

The Demonic Chronicles

Seduction

By

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Vincent's brown leather duster flaps in the wind, as he and his young apprentice stalk through an ancient necropolis under the darkness of rumbling thunderclouds. Carcasses of rotting trees cast haunting shadows over decaying tombstones with each flash of lightning.

The forecast called for clear skies. The tumultuousness weather is not caused by an incoming cold front. It is the stigmata of cumulating sinister forces.

The vegetation was not killed by high temperatures and drought. A vile ambiance, coagulated and suffocating, permeates the cemetery as if the resting spirits have been dredged from their graves and driven mad with fury. Opossums, skunks, and families of raccoons scurry by with fear in their beady little eyes. Owls and nighthawks soar overhead, not on the hunt, but fleeing the gathering baneful energy.

Mud is caked to the soles of Lana's black leather boots, zipped tight, and reaching to her knees. Her purple plaid skirt leaves her slim thighs bare, the silky skin puckered due to the cold breeze. The drizzling rain, like the mournful tears of divas foreseeing their coming doom, beads and runs off her violet three-quarter-length trench, which is unfastened and does little to hide her bubble-butt, over proportioned for her petite build but firm due to her daily morning runs. Her middle fingers are wreathed by silver ring spikes, engraved with sigils to focus her magick. Her tight-fitting white blouse, soaked through, clings to her taut breasts. Her chilled nipples show through the thin fabric, as she's wearing no bra. Her bright sapphire eyes and pink plump lips are a stark contrast to her milky complexion. Her straight black hair, with ribbony streaks of fuchsia, is jaggedly cut to chin length and tucked behind her right ear, where a purple five-pointed star enclosed within a surrounding circle, the size of a quarter, is tattooed.

Vincent also has a pentacle tattoo. His is cyan, like his piercing eyes, and covers his muscular right shoulder. It is a powerful symbol of protection to keep demons from possessing their bodies, influencing their minds, or dominating their spirits.

A demon is not a fallen angel, nor a twisted soul, nor a wayward spirit. A demon is something far worse. It is an unabated evil without any semblance of mercy or understanding of compassion. It is a vacuum of morality and love. It is not a mere corruption, it is the corrupter of all things. And they are insatiable. They have no souls, no divine spark, no creative love that is found at the core of all living things. They are absolute darkness. Death.

With a strong hand on her shoulder, Vincent halts their movement. His warm breath tickles her ear as he whispers, "Can you feel that, Munchkin?"

She both loves and hates his nickname for her. It's endearing, but it also means he still thinks of her as the scared little girl he rescued when she was eleven-years-old. Her loving father, his normally kind eyes vicious and bloodshot, brutally murdered her mother and older brother with a kitchen knife and was about to do the same to her. Vincent blew the front door off its hinges and stormed into the house. He attempted to exercise the demon, but her possessed father slit his own throat. Vincent had wanted to hand Lana over to an orphanage. Terrified as she was, she cried until he promised to stay by her side forever as her protector. He kept his word and even taught her to wield magick after she showed a natural talent for it. But today is her eighteenth birthday, and the first time she's accompanied Vincent on a hunt, and she wants to be seen by him as a woman, not a child.

Looking up at him, as he is a foot taller, Lana replies in a hushed whisper, "It's subtle, but yeah." The ominous feeling causes the hairs on her neck to stand straight. "It's so malicious."

"It's him, he's here. And the astrology is right. We must hurry."

The dying trees begin to creak, shedding the last of their clinging browned leaves. Muddy puddles tremble, churn, and boil. Branches and limbs snap and fall, crashing down all around.

Vincent's eyes dart about at the chaos with apprehension. Even as he asks, he knows it can't be true, "Please tell me this is you?"

Lana quivers with wide eyes. "I can't influence lifeless plants."

"Then the ritual is reaching its climax. We've got to stop it before it's concluded." He rushes onward, dreading the wickedness he knows he'll find.

Lana struggles not to lose Vincent, as he sprints through the lightning imposed intermittent blinding white and encroaching black, his long legs taking huge strides, mud splashing in his wake. He vaults over headstones, dashes around trees, barrows up a steep hill that Lana climbs on her hands and knees.

Vincent halts before mounting the apex, takes Lana by the hand and pulls her to her feet. When they crest the hilltop, he instinctively covers her eyes to shield her from the horror ensuing below.

Within a large pentacle of ground halite and black quartz, illuminated by lanterns surrounding the circle, are thirteen bound thirteen-year-old girls. All of them virgins. All of them bleeding their first menses. All of them bred and raised by Luciferian occultists for this ritual. Each of them being violated by three men at once. Each of them gags on a thrusting phallus as both their nether orifices are plundered. A rape orgy. One of the most potent and grievous of all satanic ceremonies. The first in an escalating sequence intended to raise an Infernal Lord.

A Japanese man, in a black cloak and over-sized hood, is standing outside the circle atop a large gravestone, chanting a demonic evocation. He is a powerful sorcerer, a follower of the left-handed path, a student of the dark arts, a practitioner of black magick, and the man Vincent has been hunting for many years. He claps his palms above his head, completing the summoning.

Lana pulls Vincent's hand away from her eyes as a hooded man slaps his palms together and the rain, lightning, and thunder abruptly arrest as if he commands the weather.

Vincent's stomach curdles, knowing the terrors that come next, as all the men assaulting the crying girls howl as one as they reach orgasm together.

Lana's jaw goes slack, her legs wobble and she falls to her knees as her mind refuses to accept this explosion of blood and gore to be real. Her mind reels, replaying the moment of carnage. An invisible force of pure maleficence massacres all of the men at once. Bodies fold backward in half, snapping spines. Limbs tear off, gushing blood. Internal organs rip out, shattering ribs. Skulls smash open against tombstones, spilling gray matter.

Vincent grinds his teeth and balls his fists in rage as the juvenile girls appear to float in the air, thrashing and screaming, as demons ravish them. Thirteen in total. One conjured for each innocent soul pillaged in their name.

With tears trickling down her cheeks, Lana croaks, "Help them!"

Vincent rumbles, "I can't. Until the circle is broken I can still reverse the rite. Send 'em back. I'm sorry."

Lana leaps up and clutches the lapels of his duster. "Vinny, *please!* You've got to—"

He grips her wrists, breaking her grasp, and commands, "Get back to the church. Run."

The Christian faith is far from the truth, but faith itself, even faith in a misconception or a brazen lie, is a powerful defense against dark forces. Therefore any place of worship is holy ground.

Lana insists, "But I can help you! I—"

Vincent barks, "Lana, *now!*"

She shrinks back and squeaks, “Okay.” He’s never yelled at me before. His cool has always been unbreakable. It means he’s afraid. Holy shit! I’ve never seen him afraid. If he’s afraid, I should be fucking *terrified!* Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

His tone softens, “Be swift but be careful. His apprentice must be here somewhere. *Go.*”

Lana nods in compliance and descends the hillside, sliding on her backside, her heart pounding, her mind whirling with fear. Demons! Demons! Actual fucking demons! Focus! Run! Go! Go! Go!

* * *

Vincent watches Lana slide down the hill and sprint off the way they came, torn between facing his most dangerous adversary and allowing his apprentice to flee without his protection.

She doesn’t have the strength, physically or magickally, to face my enemy’s nefarious apprentice. Still, she has a greater chance of defending herself against him than the demons. I’ve got to put the summoner down before he breaks the circle.

Vincent centers himself with a deep breath in through his nostrils and out through pursed lips, gathering his will. Determination, confidence, and willpower are the keys to a magickian’s magick.

He marches down the hillside toward the pentacle, magickal energy surging up and down his arms from his heart chakra, his fingers twitching. He stares beyond the adolescent girls, bleeding and screaming, at the hooded figure on the opposite side.

Kurai drops from the gravestone, his black cloak billowing up behind him. He casts off the robe, leaving himself barechested, and revealing sinewy muscles covered in fine-lined tattoos. A powerful full-body sigil that magickally intensifies his strength and speed. He is also a master of Shidōkan, and a single punch or kick, an elbow or knee, can be devastating. Fatal.

Kurai’s voice is a guttural growl that scratches at his eardrums and tears at his mind. “Timex, have you come to accept my generous offer?”

Timex is his usual derogatory reference to Vincent’s proficiency at the magick skill of chronokinesis.

“I would never walk beside you, let alone crawl behind you. Your path will only lead to suffering and death.” Vincent throws out a palm, gripping hold of a tombstone behind Kurai with his magick ability of psychokinesis, pulls it from the soft earth and hurls it at Kurai’s skull. Vincent would love to pull a Darth Vader trick and choke him out or snap his neck, but right-handed path psychokinesis only affects non-living objects.

Kurai spins with a thrusting fist and a roar. The stone explodes into dust and shards of rock. He steps out of the ensuing cloud. “You can’t have a steak without slaughtering a cow. A man must eat, mustn’t he?”

“We’re not talking about cattle. We’re talking about human lives.” As Vincent begins to walk around the circle, he casts out both hands and clutches two tombstones, one from either side of Kurai. Crossing his arms with a quick thrust, he flings the heavy stones.

Bounding into a back flip, Kurai dodges the colliding stones and lands several feet behind the resulting pile of rubble. “The vast majority are dim sheep with no more value than cattle. They strive for nothing of purpose, only for shiny trinkets and fleeting pleasures.”

“All humans are worthy of life, no matter their level of awareness or their goals.” Halfway around the circle of raping demons, with his elbows at his hips, Vincent makes a

juggling-like motion with his hands, uprooting and chucking tombstone after tombstone into the air.

With a backward leaping knee, Kurai shatters the first plummeting stone, and immediately springs into a handless cartwheel, dodging another. “Their willful ignorance and vain desires forfeit any innate value.”

Continuing his mock-juggling stone tossing, Kurai evading or bashing each one, Vincent reaches the opposite side of the pentacle, now standing between Kurai and the unbroken circle. “Genuine education and respectful encouragement is the true answer to a better world, not more manipulation and control.”

With a spinning knee and a swinging elbow, Kurai turns two falling tombstones into pebbles. “Why should the powerful surrender their dominance to the weak?”

“Because ascendancy leads to corruption and destruction. Only a system of equality and transparency will lead to balance and harmony.” Vincent advances on Kurai as he pitches the last of the smaller tombstones in range.

With a twisting sidestep and another backflip, Kurai dodges two more dropping stones. “Then there would be no competition. A world without stress and tension will grow stagnant and cancerous.”

“False, creativity blossoms in a state of peace. It’s the oppression of the indoctrination system that stifles our children’s imagination.”

Kurai destroys the last plummeting stone with a roaring headbutt. “Is that why you’ve kept that delicious girl out of school? I had thought you were hiding her from me, keeping her all to yourself. Not willing to share her, like you did with Gloria?”

With a flash of broiling rage, Vincent shouts, “I know what you’ve begun here, and I’ll not let you take it any further!” He casts out a palm, and a rush of swirling blue-white energy beams from his open hand.

With an incredible swiftness, Kurai catches the energy within his palms, held together at the wrists, and spins his hands as he thrusts them out with a whispered enchantment. “Repercussus.”

Before Vincent can react, he is struck with his own chronokinesis due to Kurai’s reflection spell, and Kurai streaks passed him as a motion blur. Ten seconds later, when the time-deceleration spell dissipates, Vincent spins around to find Kurai standing at the edge of the pentacle wearing a smug grin.

“The Luciferians believe I mean to raise Lucifer the Light Bringer. The *illuminated* ones are *fools*. The Lord I will conjure is Jehovah the Wrathful. His vengeful spirit will be my omnipotence and my immortality.”

Overcome with righteous fury, Vincent charges forward with no remaining regard for his own life. “You’re a greater fool than the Luciferians! For no Infernal Lord can be bound! Especially one as *mephistophelian* as Yahweh!”

With a quick swipe of his foot, Kurai breaks the enclosing circle of the pentacle. He whispers something, and six of the girls head’s twist off and their bodies fall to the ground at once.

Kurai chuckles, “Do you *truly* wish to continue playing with me and my seven guardians?”

Vincent stops dead in his tracks, his heart threatening to burst from his chest, and he gasps, “The other six?”

Kurai licks his lips with a sneer. “Hunting down your little princess for a game of torture, rape, and death.”

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Huffing and puffing, Lana wishes she had her Nimbus running shoes and some clean level terrain. Between her heavy boots and the hilly topography, the abysmal darkness and the sinking mud, the exposed roots and fallen branches, the mile length of overgrown graveyard is equal to ten miles of racetrack.

Keep running! Keep running! Go! Go! I can do this! I can do this! I just need to cross the perimeter of the churchyard grounds!

Arms pumping, Lana sprints across a row of graves, and something catches her boot, a root or a stone, and she goes down hard, face splashing in a muddy puddle.

Dammit! Shit! Shit! Get up!

A hoarse, inhuman voice, echoes from the dark all around and reverberates in her mind. “We are going to chew off your fingers and toes, one by one, knuckle by knuckle, and then vomit the bloody cud down your throat.”

Another otherworldly voice sounds, this one a decrepit, rasping whisper. “The Holy Scriptures is a tome of lies, the Holy Spirit a force of corruption.”

Demons! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck!

Lana scrambles to her feet and immediately tumbles again. She didn’t trip on a root or a stone as she had thought. A haggard palm has plunged from the soil and latched onto her boot.

Oh, fuck! No! No! No!

Skeletal arms burst from graves all around her. Bony hands lash and dig at the dirt and scratch and scrape at tombstones, struggling for purchase, fighting for leverage. The dead are rising as demonic zombies. Due to her protective tattoo, the demons cannot touch her without possessing someone or *something* to use as a puppet.

Rolling over, Lana yanks her boot free. She scurries backward, screaming and kicking and working her palms and elbows to get away from the corpse climbing out of the earth.

Oh, no! Oh, no! No!

The unholy revenants ascend with ghostly howls and raucous groans. Their ugly utterances reach into Lana’s spirit and rive at her very soul. Their emaciated forms are held together with tangled roots, hissing centipedes, and evil power, as is evident by their burning emerald eyes.

Oh, fucking hell!

Undead cadavers climb to their feet as she does the same. They shuffle and shamble towards her, shedding clumps of dirt and rotten clothing, moaning and chomping their jaws, arms reaching, long fingernails clawing, forming a tightening circle around her.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

She breathes hard and fast, hyperventilating. She spins around and around, wishing she had a shotgun or a chainsaw or an ax, anything to defend herself, as they close in on her, coming closer and closer. Slow your breathing! Focus your mind! Remember your training!

She clamps her eyes shut tight, trying to momentarily forget the enclosing horror, attempting to push the repulsive sights and terrible sounds from her thoughts, endeavoring to rein in her fear and center herself. If she can’t concentrate she can’t spellcast. Magick is focused

energy directed by mental will. Without sharp volition the energy fizzles, or worse, it backfires with unpredictable results that can maim or even *kill* the spellcaster.

Breathe in through the nose, out through the mouth. Focus on the rhythm of your heart. On the pause between each beat. Widen that interval. Suspend yourself within that intermission. Exist completely within that inertia.

Remembering Vincent's tranquil voice and soothing touch after her family's death, after every nightmare over the years, after each and every time she was upset for any reason, she steels herself, capturing a brief moment of peace, just enough to find her center, to gather her will, to fortify her strength and summon her magick.

A hand clutches the collar of her trench from behind her. Another wraps around her throat. Eyes bursting open, she thrusts out a palm and shouts, "Dilabor!" And a glittering violet bolt of energy fires from her silver ring spike.

The glowing emerald eyes of the ghoul gripping her throat goes dark, and it collapses into a pile of bones and centipedes, as a result of her deconstructive hex. The possessing demon is unharmed, but it will take a few minutes to construct another puppet.

She casts two more hex bolts, clearing a path to make her escape. Then squirms out of her trench and drops into a roll through the closing hole in the circling undead, and bounds to her feet and dashes away.

Holy shit, I'm still alive! I survived! But for how much longer?! I've got to keep running! Run! Run! Run!

Lana races through the cemetery, her thoughts strangled by fright, until she reaches an aboveground crypt, a mausoleum covered in vines and moss. She darts inside the tomb and halts, leaning against a stone wall to catch her breath. She gasps and pants and holds her aching sides. It stinks of mildew and mold. Spiders crawl in every corner. A snake slithers through decaying leaves chasing after a squeaking mouse.

The hoarse demon voice echoes, "We are going to tear off your skin slow, ribbon after ribbon, until every nerve is exposed, and then bathe you in salt and vinegar."

The decrepit, rasping voice whispers, "The Thirteen Apostles of Christ were a coven of witches spreading deception throughout the world."

They're toying with me!

Lana jolts her head to the left at a chirping sound. Then to the right at another. What was that?! Then there's another chirp and another, more and more, getting louder and louder, becoming a cacophony of high-pitched chirps, growing nearer and nearer. There's a mad flapping of membranous wings, and a massive colony of bats swarms into the crypt.

Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Shit!

Screaming and flailing her arms, Lana flees from the mausoleum as little sharp claws yank at her hair, tear through her clothing, and scratch and dig into her exposed flesh. She slaps and thrashes as she runs, blinded by the roiling cloud of attacking bats, deafened by their dissonant chirping.

Knees slamming into a gravestone, she falls head first over the stone and lands on her back with a heavy thud. The bats never pause in their assault. She rolls over and over, arms around her head and face, until she slaps into another gravestone. She kicks and smacks at the bats, as she screams and wrenches her head back and forth to keep them from tearing up her face.

Think! Think! Think! These are smaller bats. The insect eaters. They have poor night vision, thus all the echolocation chirping. I've got just the spell!

She commands, “Sonus absorbeo!” And rolls over onto her hands and knees as a white light passes over her from her rings. She crawls forth, staying low until she is a good distance away, while the bats dive and swoop, unable to find her thanks to her acoustic absorption spell.

She’s on her feet and running for only a moment before the hoarse voice resounds, “We are going to rape your pussy and ass with jagged stone and rusted metal until you birth your mutilated womb and defecate your shredded bowels. Then we will rip open new orifices to fuck.”

The decrepit, rasping whisper follows, “Jesus Christ was a sorcerer supreme, same as Abraham, Isaac, Moses, Solomon, and Isaiah before him, intent on evoking the Lord of Wrath, Elohim the Vengeful, the Almighty Jehovah God.”

Ignore the skin crawling voices and keep running! Run hard! Run fast! Run! Run! Run!

Eyes wide, arms windmilling, Lana comes to a sliding halt. A few yards ahead, mud and branches are swirling twelve feet into the air, as if caught in a small cyclone. Oh, fuck! What now!?

A long-snouted face of mud forms on a huge bear-like golem with tree limbs for antlers. Bits of grass and squiggling worms stick out here and there all along its bulky frame. Its muzzle opens in a roaring bellow, so thunderous her ears ring, and the dreadful creature charges forward.

As the monster barrels towards her, Lana throws out a hand with a shout. “Dilabor!”

A branch-clawed mud-paw comes up to shield its head, catches the glittering violet bolt, and plops to the ground like a dropped mud pie. Its other paw backhands her across the middle, hurling her into the air. Her screaming as she soars backward is ceased by a painful yelp as she slams into a tree and falls to the ground.

She scampers to her feet as the mud mutant rushes her awkwardly on three legs. Diving out of its path, it plows into the tree she had struck, hitting it with enough force to snap the base of the trunk and send it crashing down.

“Dilabor!”

The golem loses a leg but keeps coming.

“Dilabor!”

Both legs gone, growling and snapping, the monstrous brute pulls itself forward with one paw.

“Dilabor! Dilabor! Dilabor!”

Finally, nothing remains but broken branches and heaps of mud. Lana falls back, spread-eagle, panting and sweating, exhausted and depleted. Dear Gaia, please deliver me.

The hoarse demon voice echoes, “When your body finally gives out, and the death rattle takes you, we will entrap your soul, and torture you for all of eternity, playing out your every nightmare, again and again, forever and ever.”

The decrepit, rasping voice whispers, “Jehovah is the most perversive of the Infernal Lords, seeking the subversion of the weak, craving the blood of the innocent, desiring the spirit of every man, woman, and child.”

Fear wringing her adrenal glands dry to pump another dose of adrenaline into her bloodstream, Lana scurries to her feet and runs toward the church. I can do this! I can do this! Go! Go!

She halts yet again as two white marble putti, winged toddler sculptures atop a grave memorial, turn their chubby-cheeked heads, open their big eyes, and untwine from their loving embrace. They giggle a nasty sound, like the laughter of unrepentant wretched souls, as they climb down from their stone pedestal.

Lana hits one with a deconstructive hex, but it has no effect. Damn! I should have known that wouldn't work!

The cherubs hold hands as they skip towards her with a mirthful gait, laughing that awful giggling. It burns her eardrums. Racks at her brain. Sends chills up her spine.

Shit! Shit! I don't know any spells that would scuff marble, let alone damage it!

As the nude putti skip nearer, she can see their tiny penises jiggling and their little wings twitching. Their abrasive laughter grows harsher and louder.

Fuck! I've got to find Vinny! *No!* I can't go back, the bats and ghouls are probably still coming this way! Fuck these creepy babies! Just run around them! They've got pudgy little legs! How fast can they possibly run?!

She crouches down like a runner on the starting line, draws in a deep breath, ready to burst into a sprint, but before she exhales, the hoarse voice resounds again. "Scratch that symbol from your neck and bow in worship of us, and we will pardon you from eternal damnation."

The decrepit, rasping whisper follows, "The rising of Yahweh will bring unto this earthly realm all the torments of the Lake of Fire. The sun will blacken. The skies will rain terror. Fear induced insanity will ravage the minds of man and beast. When He is through all that will remain is darkness and death."

Lana screams in anger and fright. "Fuck you!"

A nine-foot-tall statue of the angel of death, chiseled from black marble, cloaked and brandishing a scythe, comes marching out of a mausoleum beside her, only a couple yards away.

She mutters, "Oh, fuck me."

The cherubs cease their skipping and giggling a few feet ahead of her. They smile wide, revealing razor teeth. Sharp talons sprout from their stubby fingers. Their wings flit and flicker. Their eyes roll crazily around in their skulls. They speak as one in a horrid squawk. "Feed us, Mommy!"

What the fuck?! What the holy fucking hell?!

A herculean grumble comes from the darkened cowl of the approaching angel. "They will feast on your body and then I will consume your spirit."

Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! Run! Run! Run! And Lana's boots pound the ground as she finds herself sprinting and leaping with three possessed statues chasing her. Oh, shit! Oh, shit!

The cherubs swing and jump from branch to branch, moving through the trees like evil monkeys, giggling and begging for flesh. The Reaper hovers over the ground like a wraith, his cloak billowing behind him, twirling and slashing his scythe.

Lana's heart beats in her ears like a drum, deep and dark, a quickening rhythm that brings death ever closer. Her ragged breath comes in painful wheezes, her nostrils flaring, her lungs burning for air, her brain starving for oxygen. The searing muscles of her legs seize and she tumbles to the ground. She drags herself forward on her hands and elbows, trembling with fear and exertion, her body growing heavier and heavier, her vision hazier and hazier, until the trees and gravestones are spinning in a smear of colors, draining into a black hole. The all-consuming void expands, the all-seeing eye dilates, the abyss swallows her mind and soul.

This is the end of the free preview.

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