

# Devil's Eve

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*Lucy is visited by an evil stranger the night before her wedding.*

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Lucy knelt on the ground in the corner of her small room lit only by two large white candles on either side of an antique wooden Christ. She made the sign of the cross, clasped her hands together in front of her chest and lowered her head. She prayed for the wellness of her family and success in her career but most importantly she prayed that all went well the next day, the night of her wedding. She had been planning her wedding, along with her mother and sisters, for six months and all she wanted was for everything to turn out as planned. She was to be married to Adrian, one of her fellow teachers at St. Michael's Catholic High School. She talked to God for several minutes and ended her prayer with an Our Father . "Does he ever answer you Lucy?" A deep chilling disconnected voice asked. Lucy quickly jumped to her feet and spun around knocking the wooden Christ off it's pedestal. She fearfully backed herself into the corner and stared in shock at the large dark mass materializing before her. She tried to speak but her vocal cords would not cooperate. "You should pick him up. Wouldn't want to make him angry would we?" Lucy unclenched her wet palms, bent over and picked up the deity never taking her eyes off the dark stranger. She carefully placed it back on the pedestal and cleared her throat. "Who... Who are you?" Lucy nervously asked. The shadowy figure stepped into the dim light of the candles and pointed upward. "I'm his adversary." "I... I don't understand." The stranger gracefully approached Lucy and waved his hand over the candles causing the flame to triple in size fully illuminating him before her. "I am the bringer of light. The fallen one. The one who was deemed unworthy. I am here for you Lucy, I will listen to your prayers." Lucy could now fully see the dark intruder. She refused to believe what her eyes were telling her. In her room now stood an unnerving other worldly figure. Large and muscular, naked and red, evil and powerful. Her mind struggled to grasp what was occurring in front of her. Lucy loved God, she believed in God. But she knew that the love of God could not exist without the fear of the Devil. The mere thought of the word caused her to panic. Lucy attempted to flee. She tried to open her bedroom door but it would not budge. She frantically shook the door knob that was being held in place by the Devil's evil power. "Do not be scared Lucy. I am here to help you." Satan approached Lucy from behind and caressed her cheek. As soon as she felt the large red hand touch her flesh her fear immediately began to subside.

Her breathing slowed to a normal pace and she turned around to face the king of hell. "I don't need your help." "You don't? You don't want tomorrow to be perfect? Success for your future children? A long loving marriage? Happiness? Ask him for that. Go ahead ask him, see if he can give you that. See if he will even listen. He doesn't care, I care." Satan placed both of his hands on her small shoulders and gently rubbed them putting her at ease. He moved one of his hands to her back and the other he placed on the back of her head letting her long brown hair run through his fingers. He pulled her into his chest and tightly embraced her. He began to rub her back and Lucy uncontrollably, as if guided by an invisible force, raised her arms to hug him back. "I can give you everything you will ever need and desire. This Earth will bend at your will. When it's time you will be a queen in my kingdom. You will have more than he is ever willing to give. I am not selfish like him, you will be my equal," Satan whispered into young Lucy's ear. "You are beautiful, intelligent and innocent but does he care? Does he reward your loyalty to him? Give yourself to me Lucy for I do care, I do love you. I will never ask you to worship me or sacrifice in my name. All I ask of you is to let me enjoy your flesh. Flesh that has been denied to me since the beginning of time." Satan guided Lucy over to the bed and laid her on her back. He laid beside her with one arm under her head and one hand caressing her thigh under her night gown. "Your bodies are twisted and deformed by the time they are cast down to me. Cast down for pursuing your natural impulses, impulses he gave you. Free will he gave you. For once I want to enjoy your bodies in their pure form. Give me this and you will have the keys to my kingdom." "But... But I already have everything I need." "Even Knowledge? Knowledge of the ones who intend to harm you? He would let you marry an unfaithful man. A man who will look you in the eye and lie. What kind of love is that?" "Adrian loves me! He would never harm me." Satan pointed to the small television in the corner of Lucy's room. He snapped his fingers and the T.V. flickered on. Lucy could not believe her slowly welling eyes. She saw her fiancée sitting across from a beautiful young woman in a dimly lit restaurant, the same restaurant he had taken her on their first date. They were laughing, drinking and holding hands across the table. They were drinking a bottle of 2002 Opus One. The same bottle of wine that now sat empty on her dresser. The same bottle she had saved as a token of that wonderful night she first fell in love. "TURN IT OFF! That can't be true. Adrian is at home preparing things for our wedding tomorrow. You're a liar." "Am I Lucy? Look at the screen and see the truth. I can take you there if you wish?" "No... I don't want..." Lucy began to weep and Satan wiped her tears away. "Be mine Lucy. Be mine and everything will be right with your world. You will receive everything you've been coveting your entire life." Lucy looked the Devil in the eye and slowly nodded her head. He leaned in close and gently kissed her lips. She reluctantly kissed back and instantly she felt an evil force enter her body. "Sealed with a kiss..." Satan whispered in her ear through crooked grin. Lucy closed her eyes, reached under her gown and slowly removed her panties. The Dark prince made his way between his new follower's legs and delicately spread them open. He lowered his bald horned head and masterfully flicked his forked tongue on Lucy's clit. Lucy gasped loudly and brought her hands down onto the demon lord's head pulling him closer to her warm wanting pussy. Satan reached up and under Lucy's gown with his long powerful arms and cupped her breasts. He pushed his long serpentine tongue into her sweet wet cunt and rubbed her

nipples with his rough red hands. Lucy arched her back in ecstasy and let out a long deep moan. She squirmed from the intense sensations shooting through her body and grabbed her new God's thick short horns to steady herself. She pushed her crotch against Satan's face wanting more and more of his demonic tongue in her quivering pussy. The Devil stood up and instructed Lucy to sit on the end of the bed. He pulled her gown off and knelt down on one knee to take one of her sensitive nipples into his mouth. He sucked, squeezed and licked alternating between Lucy's ample breasts eliciting more moans of pleasure. He stood up and guided his massive crimson cock into Lucy's mouth. It was unlike anything Lucy had ever experienced before. It tasted like everything and nothing. She felt as if she had lost all control of her body and was now a puppet. A puppet to be used as her taker desires. Lucy felt her hands grab the Devil's dick and pump it into her mouth. She began to try and force the cock as deep into her throat as possible. She felt as if she was floating over her body completely powerless to control her actions. Lucy was completely helpless and it was making her wetter and wetter with each passing second. "I want you to fuck me... I want you to fuck me now Lord..." Lucy's possessed words echoed in her head. Lucy got on all fours on the bed. "I want it like this, I never get to have it like this." Satan placed one of his mighty hands on Lucy's hips and pulled her close to him. He grabbed his cock and placed it between the folds of her young pussy and began to rub her wetness with the tip of his head. When Lucy couldn't possibly be any wetter he began to enter. Her tiny pussy stretched around the Devil's hellish cock as she pushed her ass back into her tormenter. Satan placed both hands on Lucy's hips, pulled her away from him and quickly brought her sliding back. He repeated the motion doubling in pace with each thrust. He moved his long arms to Lucy's shoulders and pushed his cock as deep as it would go. He rabidly thrust forward for several minutes until he felt an all-consuming urge to cum. Lucy's pussy simultaneously began to compress around Satan's thrusting cock while her nipples became fully erect. Lucifer's demon seed shot into Lucy's contracting vagina and she let out a series of heavy sighs as she orgasmed. The fallen angel slid his cock out and flipped Lucy onto her back. He placed the long black nail of his right pinky finger on her pubic mound and traced a small pictograph on it. A short moment later a ruby red upside-down cross appeared on her skin. The Devil grinned at his handy work and elegantly crept back into the shadows. The next morning... Lucy woke up relieved that her nightmare was over. Feeling refreshed and ready for her big wedding she went to the bathroom to take a shower and begin to get ready. She removed her clothes, looked in the mirror and was immediately consumed by an overwhelming feeling of dread. A bright red upside-down cross was emblazoned on her mons veneris. She raced to her cell phone and dialed Father Anthony, the young priest stationed at St. Michael's Catholic High School. "Hello," Father Anthony answered. "Father, it's Lucy. I need a confession, it's urgent. I'm scared that I may be in danger. I really need to see you," Lucy desperately divulged. "What kind of danger Lucy? I just confessed you last week. I can't imagine..." "I need to see you now father! I fear I may have been possessed last night," Lucy cut the priest off. "Possessed!?" "Yes Father, I think I may have been possessed by the Devil." "But that can't possibly be..." "Father I beg you, please help me." "Okay settle down and come to the church Lucy. Please try to calm down and concentrate on exactly what happened to you. I am going to need to know exactly what transpired last night so I can

properly help you my child. Come quickly." Father Anthony hung up the phone in his modest office and stared at the wall for several minutes. He refused to believe that one of his parishioners has been corrupted by the Devil. He wanted to laugh at the thought, that sort of thing only happens in the movies . He stood up and put his clerical collar on. He walked out to the church, knelt at the alter and began to pray. THE END