

Encounter: Bad Boy Seed

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Bad Boy Seed

"Tell me, how can I help?"

"Doctor," I began. "I'm addicted to sex."

His green eyed gaze dropped from my eyes and lingered on my mouth.

"This is not an uncommon condition. I can help."

I licked my lips, slowly, from one side to the other, and his eyes followed the tip of my tongue. I took a deep breath and began. "I know that many people can be obsessed with sex, thinking about it, doing it." I paused, taking another breath, pushing out my breasts, feeling my nipples rasp against the inside of my sheer blouse. "It's just... to put it bluntly, doctor... it's the kind of sex that troubles me."

He leaned forward. "Oh? Tell me more."

I dropped my eyes. The bulge at his groin was impressive, to say the least. He dressed to the right, and the cigar shaped bulge was approaching eight inches. It grew an extra half inch as I watched; worming its way down his thigh. I suppressed a smile. "I'm a little embarrassed, doctor."

"Go on, please." His voice had become seductively deeper.

His tone, with a faint and soothing European accent, caressed my psyche like warm caramel syrup swirling. His eyes dropped to my cleavage. The bulge

between his thighs grew another half inch. My pussy warmed, and my nipples hardened even more, becoming hard tingling buttons. My cheeks flushed, and I knew my throat and chest had turned beet red, my tell tale symptom of arousal. A wave of wet warmth flooded my pussy, and I was glad I'd decided to wear panties today. I'd hate to leave a pool of desire on his expensive leather couch.

"I'm addicted to sex with demons."

He didn't respond, and the next few moments weighed heavy with unasked questions.

"You probably think I'm crazy."

"Not at all. Many women are attracted to... how can I describe them... the *bad boys*?"

"Bad boys," I repeated. "Yeah, that's one way to describe them. I just can't help myself."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Since my first day at college." A wave of arousal washed over me at the memory. The very first time I'd literally convulsed in orgasm as soon as he'd walked into class. His piercing amber eyes, the jet black hair, his slim hips and long legs had occupied and overwhelmed my senses like a left hook across the chin. They'd taken me to the infirmary, worried I'd had a seizure. Eric had the same effect the next time he came within ten yards of me; a gut wrenching, pussy drenching, heart stopping, screaming orgasm. So of course I dated him at the earliest opportunity.

Eric turned out to be a very bad boy indeed, no dispute.

"Melanie? Tell me about it."

I jumped. I'd been lost in the memory. That's just one of the dangers *bad boys* pose. I gave the doctor a weak smile. "It's too embarrassing to relate," I whispered. I'd bowed my head, and was looking at him through my eyelashes.

He leaned forward even further. He reached out and grasped my hand, his touch like a jolt from an electric eel. I snatched away my hand, and with a

heaving chest I retreated to the far end of the couch, my silk skirt bunching around my thighs, my legs accidentally falling open.

I took a deep breath. "Oh God," I murmured. "I'm so sorry, it's happening again."

"What is? Tell me, Melanie. You're perfectly safe. Nothing can hurt you here."

"My desire. It's taking me over. I can't control myself."

"Relax now. Just close your eyes, and listen to my voice. Take a deep breath. Yes, that's right. Take another, and another."

His calming voice enveloped me like a summer mist; warm, light, and soothing. His words gently caressed my flesh, like ghostly fingertips on my thighs, inching their way between my legs. My clit tingled unrepentantly and took me into a short, sharp climax.

"Melanie?"

"This is so embarrassing." The sickly sweet scent of sex rose about me. "Oh, God. I have to go."

"No." His firm voice and his hands about my shoulders kept me seated. "I don't want you wandering the street like this, Melanie. It would be unprofessional of me. Calm down before you go. And while you relax, you can tell me more about what you're experiencing."

I half opened my eyes. My God! His erection had to be ten inches at least. It stretched his trousers along his inner thigh. He must have been finding it uncomfortable, to sit there like that, with that monster restrained. I raised my gaze and met his eyes.

Oh, yeah.

He wanted me. He wanted me real bad.

"I can't help myself, doctor. I'm just overcome with uncontrollable desire."

"What happens?"

“My whole body is...”

“Is what, Melanie?”

“It’s like I’m on an edge of a cliff. My body tingles, all over, my... my...”

“Yes?”

“It builds, and builds. It fills me up, pulsing inside every cell, expanding. It feels like I’m going to explode, that I’m going to die!” I could sense his arousal. Waves of his body heat were cascading towards me. “It’s best I show you.”

He licked his lips, and leaned closer. His gaze focused on my cleavage; hungry with undisguised lust. I opened my bag, and with shaking hands extracted my tablet computer. I handed it to him. “The red folder. It’s a collection of videos.”

“I don’t think I should...”

“It’s easier if you see what happens to me if I don’t have sex. If my lust is not satisfied.”

He touched the icon with a long sinuous forefinger. I knew what he was watching; images of my convulsing body, the paramedics trying to end the seizures, and then trying to revive me when my heart quit.

He glanced up at me. “Are you feeling this now?”

I nodded. “My nipples are so hard they hurt.” I popped my left breast out of my blouse and held my nipple for him to see. “My pussy is throbbing, and so wet.”

He cleared his throat and lowered his gaze back to the tablet. I watched him as he flicked through the videos. He reached, as I knew he would, the final one showing me being ignored by a guy in the park, and the explosive aftermath. “A friend took that last one,” I explained. “You see, I had to have that guy. I had to fuck him. But when he rejected me...”

I became aware of his gaze and I looked up at him. “It may not be about sex, Melanie. It is, perhaps, the fear of rejection.”

“Oh, no. It’s the sex, doctor. Believe me.” I kicked off my shoes, hitched up my skirt and peeled down my soaking wet panties. “I need you. You have to fuck me or I will die. You saw it yourself.”

He put aside the tablet. “Melanie. Are you sure?”

“You must! Or else you’ll be calling the paramedics in five minutes time. I’m about to explode. I can feel it.”

His decision, when it came, was unequivocal. “Professional ethics be damned,” he grunted and kicked off his shoes. He rose to his feet, and stripped off his shirt and trousers. His body was magnificent, as I knew it would be. The skin tanned and taut, muscles clearly defined, like a statue in a museum.

I leaned back on the couch and, after removing my panties, which I’d only gotten down past my knees, he grasped my ankles. With strong hands he spread my legs wide apart, yet did not step towards me. His cock projected from his angular body pointing straight at the target of my sex.

“Fuck me!” My command was unnecessary, as that was obviously his intention, but I couldn’t help it. I quickly added; “You devil!” to make the command less banal, but he really wasn’t paying attention to my words. His eyes were on my pussy. It was wide open and wet, waiting for him.

The next few moments were surreal. Though he stood a little distance away, his cock seemed to stretch out to reach me, ten, twelve, fourteen inches, its head moving from side to side like a cobra. The incredible head of his cock snaked past the puffy lips of my wet pussy. Then he was inside me, the length of his cock expanding to fill me, so that no longer was it just long and snakelike, now it was thick, heavy and hot.

He remained quite still, his hungry gaze devouring me with dead black eyes, with the length of his python cock stretching out between us, the head disappearing inside me, and reaching to my deepest depths. Then it moved, seemingly of its own volition; wriggling inside me like something alive. It had a mind of its own, advancing, retreating, expanding, and pulsing.

Three orgasms rocked me in quick succession. Turned on by my cries of pleasure the movements of his cock inside me became more frenetic, urgent and violent. A cruel smile spread across his face.

I came again, and this sent him over the edge. Copious gluts of come filled me up, sizzling like fire.

As if I needed it, this was proof positive! I reached into my open bag, and a moment later I snapped the psychic cuffs shut around his wrists with a satisfying click.

He screeched in surprise and pain. Instantly his cock retreated from my still pulsing pussy, and he fell back onto the floor, writhing in mental anguish. "What are you doing?" he screeched.

I stood up on wobbly legs and straightened my skirt. "I'm Agent Melanie Mott of the Paranormal Defense Department. You're under arrest."

"What!"

"We can't have demons like you dispensing medical care, now can we?"

"Bitch!" he hissed.

I shrugged. I'd been called worse by demons nastier than this guy. "You should have listened to me. When I said sex with demons, I didn't mean bad boys." I took pity on him as he writhed in agony. He had given me some delightful orgasms, and had, let's face it, kept me alive. I favored him with an explanation. "I have an unusual physiology, doctor. I have to have demon come, otherwise I'll die."

Fate had dealt me a cruel hand. Every time a demon came near, my erogenous zones went into overdrive, taking my body to the limit of sexual arousal and beyond, and the only cure was the cause of it; demon come.

"What... will... happen... to... me?"

"Oh, the PDD will keep you in custody. But don't despair, 'bad boy'. We'll meet again." I gave him a wanton smile. "That's part of my remuneration

package with the PDD; an unending supply of demon seed." I gave his deflated cock a playful rub with my toe. "I must say, doctor; I love my job!"

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