

# **Lil' Spirit Peeler**

**By**

**James Lucien**

Lying on my back upon a dressing room table, I lick my paw and scrub it over an ear as I watch the dancers of Loli Heaven preparing for another night of teasing and titillating.

I'm a demon *tragically* bound to a simple-minded succubus. The daughter of a demonic overlord. Outcast for her undemon-like behavior and beliefs. She refuses to commit the merry act of murder. The ethereal realm doesn't want her and the infernal realm is afraid she's an absolute embarrassment. If by some miracle she ever outgrows her juvenile innocence, I'm to usher her back to her father. I'm not holding my breath.

Until that time I am stuck in the humiliating form of a cat. Ecchi's choice, not mine. At least I'm invisible to the earthly inhabitants. Thank Lucifer for small favors. I'd choke myself on a hairball if I had to endure the canoodling of humans.

When Ecchi grasps for her sparkling pink lip gloss, I swipe it off the table with a flick of my fluffy tail. She rolls her wide fuchsia eyes with a gleeful grin before bending over to reach for it, presenting me her luscious round rump, white as sun-bleached bone and adorned with a black g-string.

Of all the dancers, Ecchi has the tiniest tits and the biggest butt. Greezy, the manager, says it's her greatest *asset* and smacks it every time she crosses his path. I don't blame him. Her booty's a supernatural spank magnet. If only I had hands.

Her crimson arrowhead tail wags perpetually, drawing more attention to her bodacious bum and announcing her incessant state of cheer. Her tail plus the sharp ruby horns jutting from her pixie-cut lavender hair are *unfortunately* not found worthy of pitchforks and flaming torches by the patrons. She's mistaken for a bioroid like the other dancers.

Once Ecchi has applied her makeup, she dons her naughty nun outfit, squeezing her sylphlike little body into a black and white vinyl tear-away dress, slips on black syntha-leather thigh-high stiletto boots, and completes the ensemble with a nun's headpiece.

I utter the feline equivalent of a bored sigh. "Ecchi, *sweetie*, don't you ever tire of the saintly sinner routine?"

She scratches the back of my head, evoking a purr from my throat. "Oh Rascal, don't you ever tire of being grumpy all the time?"

I hate that name. It's so belittling. I'd prefer she addressed me as Lord Voldemort or something of that sort.

I whack at her petting hand. "Don't you miss the sweet smell of brimstone and the comforting warmth of hellfire?"

Ecchi adjusts her headpiece in the mirror. "Well sure, but there's plenty here to enjoy."

I hiss, "You should be devouring the souls of righteous men rather than sipping spirit from aberrant slob!"

She cocks her head and arches a brow. "This deplorable argument again?"

Annoyed, I pitch her lip gloss off the table again.

She flares her fuchsia eyes in frustration, but her jovial smile never wavers. "Bad kitty."

Ecchi turns to retrieve her gloss as Babs, the headliner dressed in a baby-blue scandalous schoolgirl attire, is walking past and they collide, both of them nearly toppling over. Babs' boobs

are so big, even restrained by her tie-front crop top, they flop around more than her long blonde pigtailed or her floppy bunny ears.

Babs scoffs and sneers and stomps. "Watch where you're swinging your fat ass, Round Bottom!"

Ecchi presses her palms together before her heart and apologizes. "It was all my fault! I'm sorry! Forgive me!" But Babs is already marching away, stubby white tail twitching madly.

I stretch and yawn. "Oh golly, Round Bottom, now you've done it. Has anyone ever invoked the wrath of Little Bunny Foo Foo and survived?"

Ecchi cups a hand over her plump lips to subdue a giggle, and catches a cross look from Neko as she walks by, her almond-shaped jade eyes squinting, long short-haired tail curled in, feline ears pinned back against her raven hair, held in a bun by ornate hair-sticks, scantily clad in a glamorous Geisha garb.

The other Lolita dolls saunter out, snickering as they pass. Ecchi is last to exit the dressing room as usual. Even I leap up and bound off her shoulder to scamper out ahead of her.

The club is packed tight with horny cretins as expected, bopping and swaying to booming electroporn music. The narcotic haze of Euphoria vapor snakes and swirls in the sputtering lasers and strobing black-lights like ghostly tentacles writhing in ecstasy. Babs is on stage playing peek-a-boo with her jiggling melons as the crowd hoots and hollers and manhandles the other dancers.

Like Ecchi, all the bioroids are short and slender as prepubescent girls while also being sensuous as adult women. They're adorable and arousing simultaneously. Their virginal and voluptuous qualities accentuate each other, exaggerating their allure. Each of them is a beaming beacon of beautiful bliss. If I didn't find release when Ecchi feeds, via our infernal link, I would explode, splattering bits of cat everywhere.

My tail jittering with excitement, I spring onto the stage and watch Babs wiggle out of her white cotton panties, still wearing her plaid miniskirt, and toss them into the throng. A brawl breaks out and her undies are torn to shreds. She hops onto the spinning nano-glass pole, coils her legs around it and throws her arms out, casting off her top to fully reveal her magnificent mammas. The mob roars with fanatical praise.

My mounting elation at the sight of Babs humping the pole and fondling her bouncing bosoms is suddenly razed. Ecchi is in distress, yet again. She *always* spoils my fun.

I turn away from the provocative spectacle with a feline groan of vexation as Babs is nearing orgasm, and spring from shoulder to shoulder following the increasing sense of despair.

In a back corner of the club, a dense circle of bikers cheer and taunt. I bound off the gleaming dome of a hulking bald-headed buffoon, nimbly avoiding the concentric rings of sharp spikes protruding from his gargantuan skull, and land on Ecchi's arched back.

Lyi, the only doll I'd rather kill with my bare hands than slay with my ribbed cock, that is if I were ever permitted to return to my true form of course, has her caramel thighs clamped around Ecchi's neck, the bottoms of her thick cheeks pressed to the back of Ecchi's head. Lyi is wearing her sexy savage costume. The earthy-colored beads dangling from her brown fringed halter-top and miniskirt match the beads in her braided chocolate hair. Her cropped canine ears

are pricked forward in concentration and her docked tail flicks back and forth with fervor as she yips and yaps mocking jeers.

Kit, dressed in her frisky French maid outfit, has Ecchi's vinyl dress pulled up and is slapping her pale ass beet-red. With each loud clap, Kit's curly flame-red hair jounces about, her upright triangular ears flutter, and her bushy vermilion tail lashes to and fro. She's as thrilled to spank Ecchi's round rump as the rowdy ruffians are to watch.

I gawk momentary at Ecchi's wriggling bum, as she whines and whimpers, "Please, stop, please."

Spinning around on her back, I curl up and wrap my tail around myself as if to nap. "Ecchi, if you really wanted them to stop, you'd make them stop."

She whispers between sobs, "I don't want to hurt them."

I purr, "You're perfectly pathetic." And knead my paws, punching needle-like holes in her dress.

Kit steps aside and, with a dramatic wave of her palm, offers up Ecchi's backside to the frenzied gang of hooligans. "Everyone gets a turn! Show her what you've got!"

Ecchi screams and screeches but doesn't resist as the burly bikers batter her bum and slap her face in revelry.

Eventually, Greezy parts the crowd with a waggle of his golden cane, wearing a pearl-white three-piece suit with violet tie and dress shoes that match his purple dreadlocks and goatee. "Sorry to interrupt the fun, boys, but Round Bottom has been requested by a VIP."

I scurry up Ecchi's back onto her shoulder as she rises, sniffing and wiping the tears from her flushed cheeks.

Greezy gropes her burning buns before pulling her dress into place, then escorts her to the champagne room, fending off admirers of little girls with ample asses all the way, flogging a few with his cane. Bending down outside the private suite, he clutches a cheek and grumbles into her ear. "You know the deal. Suck his dick and make it good and sloppy or I'll take it out of your chubby white ass. My big black cock is *aching* for an excuse to bust your ass cherry wide open."

I wish he would. It'd be a splendid sight. She's a suck slut, but a virgin in every other way.

Ecchi nods her head timidly and Greezy shoves her through the door. The walls and ceiling are like windows, displaying the erotic act on stage. Neko's performing a fan dance.

A statuesque Japanese man, with a full-body dynamic-tattoo of an oriental dragon envelope in shimmering steam, is stark naked and fully aroused upon a scarlet syntha-leather loveseat, with a tank full of bioluminescence piranha set in the wall behind him. He's surprisingly well-endowed for an Asian human, and about twice Ecchi's height. His girthy schlong would be a challenge even for a fully grown woman. I'll be impressed if Ecchi manages to stuff half his manhood into her elfin mouth.

He guzzles from an expensive bottle of champagne and affords her a greedy grin. "Mmm."

Ecchi wags her crimson arrowhead tail nervously, and stammers, "Do-do yo-you have sins to confess?"

He licks his chops. "Oh yes, and more yet to commit. But first, turn around and present me the ass that has become a legend."

I leap off her shoulder onto the sofa and take a seat beside the man's head to enjoy the show.

At first glance Ecchi may appear to be just another Lolita doll manufactured to satisfy the perverted desires of miscreants, but when she entertains there is not doubt she is much more. The seduction of a succubus is more enticing than anything else in existence. Their influence could induce a eunuch Pope to curse the name of God while dildoing himself with a splintered crucifix.

Ecchi turns her back to us and loses her demure attitude as her inborn nature takes over. An electrifying ripple of hot passion surges through the room as she flexes a cheek, splitting open her vinyl dress along one side. Flexing the other cheek, she hits us with another thrilling wave of sizzling eroticism while splitting the opposite side of her dress. She leans forward and grasps her knees, propping out her bum in a squatting stance. Then looking back over her shoulder with a flirtatious smile, she rolls her hips, flapping the rear of her dress up and down while smacking her cheeks together in a most captivating manner.

The man's prick throbs so fiercely it beats against his rigid abs, and he growls, "I *must* taste your ass!"

She stands stout, back still turned to us, and presses a palm to her mouth in coy surprise. "Oh, my!"

He slides from the loveseat onto his knees and bows his head. "I *beg* you."

With a twinkle of lust in her fuchsia eyes, Ecchi uncovers her lips to exhibit a carnal smile. "You wish me to submit to such vulgarity and I have yet to even learn your name?"

He bows deep, touching his forehead to the floor. "*Please* forgive my disrespect. I have been awarded the name, Ryyu."

She permits him to remain prostrated for a full minute, before cooing, "You are forgiven, Ryyu." Pinching the hem of the rear of her dress between forefinger and thumb, she lifts it gradually, unveiling her terrific tush. "*I* award you the privilege of a taste."

Ryyu crawls the short distance on his hands and knees. "Thank you for this marvelous gift." Grasping her g-string, he pulls it down, and Ecchi steps out of it and kicks it away. Palming her cheeks, Ryyu splays them apart, exposing her tight pink star, and gasps, "Ancestors be praised! I vow to construct a shrine to canonize your rosebud."

She bursts into childish laughter, but then he presses his mouth between her buns and her giggles turn to mewls and her crimson tail coils around his neck. "Ooh, *yes, yes, yes*. Eat my hiney."

Allowing her cheeks to close around his face, Ryyu grips her hips and groans with gluttonous salacity as he swirls his head and jabs his tongue, wracking me with jealousy. He laves her bud with insatiable obsession, cramming his fleshy organ deeper and deeper until his famished grunts become ravenous yowls and Ecchi twists away from him painting with hunger.

She stabs a furious finger toward the sofa, and barks, "*Sit! Now!*"

Ryyu clammers to his feet with a clash of excitement and terror and dives backward onto the loveseat.

Ecchi falls upon his sword with the violent intensity of a samurai of old thrusting a blade into his gut in the act of seppuku. She pumps his thick shaft with ardent twists of a dainty hand and fondles his heavy balls with her other palm, as heavy drool bubbles and spits from her moaning lips as she sucks him with incredible vehemence, while simultaneously stroking her tiny bundle of nerves with the tip of her arrowhead tail. It isn't long before stringy strains of slobber swings and sways from her chin as she bobs her head with an astounding diligence. Her eyelids flutter as she chokes herself, jamming his prick into the back of her throat, but she never breaks eye contact as she gorges herself on his member. Her manic moans of extreme enthusiasm are punctuated by the wet pops of her suckling lips sliding off the bulbous head of his pulsating prick.

I can't help but hump the top cushion of the sofa as I ogle the entralling scene of Ecchi devouring Ryuu's fat cock while secretly siphoning spirit from his soul.

This is the end of the free preview.

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