

Tiny Terrible Temptress

By

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My girthy erection pulsates against the crotch of my tactical skin-suit in rhythm with my racing heart as I strangle my target, a senator's trophy wife, with my cybernetic hands, watching her bulging, bloodshot eyes lose focus, her soul abandoning her physical vessel, feeling vibrantly alive for the fleeting moment as I squeeze the life from her as though I'm gorging on her fleeing spirit.

When her tearing eyes flutter closed and her flailing limbs slacken, I suck in a sharp breath as an orgasmic quiver courses through me, igniting my every nerve while delivering me to the edge of the abyss of sweet oblivion.

Over the choking gurgling of her death rattle, as I'm about to plummet, I hear a child's laughter. The high-pitched giggle of a youth. The target's children are grown, and my initial scan revealed the penthouse empty but for her.

Whipping around, I survey the luxurious bedroom for the source, and for the blink of an eye, in the darkened doorway, I view a devil.

The jolting image sears my memory instantly. She stands four feet tall, slender and petite, in a skimpy black latex outfit with pink and white striped thigh-highs, with stubby little amethyst horns protruding from her forehead, pointed ears poking through her long bone-white hair, big luminous purple eyes, a set of fangs glinting against her plump bottom lip, plum-sized breasts, small membranous violet wings jutting from the small of her back, and an onyx arrowhead tail lashing from her tailbone.

A few days later, at St Paul's, I step into a confessional booth for Reconciliation. By this time I've come to believe the bizarre incident was merely a stress-induced hallucination.

"Forgive me Father for I have sinned. It's been a week since my last confession."

Though the booth is soundproof, the priest replies through the lattice in a whisper, which I find rather odd. "Tell me your sins, my son."

"I've used Euphoria every day and drank alcohol excessively twice. I've beaten six men, purposely breaking the arms of three, the legs of two, and the jaw of one. I've murdered three people, two men with a plasma-rifle, and a woman with my bare hands. I ask Jesus for forgiveness."

The priest groans, "Why, son?"

"Father, are you okay? Ill?"

He grunts, "I'm fine. Continue."

"I abuse my body because it brings me temporary relief from my heavy conscience. Prayer is not enough. I beat and murder because I have no other choice. If I refuse a job my wife and daughter will be killed."

A juvenile's voice squeaks, "You have no place in the light. You're a creature of the darkness. Dealing death is a delicacy that you relish."

I growl, "What are you?"

She giggles, "I'm an answer to all of your prayers."

I leap out of the booth and tear the door to the priest's compartment off the hinges. He's unconscious, slack-jawed and drooling, his robes wide open, leaving his member exposed. It's dripping semen and saliva.

A couple days later my Yakuza boss sends an auto-limo to retrieve me for a sit-down about a big hit.

The sleek black armored limo is hovering on the taxi loading platform when I step outside my studio apartment, a hundred and twenty floors up. The neon-lit super-city is still vivacious with zooming sky traffic near midnight on a weeknight.

My military-grade neural aug registers an ID scan before the limo door slides open. It seals shut behind me before I've even taken a seat.

My butt barely touches the syntha-leather seating before I spring across the limo, grasping at the imp, but she disappears.

She giggles. "Too slow, Papa."

I twist and leap and she vanishes again.

She purrs, "You'll only catch me if I want you to, Papa."

I spin around, and snarl, "What are you?"

She smiles demurely. "Would ya believe I'm your guardian angel?"

I bark, "No!" And dive to catch an arm full of nothing.

"I can do this all night if you like but we don't have much time."

My face contorted by frustration, I reluctantly sit down. "What do you want from me?"

She winks. "To give you everything you truly desire, Papa."

"Stop calling me that. You're not my daughter."

"But I can be, and I know that's what you want. Your deep longing for her love has warped into lust." She caresses the milky skin of her taut belly, igniting a fire in my loins. "I've only taken this form because it's what you crave. I'm an exaggeration of her from the last time you saw her years ago. I could be a curvy blonde with double D's." She fondles her plump peaks and her tiny nipples show through the black latex, causing my cock to engorge. "But instead I've got baby boobies. Do ya wanna touch them, Papa?"

I lie, "No, you *disgust* me. Now tell me what you want."

"You want your family to be safe. I can help."

"How could you help me?"

"I can give you the means to slay your boss. You could take his place."

"How would that be possible?"

"I have limited ability in the physical realm, but with you as my avatar, I'll be able to grant you powers far beyond human capability."

"Why would you do this?"

She grins. "For fun, Papa."

As I sit there mulling it over, pondering the possibility that this fiend speaks the truth, that I could kill my boss and free my wife and daughter of danger, I watch her lift her knees so

the recessed lighting above spotlights her slit visible through her tight latex panties, and my heart rate doubles.

With her arrowhead tail, she casually rubs her cameltoe while staring at me with a coy expression masking her carnal hunger, and my dick pulsates with a vigorously mounting need.

“Fuck it. What do I have to do to become your avatar?”

She offers me a sly smile. “To feed you my power I must feed on your hot sticky cum and all the delicious sensual energies that come along with it.”

I furrow my brow in repugnance. “You vile depraved monster.”

Lowering her legs, she sinks onto her hands and knees and begins to crawl towards me, licking her pouty lips and tonguing her glinting fangs with a look of predatory greed. “Just think of me as a Lolita sex-bot, Papa. I know you’ve used them.”

I have, on multiple occasions. I’m weak. “Is there any other way?”

She shakes her head. “Nope.”

I huff. “Fine, but be quick.” And I pull out my erection.

The deviling winks from halfway across the limo to between my legs. “*Ooo*, Papa, what a big cock you have. I’m a lucky little girl.”

I swallow a sudden lump of anxiety. “What should I call you?”

She glides the tip of her tongue slowly up the base of my shaft and swirls it around the head as I shiver with elation. “I’m known as Lilin in this form, but you can call me anything you like.”

“What are you really?”

She gazes up at me with her big luminous purple eyes. “Does it matter, Papa?” Then she strokes my member with slow, deliberate pumps as she suckles my balls, sucking them into her moaning mouth, one and then the other, back and forth, tongue twirling.

I groan, “No, I guess it doesn’t.” And I comb my fingers into her long, silky, bone-white hair.

My balls are dripping with syrupy saliva before she relinquishes them and speaks in a baby voice. “Are you ready for my wittle mouth, Papa?”

I’m so aroused by her innocent demeanor I feel ready to burst. “Suck me, little one, suck me.”

“I’m gonna suck all the yummy cream from your pee-pee, Papa, cause I wuv you.” And she closes her full lips around the head of my throbbing prick, while I gasp aloud with trembling ecstasy.

This is the end of the free preview.

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