl, this time two times louder. Now he finally understood why the teens liked this act so much. He discovered a new feeling that he had never known in his life. Jason had no idea that such pleasure was even possible. If he had an opportunity, he even wouldn’t mind experiencing this every day. These thoughts aroused him even more than he already was, and Jason began moving his hips, enjoying the feeling of her wet cavern on his most sensitive part. Christy half expected him to delve instantly into barbaric copulation, but lucky for her, Jason maintained the average speed for some time, thus allowing her to adjust to his size and get used to the feeling of him inside her. The more Christy felt him thrusting, the less painful it became until the unpleasant feeling vanished totally and fully. Even if it wasn’t her first time, the feeling she was now experiencing with the Crystal Lake killer was new to her. Sweat ran down her face while her entire body heat increased with every movement of his hips. Unable to hold anymore, Christy allowed herself to let out lustful moans that combined with Jason’s growls in one bizarre cacophony. Jason increased the tempo, hitting her sweet spot with every thrust, and both participants of this unusual mating act were so close to the feeling that could truly be called euphoria. They did not have to wait long until the tightening feeling in Christy’s stomach finally snapped, and she climaxed with a loud cry that echoed through the night forest. That’s when Jason reached his orgasm and released his seed into his mate’s body with a loud roar. Christy was deeply lost in bliss, breathing heavily, and her eyes seeing stars while darkness engulfed her…

Cold water splashed on her skin while Christy recovered from the orgasm that swallowed her whole. She opened her eyes and realized she was still at her home, in the same shower cubicle. The water was already cold and helped her to refresh, but not for long. Turning the shower off, she stepped out of the cubicle and dried off with a soft towel. Christy was surprised about how far her fantasy went. She sure didn’t expect herself to feel such strong desire for that monster of a man. But a fantasy will remain a fantasy, and that meant nothing of this kind would ever happen to her in real life. One thing she knew for sure: she would never set her foot in Camp Crystal Lake again, whatever it takes. There might not be another lucky chance.

Besides, Christy knew also that she would never be able to see the forest the same way she did before. She will always think that Jason Voorhees is out there.

Always watching… Always waiting…
Starting a New Hive (Aliens vs Predator)

Short amount of time has passed since the Yautja spaceship crashed on Earth. It wouldn’t have happened at all if it wasn’t for one circumstance.

A new life has been born there.

One Yautja warrior has been infected by a facehugger during the battle with the Xenomorph army; and then, thinking that everything was over, that the entire hive has been destroyed in an explosion, the Queen got out, ready to take her revenge for all her now dead offsprings. After a long and tough battle he finally managed to defeat her, but not before he got mortally injured. As expected, he died from the injuries, but he died as a hero. Soon the Yautja ship landed and his brethren collected the dead soldier’s body, carrying him inside to give him a proper burial later. But they were never aware that their hero carried a living organism inside him and didn’t care to scan him body, thinking that everything was now over.

That was their fatal mistake.

Obeying her instincts, she burst out of the dead Predator’s chest with a weak screech that could be heard only by her. The little chestburster scanned the surrounding area that seemed so alien to her. She was completely alone, still inside her host. All she knew that for now she had to find a good hiding spot and feed to grow into an adult that in this case happened to be a Xenomorph and Yautja hybrid. As her kind doesn’t usually eat the corpse that served as a host, but in this case she had no other choice. There were hiding spots available in this location, so being sure to succeed in hiding when needed, the baby Predalien began feasting on the dead Yautja soldier.

Lucky for her, no one entered the chamber for a while, so she had every possibility to consume enough food. When it was finally enough, she quickly rushed into a hiding spot in the nearby wall that was connected to the floor and was able to leave this chamber. She crawled through the vent for some time until she reached a place wide enough to fit for an adult Xenomorph. Scanning the area once again and making sure she wouldn’t be disturbed, the Predalien stayed there until she could shed her skin and grow into an adult.

*some time later*

The door to the chamber slid open and one of the Yautjas entered to check on the body of the dead soldier. But seeing a large gaping hole in his chest and his body being partially eaten, he used his wrist device to warn the others that one kainde amedha* was on the ship. But as soon as it was done, he felt sharp pain piercing his body. Looking down, he saw a large ribbed tail sticking through his torso like a spear. The wound was fatal to him, and the last thing he saw before death was a face of an unusual Xenomorph with dreadlocks on its head and mandibles on both sides of its maul. The Predalien wasn’t going to wait until he died from the wound, so she quickly finished him off. It was easier for her to deal with the Predators which can’t be said about the case of an ordinary Xenomorph soldier. She was a unique being, the strength of two deadliest extraterrestrial species combined in one. She attacked stealthily, knowing that the best tactics to get rid of the enemy is to surprise him. Thus she managed to dispose of the entire crew except for the pilot. Realizing that they were finished, the pilot of the ship destroyed the control panel which resulted in the ship losing its course and falling down until it finally crashed into the ground near the forested area on Earth. He killed himself and hoped that the abomination would die in the crash as well.
He never knew how wrong he was.

The Predalien managed to crawl out of the ship before the explosion destroyed major part of it. She sniffed the air and realized that the surroundings were natural. Not what the Xenomorphs were used to, but natural nonetheless. She was in a totally unfamiliar world and had no idea where to go, but one thing she knew for sure.

She was a fertile female and needed to breed. It was her mission. She needed to find hosts for implantation.

With this mission in mind, the Predalien chose just a random direction to move, but very soon she could hear the sounds that weren’t familiar to her. She listened carefully, sniffing the air, and finally concluded that two living creatures were approaching her location. So she hid in the nearby bushes and waited.

The crashed space ship attracted the attention of a nearby couple, a male and a female. The Predalien felt sniffed the air again and felt their pheromones; and judging by that, she realized that these two were a couple that had already mated before. But she didn’t care. These were two young and healthy hosts, ideal for breeding more Xenomorphs. The female will be used as a host instantly, but the male…

The smell of a young and healthy male made the Predalien’s body shudder. Even if he belonged to different species, he was still a male. And it pretty much meant that she might try to mate with him before implanting the chestbursters into him.

This was another thing she inherited from the Yautja beside the strength, dreadlocks, and mandibles. She inherited sexual organs and the ability to breed with the help of reproductive system.

And she won’t hesitate to use it right now.

Just as the couple passed her hiding spot, the Predalien crawled out and followed them, walking on her two legs. The couple stopped when they heard strange sound behind them, and just as they turned their heads to face the source, the man saw something long and black collide with his head, hitting hard enough to make him fall on the ground. The female first froze in shock, seeing a creature before her that she had never seen before; a monster that couldn’t have been of earthly origin. She then finally regained the ability to move and quickly turned and ran away from the terrifying creature with a loud scream. Little did she know it was useless to run from the Xenomorphs, and especially the Predalien. She quickly caught up with the human female and grabbed her by the neck, lifting her up and hissing in a threatening manner. The victim felt something wrapping around her body, squeezing her in an iron grip. Looking down, she saw that it was the creature’s long tail that had its ending sharp like a skewer. She tried to free herself from the monster’s grip but quickly got exhausted and gave up. She had no chance against this beast.

Feeling her victim finally stop struggling, the Predalien made clicking sounds which was a sign of satisfaction and released the grip on the woman’s neck, grabbing her hair instead and pulling her head back a bit. Thus she wanted the victim’s face to be fully exposed. The woman closed her eyes, not wanting to see the monster before her and what it was going to do to her. The Predalien acted quickly. She grabbed the woman’s face with her mandibles and inserted three chestburster embryos through the human throat. Three more embryos still waited for their turn inside the monster’s throat, but she kept them for the male. She was going to insert them into his throat as well right when she’s done with him.

As soon as the embryos were planted into the host, the Predalien released the woman, letting her fall limply to the ground. When the chestburster is inside the host, the carrier falls unconscious for some
time, as the little Xenomorph needs peace for some time before bursting out. This female won’t be bothering her for a while, so the Predalien switched her attention to the human male who was already awakening.

She approached the man and sniffed him while his vision was still blurry. She really enjoyed his masculine smell and wanted to get to the mating part as soon as possible. But something was still covering his body, some kind of fabric. She couldn’t understand why it was necessary for humans to cover their bodies with something like that. It wasn’t even hard to serve as armor; actually, it served no purpose at all. So she did just one thing she considered right: she began ripping his clothes apart with her claws.

That made the man snap into reality at once, and when he saw that the monster was literally undressing him roughly, he began struggling and kicking; but nothing of that helped. The monster’s exoskeleton was hard as a rock, and all those kicks for her meant no more than a mosquito bite does for a human. The Predalien hissed aggressively as a warning, spreading her mandibles as a threat and wrapping the end of her tail around the man’s neck and squeezed. She wasn’t going to kill him, but he wasn’t aware of that. All of these actions served as a warning for him to stop fighting. Feeling the air slowly leaving his lungs, the man gave up and struggled no more. Just as that happened, she ripped the rest of his clothes away, leaving his bare flesh completely exposed to her. Holding him firmly to the ground, the Predalien sniffed the rest of his body until her head was right at his private area. There the smell of the male was the strongest, and she almost lost her control. But she knew that if she gave in to pure instincts, she might kill him fast; and that’s the last thing she wanted. Human males had external sex organs, so much she understood; and when her claws touched his manhood, she felt it slowly getting harder in her hand. The man, in turn, widened his eyes more in surprise than terror, feeling what the monster was going to him. When her clawed fingers wrapped around his member and stroked it up and down, which was surprisingly gentle for such a being, he felt his body betraying his mind. Despite the thoughts of how wrong it was, his body reacted otherwise. He was getting aroused by the creature’s actions and now wanted more. He could only wonder what this being had in mind.

The alien female felt his arousal which only increased her desire to mate with this human. The fluids of her own arousal began oozing from between her legs, and the Predalien felt she wanted to wait no more. Crawling on the top of her mate, she impaled herself on his member that stood out hard like a stake. The man let out a loud moan that undoubtedly felt full of pleasure, and just as she began moving on it up and down, he closed his eyes and just enjoyed the copulation, almost forgetting who his sex partner was. Of course, it felt different; the feeling of having an inhuman female on him was something entirely different. It couldn’t even be compared with a human female. The way she moved on him, with what speed she did it… and the sounds she made during the copulation… It was so exotic, so… alien. Now the man was more than sure that this being was definitely alien; and that thing that crashed near the woods was a space ship. It might sound crazy to him before, but now he couldn’t come up with any other option. But did it actually matter now? This being, whatever it… no, she was, was now making him experience such pleasure that he could only dream of. And yes, in the moment his member was inside the monster’s body, the man realized instantly that the creature was female. Also, he knew that he would most likely die after the copulation, but what he felt right now was worth living and even dying for.

Thus they continued for a while, and in the moment when the man thought that it’s not possible for a female to move faster, she increased the speed. If she continued this way, he sure would climax very soon. The sounds of his moans and her screeches echoed through the forest; and even if someone caught them in this act of passion, he didn’t care. Nature was the only witness of this steamy act when the representatives of two so different species became one. The man tried to hold back his orgasm, but with such speed of his monstrous mate’s hip movement it became impossible. His moans grew louder with each second until he finally reached the peak and released his seed into her body.
The Predalien made several more movements on him, feeling ready to climax as well; and in a moment she followed him with a deafening screech, enjoying her own release finally and fully.

The man was exhausted after such wild act of passion. He looked at the monster above him with tired eyes, and his inner voice told him that his death has come. But he was peaceful now, surprising even himself. He knew he had no chances to survive against this dangerous alien female that has just been his mate. He was ready to accept his fate.

Although she was satisfied for most part, the Predalien was ready to complete her mission to the end. Grabbing his face with her mandibles, she inserted the three remaining embryos into his throat. The man soon fell unconscious as soon as the chestbursters were inside him. It was a quick and a very convenient way to breed more Xenomorphs, and the situation she was in now required such action. Now she had to take the hosts somewhere safe until it’s time for the baby Xenomorphs to be born. At first she thought about leaving them inside the remains of the ship, but then it dawned on her that it wasn’t a very good idea. The ship may be found later or soon. So she searched around the forest for a better place until finally luck was on her side. The Predalien stumbled upon a hidden cave in the depths of the forest, and that’s where she dragged both hosts. This cave would serve as a perfect spot for a new hive, and that’s where the potential Xenomorphs would be born.

She will create a new hive. A monster, extraterrestrial or not, but even beings like her knew what motherly instincts meant. She would care about the hive and the offsprings.

She would become the new Mother.

A/N: "Kainde amedha" means "hard meat" in Yautja language (referring to Xenomorphs)
Hunt Me Down (Left 4 Dead)

It’s been a while since the Green Flu has taken over the whole city. All happened so quickly, the entire population got infected by the unknown virus and not much time passed until living people turned into flesh-eating monsters that were driven by nothing but hunger. Some even got quite unique mutations; from the leaping and growling Hunters to huge gorilla-type things that were dubbed Tanks. This is how the city looked like now. It’s what you could confidently call “The city of the dead”.

I had no possibility to escape the infection either, and now I sat on the ground in the middle of the park, surrounded by the ordinary zombies that staggered around the city at a loose end. I lifted my head to look around with my white, blurry eyes and lowered it again, seeing nothing but my pale hands with a bit yellowish skin. It hasn’t been a long time since I feasted on a living human that tried to escape the town. Yes, he sure tried a lot; he managed to evade and kill several average zombies and even shoot one Smoker on his way, but he always knew that the enemies are around which couldn’t be said about me. I followed him stealthily, so he had no idea that I was near him; and when he thought he was safe, I pounced on him suddenly, sinking my teeth into his throat and leaving him no chance to survive. His flesh tasted marvelous, and for now I felt good. But time will pass and we all must search for more survivors. And it’s not easy at all, considering the fact that the whole city was now populated by the zombies.

So far I was the only one among the infected who was still able to think and analyze the situation, at least in this part of the city. I was a unique type of zombie that maintained intelligence after the mutation. Basically my abilities didn’t differ much from the Hunter’s: agility, leaping, strength, and clawed hands. But the main difference between me and the Hunters was the ability to think and analyze; and I really didn’t find it a good idea to growl so loudly. With that the Hunters always betrayed themselves, and humans always knew their location in advance and could prepare themselves for a counter attack. I was more of a hunting type, but it wasn’t me who was called a Hunter. I wonder how humans would call me if they knew about such type of zombie. But it’s not up to me to decide anyway, and I sure wasn’t going to think about it. There were more important things to think about – hunting and searching for new flesh to feast on.

Thus the time would pass hour after hour, day after day, if it wasn’t for one particular Hunter that had his eyes on me. I still don’t really comprehend what exactly he wants from me. Usually zombies ignore each other, but this case was special. It has been several times already when he crawled close to me, growling quietly and sniffing me like a dog. Not that I has something against it, not at all. But all those times it ended with nothing, as we were always interrupted by some new meat to hunt. We had to use this opportunity, otherwise the meat would escape, and we would starve. And starving is not a very nice feeling, even if you are a zombie. But now I felt full and fine and I bet that Hunter felt the same for now.

Speaking of which, here he comes again. The sound of familiar growling reached my ears, and as I turned to face the source on the left, the hooded zombie pounced to me from the distance and now was only a few inches away from me. Growling gently, he sniffed my face and hair again; and judging by the sounds he made, he liked my smell. Now we had all the time in the world, so why not to try to know him better? Besides, I felt myself having interest in this Hunter; and while watching his actions, it gradually became clear to me that he was interested in me like a male is interested in a female. What he was doing now to me reminded of some kind of courtship ritual by different types of animals. And the Hunters mostly always are guided by animalistic behavior, but this particular one seemed to have some intelligence still left in him.
And I decided – why not? We are infected, but it doesn’t mean yet that we are dead. We are mutants, but we’re not walking rotten corpses. So why not to give it a try?

I growled back at him and grabbed his arm, pulling him after me. He understood that I wanted him to follow me, so he crawled after me to the nearby bushes that provided a good cover for the both of us. Of course, zombies absolutely don’t care whether there is a couple mating somewhere; and even if they see one, they would feel nothing, unlike people who would either feel rather awkward, or would be impudent enough to watch from some hiding spot, if they are perverts. And if they saw zombies mating, they sure would feel disgusted. But I didn’t care what they felt. They are nothing but prey to me and the rest of the zombies.

It’s not that I had any objections against some of the zombies seeing us. But mating is such an act that required only two of us. Even animal couples often go away from the pack to be alone and mate. So there’s not just the two of us. I sniffed the hooded male with a satisfied growl, indicating that I enjoyed his presence and smell. This sign served for him as only one thing.

I accepted him and I’m ready to mate.

The Hunter then licked his blood-covered teeth and crawled on me from behind. Before he did that though, I lay down on my stomach to allow him to cover me with his body. He breathed in the smell of my hair and skin and planted bites on my neck now and then. I liked what he was doing to me, so I tried to expose as much skin as possible for him to do as he pleased. He rubbed his pelvis against my butt, and I felt the bulge between his legs growing larger and harder. When I looked back at him, I could see how impatient he was growing and how tight it felt in his pants. So I decided to help him. As I still maintained human intelligence, I haven’t forgotten how to get rid of clothes when it’s needed. I lowered his pants so much that his erection was fully exposed and used my hand to give it a bit of massage. My mate responded to this action with a growl of approval, and I grinned them, exposing my teeth that were also still covered in small amount of blood. Thus I continued pleasuring him for some time, but then I finally stopped, not wanting him to ejaculate too soon. The Hunter snapped back from the world of pleasure and looked at me in confusion, tilting his head and accompanying his feelings with a growl. If he could talk, he sure would have asked me why I stopped. But soon enough he realized why I did it. I lowered my own pants to expose my private area to him that was now ready to take him in. Then I turned my back to the Hunter again and positioned myself on all four limbs so he could enter me from behind. He used this opportunity instantly, and in a few seconds I felt his erected member pushing inside my opening. I didn’t expect to feel any kind of pleasure, but I did. And if the male can feel it, so does the female. He began pounding into me with average speed, each time letting out a guttural growl of satisfaction. I made quite similar sounds, and just as his member hit the still sensitive spot inside me, I growled louder and louder, expressing my enjoyment as much as I could. For living humans it would sound unbelievable if they were told that zombies can enjoy sexual pleasure. As I mentioned before, we are mutants, not the living corpses. But for humans it’s all the same, I guess.

The Hunter, in turn, increased the speed of his hips movements; and now his sounds were already a peculiar combination of growls and some sort of moans. But the same could be told about me, the only difference was the higher pitch. The zombies that were wandering around paid zero attention to these sounds and continued walking their way in hopes to find some fresh human meat. Meanwhile, both of us were so close to the peak; and I was the first to climax with such a sound that it seemed almost like a roar. It felt so magnificent that I never wanted it to end. My mate soon followed me with his own release, and he just collapsed on my back after his seed was finally inside me. We panted heavily, taking a good rest after this truly great act of lust and passion.

While we lay on the ground like this, our heads and bodies pressed to each other, the zombies around us suddenly began to fuss. Curiosity got the best of us and we peeked from behind the bushes to see
what was going on. The zombies looked tense and were listening with their full attention. And no
wonder. When we listened carefully, we could hear the sounds of gun shots somewhere in the
distance. And that could only mean one thing.

There were still living humans in this city.

The Hunter licked his teeth and was ready to run for the victims, but I grabbed his arm and stopped
him. He growled at me with confusion and a bit of irritation, but with some effort I managed to make
him understand that jumping like this at the armed humans is not a good idea. It’s the perfect way to
get killed fast. We had to approach this matter wisely and choose the best tactics to attack. Thus we
could be the winners and get some new flesh to eat.

The Hunter finally calmed down and obeyed. We started moving to the direction of the commotion
and chose to watch the humans for now. I could try maybe to organize a large horde to surround the
victims and attack them from every possible direction. It would take a while and cost much effort, but
it was worth trying. The fresh meat was here and we mustn’t miss the opportunity to enjoy its
remarkable taste.

The time for another hunt has come. And this time it would be fun.
The scientific engineer Melissa Glen walked through the dark hallways, trying to find the exit out of the secret laboratory of Umbrella Corporation. It’s been a while already since the T-virus broke out into the streets of Raccoon City, turning everyone into bloodthirsty zombies. She wasn’t of the highest rank among Umbrella’s workers, but her role was vital nonetheless. It was her responsibility to make sure that all the machines were always in working order, and each malfunction had to be fixed as soon as possible. But now, when the virus has spread outside the laboratory, nothing of that mattered anymore. She realized that the corporation she had worked for was finished and soon would be destroyed together with the entire city. All she wished for at this moment was escaping from this place with her life.

There were zombies on her way, but she managed to dodge them successfully; or, if there was need, she took them down with her handgun. It was enough a headshot to get rid of an average zombie, and thus it was no obstacle anymore. She was already close to the doors that led out of the laboratory when some strange sound made her stop. It didn’t sound like a zombie anymore, she could hear some kind of claws slightly hitting against the metal surface; besides, it was coming from somewhere above her. As it was quite dark in the location she was in, so Melissa shone her flashlight around to see where the sound was coming from.

Just as she spotted the source of the sound, her eyes widened in terror, and she almost dropped her flashlight and handgun. Being an Umbrella worker, she knew instantly what kind of creature she was facing at the moment. Its skinless body and open brain told her at once what exactly it was. This was the result of so-called “Licker Project”; and this particular kind of a monster was called so because of its extremely long tongue. From what she knew, a Licker appeared to be the second stage of human mutation after a zombie. Melissa felt her entire body shaking; her heart was beating so frantically that it threatened to jump out of her chest. If there were no problems to evade the zombies, then this thing would be problematic. As the brain covered most of its head, including the eyes, the Licker was obviously blind, but it didn’t mean that his other senses functioned badly. Actually, they worked better than expected, and Melissa got her proof of that right here and now.

The Licker sensed that something else was moving in the hallway beside him; and just as the woman tried to pass him as quietly as possible, he jumped down from the ceiling, almost landing on her. Melissa shrieked in a horrifying surprise when she fell on the floor, but ever worse was the fact that her handgun was knocked out of her hands. She tried to find it, but it flew off completely out of her reach. Now she was at the Licker’s mercy, unarmed and completely helpless.

Sweat ran down her face while Melissa watched as the monster that looked like he’s crawled out of depths of Hell now approached her slowly and relentlessly, just like death itself. In this moment Glen turned into a trembling and praying ball, begging silently that this monster doesn’t eat her. Tears began leaking from her eyes when the creature lowered its head to her and his razor sharp teeth were at her head. She sobbed like a little girl, hearing the deadly fangs clang so dangerously close to her face.

But the monster still didn’t attack her. On the contrary, it seemed like he wasn’t even thinking about a cold-blooded murder. Instead of that, the Licker almost gently pressed his head with an open brain to her forehead, and his large body was positioned so like if it formed something like a circle of protection around her trembling body. Melissa could say only the word “please” when the creature hissed and pressed its head to her in a more persistent manner. She needed a lot of effort not to jump up with a scream and run, seeing the trickles of saliva dripping from the monster’s deadly maul. She expected those teeth dig into her skin any moment and everything would be over. It was anyway
better than this torturous anticipation.

But nothing happened.

*Why is he lingering?* – it was the first thought that appeared in Melissa’s mind, and she swallowed nervously while she silently pleaded the creature either to let her go or kill her fast. Then something wet and slimy slipped down her cheek, and Melissa held back another sob, realizing with fear that the creature’s tongue finally went out of its cavern. Its tip slid along her right cheek without hurry, licking her chin; and in the next moment she felt the slimy appendage being replaced by teeth. But no pain came. Instead the monster planted a few almost playful bites on her chin. Then the mixture of low rumble and hiss came out of Licker’s throat, and the monster bowed his head, allowing his tongue slide down the woman’s slender neck that was now shrinking and pulsing with paralyzing fear.

*Oh God…*

His mouth stopped at the jugular vein on her neck, and before Melissa could realize anything, she felt something grab her hair and roughly pull her head back, exposing the full view of her neck to the monster. She closed her eyes, afraid to look at what the monster was going to do to her, but in the next second her eyes snapped open from surprise. The creature planted a bite there, but what surprised Melissa was that the bite was unexpectedly gentle. Moreover, she knew that her neck has always been the major turn-on spot on her body; and when the creature’s teeth touched it, it made shivers run down her whole body.

Melissa was grateful that the monster had no eyes, so he couldn’t see her face turning crimson. His clawed hand still held her auburn locks, not allowing her to lift her head, but for now she didn’t even really want it. His teeth were soon replaced by the tongue, and the more he continued his manipulations, the clearer his intentions were to her. All Melissa could do at the moment was imagining what he would be like during the copulation, if this was what he was after.

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Before encountering Melissa, the Licker wandered through the empty halls, not knowing what to do. There were no living humans on his way for a while, and he didn’t like it. After the virus broke out with all the test subjects, all that filled him at that moment was rage. His immediate reaction was slaughtering all humans that surrounded him. Despite the inability to see, he was aware nonetheless that humans were those who kept him captive and conducted experiments on him. The burning feeling of hatred and revenge grew inside him, and he was ready to enjoy every murder in its full glory.

If only this female that he captured now didn’t cause the reaction in his inner beast. Fierce and sadistic instincts that filled him before now gave way to a living being inside him. This living being now wanted her, and it didn’t matter how he got her. He was a mutant, a monster, but the basic instincts were still inside him. In this moment the being wanted to feed and copulate; and it didn’t necessarily had to be in this particular order.

He kept his urge to delve into barbaric copulation under control, allowing himself to explore the flexible female body. Although he lacked a visible nose, it didn’t mean at all that he had no sense of smell. He sniffed her entire body from face to feet, and the fresh smell of a ripe female made the wave of pleasure run through his body. He allowed his tongue run down her neck once again and wished to explore more of her anatomy, but the fabric that covered her whole body was an obstacle. But this problem could be easily solved, and he knew that.

Using his large claws, the Licker grabbed the collar of her blouse and pulled roughly, making the
buttons fall out and the fabric to open. Melissa felt her blood turn cold from this sudden movement of his; and her mind screamed at her – run! It was her first instinct, and she jumped on her legs to run, but felt something wrap around her ankle and pull back which resulted in her falling down on the ground painfully. When she turned to see what exactly it was, she realized that it was the monster’s long tongue. It surprised her how strong this appendage of his actually was. But it wasn’t what surprised her in the first place. In the moment she fell down, she heard a strange sound that reminded her of a light giggle. And when she turned to face the monster, she realized that it was coming from him.

Was he actually laughing at her?

In such conditions fun was the last thing that Melissa could think about; and just when she tried to free her ankle from the slimy appendage, the skinless monster almost pounced on her, pressing her to the ground, and his tongue slid into her mouth in the moment when she opened it from the surprise. As much as it could get inside, the tongue tangled itself with her tongue like in a bizarre dance of two snakes; but Melissa realized that he did it not to “kiss” her or anything, but to punish her. Feeling the appendage slowly moving deeper into her throat, she started gagging and feeling that it was becoming more and more difficult to breathe. Realizing that thus she might suffocate, Melissa finally gave up and stopped struggling which the monster approved with a guttural growl. It pretty meant that if she tried anything stupid again, he won’t hesitate to punish her.

After the female stopped moving, the Licker got back to his business of exploring her flesh. The blouse was now torn open, revealing more skin, but there was still a piece of clothing that held two fleshy mounds on her chest. Curiosity got the best of him, and the monster touched one of them with his claws carefully; and when the mound slightly vibrated from the touch, it couldn’t miss his attention. He repeated this maneuver once more, this time with the other soft hill and got the same reaction. He sure wanted to know what exactly was hidden underneath, so he pushed one of his claws under the fabric between her breasts and pulled. The pieces of fabric were separated from one another, and now he could easily move them apart to discover more.

Melissa widened her eyes from the mixed feeling of fear and surprise, but still she lay motionless not to make the monster angry. She knew well what he was capable of when provoked. The Licker, in turn, was pleased by her obedience and continued enjoying the exploration of her tender flesh. Now when her breasts were uncovered, he wasn’t going to deny himself the pleasure to use his mouth and tongue on them. Melissa tensed when her left breast was taken into the monster’s mouth, but in the second his tongue touched her nipple that has already grown hard from the cool air, she couldn’t help but let out a moan. She loved being touched in this spot, and although she was never truly proud of this part of her body, she knew that monsters sure didn’t care whether they see a woman clothed or naked; especially those who have no eyes. Such creatures do not get sexually aroused by a naked body, and in this moment Melissa felt extremely happy about this. Deep inside she always hated human males for being like that, for being attracted to women’s appearance in the first place, overshadowing the interest for personality. She doubted though that this particular monster knew what personality meant, but even this was better than dealing with the males who are aware of the personality concept but don’t give a damn about it. She knew that the Licker was acting of pure curiosity about her body, but as awkward as she felt, Melissa knew also that she enjoyed what he was doing to her.

Thus the Licker played with her soft mounds and was satisfied. No complaints were coming from the woman so far which was good. He liked feeling her tender skin with his tongue, but he was far from done with her. Besides, he felt a new smell coming from somewhere closer to her legs. Leaving her breasts alone, he moved down her body to investigate the source of the new smell. The closer he was to her pelvis, the stronger the smell grew, so the Licker wasted no time and tore her pants with his razor sharp claws to find out more; and so it happened that the claws dug deep enough to touch her
underwear, so it was successfully out of the way as well. The monster lowered his head to her now open crotch and sniffed. Yes, that was it, the alluring smell of a female, and he felt her arousal slowly increasing, although she was still afraid; so much he could feel. Her legs were still held together, and the Licker spread them apart to touch her intimate place with the tip of his tongue. And that’s when Melissa blushed once again right after she realized something.

She was already wet down there.

In any other situation she would consider it ridiculous. Being aroused by a T-virus mutant? It seemed unimaginable to her before. But not, being in this perilous situation, she realized that something that was hidden inside her was now coming out. Something she had never known or suspected about. There were times when she tried to imagine how being taken by a monster would feel. Would it be pleasure and bliss or pain and torture? She often imagined being dominated by a monster, and it made her body heat up. And now, when one of Umbrella’s creations was here and practically undressed her, she would get her opportunity to find out what mating with a monster is like.

Lying like that with her private area open before a monster, Melissa supported herself on her elbows and waited for his next action. She knew for sure that he was going to use that snake-like tongue on her. No wonder these creatures were called the Lickers, and one of them was going to lick her now, hopefully not to death though. And right when his tongue touched her wet slit, Melissa lay down on her back and moaned. The Licker sure couldn’t miss this sound, and from her reaction he concluded that she was enjoying this after all. Besides, when he got a taste of her love juices, he almost fell into ecstasy. She tasted just marvelous, and he couldn’t resist from using his tongue on her for a longer time. And Melissa had to admit that this monster sure seemed to be skillful with his tongue. The way it moved along her most intimate parts, the way it tickled them… It couldn’t seem possible before, but here she was, lying half-naked on the floor and being pleasured by a monster’s tongue. Life sure can make a good surprise, right?

Melissa had no idea how much time had already passed, it seemed to go on slowly. All she wished for at this moment was that the pleasure this monster gave her never ended. That tongue of his sure was capable of extraordinary things. Then she gasped suddenly when she felt the long appendage plunge into her opening. Melissa lifter herself on her elbows again to see what he was doing; and just as she expected, the monster’s tongue was inside her now. She then lay back on the floor, impatient and craving for more.

The Licker didn’t make her wait long. Holding her thighs stable with his clawed hands, he began moving his tongue back and forth, tasting every crevice inside her. Melissa moaned from the increasing feeling of pleasure, but couldn’t help but giggle from one thought about what was going on. She was lying on the floor in a basically dead laboratory and one of Umbrella’s monstrous creations was pleasuring her with its tongue. She wondered if the feeling would be the same when feeling a tentacle inside. After this nothing would seem surprising anymore, even tentacles. And if she somehow miraculously manages to get out of this alive, her life will be drastically changed forever.

Melissa finally felt herself relaxing despite the dangerous situation, but suddenly she felt that the monster removed his tongue from her opening, leaving her unsatisfied. She sat up to see what was wrong, but instead her eyes grew wider when her glance fell on his crotch. There was a male sex organ sticking out from between his legs, although she was sure that there was nothing several minutes before. Of course, she couldn’t know all the anatomical details of Umbrella’s monsters, being just an engineer, not a scientist. Seeing no signs of sex on the Licker before, she thought that it was asexual; but now Melissa realized how wrong she was. This creature was clearly male, and his sex organ was just hidden inside his body until there was need to use it. And now this moment has come.
The skinless creature then crawled up on her and in the next second his slimy organ began penetrating her wet cavern. It wasn’t too large in size, so feeling him inside her didn’t cause much inconvenience to Melissa. She was well lubricated too, so it slid inside without problems. The Licker started thrusting into her quite fast, making the woman moan two times louder than before. Melissa couldn’t remember already when she was with a man last time, so this felt many times greater than being with a human male. And the monster himself was already in such an ecstasy that his movements grew faster and more barbaric with each second. Melissa felt it of course, but it’s not like she had any reason to complain. Her insides accommodated well enough to his size which was acceptable, so she was pretty sure that nothing will get damaged during this wild and steamy act. She gradually began approaching her peak while his tongue moved inside her, but in the moment when it was replaced by his member, the feeling doubled almost instantly. Both participants of this bizarre and sinful dance of passion were so close, so damn close to what could be called only pure, unadulterated euphoria; it wasn’t long until both of them climaxed almost simultaneously, screaming out their passion in a cacophony of a lustful female voice and a weird screeching of the skinless mutant. Melissa’s entire face was covered in sweat and now all she could do was puff and pant. The Licker released his seed into her and finally collapsed on her chest, snorting and puffing after his own orgasm. This feeling was entirely new to him. All he knew was that he truly enjoyed it and wouldn’t mind to experience it again and again. Devouring human flesh was good, but now he discovered something new and found out that humans could be useful for another purpose than just feeding. He would remember that from now on.

Thus they both lay there, panting and enjoying the aftermath of their blissful coition. It would have last for unknown amount of time, but suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of gunshots somewhere in the distance. The Licker jumped up immediately and tensed, listening attentively. There was someone else in the lab complex, more humans around here. New flesh to feed on, but they were armed and thus were a threat. So for now he had no other choice but to leave his mate alone and go to eliminate the potential threat. With that the monster quickly crawled away, and Melissa didn’t even manage to realize what was going on when she was already alone in the hallway.

She sat up and rubbed her still sweaty face, trying to process everything that had just happened and think soberly. She wasn’t going to deny that the pleasure she experienced with this mutant was indescribable. She couldn’t find proper words for her feelings; maybe the most suitable one would be “stunning”. But each medal has its other side. Just like any other Umbrella’s creation, the Licker was a carrier of the T-virus, and that meant that now she was most likely infected. So now her plans changed. Instead of finding the exit she had to go back into the lab to find some kind of vaccine against the virus, and the sooner she finds it, the better. The last thing she wanted was mutating into a zombie or something worse than that. And the gunshots she heard indicated that there was someone else alive. If she was lucky, she would meet up with this person and double the efforts to find the antidote and get out of this damned place.

At least she hoped for the best.
The Huntress And Her Mate (Predator)

Guan-luar-ke

It has been some time since I came to planet Earth to hunt. It’s indeed interesting to observe oomans and their behavior. Something we have in common, something is entirely different from our kind. One thing I’ve noticed for sure: unlike us, oomans rarely go hunting which for us is a must to earn respect and higher rank in our society. But if that happens, I saw almost always males do this job. That’s where oomans are similar to us. Most of Yautja hunters are males; the females rarely are into this. But there were cases when a female continued her training and became a huntress. And this is about me. I am one of the rare females that truly wanted to hunt and show that females are as good as males in it. Our Code of Honor requires hunting only worthy prey, and it means never attacking the unarmed ones or the females that soon will become mothers. If any of the rules is broken, a hunter may earn a shameful mark of bad blood, and I know that no one wants to suffer the fate of a bad blood. I have always kept that in mind and chose to hunt only those who could provide me some challenge. Those were always males. Ooman males seem to be stronger than females which, and that is also different from our race. But what truly angered me during observation is that ooman males often use their strength to dominate over females against their will. Those males had no idea what honor meant. In our society this is absolutely unacceptable. So in these cases I did what I considered right. I attacked the unworthy ooman males from the back, piercing their bodies with my wrist blades, watching their thwei spilling on the ground. I saw fear in females’ eyes when one of their kind was killed right before them by something they couldn’t really see; and sometimes I heard them mutter something like “a ghost killed him”, although I have no idea what a “ghost” even is. I have never deactivated my cloaking device and showed myself to oomans, so no wonder they found skinless bodies handing upside down from the tree branches and never knew who did it. But that’s what we do to the unworthy prey. If we consider the prey worthy, we hunt it down and take its skull as a trophy. I have gained a few so far and I’m going to achieve more.

But then something unexpected happened. During my observation next to the area of dense forest one ooman male attracted my attention. He lived there, so much I understood. He wasn’t a warrior or anything, just an ordinary type like many others around him. But I felt enthralled by him for some strange reason that I couldn’t explain. It has never happened to me before. Of course, there were cases when our males claimed ooman females, but it wasn’t my business and I never mixed myself into that. One I knew for sure: it was hard for me to understand why ooman females attracted our males; but now when I feel so strongly attracted to a male that is not of my species, I think I might begin to understand what they felt.

And so I sat on a thick tree branch in the forest near the area where this male lived, lost in thoughts when suddenly I spotted him again; I guessed he was going back to his place. I tensed and watched his every step, constantly staying hidden with the help of my cloaking device. But this time it seemed that he wasn’t really alone. I saw three more oomans following him. I stayed sharp and watched what was going to happen until those three finally caught up with him and surrounded him from all sides. I saw them grabbing him and dragging him deeper inside the forest. I felt anger rising inside me; the first instinct told me to come down instantly and attack, but I decided to wait and see.

Jeffrey Clarke walked back from the college right after the studies were over. All he wanted to do now was to get home as soon as possible and to take a rest. Today he got into another heavy argument with Morgan Jarrett who became his enemy since the day he saw Jeff walking and chatting with Mary Woods, his course mate. Jeff knew Mary since childhood she lived in his neighborhood,
but even since they grew up they remained good friends and neighbors. Mary never considered him to be anything more than just a friend, and so did Jeff. Soon she began dating Morgan and everything seemed fine in the beginning. But in the moment Morgan saw them together, it almost ended with a fight. And no matter how many times Jeff tried to persuade him that he and Mary were just friends, that narcissistic bastard didn’t listen. It looked like he listened only to himself. In fact, Morgan and his company mocked Jeff since the beginning, but Jeff ignored him, not wanting to sink to his level. He knew that arguing with a fool pretty much meant making a fool of himself, so he chose the best strategy to ignore the offenders. Sure it was unpleasant, but still more or less bearable. But since he caught Jeff in a friendly talk with Mary, everything got only worse. Now every day in college became a mental torture for Jeff, and today it was no exception. He walked fast and felt that somebody was following him, and no wonder. He turned around to see Morgan and his two most faithful friends following his tail. He huffed with irritation and increased his walking speed, but short time passed until those three bastards caught up with him and dragged him into the woods.

“What the hell are you doing, Morgan?! What’s your problem?!” Jeff shouted angrily when they stopped but still held him in place.

“It’s time to teach you a lesson, sucker,” Morgan grinned and pulled out a knife out of his pocket. “I think I told you to stay away from Mary, but it seems we’ll have to make you understand it the hard way.”

“What? I’ve told a thousand times that we’re nothing but friends, you imbecile!” Jeff finally snapped. “Do you ever listen to anybody else but yourself?!”

“Hush now, you’ve talked enough,” Morgan hissed through gritted teeth and lifted the blade right before Jeff’s nose. “Do you have a death wish, you piece of shit?”

Jeff felt cold sweat running down his temples. Was that asshole really going to stab him to death? He really hoped not. But before he managed to say anything, a strange clicking sound from somewhere above reached his ears. Jeff lifted his head to find the source, but soon he got the explanation to that when a voice that could be barely called human suddenly spoke:

“So YOU have one?”

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Guan-luar-ke

They were going to kill him, I knew it. Attacking an unarmed one is just unacceptable. Those pathetic pyod amedha know nothing about honor. And now they were threatening the ooman I liked with a blade. I couldn’t waste any more time. It was time to interfere.

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Jeff was deeply confused. He couldn’t understand who exactly has just spoke and where. But one thing he was sure about: the question the unknown voice asked was clearly addressed to Morgan. Jeff looked at him and saw that Morgan’s face and especially eyes expressed pure terror. The stranger was now asking him about his death wish, and Morgan realized that his death hour has come. Before any of the men realized what was going on, a clot of something white flew into them, and almost all of Jeff’s face was sprayed with blood. He wiped his eyes and saw that one of Morgan’s friends that held him from the left collapsed on the ground; his head was missing. It looked like his head had literally… exploded. Jeff freed himself from the other guy’s grasp that has weakened at this moment, but in the next second two more white and shiny clots flew his way; and Morgan’s second friend was down. A huge bloody hole was now gaping in his body; and all looked
like it was cauterized. Jeff’s eyes were wide from horror and confusion; he had never seen anything like this. Morgan, in turn, dropped his knife and began stepping back in fear, and no wonder. Something jumped down on the ground before both men; and all Jeff could see was some kind of a transparent figure. He rubbed his eyes to make sure he wasn’t hallucinating. What was that? An illusion? A ghost? Something was definitely with them, but he couldn’t understand what it was. But he got his answer in a second when the figure morphed into a creature that he had never seen before. It had a humanoid body, but judging by its shape, it was more likely a female. She was very tall and muscular, with greenish skin that resembled the skin of a reptile. Her head was decorated with something that looked like dreadlocks, but her face wasn’t visible; and Jeff assumed that she was wearing a mask. But what seemed frightening about her were the sharp claws on her fingers and a belt that consisted of small skulls of some exotic animals. But that was not all. A real threat became visible when two pairs of metal blades appeared from somewhere on her wrists, and with that she began approaching Morgan slowly and menacingly, like an impending thunderstorm.

Morgan still couldn’t believe what he was seeing and continued backing up. In a moment he snapped back to reality though and turned around to run, but the creature was swifter. The strange humanoid grabbed him by the neck, lifting the man up from the ground so he couldn’t feel it with his feet. Using her wrist blades, she impaled Morgan on them and let his neck free only to pierce it with the second pair of blades. Blood gushed from the wounds and his mouth, and as soon as she made sure that Morgan was dead, she dropped his limp body to the ground.

Jeff watched everything in awe, unable to believe what he just saw. Morgan and his friends were brutally murdered right before his eyes, and when the bizarre-looking female turned to him, fear paralyzed him. He has seen enough to know what she was capable of, so the best idea for now would be running to save his life.

“Wait, don’t run. You don’t have to be afraid of me,” she suddenly spoke in this strange growling voice. “I’m not going to hurt you.”

Jeff stopped where he was, trying to process everything. Did she just speak his language?

“Wh-what? Do you understand my language?”

“Yes,” she replied. “My father wanted me to know ooman language. I’m Guan-luar-ke. You?”

“I’m Jeff,” the surprised man said, his voice still shaking a bit. “But… who are you exactly? And where are you from? I’ve never seen anything like you before.”

“I belong to a race called the Yautja, and my home planet is called Yautja Prime,” she explained. “We have existed for centuries, even before ooman race came to be. We travel around the galaxy to different planets with a purpose to hunt most dangerous prey and collect their skulls as trophies. The more challenge your prey provides, the better, the higher rank a hunter gets. Thus each hunter earns respect among our kind. I have observed oomans for some time and noticed that hunting is far from being important to your kind. But for us it is of the highest importance.”

Jeff listened with his mouth agape, unable to believe everything what has happened to him today. He was facing a real alien female that has just saved his life. No one would believe if he told anyone. Who could have thought that something like this would happen in his quite dull life?

“Wow, it’s just… stunning,” he mumbled, scratching his head. “I still can barely believe it. Many people don’t believe that there is life out there in space, and those who do… well, they wish to see a spaceship or an alien at least once in their lives. And here I am, standing in the middle of the woods and talking to a real alien. It’s… huh, I don’t even know what to say.” Seeing the alien female watching him in silence, he cleared his throat. “What was your name again?”
“Guan-luar-ke,” she repeated. “It means “night moon” in my language.”

“Oh, that’s a beautiful name, but rather hard for me to pronounce,” Jeff admitted, smiling. “Do you mind if I call you just Guan? It’s just easier for me to speak so.”

“I don’t mind,” she said. Jeff nodded and decided to ask some questions. He was very curious about this unusual being.

“So, Guan, how long have you been on Earth? Do you hunt humans too?”

“Yes, we do, but only those that we consider worthy,” Guan-luar-ke explained. “Mostly our males go hunting, females rarely do that; but sometimes they prove to be as good as the males are in this business. I’m one of such females. And speaking about oomans, we never attack the weak and unarmed ones and pregnant females too. On the contrary, we try to protect them if there is such need, just like I did in your case. We have our Code of Honor that sets the hunting rules and much more. As for the unworthy prey, we kill them and take their skin, and then we hang them upside down. Every Yautja hunter knows at once that this prey was unworthy.”

“Oh, so that’s it,” Jeff muttered thoughtfully. “I’ve heard that several skinless bodies were found hanging in the woods from the tree branches. So it was you who did it?”

“Yes,” the huntress replied. “They were just like these three oomans that I’ve just killed. I kill those who attack the weaker ones who cannot protect themselves; and also those who force themselves on females against their will.”

“Ah, you mean rapists,” Jeff nodded understandingly.

“This is how you call it?” Guan-luar-ke asked, and Jeff nodded. “Yes, rapists don’t deserve to live. In our society such behavior is punished by death. The same goes for those who hurt children and the weaker ones.”

Jeff smiled, hearing this information. Of course, her kind was brutal, but they knew what judgment means.

“I’m glad to know it. It’s very good that you have such strict rules for rapists and similar types,” he said, sighing. “I wish we had them. Unfortunately, all that is done by us is putting them in jail for certain amount of years, and that’s very pity. I’m sure that after they are released, they would return to their old habits. They must at least be put in jail for the rest of their lives.”

“You’re speaking the truth,” she agreed. “I think that ooman law is too merciful.”

Jeff nodded.

“Well, in the country where I live it most likely is. But there are other countries on Earth that have stricter law. There you can expect death penalty for many things.”

Guan-luar-ke didn’t reply this time, listening to the man talking. Jeff somehow began feeling a bit awkward from this silence, but there was still one thing that really interested him.

“Hey, may I ask you one more question?” he asked timidly.

“Go on.”

“Forgive me my curiosity, but… how do you make yourself invisible? Before you killed Morgan, I saw a transparent figure landing which appeared to be you. How do you achieve it?”
The huntress then lifted her left wrist so that Jeff could see it.

“Watch this,” she said, pressing something on it, and in the next second she vanished; only a barely visible transparent silhouette remained. Jeff watched this with his mouth wide open. It’s the first time he saw anything like this happening before him. She uncloaked herself again, and with every second Jeff’s curiosity about the alien female grew stronger.

“Wow, it’s amazing!” he exclaimed. “How do you do that?”

“It’s the cloaking device that every Yautja hunter must have,” Guan-luar-ke explained. “The hunter must stay invisible for his prey and observe it for some amount of time before hunting it down. It works well against oomans and many other species, but there are some that can see even through the cloaking.”

“Oh… that’s interesting,” Jeff mumbled, still surprise from what he has just witnessed. He then looked around and noticed that the sky was gradually gaining beautiful red and light purple colors which meant that evening was approaching. An idea then occurred in his mind. “Hey, listen, it’s slowly getting late already, and you must be at least a bit tired from hunting all day. Would you like to spend the night at my house? Tomorrow you can go hunting again.”

Guan-luar-ke thought for some minutes until she finally made a decision to accept his proposal.

“I don’t mind,” she said, and Jeff gave her a warm smile.

“Very well. Besides, you saved my life. How can I ever thank you? Offering you a place to stay for the night is the least I can do for you. All right, come with me then. And… um… I think it’s better if you stay invisible while we go to my place. I wouldn’t like any curious people see you.”

“Of course,” she said. “I always stay invisible for oomans and reveal myself only when I make sure it’s really necessary.” She then activated her cloaking device, turning transparent and thus blending well within the surroundings. “Lead the way then.”

The man nodded and led his extraordinary new acquaintance towards his home. He lived relatively close to the wooded area, so it didn’t take them much time to reach their destination. Jeff let her inside the house, and after making sure the door was firmly locked, she uncloaked herself again.

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**Guan-luar-ke**

So this is a typical place where oomans live. Interesting. It differs very much from what I am used to. In our society we have clans, and each such clan inhabits one huge construction with lots and lots of rooms for every member. The dining hall is common, and each member of our clan comes to eat whenever he or she feels the need. Ooman society differs very much from us from this point of view. As far as understood, they do not have anything like clans, at least in this area where I am now. Each ooman is by himself, independent from the others. I guess that’s what I even like about them. They are free. Also, resting time by them is determined by the change of day and night. They watch when the sun rises and sets, and when the darkness falls upon Earth, it means it’s time to rest. That’s so unlike our order. For us it doesn’t matter whether it’s dark or not outside our clan construction. I see that oomans have these glass openings that Jeff called “windows”; through them they see when light of the sun comes and goes. We don’t have anything like that. The resting time for us comes when all the lights in the building are extinguished, and then we sleep the entire time while the building is dark. When the lights are on again, it means it’s time to wake. Oomans are so different from us in many ways, but I guess the whole charm lies in this difference.
Jeff asked me to follow him upstairs and showed me the free room where I could sleep. He slept in the neighboring room, but now most of all I would love that he slept with me. It has been a long time since I was with a male, and now I had such a perfect opportunity to do it again with the one I desire. And I know that he feels the same, I can see desire in his eyes. Besides, oomans are unable to feel the arousal of their partners, but we are. I can see the way he looked at me, at my body; and the smell of his arousal left me no doubts. But I know he’s much weaker than me physically, and in no way I’m going to force him into mating. All must happen only by mutual agreement.

Jeff wished me good night and closed the door, but even through the solid wood that it was made of I could hear him swearing quietly, hoping that I wouldn’t hear it:

“Damn, Guan would never want a creature like me. I feel so weak comparing to her, and we’re not even of the same species. But shit, I want to be with her tonight so much!”

These few phrases were enough. I roared out his name and in a moment he came back into the room. It was time to act.

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Hearing her roar his name, Jeff walked back into her room timidly and saw his alien friend standing there without her mask. He gasped at the first sight of her bizarre face with four mandibles that surrounded her mouth. But what truly got into his heart were her so beautiful amber eyes. He didn’t find her ugly; she was just so different from his kind. But why did she call him back into the room? His heart was beating rapidly in his chest, and he just stood there and waited.

“Why are you so sure that I wouldn’t want you?” Guan-luar-ke asked him. Jeff felt his face growing hot as hell, and he knew he blushed heavily. So she actually heard his every word!

“Umm… well…” Jeff stuttered, feeling as awkward as he had never felt before. “I just thought that… well… we are so different, and… you’re so strong, but me… Comparing to you, I’m a weak creature. I doubt you would want a weak creature as your mate.”

“Do not devaluate yourself like that,” Guan-luar-ke shook her head. “While I watched you dealing with those three oomans that threatened you, you didn’t lose bravery; even if they were prepared to kill you with a blade. You are brave, Jeff, and I respect you for that.”

Jeff smiled at her words.

“You know, it’s the best compliment I’ve gotten so far in my life,” he admitted. “I can tell you for sure that if Morgan dared to face me alone, I would get him down in no time. That’s why he always took his friends with him. He was always afraid to deal with me face-to-face.”

“Yes, and he was a coward,” the huntress confirmed. “Cowardice is the worst that can be in our society, and no hunter or warrior dares to show it. Otherwise he would become a stain of shame in the entire clan. As for you… I’ve been watching you for some time already and… I found myself being attracted to you.”

To Jeff’s great surprise, she began removing her top right after she finished the sentence. Jeff swallowed, being unable to say a word. While he watched the alien female strip, he felt heat piercing his whole body and a few drops of sweat running down his temples. He beheld her now naked body and couldn’t ignore the irritating tightness in his pants. She was so beautiful, and Jeff devoured her every curve with his greedy glance. He couldn’t believe his luck. She wanted him; she desired to love him right here and now, and he wasn’t going to deny himself the pleasure in his alien mate’s arms. With that he began ridding himself of his clothes.
Yes, it worked. I successfully managed to convince Jeff that I consider him a worthy mate for me. And just as I removed everything that covered my body, he finally gave up and bared his own body for me. I truly liked this ooman; no wonder I felt so attracted to him from the beginning. I then lay on my back and beckoned him to join me on this bed. He gladly accepted my invitation, and soon enough he was on top of me. The feeling of his soft skin was just incredible, so radically different from our males. My hands moved up and down his back, and I tried to remember when I touched something that soft last time, but it was useless. I felt his hands doing the same movements on my flesh, but the most amazing feeling was when he got to the mounds on my chest. His fingers played with my nipples and soon I felt his mouth replacing them. He suckled my nipples like a newborn pup; but unlike the newborns, he did it with the purpose of pleasure for his mate. Yautja males were never so gentle to the females. The mating act by us is usually rather primitive, comparing to oomans. A Yautja male just chooses a female, mates with her, and then leaves to mate with another female. Yes, there is polygamy in Yautja society; a male rarely stays with one female. I’m not sure what ooman traditions are, but one thing I am sure about: mating act for them is something much more than just copulation. Judging by what Jeff was doing to me, it looked like some kind of love ritual before copulation. And I knew that I enjoyed it very much. It can’t even be compared with the first time I was with a male; it’s something utterly different. He caressed me, and I didn’t want it to end. I wanted to feel loved by this ooman all night.

He played long enough with my breasts and then moved down. I wondered what he was going to do, but found it out in the moment when his head was between my legs. Feeling his tongue touch my most private parts, I closed my eyes and made intense clicking sounds that served as a sign of pleasure. Here is one more big different between ooman and Yautja males. Our males never pleasure us with their tongues, not even a single time. All happens quickly and in a rough manner. But Jeff obviously had a purpose of giving me as much pleasure as possible, and I couldn’t ever be happier than now. I didn’t know that oomans tend to pleasure their partners with mouth or tongue, but tonight I discovered this fact and had a wonderful possibility to experience it for myself.

He continued doing this for some time, knowing how much I enjoyed it; but one moment he stopped. I knew it was time for copulation as he positioned himself to enter my body. Of course, his male organ wasn’t as large as our males have, but still I felt it quite well inside me. I loved how softly his member penetrated my opening, but he didn’t need to worry; he wouldn’t hurt me in any way or form. I encouraged him to move faster and harder which he gladly did; and it was difficult to describe what I felt… what we both felt. I have never been in such a state of passion like I was now. I wanted this ooman so badly, and that’s why the feeling is many, many times better than ever. I loved the sounds he made during copulation; his voice seemed gentle to me. It’s not like the deep growls of our males; its softness only made me want him more. Jeff moved as fast as he could, thrusting into me as hard as an ooman male was capable of. I felt myself gradually getting close to the highest point of sexual pleasure; and my body emitted da-shui during the whole process. Jeff felt it and asked me about this smell; and I explained him that it’s what we call Yautja musk, a special pheromone that our bodies eradicate when being sexually aroused. Jeff told me that the smell of da-shui only increased his appetite for me and how incredible it smelled. Well, better for me. He wasn’t pretending when he said that my musk served as something that he called “aphrodisiac”. I’ve never heard such word, but Jeff explained that this aphrodisiac helped to increase sexual arousal in oomans. And my musk worked that way for him, I could feel it fully. He now behaved almost like a savage in bed, but I liked it a lot. Thus it didn’t take long for us both to enjoy our passionate release which felt so relaxing after such a strong tension between us. Jeff collapsed on my chest and tried to get his breath back; so much he was out of strength.
And so we lay on a bed, me holding my ooman mate in my arms while he slowly fell asleep. I knew I had to leave his place for hunt tomorrow, and after that our clan ship was going to take me back to our planet. Usually Yautja don’t come back to the same place to hunt, but my case is different. I have my own reasons to return to Earth, and I will do that to be with Jeff. And while my hunting days on Earth are not over yet, I’ll make sure Jeff stays safe the entire time. And as soon as darkness falls upon the planet, we will give in to passion once again. Maybe I will try to arrange things so that Jeff could go with us to our planet, but I’m not sure what the Elders would think of it. But I still have time to ponder about it. Right now all that matters is that my beloved ooman mate is with me.

And we will live to enjoy each other like we deserve it.

Yautja translations:

Guan-luar-ke – night moon

Oomans – humans

Thwei – blood

Pyod amedha – soft meat (referring to humans)

Da-shui – Yautja musk
It’s been some time already since the portal to Hell was open due to some bizarre experiments, and now legions of nightmarish creatures overwhelmed the entire Mars station. Derek wandered through the dark rooms and hallways with a shotgun in his hands – his most faithful friend and helper in this dangerous game of survival.

How could all of this happen? If he had known about it before, he sure would think ten times before agreeing to come to Mars City. But who could have known? Counselor Swann sure didn’t expect to face anything like that. It wasn’t the first time he arrived to the station due to some accidents, and now there he was again with a mission to find out what exactly was going on. Derek accompanied him and Jack Campbell who served as a bodyguard for Swann, this being his first day in Mars City as a recruit marine. And so it happened that while on his way to marine HQ where Sergeant Kelly was waiting for him, Derek accidentally overheard Swann’s conversation with Dr. Malcolm Betruger, one of the leading scientists. Betruger didn’t seem to be concerned about the accidents. Judging by his words, something “extraordinary” was going to happen; and after the creatures broke through, it happened for Derek to overhear another conversation between the two men. What surprised him was that Betruger claimed that nothing was out of control when everything was actually out of control. Pure chaos now reigned in Mars City. So Betruger knew all along that it would happen? It sure seemed that way. From what he heard, Derek was now sure that this mad scientist has planned everything too well. He was with those demons, but how did he even manage to achieve it? That man sure got corrupt by the forces of hell; and as Derek proceeded through the station, Betruger continued to taunt him now and then, telling him that the soldier’s journey was futile and that he would die very soon. But it only served as stimulation for the brave marine. Derek sure wasn’t going to give this rascal the satisfaction to see him dead, no way. With the help of various destructive weapons that he found on his way, his journey was indeed successful. Betruger and his demons wanted to bring the hell even upon Earth, and Derek traveled through the base with one thought in his mind: he would do his best to show them the true hell.

The deeper he traveled into Mars City, the larger and stronger monsters appeared on his way. He managed to get used to zombies and imps already, but larger ones caused more problems. So far the most problematic ones were Arch-Viles, the pale humanoids that called for backup, making more monsters appear around. He summoned imps or those two-headed things; and although the Arch-Viles might look not so strong or big, Derek already learned that nothing should be judged by appearance. These demons were much stronger than they looked; it wasn’t that easy to get rid of them. But it had to be done, as the marine had his orders from Sergeant Kelly – to regroup with Bravo team. Kelly contacted Derek from time to time, directing him to the location of Bravo team. Derek only hoped to reach them in time and that they wouldn’t get slaughtered by the demon hordes.

As Derek walked through another large door that led into the next location, Sergeant Kelly contacted him again and claimed that it wasn’t far to the place where Bravo team should be. It meant he was moving the right way which made Derek walk faster to his destination. Of course, the journey wasn’t going to be easy, but Derek was prepared to it. Zombie security guards, imps, and other smaller creatures tried to stop him in any possible way, but it didn’t help much. Derek shot his way through them without mercy. At such moments he thought whether he was turning into a monster himself. Seeing how he killed the hellish creatures made him shiver now and then. Not because he was afraid or something. Fear struck him in the first moment when the demon invasion began, but now he got more or less used to it. He shivered because of what he was capable of. But this was what’s called survival. Derek knew that if he wanted to live another day, he had to fight and use anything he could to achieve this goal.
While Derek tried to figure out where exactly he had to go now, the main light suddenly went out, leaving just auxiliary lamps on. Derek swore to himself as it was rather dark now in the room he stepped in, but thanks to those few auxiliary lamps the room was entirely engulfed in darkness. Sure it made things harder to see, but it wasn’t as bad as he expected. But situations like this gave the monsters a good opportunity to attack stealthily, darkness being their friend and ally. Derek understood this during his dangerous journey through the base, so now he walked as quiet as possible and listened carefully to every sound.

It was silent for some time and Derek felt himself getting a bit relaxed, but the sudden sound of light footsteps made him tense once again. Lifting his shotgun, he pointed it to the direction of the sound which was total darkness. No matter how much he tried to see something, it was way too dark. Derek held his weapon ready and listened carefully. Judging by the sound of steps, it wasn’t an average zombie. Their gait was always limping, so it was something else. At first he suspected it to be another zombie security guard or a commando, but they all wore boots. This thing, whatever it was, seemingly was barefoot. Sorting through all the possible options in his mind, Derek made a conclusion that it was either an imp or an Arch-Vile. So far only these two types of demons walked without hurry and wore no boots or clothes whatsoever. Derek then hid behind a large pile of boxes and waited for the enemy to appear.

And just as the creature stepped out of the darkness, Derek’s eyes went wide in surprise. For one he was right: it was an imp. But this particular imp was… female? The soldier rubbed his eyes to make sure he wasn’t seeing things. And no, his vision didn’t deceive him. It was a real female imp and she walked right to the pile of boxes where Derek was hiding, like knowing where exactly his location was.

Realizing that he would be found in any case, Derek jumped back from the approaching imp and pointed his shotgun at her. But she didn’t seem to make any attempts to attack him like the others of her kind. On the contrary, her gait looked rather provocative and seductive while she approached the amazed soldier. Derek sure didn’t expect that these creatures had sexual dimorphism; and thus he concluded that all the imps he encountered so far were male. The females were different from their male counterparts, first of all with their faces. If the males had lots of small eyes above their large mouths, the faces of the females had more human-like features. Derek noticed her two large eyes that were black as night, a little but sophisticated nose, and a mouth that covered the sharp teeth fully. The males had nothing to cover their teeth, thus exposing the full view of them. They shared the same skin color and abilities, like agility, wall climbing, and fireball throwing; but their bodies had several differences. Derek looked at the monstrous female from head to toes and surprisingly for him, he felt his body temperature slowly rising and a small drop of sweat running down his temple. The female imp had a body that could be called perfect, and even a model would feel envy when seeing such beautiful, slim waist and body shape. And unlike the male imps, she had two round mounds on her chest that looked very much like breasts of a human female; and when more light fell on her form, two dark, almost black nipples became visible. And the way she walked, swaying her hips seductively… Derek couldn’t believe that he was getting aroused by a female demon, but that’s exactly what was going on.

It’s a trap, it’s definitely a trap, - his mind spoke, but his own body betrayed him, reacting completely otherwise. This alluring she-imp created such an effect, and he did his best to resist the temptation to grab those fleshy hips and start banging her as hard as possible. The tightness in his pants was becoming unbearable; and in the moment Derek thought about how much his manhood ached for freedom and touch, he felt her slender hand between his legs. The soldier felt his heart beating frantically in his chest as the she-imp massaged his male part, her touch growing sassier with each passing second. In fact, it looked like she was offering herself to him, and that made him feel pleased. Derek had to admit that before that he had dated a few ladies, but it didn’t last long. Each time he had to do through a complicated courtship ritual to seek the favor of the woman.
moments he thought that women always miss something, always need something additional. And being a young adult at that time, he wasn’t ready for long and serious relationship yet. Now, when he grew older, things changed. In his current age he was ready to find a constant partner and create a family. But in this situation family was the last thing he could think about, especially when a rather spicy imp was now offering her gorgeous body to him. Derek didn’t fully trust her, knowing where she came from; but at least dared to touch her arm and shoulder with his fingertips, still holding the weapon in his other hand. She reacted on his touch immediately and took his hand in hers, moving it slowly to her chest. Derek swallowed nervously when his palm felt her soft, fleshy mounds; and when he looked into her deep black eyes, the imp nodded, thus encouraging him to touch her sensitive parts. Derek didn’t know it, but female imps really loved having their breasts fondled; and when his fingers began massaging one of her voluptuous breast, she closed her eyes and let out a sound that somewhat resembled a moan, but not the one like human females did. She was an inhuman being, a demon, so it was pretty expectable that her sounds would differ from human ones. But no matter what sounds she made, it was clear as a day that she was enjoying every second of his manipulations with her breasts.

The she-imp then closed the distance between them, pressing her whole body to him, and now her hand that was caressing his groin now was replaced by her knee. As her limb rubbed against his crotch in an openly seductive manner, Derek moaned softly as his erection got painfully hard. He couldn’t stand this tension anymore and finally dropped the shotgun on the ground and wrapped his arms around the imp’s waist. The naked imp beauty felt his bulge rubbing against her skin, so she decided it was time for a little action. She got on her knees and undid his zipper, pulling his pants and boxers down. Revealing the sight of his aroused member, she licked her lips, as what she saw made her mouth water. It wasn’t her first time having sex, as she had mated with the males of her kind and also with some Arch-Viles; but she had never done it with a human being. His member couldn’t compare in size with Arch-Vile’s male organ or even a male imp’s penis, but to her it looked perfect. She opened her mouth, trying not to injure the soft skin with her sharp teeth, and her tongue touched his most sensitive part playfully. Derek let out a moan when her snake-like tongue did a perfectly good job in stimulating his manhood; but as soon as it was replaced with her mouth, he threw his head back with a louder sound. It was a surprise for him that this she-imp was so skilled in giving oral pleasure, and it sure appeared to be a pleasant surprise. As she continued the sweet torture of his member, Derek was finally unable to stand it anymore. Grabbing her head gently from behind, he began thrusting into her mouth, trying not to be too rough. He knew she wasn’t a human being and had no idea about her anatomy, but being careful wouldn’t do any harm. But in this moment all he wished for was to release the tension that held his body in its tight clutches.

Derek snapped back into reality when his so beautiful imp mate suddenly stopped her mouth work and stood up. The confused marine watched her with frustration and wanted her to continue and help him reach his peak. But she wasn’t done with him yet. She pushed on his chest gently, making him sit down on the ground, and then she lowered herself in his lap, positioning herself so that her heated opening was right above his erection. Wasting no time, the imp impaled herself on his member, letting out a screeching sound that indicated nothing but bliss. Derek grabbed her hips to hold her stable, and she put her hands on his shoulder for more convenience. And just as she started to move, Derek felt like a wave of electric shock ran through his entire body. The feeling was many times better than when she pleasured him with her mouth. Now that’s what you call a mistress from hell. His arousal only increased from seeing her body swaying and gyrating on his member; and the sight of her bouncing breasts made his mouth water. Derek licked his lips and put both his hands on her fleshy mounds, caressing and massaging them. His fingers pinched and played with her hardened dark nipples, earning an unusual combination of growling and screeching sound that merged with his lustful moans in one passionate cacophony. The she-imp gasped each time his erection slammed into her, hitting the most sensitive spot inside her. Derek now moaned so loud every time her thrust into the body of this beautiful devil, and he already didn’t care if someone could hear them. But so far
they were alone in this room which was good. No one would disturb them during their steamy copulation that gradually was approaching its final. Derek tried to hold back his release but couldn’t; it was already too much for him to bear. Both lovers climaxed together as he shot his entire load into her cavern while his imp mate enjoyed her own orgasm with an ear-piercing squeal. She collapsed on the soldier’s chest, and he just wrapped his arms around her slim waist, pressing her close to him. Thus they sat for some time, getting their breath back; and Derek wondered what she was up to now.

Their peace didn’t last long though. Silence was broken by gunshots, and it seemed like there was a battle going on somewhere not so far. Derek listened and realized that the noise was coming from the direction he was heading to before he encountered the sultry imp. Was that the Bravo team? It had to be, and Derek had his orders to regroup with them. Now it seemed like they were under attack. The imp tensed as well and in a second she crawled down from the marine’s lap and jumped on the wall, disappearing in the darkness. Derek assumed that she went to the location of the battle, most likely to help other demons. He got up and pulled his pants back on. Grabbing the shotgun from the floor, he moved in the direction of the noise. If it really was Bravo team, he had to hurry and meet up with them; otherwise Sarge sure would be mad.

Even if he didn’t manage to meet up with the Bravo team, he had to move on. If he gets out of this mess alive, he sure will have things to remember for his entire life. And the first among them would be his mistress from hell. Maybe he would encounter her again while traveling through the Mars base, but if she tries to attack him, he would have to shoot her just like any other demon. Derek felt sad when thinking about it, but if he wanted to live, he had to do it.

He had to survive after all.
Romance From Space (Alien/Species)

Sil crawled stealthily in the direction where a large object crashed into the ground. Judging by its size and bizarre shape, it was most likely a space ship. Her true alien form helped her to move faster than any human; and being now alone and in the middle of dense forest, she felt it was no need to disguise herself. Her human form served her well while walking among people; and while she appeared to be the result of human and extraterrestrial DNA, it only made things easier for her to learn and get to know humans better. Her creators tried to track her down and destroy her, but Sil knew better how to trick those foolish people into thinking that she died in a car accident. Now she was free to do as she pleased.

So far Sil had no luck to find a suitable male to impregnate her, and this was what she was after since she grew into an adult species. Several attempts ended up in human males dying from her hands. One appeared to have some sickness; the other, realizing that all she wanted from him was a child, refused to mate with her. In the result Sil didn’t hesitate and drowned him in a swimming pool in his yard. Both men had no chances against the strength of the alien, the extraterrestrial femme fatale whose name was Sil. She was a pure predator that would stop at nothing to achieve her goal and show no mercy to her foes. For now she hoped to reach some other place where she would have larger choice of males and then start searching again; and maybe this time the luck would be in her side.

The space ship that crashed somewhere near the woods altered her plans for now. Sil knew what curiosity meant, and now it got the best of her. She had no idea how much time has passed since the crash, but she never counted time like humans did. For her, there was no such thing as time limit. And now the first thing that occupied her mind was to investigate the crash site.

When Sil finally found the fallen ship, there wasn’t much left of it. All that Sil stumbled on was just wreckage with clouds of smoke slowly reaching up for the sky. No signs of life anywhere around the wreckage, and there also were a dead human body lying near the crash site; it was an adult male. Sil approached to check on it, but it was dead for a while already. Her glance fell on large and bloody gaping hole in his chest; it looked like something burst out from there. This raised Sil’s interest. Her kind bore offsprings through the chest, but it never resulted in death of the female. But this wasn’t the case. This human was male; and if something killed him, then it most likely was a parasitic organism inside his body that got out, killing the host. This was the only explanation for his death. Sil touched the body and learned that it was still warm. She already knew that humans were warm blooded creatures, and in case of death their bodies gradually grew cold. And if the body was still warm, it pretty much meant that he died recently. So the creature that burst out of him was still somewhere nearby. It was newborn, so it couldn’t get very far away. Sil grew curious about that unknown being so she began to search for any signs of life around the wreckage. The remains of the ship were absolutely empty and dead, so there was not much to do. She roamed around the area of the ship until something finally made her stop. There was a sound of something clawing against the stone coming from the right side, and she moved carefully in that direction to investigate the source.

Sil crawled slowly and carefully, not losing her vigilance for a second. It could be anything, so being ready for combat would only do her good. When the sound grew a bit louder, Sil realized she found herself something that looked like a cave well hidden in the depths of the forest. She listened well, and it left not a single doubt that the sound was coming from the cave. But who or what was causing it? There was something alive there, so much was clear. Sil tilted her head, hissing very quietly that served as a sign of interest. Was it the creature that crawled out of dead human body? If this was the case, then the sound of claws could indicate that it has already grown into an adult. Not like it was a surprise for Sil though. Her species grew rather fast. It didn’t take a very long time for a young alien
to develop into adult one. So there might be a creature similar to her kind, and Sil was determined to find out more.

Her expectations were soon granted, and the source of claws hitting against the solid rock didn’t make it long to wait for its appearance. A strange black creature crawled out of the cave, sniffing the air around it. Sil watched it with her large black eyes, her interest growing stronger with every second. She had never seen such a being before. Its head was long and eyeless, much longer than hers; and several tubes were protruding from its back. Another difference was the long, ribbed tail with a tip sharp as a spear. It looked so different and yet so similar to her. It almost seemed like they both were created from the same material and had the same genes. Sil remained still and watched the behavior of this weird being. So the being came from this ship that was transporting it? Then what killed the human? Did this being have any connection with his death? It confused Sil, but she decided to wait and find out what was going to happen.

The Xenomorph, in turn, felt the presence of another life form outside, so he crawled out of the cave to check it out. He sniffed the air and learned that the intruder was standing in front of his hiding place but kept the distance. The smell told him that it wasn’t a human being. He spent some time inside a human body and then burst out of it, so the smell of a human was more than familiar to him. It was no animal of Earth as well, so much he knew. He had to feed on small animals to shed the skin and to grow into an adult, so those four-legged little creatures were not an option. The smell of this creature was completely unfamiliar to him, and the Xenomorph hissed loudly as a warning. There was something as large as him standing there, and that might possess a threat for the hive that he hoped to create as soon as possible. The stranger replied with hissing too but didn’t make any attempts to attack. So he moved forward slowly, never leaving the combat stance.

Sil noticed the black creature move towards her and did the same. She understood that the loud hissing served as a warning and that the creature was guarding the cave. She had no intention to walk into its territory though, at least for now. All she wanted was to find out who or what this being was. The closer they were to each other, the more similarities she noticed between them apart from the head shape, tubes on its back, and the tail. Sil wondered whether this thing had any relation to her species, but it was hard to tell. But what she was now sure about when it was so close to her was its sex.

The creature turned out to be male.

The Xenomorph realized that the being before him showed no aggression towards him, and his anger soon was replaced by curiosity. Her pheromones still didn’t give him enough clues to understand who or what she was, but being close enough to her told him clearly that the intruder was a female, and not just any kind of female.

This female was in heat and looking for a mate.

Two of the deadliest alien creatures now stood and looked at each other, and both were guided by one instinct – breeding. Their faces were now separated from each other just by a few centimeters; both aliens sniffed each other and breathing each other’s pheromones. The smell of a ripe female made a slight wave of pleasure ran through the Xenomorph’s body, and he had no doubts that she would be the ideal one for mating. Sil’s feeling about him was the same. It was a perfect male that knew no human diseases; a perfect organism that was able to adapt and survive in most severe situations. He would be a very suitable candidate to impregnate her and help her to complete her main mission.

Sil dared to touch the Xenomorph’s prolonged head with her bony fingers, moving her hand down his tubular neck to his chest with clearly protruding ribs. His exoskeleton was as hard as hers and
served as armor against the enemy attacks. Sil knew it for sure as her own exoskeleton had the same purpose. She only wondered whether this creature possessed the shape-shifting abilities, but so far nothing of that kind happened. One she knew for sure: this being was pretty much unpredictable, just like herself; and if he saw a human being before him, he would definitely take it as prey and attack. So far the Xenomorph was satisfied with her hand touching him, and he used his tail to form something that resembled a circle of protection around her. Sil didn’t know that, but for the Xenomorphs it was an undeniable sign of affection; and if a male did this, it meant that he accepted the female as his mate and was ready to copulate with her. But even without knowing this fact, Sil took it as a sign of agreement to mate with her; and the Xenomorph let out a satisfied hiss. She accepted him, so now it was perfect time to get down to action.

It didn’t matter whether both mates were inside or outside. The woods were deserted, not a living soul in it. Both aliens felt safe to indulge in the pleasure of a mating act. Sil lowered herself on all four limbs, spreading her legs apart so that it was convenient for her mate to enter her body. The Xenomorph didn’t waste time and crawled upon his female, the bony plates on his crotch open and his male organ ready. Sil didn’t have to wait long until his long and slimy member began penetrating her opening and in a split second was fully inside her. She let out a screeching sound, thus letting her mate understand that she felt nothing but pleasure. Her cavern enveloped his member perfectly, causing no inconvenience. The Xenomorph wasn’t going to wait and began moving quite fast right away, his hissing and screeching creating an extraordinary but at the same time beautiful love song. Two so beautiful but so deadly alien beings have now become one; so different and at the same time so similar, like two living pieces of art created by one artist. The speed on the Xenomorph’s body hip movements increased rapidly, giving so much bliss to his mate. Both lovers were approaching their climax fast, and not much time passed until they finally got to enjoy their sweet release with ear-piercing screech. And as the Xenomorph pulled his member out of her, Sil collapsed on her side and watched his tail forming a protective circle around her again.

After this experience Sil was more than sure that humans as mates are not an option for her anymore. This being gave her as much pleasure as she had ever wished for. Besides, she managed to achieve her goal. It didn’t take long until she felt movement inside her belly which meant that her mate succeeded in impregnating her. Now all that remained was to wait until her child would arrive into this world.

The Xenomorph, in turn, contemplated about his next decision. He had to create a hive, and he found a good spot in the cave for this purpose. Usually his kind needed a queen to produce eggs with facehuggers. But now the situation was different. The female he has just mated to wasn’t of his kind, but he felt now that she was already pregnant. He understood that she wasn’t going to lay eggs, but she had his child inside her now, and he was the father. In the end he decided that it would do anyway, even if she belonged to other species. She was strong, agile, and able to protect her children. So she would make a perfect queen and a perfect Mother for the hive.

With a gentle hiss he beckoned her to join him in the cave. Sil gladly accepted his invitation and followed the Xenomorph into the dark cavern. It would serve as the most suitable hiding place where she could safely deliver her child and maybe produce more offsprings.

After all, she succeeded in completing her mission.

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