

Changeling Press

ENCOUNTERS

To Fall Asleep in Hell

A Fairview Chronicles Encounter

Alexa Piper

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Jay has been carried off to hell by his fiancé Nightingale. The demon has no intention at all to wait until they are married to consummate their union.

To Fall Asleep in Hell

Jay found himself once more in hell, and once more there was a horny demon between his legs. Except Nightingale was not just any demon, he was Jay's fiancé, or betrothed, as the demon preferred.

"I really cannot believe you just dragged me to hell all over again," Jay said, trying desperately to keep thinking clearly. Nightingale, when he had undressed Jay with his strong hands, had done his utmost to banish all thinking from Jay's mind.

The demon looked up, his pretty blond hair brushing his eyelashes. "Really? I do believe we were ordered to marry, and by the Afrit Queen herself, no less. Where else would I have dragged you?" His hands stroked Jay's thighs tenderly, and Jay felt himself shiver at the touch.

"The altar? Shouldn't you have dragged me to the altar instead of your bed?" Not that Nightingale's bed was anything to complain about: large, sturdy, and with plenty of pillows it was about the perfect place to get fucked by your demonic fiancé.

"I think the bedchamber is better to celebrate a betrothal. And also, there are no altars in hell." Nightingale chuckled and kissed Jay's right thigh, and the vibration of the demon's lips made Jay's cock twitch in a singularly needy way. "Look at me, my love."

Jay did, and Nightingale, smiling under Jay's gaze, opened his mouth and took Jay's cock, the tip at first, which he licked and teased, tongue gliding along the tender ridges. Then he took Jay deep.

"Oh, fuck," Jay moaned.

And before he really got started, Nightingale pulled off. "I will, and I like that you are so eager about it," said the demon with twinkling eyes.

"You are terrible. I won't be able to walk at all if you keep this up."

"Oh, Jay," Nightingale said as he reached for the oil in its delicate green glass bottle which the demon kept on the nightstand, "I think some rest from all the

tribulations of the human plane will do you good. And if I desire to take you standing, trust me, I can hold you.”

Which was a hot thing to think about, not that it was something novel, because unless Jay had missed something, Nightingale had done his best to fuck him on and against any and all pieces of furniture the demon owned.

So Jay resigned himself to suck at his own lower lip and to humming out his joy as Nightingale gently lubed his hole. Once he was done with that, he pushed into Jay with his fingers.

“Oh, by all the fires of hell, you are already wide open for me, are you not?”

Jay said nothing, but rather than fucking him like Jay had hoped, Nightingale’s hand drifted up toward Jay’s cock, and the demon began to stroke him, slowly, delicately almost. Then the pressure increased, and Jay felt his body coil and tighten, felt a blissful release build.

“You are more than I could have ever wished for, Jay,” Nightingale whispered against Jay’s ear, then drank the moans straight out of Jay’s mouth.

“Please, I... I want you inside me,” Jay managed even as his vision brightened and twisted with color.

“As you wish,” said Nightingale. He released his hold on Jay’s cock. The sensation of being given a hand job by a gorgeous demon was replaced by that demon’s teasing head gently pushing against Jay’s opening. “You want that?” Nightingale asked. He looked down at Jay, who was about ready to explode.

“Yes, yes! Please fuck me, Nightgale.”

This time, Nightingale did just that. He pushed into Jay slowly, and the feeling of fullness spread and felt almost like the slaking of thirst a man might experience after traversing a desert. And then, Nightingale abandoned all pretense of patience. He just fucked Jay, hard and needy, growls tumbling out of his mouth. Jay dug his fingers into Nightingale’s arms, felt himself scream as the demon reached for Jay’s cock once more and finished in three hard strokes what he had started.

Jay came noisily, bending his spine upward. He could feel himself clamp down on Nightingale, and the staccato of their bodies connecting sped up until Nightingale came inside Jay, spasmodically releasing his heat and lust.

Nightingale, even while he was still pulsing into Jay, lowered his lips to Jay's forehead and kissed him, traced the hairline to Jay's ear, sucked the lobe, then kissed Jay's lips firmly. "This is how I like you best, my love, on your back and wanting me."

Jay stroked along Nightingale's spine, followed the lines of the demon's ribs where the ragged breaths made them pump like a forge's bellows. The skin was sweat-slick, and Nightingale's musk was the best thing Jay had ever smelled.

"It is not the worst position," Jay said. "And a good place from which to tell you how much I love you, oh demon mine."

That brought a light to Nightingale's face, and Jay hoped that he would always be able to make the demon shine so. For now, he was just content to fall asleep in hell, held tight by the demon he loved.

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