

# **Seraphic Surrender**

**By**

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My grizzled face is a sadistic mask of anticipation, concealing my complete lack of emotion as my demonic underlings drag a young human girl, kicking and screaming, from a barbed cage overstuffed with female captives from the earthly realm above.

My decades of zealous service to the overlord of this territory has yielded me these ruins of an infernal cathedral. Visible through the collapsed ceiling, winged reptiles on the hunt, soar through the crimson night sky amid snowing ash and rumbling detonations of black lightning. An attractive slave stands to either side of my throne, carved from the massive skull of an ancient leviathan, fanning me to help abate the humid air, fouled with the stench of brimstone and death. A hellhound lays sprawled at my feet, ogling the crying youth with burning eyes while licking his chops of razor-sharp fangs. A deathcore band plays on the altar behind me, a banshee shrieking their macabre lyrics. A succubus, once a cherub, is wrapped around my leg, little black wings fluttering, humping my shin as she eagerly bobs on my demonhood.

I sip red wine, infused with virgin's blood and spiked with poppy milk, from a jeweled goblet, and shout a raspy cheer along with the vociferous crowd of lesser demons that fill the nave, watching my thirteen generals strip the girl of her choir dress. The wine is a gift from Lilith, the Infernal Lady of Lust, bribery for a passionate interlude. We fucked incessantly for days before she finally released me. The goblet is an award from Jehovah, the Infernal Lord of Wrath, for victory in his gladiator arena. I fought every day for weeks to be crowned champion.

As a former seraph of the ethereal realm, I rose surprisingly swiftly through the ranks of the forsaken, amassing great power and valuable property with little time and scant sacrifice, other than my emotional destitute, which I must keep secret as it's considered a weakness. Dukes of Darkness are expected to revel in their glories.

The girl thrashes and squeals in agony as her pale skin is slashed and gashed and her auburn hair is yanked out in bloody clumps, as my hulking generals, three at a time, savagely pillage each of her orifices in a barbarous rage as the riled spectators spit and shout.

When all thirteen have showered her with their goop, her limp body is tossed onto the pulpit for my hellhound. He crushes her skull with his powerful jaws, quelling her weeping, before rending out her guts and gulping them down.

The opening ceremony complete, the cramped cage of girls is emptied into the feral congregation so the rape orgy may commence. The girls are brutally beaten as they're sexually pummeled. The plundering demons chew off ears, fingers and toes, appetizers for the feast to come after the bestial rampage concludes. There will be nothing left of the girls but shattered bones drained of their marrow.

Long before the feast, my sucking succubus quivers with climax as she swallows several pints of my splooge as I utter a grumble of false satisfaction. Truthfully, I feel nothing more than a slight sense of relief, no more pleasurable than emptying a full bladder.

I rise from my throne to retire for the night as the throng is fucking in a frenzy, and shake the minx from my leg. She follows on my heels, crawling on hands and knees and yelping like a hungry bitch as I walk behind the altar and descend the crumbling stairs to the catacombs. My fanning slaves also follow, the iron chains of their fetters rattling down the staircase.

The blue flames of soul-gem torches spaced along the stone walls light my grand chamber with a sepulchral glow. A reflection of my hollow soul. Scenes of debauchery and carnage are chiseled into the stone. The art of tortured sculptors.

With a heavy sigh, I drop to my oversized bed and fall back into my angel-feather pillows. The drooling demoness climbs in and returns to my cock like an addict to a pipe. My

shell-shocked slaves continue to wave their fans, no doubt relieved they were chosen to be my new attendants rather than a party favor of the celebration.

Thanks to the potent wine, I begin to drift off at once. A rare delight. Though monstrous guilt has long ago left me a barren husk, closing my eyes always brings an endless sideshow of the countless atrocities I've committed to gain my prestigious esteem. I cannot recall a single memory with any clarity from before my fall. The centuries of depravity and slaughter have corrupted and blurred them all.

I sit up as a sudden whirlwind rips through my chamber, tearing the fans from my slaves' hands and filling the air with the sweet scent of flowers. A prismatic column of ethereal luminosity forms at the center of my room and intensifies until I must conceal my eyes. A lulling melody of harps and signing children announce the approach of an angel, and I spring from my bed, my succubus clinging fearfully to my thigh. My slaves fall to their knees, crying for mercy.

When the scented wind, blinding light, and angelic music ceases, I uncover my eyes and gape in awe, totally transfixed.

Her blonde hair cascades over her bare shoulders like liquid gold and courses down the length of her naked back, gullied between her dual sets of magnificence white-feathered wings, like mine before they were plucked and grew withered and leathery. The lace veil of a bride adorns her long hair. A sheer white babydoll with lavender ribbon trim and hemline, with matching lace thong and a single garter, is the only thing else she wears. Her golden bronze skin is wreathed in a halo of golden luminescence, a divergent contrast to the black nimbus that radiates from my charred flesh.

She turns to face me and I gasp in recognition as my heart leaps. A tear sizzles upon my cheek.

Her beautiful blue eyes are like brilliant orbs of azure fire. Her crown is ringed with a tiara of purple daisies braided into her hair. Her mountainous peaks are heavy but buoyant without the aid of a bra. Her waist is trim and her abdominal muscles are well defined. She is nearly my height but barely half my weight. She is the epitome of perfection.

She whispers, "Azael, my lost son, I am struck with a clashing of poignant emotions at the sight of you."

I palm my succubus's head and twist it from her shoulders with a wet crack. Then grip each slave by the neck and smash their skulls together. There can be no witnesses of her visit.

I snarl a harsh whisper, "Mother, you are not safe here! You must leave *immediately!*"

She steps forward, white lilies sprouting in the wake of her footfalls. "I will leave only if you accompany me."

I shake my head as a feeling of remorse wells in my chest. "You know I cannot enter your realm." I would be obliterated instantly.

She beams with a cheerful smile and it causes a pang in my shriveled heart. "I have arranged a safe haven between here and there."

I give it no further thought. I mustn't let any harm come to her. "Fine, Mother, let us go now."

"Thank you, my cherished son." She holds out her palm, and when my fingers touch hers, we're engulfed by another prismatic column of ethereal luminosity.

A moment later, the light and wind fade and we're no longer in my chamber. Warm sunlight spills through large arches to illuminate a sumptuous room of gold-veined white marble. A bath akin to a park fountain is set in the floor at the center. Steam wafts from the gently

churning water smelling of sweet lavender, urging me to enter. Soft piano music flows from speakers, affixed to the vaulted ceiling, enhancing the soothing ambiance.

Before I can form the words to ask, my mother answers. "We're up in the Himalayas. There is no one here besides a few attendants. We will not be disturbed."

Skepticism narrows my eyes and I shake off her gripping hand. "Why are we here?"

"Please, Azael," she gestures to the bath, "allow me to bathe you."

I clench my fists as flames of ire flare in my belly. "Dukes of Darkness bathe in blood, not water."

Crestfallen, she implores, "Please, my son, this is no ordinary water. It has great healing properties. It has been blessed."

I growl, "You wish me to bathe in *holy* water?!"

Melancholy weighs upon her shoulders. "I mean no insult to your eminence. I'm simply offering you a gift."

Her somber state cools my anger to mere frustration. "I have no need of your gifts. I fought my way up from the infernal bowels just fine with no aid."

She takes a stern tone. "And it is not *my* fault you laid with human women, resulting in the birth of nephilim and consequently your banishment from the ethereal realm."

I exhale a heavy sigh. "You're right, Mother. I'm sorry."

She gestures to the bath again, more fervently. "Will you then *please* accept my gift?"

"Okay," I nod, "but there is no reason for you to sully your hands with the defecation of the underworld."

She falls into step beside me as I stroll to the bubbling bath, and offers me a devious smirk I've never seen on her elegant face. "You will *not* deny your mother the delightful nostalgia of bathing her baby boy."

I snort. "It's been millennia since I was a child."

A gleeful giggle rings from her full lips as reminiscence sparkles in her dazzling eyes. "Even then you were chasing girls, even before you knew what to do with them."

I chuckle at the nostalgic recollection of my childhood infatuations, and counter, "Oh, I knew what to do with them. They simply wouldn't allow it." I neglect to admit I convinced my younger sister to permit me to deflower her. She was the first of many innocents to surrender their virginity to my masculine guile.

Hands stout on her curvy hips, she squints one eye at me grimly. "How did you know? *Who* told you?"

Her maternal indignation curves my lips into a mischievous grin. "You did."

She balks, "I would never!"

I let her stew in her outrage, climbing into the bath with a toothy smile as my response. Due to my infernal energy, the water rises to a boil instantly, steam hissing into the air.

My mother stomps a foot, and huffs, "I did *not* tell you at that age."

As I soak, I draw her motherly distress out further. "As I recall, you never *told* me at any age."

She throws her hands in the air, exasperated. "Then how am I responsible? Explain it."

I flash her a guilty grin. "I watched you and father without your awareness. Several times, actually. It was as entertaining as it was educational." And showing my parents in the throes of passion to my sister was pinnacle to my sexual persuasion over her.

She shakes her head disapprovingly as she cracks a smile. "Azael, a rogue straight out of the womb."

I shrug my shoulders. "I won't deny it." And dunk my head under the water. I remain submerged for a long while, lost in a serene trancelike state of mind. The water is truly divine.

When I finally surface, my mother's white-feathered wings are spread wide and curled around me. She holds a sea sponge in one hand, sitting on the bath edge. Her eyes twinkle with tears of joy.

I cock my head and arch a brow, disbelieving. "Mother, why such an emanation of emotion over a simple bath?"

She snuffles. "I don't expect you to understand my feelings."

I roll my eyes dismissively. "Well then, are you ready to divulge why we're here? You've endangered both of us."

With her free hand, she wipes her trickling tears from her cheeks. "Be patient. This reunion was not arranged carelessly, nor on a mere caprice."

I can think of no reason she would desire to bring harm to me, so I give her the benefit of the doubt. "Okay, but get on with it already."

"I promise, you will not be disappointed." She dips the sponge in the water, and with a circular motion, she begins to scrub my scalp.

I close my eyes with a pleasant sigh, enjoying the gentle massage as she moves down my neck, then over my broad shoulders. I haven't felt this relaxed since before my fall. "Your touch is more tender than any succubus."

She rubs my face, then my muscular arms and stacked pecs. "That is because their seduction is born of selfish lust, rather than unconditional love."

My eyes remaining closed, I grin slyly. "Are you admitting to being a seductress yourself?"

She works the sponge over the corded muscles of my back, and then around to my chiseled abs. "Have you mistaken me for a siren?"

I state the obvious. "I'm teasing you, Mother. I am a *nasty* demon, you know."

"How could I forget?" She does not shy away from my groin, brazenly scrubbing my phallus and testis, causing my meaty member to grow semi-engorged.

I jest, "You are quite old." And I attempt to will my demonhood to slumber.

She laughs, "How dare you?"

Her heavenly laughter is contagious, and so I chuckle, "*Again*, Mother, I am a demon."

A great yearning swells within me, as she continues to scrub my organ. When I'm fully erect, I let slip a faint groan and she moves on to my legs. I'm shocked by the hot flush of embarrassment I suffer. It can mean only one thing. Something I've denied since I first observed my mother making love to my father. I long to penetrate her. I crave to enter her. I wish to be one with her through sexual union.

She coos, "You've got nothing to be ashamed of." And scrubs the soles of my feet and between my toes. "You're *bigger* than your father."

I swallow an anxious lump in my throat. "*Mother*, please."

She giggles playfully. "The big bad Duke of Darkness is daunted by his mother's praise."

My only response to her taunting is a disgruntled groan. I can't fathom how I would even begin to confess my incestuous desire for her.

She bops my nose like when I was a child. "I'm almost done. I just need to get your backside."

Abashed by my persistent erection, my eyes remain shut as I push myself up a bit, and she reaches under me and rubs my rear, even scrubbing between my cheeks. “You’re as meticulous as ever.”

Her velvety lips peck my forehead gingerly. “Open your eyes.”

I’m immediately awash in reverence and gratitude at the sight of myself. My charred flesh has been scoured away to reveal fresh skin, and I no longer radiate a black nimbus of infernal energy. “Mother...”

Puffing out her chest, she exaggerates her already abundant bust, and slides the straps of her babydoll over her slender shoulders, then pulls it down, uncovering her gorgeous bosoms. They sit proudly upon her chest, round and firm, like ripe melons ready to burst. Her nipples are pink and puckered. They glisten with milky droplets. “Nurse, my beautiful boy, so you may be completely healed.”

My lips part without delay or consideration, and I close them gently around a teat. I suckle and sweet milk flows over my tongue, sparking every taste bud to life. The creamy ambrosia streams down my throat, mending my tattered vocal cords. It proceeds into my stomach, soothing my painful ulcers. An invigorating warmth spreads throughout my body. The narcotic haze, from Lilith’s wine, clears from my mind. My withered wings tingle and spasm with rejuvenation. My heartbeat speeds with excitement. My breathing quickens with exhilaration. My erection pulsates with arousal. A celestial vitality, long ago forgotten, returns to me.

Overwhelmed, I pull away with a gasp. I’m wreathed in a halo of golden luminescence. “Mother, *how* is this possible?!”

She cradles the back of my head, curls her wings in tighter, and pulls my mouth to her other breast. “No questions now, my child. Please, let me enjoy this. I’ve *longed* for this occasion.”

I forget my bewildering query at once, greedily indulging myself instead. As I suckle, I ardently grope her pert bosoms, which overflow from my kneading palms. Her peaks are magnificent, aesthetically, tactilely, and certainly gustatorily.

She strokes my crown, and I can feel thick hair sprouting from my scalp and feathers growing upon my wings. “*Mmm*, that’s my good boy. You make Mommy so proud. You’re rather thirsty, aren’t you?”

I suckle each teat in a delirious state of euphoria, groaning as I drink and listening to her blissful moans until her bosoms are drained.

When I withdraw, panting with exuberance, she bends over and, with delicate care, laps up the warm milk that has dribbled over my chin and down my neck. She swipes a thumb gently across my lips and licks the cream from the pad. Then holds my gaze, her honeyed breath tickling my nostrils as her azure eyes burn with affection, for what feels like eons.

Finally, our lips collide in an awesome outpouring of ferocious passion unlike any I’ve experienced in all my existence. Our tongues lave each other and swirl in a frenetic dance. I suck her tongue and she bites my lip libidiously.

Just as abruptly as our kissing began, she breaks away and folds in her wings. With an imploring countenance, she coos, “You have my permission to kiss my nether lips, if you so desire, Azael.”

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