

Terror from Beyond

By

James Lucien

Terror from Beyond

The crowd of fifteen-hundred spectators spring from their seats in a fit of riotous applause in response to the prestige of the sensational final act. Golden ribbons of glittering magic continue to zip and zoom throughout the packed theater of the Las Vegas casino as focused spotlights swirl around the center of the darkened stage and the upbeat orchestral electronic music rises and falls in volume, further exciting the audience.

When the theatrical hyping of the moment reaches its apex, the music crescendos to a climax and the spotlights close in and converge center stage, illuminating a sensuous magician with her back turned and her head bowed, dressed more like a showgirl than an illusionist.

Zatanna Zatara, The Mistress of Magic, spins around to face the enthralled throng, the long tails of her black tuxedo jacket flaring to give a peek at her fishnet-adorned cheeks devouring her black thong panties. With a flick of her head, she pops her magician's top hat off her crown. It rolls down her extended arm and she catches the brim between thumb and forefinger. She gives a deep bow with her hat held out and mutters a spell, conjuring a dole of a dozen doves from her top hat.

The men in the mob hoot and holler, as enchanted by her feminine figure as by her feats of magic. Her mane of flowing black hair frames her beautiful face, a stunning symmetry of bold blue eyes, sharp pointed nose, and full lips painted crimson. She's as tall and thin as a European supermodel, with large breasts bursting from her white corset and the rounded hips of an erotic performer. Her lengthy sleek legs are emphasized by her fishnet stockings and her bubble butt is so taut you can literally bounce quarters off of it. John Constantine, the Hellblazer, has put it to the test. He visits often and always brings wine because he knows after she's had a few glasses of Merlot, she'll bend over, spread her cheeks, and let him poke his pretty pecker in her pink pucker. He has the perfect cock, not too thick, not too long, and it feels quite nice crammed in her ass. Her carnal compulsion for anal is their dirty little secret.

Zatanna ascends from her bow with a smirk and flings her hat over the rabble. She mumbles an incantation and, one by one, each dove dives back into her hat as it returns to her. With a bosom-jiggling hop, she catches it atop her head. She's as talented an entertainer as she is a skilled wielder of arcane magic, yet she's only twenty-one years old. In a short time, she's grown from a magician's assistant into a world-renowned magician herself, and has become an auxiliary member of the Justice League. Her parents would be proud.

She has a mission tonight, so there's no time to stick around to give autographs. Zatanna whispers a teleportation spell and vanishes in a brilliant flash of scintillating blue light.

In an instant, Zatanna is transported across the country to outside the gates of Shadowcrest mansion, her ancestral home, presently located just outside of Gotham. Due to protective wards laid a millennium ago, teleportation is not possible within the grounds. She couldn't remove the wards even if she wanted to.

The iron gates automatically swing open to allow her to enter, and close behind her after she crosses the threshold. Only a select few people of her choosing can pass through without her accompanying them. She doesn't appreciate uninvited guests.

She marches along a winding path under the twinkling starlight, and up a stone staircase to the massive looming mansion. The double doors open at her presence, inviting her inside.

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Within the atrium, Zatanna discovers a large leather-bound spellbook awaiting. The cover is adorned with a gold inlaid unopened eye, but no title or author. Perhaps a gift from John. No other magic user could have entered the estate to leave it for her, besides her cousin, Zachary, but he's not one for leaving gifts. It is odd that John didn't leave a note attached.

Picking it up, she finds it weighs much more than it should for its size. Examining it, she doesn't find any seams to open it. It must be magically sealed. I don't have time for this now. It'll have to wait until after the mission. I wanna prepare a bite to eat before I go.

She tucks it under her arm and heads up a double staircase that joins on a landing before ascending to the next floor, then down a long hallway lined with paintings and statues, up another set of stairs, down another hallway, and into a library that would make the Library of Congress green with envy. The mansion is a maze that can rearrange at will.

Zatanna sets the book on her reading desk, intending to forget about it until either John makes an appearance or she has time to fiddle with it, but as she turns away, she feels a compelling compulsion to open it now by any means necessary. I guess dinner can wait.

She picks up the book again and utters a simple spell that should reveal if there is a hidden latch. The golden eye on the cover cracks open a smidge. She tries a more complex incantation and it opens wider. Does it feed on magic? Perhaps only an adept enough magician can open it, to keep a neophyte from harming themselves with the spells within. I do love a challenge.

Zatanna retrieves her wand from the swell of her cleavage. It acts as a focus for performing more powerful magic. She gives it a twirl as she speaks an unsealing incantation in a booming voice. The tip begins to glow and the room to darken. As she completes the puissant spell, she taps the glowing tip on the golden eye and it opens wide with an earsplitting mind-piercing shriek, revealing a portal into another dimension.

A purple tentacle spews from the portal, ceasing the shriek, and plunges into her mouth. It somehow tastes salty, sweet, and sour all at once. The wriggling snakelike appendage is as thick as her wrist, forcing her jaws wide as it slithers out of the eye, rapidly tripling its length.

Zatanna drops her wand and stumbles backward as it squiggles down her throat, gagging her. Dropping the book, she clutches the tentacle with her white-gloved hands and frantically attempts to pull it from her mouth. The surface of the appendage is slick with an oily substance and her palms slide down it with each attempt. She whips her head back and forth as she struggles, flinging her hat off her head and it lands upside down, giving her a solution.

Scooping up the book, she tosses it into her hat. The tentacle is yanked from her throat and mouth as her hat withdraws it, imprisoning it within a dimensional pocket.

Gasping for breath, Zatanna falls to her hands and knees. What the fuck was that?! If this is John's idea of a practical joke, I'm gonna have to find a new playmate! That was crazy!

Her blue eyes go wide and her heart catches in her throat as her hat begins to twitch and tremble. Nothing could escape her hat! *Unless* it's feeding on the magic of the prison itself!

Zatanna grabs her hat, bounds to her feet, whips back her arm and flings it into the depths of her library as a writhing purple mass of thick tentacles and thin tendrils erupt from it. Snatching her wand from the floor, she flees the library. She fires a spell over her shoulder as she runs and the doors slam shut and meld with the wall.

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Midway down the long hall, an explosion sounds behind her. The tentacles and tendrils have bashed through the library wall. They slither and lurch over the floor, walls, and ceiling. With no sensory organs that she can detect, they readily know which direction she retreats. If John left the book, which I now doubt, he didn't know what it contained.

As Zatanna reaches the stairs, the hall seals behind her. The mansion is rearranging to protect her from the intruder. She rushes down the stairs as another wall-smashing explosion sounds. A great physical strength alone is not enough to penetrate the walls of this home. It requires extremely powerful magic. Or in this case, the ability to absorb powerful magic. How do I fight something that feeds on my power?!

As she darts passed an ancient suit of Knight's armor, she steals a heavy broadsword. The blade is still sharp. Lugging it over her shoulder, she races down the final stairs and leaps off the landing to the atrium floor.

Slithering across the high ceiling and along the walls, the tentacles and tendrils converge over the doors, blocking her exit.

Zatanna swings the heavy sword, but the appendages duck and dodge and snatch it away.

Tentacles lurch forward and coil around her ankles and wrists. They pull away hard, stretching her into a spread-eagle position. Another tentacle wraps around her neck and then dives into her mouth, muffling a scream. Tendrils slither up the sleeves of her jacket, along her collarbones, plunge into her cleavage, squirm out beneath her breasts and tangle around each of the buttons of her corset. With a violent tug, the buttons shoot across the atrium as her corset and jacket are stripped away from her. The same tendrils then snake around the waistband of her black thong panties and rip them off, tearing the fabric.

Naked but for her black pumps, fishnet stockings, and white bow tie, Zatanna has never felt so defenseless and exposed.

A writhing tentacle stabs between her legs, tearing through her stockings to worm between her nether lips into her cunt. Another rips through her stockings to burrow between her cheeks and forge into her anus and deep into her rectum. The tentacle in her mouth begins to thrust in and out of her gagging throat as the other two tentacles pump her pussy and ass. Taking three cocks at once has been a masturbation fantasy of hers for years, but this isn't what she imagined.

Tendrils coil around the base her bosoms, like BDSM rope bondage, painfully squeezing them tight. Other tendrils lash her nipples, while tentacles repeatedly spank her ass and slap her face.

Zatanna can sense the being controlling the appendages wants her to orgasm, but it seems like it doesn't understand the difference between pleasure and pain. As if they are completely foreign concepts to its world. Why it wants her to climax, she doesn't know, but she knows she must resist. Whatever reason it has, it can only be something sinister. She can feel it feeding on her innate magic as it pillages her every orifice.

Vaginal juices seep from her cleft, sweat pools in the small of her back, foaming spit bubbles from her lips, and tears stream down her face as she endures the plundering tentacles and lashing tendrils.

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She squirms and squeals and coughs and chokes for over an hour, holding back the rising tidal wave of jubilation. It's only a matter of time before she is overwhelmed. No woman, not even Wonder Woman, could bare this onslaught of thrusting and throbbing phalli. No one would blame her for surrendering to the sensations. No one would judge her for yielding to the yearning for release from this torment. No one would punish her for succumbing to the stimulations.

As if the alien being can sense she is near to her breaking point, the three tentacles violating her ejaculate a warm sticky fluid into her throat, pussy, and ass. It fills her stomach and backs up her esophagus, bursting from her stretched lips and oozing from her flaring nostrils.

As the ejaculant gushes from her overfilled womb and anal cavity, she lapses into convulsions and her mind is devoured.

The gang of twenty-five thugs is thrown off their feet, their pistols torn from their grasps as they tumble across the Gotham City port warehouse. Wooden pallets explode into splinters and windows shatter into shards. Winding fissures rip through the cement floor and up the rear brick wall as the tumbling goons collide with it.

The sonic scream ceases and the grown men weep like young children as they realize they have been rendered deaf. Blood trickles from their ears and dribbles from their nostrils. Several shriek in horror, a few shout threats of vengeance, but most beg for mercy.

Diamond Lance, the Black Canary, turns away from them without remorse or any show of apology for their hearing loss. The stiletto heels of her black leather boots click on the floor as she sashays to a steel shipping container packed with the active ingredient utilized in Scarecrow's fear toxin. She pulls a transporter disc from an inside pocket of her black leather jacket and slaps it on the container.

Retrieving her Justice League communicator from another pocket, basically a super smartphone, she checks her makeup with the front camera. Her long curly blonde hair is wind-whipped from the motorcycle ride but still looks great. Her plump lips are glossed scarlet, her small Nubian nose is powdered, and her dazzling sapphire eyes are accentuated by a blue shadow and liner. Her lustrous caramel complexion is thanks to her biracial genes. Her father was a white detective and her mother a black vigilante, both now deceased. Diamond is athletically built and yet curvaceous with heavy bosoms and a round rump that she can crack walnuts with. Many men have offered her money, jewels, and power in exchange for her anal virginity. She doesn't understand how any woman could enjoy a rigid dick shoved up their ass.

Satisfied with her appearance, Diamond contacts Batman in the Justice League satellite. Scarecrow is usually his problem, but with all the JL big guns off-world dealing with a cosmic threat, Batman has been left with the responsibility of coordinating the JL small guns, like herself.

When Batman's stubbled chin and piercing blue eyes appear, Diamond bats her long lashes and coos in her most seductive tone, "Package ready for transport."

Batman replies in his gruff voice, "Good job, Canary. Gotham PD inbound. Make your exit."

"Zee was a no-show. I wanna check up on her."

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“Fine, but keep me informed.” He disconnects without a goodbye.

Diamond marches out of the warehouse to her cloaked motorcycle. It was a gift from Batman to replace her wracked Harley-Davidson Fat Boy. With a voice command, the bike decloaks and she mounts the saddle. She revs the motor to life and zooms off with a squeal of burning rubber.

Riding her motorcycle, feeling the rumble of the powerful engine between her legs, always makes her rapacious to ride a fat cock. Sometimes that’s Oliver Queen, the Green Arrow, other times it’s a random burly biker from a local tavern.

Outside the city in the surrounding countryside, beyond Wayne Manor and Arkham Asylum, Diamond hugs the curves of a serpentine road until she reaches the iron gates of Shadowcrest mansion.

After being partnered up a few times, Zatanna invited Diamond over for a celebratory drink. One glass of wine led to another and another, and before she knew it, they were tearing off each other’s clothes in a drunken passion that has since become a casual relationship of kinky sex. At thirty-five years old, Diamond could be Zatanna’s mother, and they often play with the mother-daughter taboo during their romps. Diamond had never had much sexual interest in women, but there is just something about Zatanna that drives her wild. Besides her scrumptious young body, Zatanna has an extraordinarily sensual confidence that is altogether alluring.

The gates swing open and Diamond rides on through and up to the enormous mansion. She hikes up the towering set of stone stairs and raps on the double doors. They open on their own.

Diamond steps inside and calls out, “Zee, are you home?”

Her heart leaps into her throat as the doors slam shut and bolt themselves locked. They usually close quite softly. The fine blonde hairs on her nape stand erect as the lights in the atrium and surrounding rooms wink out. An icy chill surges up and down her spine as a low guttural growl sounds on either side of her. She balls her fists and inhales a deep breath, readying her Canary Cry as two sets of purple bioluminescent amphibian eyes appear in the darkness.

A glowing blue orb flares to life above her, illuminating Zatanna standing on the landing with her magic wand raised. She flicks her wrist and the orb becomes a streaking comet that strikes Diamond in the chest. Her throat goes numb, her Canary Cry neutralized.

The atrium lights wink on again, revealing two monstrous creatures, like a cross between a bullfrog and a timber wolf. Their size and basic shape are that of a wolf, but their purple mottled skin is slimy, their webbed feet have sticky-padded toes, and their protruding eyes have almond-shaped pupils. Their wide mouths open and long elastic tongues whip out, clinging to her leather jacket. They retract their tongues, tearing her jacket in two to steal it away, taking her Justice League communicator with it.

“Diamond,” Zatanna calls down to her, “there is no stopping what is to come. Resistance will only prolong your torment.”

With her fists raised, Diamond shouts, “Zee, what are these creatures?! What’s this all about?!”

“You can only understand once you have surrendered to it.” Zatanna’s mouth opens wide, her jaw unhinging like a snake, and a squirming purple tentacle juts out as she hisses in a bizarre alien language.

Diamond recoils in fear, leaping back against the bolted doors. Holy shit, what the fuck?! I’ve gotta get outta here! I’ve gotta go get help! My fighting skills are no match for magic and monsters!

The amphibious beasts stalk towards her as she whips her head to and fro, scanning for a means of escape. All the windows and doors shrink away until the atrium is one large imprisoning room. The mansion must have also been corrupted when Zatanna was.

Zatanna mumbles a familiar spell and Diamond’s black latex bodysuit dissolves, leaving her naked but for her black riding gloves, fishnet stockings, and stiletto boots.

As an automatic reaction, Diamond covers up her nudity the best she can manage, one hand cupping her waxed pussy and the other arm hugging her big buoyant bosoms. She screams, “Whattaya want from me?!”

Zatanna sneers with satisfaction. “Everything.”

The horrid creatures close in. A tongue coils around one ankle, and another around her throat, and Diamond is yanked onto her hands and knees. Sticky-padded toes clutch her round cheeks and spread them apart. Another set grips her face and cranes her head back. With a croaking snarl of effort and a savage lunge of its hips, the brute behind her jams its mammoth monsterhood between her splayed cheeks and deep into her bowels.

Diamond bucks hard and shrieks in excruciating agony as her virgin anus is stretched wide. She’s never experienced such intense pain in all her life.

Her shriek is stifled by the other brute thrusting its colossal cock into her mouth. With a second thrust, it stuffs it down her throat, causing her to gag so hard that her guts wrench, searing her sinuses and burning her nostrils with stomach acid.

The creature mounting her rump and the creature mounting her face, both begin to make a terrible grunting cackle as they brutally work her ass and throat in opposite order like a twin-cylinder motorcycle engine.

Diamond thrashes and kicks and pounds her fists on the floor as she’s ravaged from both ends, powerless to resist. Never before has she been a defenseless damsel in distress. Never has a misogynist crossed her without receiving a shiner. Never has a man slapped her ass uninvited without receiving a kick in the balls. She’s been a tough-as-nails badass bitch since kindergarten, but now she’s sobbing like a baby. She’s gotten moist between the legs on several occasions at JL meetings while fantasizing about Batman taking her from behind while Superman bobbed her head in his lap, but she’s never been interested in bestiality. She feels sick in her very soul as these creatures desecrate her ass and throat.

And yet, through all the pain and disgust, she senses a rising need for release. The rhythmic smacking of her ass cheeks is somehow hypnotic. The plunging sound of the dick driving in and out of her throat is mesmerizing. Even the grotesque grunts of the marauding monsters are entrancing.

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Reaching a hand between her legs, she thumbs her swollen clit as she thrusts two fingers into her clenching cunt. As she tumbles over the edge into oblivion, the brutes howl as they pump her ass and throat with splooge.

The dimmed lights, hanging from the black painted ceiling in gothic style fixtures, flicker madly. The wooden shelves lining the walls tremble, spilling spellbooks and magic talismans onto the floor. A sparkling violet mystical energy swirls through the spacious bedroom, howling like an etheric wind.

A petite sixteen-year-old girl, meditating in the lotus position, hovers in the center of the room, her violet cloak rippling and her matching bob-cut hair whisking with her swirling aura. She's short and slender with small peaks and a cute little apple-bottom that everyone wants to pinch, slap, and grope. With her almond-shaped violet eyes clamped tight and her upturned button nose wrinkled in concentration, she softly whimpers and whines.

Rin Reizei, better known as Raven, is a half Japanese-American half interdimensional-demon hybrid, and a member of the Teen Titans. Her demonic father, Trigon the Terrible, is a prisoner of the ruby-colored jewel embedded in the center of her forehead. He is the source of her various potent psionic powers.

Within her mindscape, Rin is laid across her father's lap. Pinned on her belly, she kicks her legs and flails her arms as he spanks her exposed tush with stinging smacks of his powerful palm.

Trigon roars, "You could dominate this world if you had the ambition! You squander my power to play at being a hero for pitiful beings!"

Rin cries, "I'm sorry, Daddy! Please, Daddy, stop spanking me!"

He slaps her cheeks harder as she knew he would. She could easily overpower him if she so desired, but this depraved game of dominance and submission is the only quality time they spend together. Daughters always seek their father's attention, one way or another.

Outside her mindscape within her bedroom, Rin tweaks her rigid nipples over her black leotard while grinding a finger against her tiny bundle of nerves. The crotch of her leotard is soaked with her juices.

Although she's been enjoying these passionate spankings for several years, Rin's a virgin, unless you count giving Beast Boy a birthday blowjob, or him 'returning the favor' the following night. Or that one time Starfire and her 'did the sixty-nine' after Starfire discovered Internet porn, thanks to Cyborg disabling the parental controls installed by Batman.

Rin chews her bottom lip as she moans and mutters, "Please, Daddy, stop! I'll be your bad girl if you stop spanking me so rough!" Then she throws her head back with a jubilant cry as she quivers from head to toe in a furious climax outside her mindscape and within, the entire building shuddering. It's for this reason she only interacts with her father when Titans Tower is empty. The other Teen Titans are all out for the night for pizza and a movie.

Plummeting through the orgasmic void, her bliss is banished by a psychic plead for aid. A projection of Zatanna materializes within her mind. "Raven, you must come to Shadowcrest

immediately! And you must come alone! Your unique power is the solution to an apocalyptic problem!”

Rin’s eyes pop open and she drops to her feet. I must go at once, but not smelling like vagina.

With the use of her telekinesis, she pitches her cloak into the air and it floats in place as she peels off her soiled leotard. Reaching across the room with her mind, she pulls opens a drawer and retrieves another. She isn’t wearing panties, or a bra for that matter. Her pert breasts don’t require support and panties always end up wedged in her crack. She tugs on the fresh leotard, and then dons her cloak with only a thought.

With a swirl of sparkling violet energy, Rin teleports to the iron gates of Shadowcrest, which swing open for her. She soars across the threshold, over the winding path, up the stone stairs and lands before the double doors of the mansion, which open as she reaches up to knock.

“Raven,” Zatanna welcomes with a grave tone, “please come in.”

“Thank you.” Rin steps into the atrium and the doors close and lock behind her. She senses something is wrong. She’s only visited once before, but the mansion feels different. It has the cold spirit of a prison rather than the warmth of a home.

Zatanna gestures for her to follow and leads her up the stairs. “Thank you for coming so quickly.”

“Of course, Zatanna. I’m a Teen Titan, sworn to protect the innocent.”

“That is especially noble in your case, being half demon.” The emotion she emanates is not admiration as her statement would suggest. Instead, Rin recognizes a strong feeling of attraction. Not the type of attraction that Beast Boy feels for Rin’s apple-bottom, more like the attraction he feels for pizza.

As they reach the second floor and enter a hallway, Zatanna questions, “Do you find it difficult bearing such power?”

Rin answers, “I must keep my emotions in check at all times. I practice meditation every day for that reason.”

Zatanna slings an arm around her shoulders with an expression of maternal affection, yet her emanating emotion is predatory hunger. “I may be able to help you with that issue.” She draws her magic wand from between her large breasts.

“Thank you, Zatanna,” Rin holds up a palm, “but I can manage on my own.”

She affords her a disappointed frown, but doesn’t put away her wand. “The offer stands if you change your mind.”

Zatanna ushers Rin up several flights of stairs and onto a rooftop courtyard containing a swimming pool and hot tub. The Black Canary is sitting in the bubbling water, her heavy bosoms openly on display. She winks as she waves.

Perplexed, Rin asks, “What is the apocalyptic problem?”

“The problem is,” Zatanna smirks, “that without your power, the apocalypse would require much more time and effort to accomplish.”

Rin takes a step back. “I don’t understand. Is this a prank?”

“No,” Zatanna snorts. “Are you expecting the other Teen Titans to pop out of my ass with confetti and streamers?”

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Before Rin can react, Zatanna rapidly utters a spell and flicks her glowing wand, striking Rin in the forehead with a zap of magic, and the embedded jewel containing her demonic father grows cold, cutting her off from her powers.

The Black Canary ascends from the hot tub, revealing two purple phalli protruding from her womanhood, one atop the other.

Rin turns to flee and is smacked to the tiled floor by a sonic scream. Dazed by the hit, she struggles to rise and falls onto her hands and knees. Zatanna mumbles an incantation and Rin's cloak and leotard dissolve.

The Black Canary rolls Rin onto her back and folds her knees to her chest. Seeing her purple phalli up close, Rin realizes that they're actually tentacles, though they're rigid. They're dreadfully long and thick.

Rin screeches in agonizing excruciation as her virgin orifices are penetrated by the erect appendages as the Black Canary begins to lunge her powerful hips.

Getting down on her knees, Zatanna twists Rin's screaming face to the side and thrusts a purple tentacle into her mouth and down her throat. Fisting Rin's hair tight, Zatanna bobs Rin's head, plunging her phallus in and out of her throat, hard and fast.

Both of Rin's defilers grunt and groan with gratification as they abuse her supple body, and their violation excites her. She always believed her dark desires were her father's influence, but now she knows her carnal compulsions are her own. The mix of pain and pleasure causes her to mewl like a kitten in distress. Though her hands are unbound, she does not punch or claw in resistance, but instead, she gropes at their breasts. Maybe the demon half of me is the dominant half.

A short time later, having taken note of Rin's malleability, her violators move into a more comfortable position for her. The Black Canary lays on her back and Rin sinks onto her lap with a shivering squeal of lustful bliss. Rin kneads the Black Canary's heavy bosoms as she bounces her apple-bottom up and down. Zatanna stands over Rin and she takes her tentacle into her moaning mouth and sucks and slurps as she bobs her head with vigorous enthusiasm.

A crude chorus of gluttonous groans and sloppy slurping ensues. The sharp slaps of Rin's cheeks are particularly satisfying. I've never felt so free! This is who I truly am!

Before long, Rin and both her defilers, reach a triumphant shared climax. Hot spunk streams down Rin's throat and spurts into her girlhood and tush.

As all three quake with orgasm, Rin's jewel beams brightly. The dark entity from beyond this world absorbs the tremendous power of Trigon the Terrible.

A hole tears through the sky above, ripping through the fabric of time and space, opening a gateway from which this insatiable being reaches gargantuan tentacles through to consume all life within this entire universe. There is no metahuman or cosmic force that can impede the ingestion of all existence.