

Ab Inferis

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Ab Inferis

by [00def](#)

Summary

you had been researching for days, for you were afraid to get it wrong – the summoning of a demon to fulfill your sexual desires. who would not wish for such a thing? you studied old books and online communities for witches, read about the proper rituals and their experiences with incubuses. you were met with a lot fake stories – such as ‘I summoned an ancient Mesopotamian demon and now my neighbour’s been in an accident and my aunt’s cat passed away. Help?’ – but also warnings, that the summoning of an incubus could lead to your inability to banish them later. you were aware, and were ready to take the risk. as far as you were concerned, you could put it down later and not summon Lilith or anyone else. as night crept up you were prepared to meet with the demon. the stars were so brilliant in the sky, the candle you lit in ritual was no match. it burned down as soon as you said the right words. your bedroom was engulfed in darkness, and you could feel him. you were afraid to look behind you, his presence unbearable. you didn’t move.

‘Witness me,’ you heard a growl. His voice was low, but inviting. ‘Let me guide you through the darkness, and love you like no mortal can. I can feel your heart’s desire, apples too grow in my garden.’

You felt compelled to turn around and look at what you had invited in. He stood tall, a strong being who looked like man, beautiful beyond compare. Such were his looks that, in his place, one could almost die kissing their own reflection. He was not fair, but he put every other man to shame.

‘You are pleased, I can tell. Come forward, and I will share a thousand honeyed kisses.’ he whispered.

Desire pushed you towards him. ‘Are you Lucas?’ you asked, barely audible.

‘I am.’ He answered, and brushed your hair behind your ear. ‘Now let be your body’s salve.’ You blushed, how could you not? Your burning body shivered at his cold touch, but all affection is like coal. His other arm snaked around your waist, pushing you closer. ‘Will you allow me to satiate your thirst?’ You nodded. Lucas’s lips met yours, and they were more than soft. It was shy at first, one single kiss would feel like plenty. It slowly grew more hungry. His lips were lost in yours, like two roses knitted in a single wreath. Soon you felt his teeth biting your tender lip, as all roses had thorns. His tongue slithered, and you invited him. His fingers dug deeper in your skin. And then he gasped, beginning to litter kisses on your neck. No kiss had ever felt as good as Lucas’ lips against your skin. Your moan was quiet, but he heard it. Lucas smiled upon the sound. ‘Are you ashamed to speak?’ he asked.

The kisses formed a trail to your chest. Lucas so gently lifted the straps off your shoulders, and the dress fell to the floor. He witnessed you just as you did him. ‘I will no longer kiss your lips,’ confessed Lucas ‘but my kisses still shall be your own.’ He picked you up as if you were a feather, and his lips began to touch your breast. ‘Your flesh is soft and plump,’ he whispered, before kissing you again. Lucas felt eager, but took his time. When he felt you were ready, he laid you on the bed.

‘Let me ravish you,’ said Lucas. He hovered above you, his knees sank in the mattress. His arms above your shoulders, he lowered his body. You could barely feel him, and it made you want him more. Lucas brought his fingers to your breast, and brushed your nipple; so gentle was his touch. You looked away. ‘What do you see over there? Look me in the eyes, and see what beauty lies.’ Lucas smiled, and turned your face to meet his. ‘If eyes can be in eyes, let us have lips on lips.’ He kissed you again; when your lips parted Lucas did not move, and you felt his cold breath on your skin. His eyes moved away from your lips below. ‘Such beauty... like a spring in flower you feel the need to gather.’ Lucas moved once more, his legs parted outside of yours; he wrapped one arm around your back, bringing you closer to him. His lips attached to your breast, his other hand caressed the other. He was closer now, so close you felt his hardened member against you. He would leave twenty kisses on your

breasts, then mark them with his teeth; his fingers stroked your nipples before sucking on them. He had smothered you in kisses, while he let his hips move in lustful manners.

Lucas felt you burning under his touch like coals in a fire. He stopped, spreading your legs apart, and leaned on his elbows. He started feeding on the steam, hasty. Lucas devoured you. He licked bottom to top, and when he was done he began anew. Your palms sweated, and your fingers found his hair. His fingers found themselves inside of you. He was no longer able to toy, so Lucas started sucking, his hand moving quickly to prove his lust. Trembling in passion, you moaned his name. Lucas did not stop until your grabbed his hand. You laid on the bed, with heavy breathing.

Lucas tangled his arms around your body, and stroked your cheek. He offered you a kiss, then quickly turned his lips the other way. He smirked, and asked if you would like another kiss. You nodded, and so he did. You could still feel the hardness digging in your skin, and with every kiss you craved him like water in the summer's heat. Lucas knew, and spoke – 'I shall no longer resist you.'

He pushed you on your back, and entered with a thrust. Lucas hissed, and his lips met yours in a kiss. The coldness of his body was divine against your burning skin. He sunk his teeth in your neck, and continued to thrust. You felt captive to his touch, and you obeyed. He filled you up as if he had been made for you.

'Your moans enchant my ears,' said Lucas. His body was entwined with yours, and you were about to become one, bound by the expression of desire. Your body shivered under his, as he entered and left your body. You heard his deep groans, and soon you were spent. You opened your eyes and gazed upon his beauty. It was the lust stirring inside that made you wish to offer him your heart, just as he'd had your body. Lucas kissed you again, and found you in a sweet embrace.

'I sense you wish for us to part,' he said. 'Then let us bid good night.' And so Lucas was no longer restrained by the spell.

When you awoke, you left the bed unmade; Lucas' imprint rested on the sheets and your body, and you were so afraid to wash away the memories of his caress.

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