

The Demon Stalks

# The Demon Stalks

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The demons still stalks her after twenty-three years.



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*(This is not a quick read. It was meant to be read slowly, to be savored bit by bit; like wine. If you try to read it too quickly you won't enjoy the full heady nature or notice the subtle spice.)*

**Soundlessly the demon stalks her. Slipping into shadows he bides his time. He has waited long to have her again. But he is old and twenty three years is but a hiccup in time. Oh but he aches for her. He remembers how sweet she was and he craves her.**

She was so lonely, fair and gentle, just starting to blossom really. Desperate in her need to please, she did what was asked, what was expected of her. He took it as his priority to see they turned a blind eye. He loved to feel the ache pour off her young body. He would sit next to her at night and drink it in like a heady wine.

He would stroke her hair and watch as she ground herself against her hand until her body would shudder and quake. Anxiously he waited until she turned her face into the pillow and wept for her emptiness. Then he would lie next to her young body and pressed against her as tight as he could, and he would revel in her lust and pain.

She was confused by her constant rejection. She longed for a simple touch, a caress, a word or two. But if any were inclined to give it, he would show a bit of himself and they would hasten away. Oh how he would hiss and chuckle with glee. Poor lonely She.

He loved her. In the way that demons love, he loved her. Human love paled in comparison to his. He told her so repeatedly. He bent and listened, basking in her hopelessness and bathing in her tears. His poor empty She. He whispered to her at night in the darkness of her room where she would feel his presence and her heart would pound so. He stroked her hair, her neck, her back with talon like fingers. Longing for the dayâ

He taught her how to have a different lover each night. Showed her how each one could love her as he did. They could be rough and cruel or gentle as a first kiss. They would slip cool silk down her soft skin or tear fabric from her flesh in violent haste. They could tantalize and tease, or they could bruise and bind. These night time lovers grew in numbers an endless procession of elusive embraces. They opened the door for him...finally.

**He watches as she walks tall and proud and clean. She holds her head high these days, pretending she is a queen. She thinks she is pure because she walks with Him. But now that he has found her again, he will dog her steps relentlessly, he *will* give chase, because he is lonely, empty, and he wants to possess her once again as he did that night.**

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He remembered how it felt to climb under her skin; to curl up next to her heart. It was sweet ecstasy to taste her life as if it were his own. Her pain, heartache, her loneliness, and insatiable lust became his. His new toy that he could play with. Like a musician he would play any song he wanted and make his little She dance however he liked.

He would tease her all night long with her lovers, making her want new and perverse things. He could make her beg and grovel at his feet as he twisted her body with pain. He could kick her and abuse her rape her new every night. Sometimes he would tease her gently until she was sobbing with need and he would laugh all the time, because there was no relief for his little She. The one thing she wanted, longed for, and needed she would never find.

There were not handsome suitors, there were no female friends. Her parents were distracted; consumed with their own sins. Every way she turned in search of a human connection he stood there waiting like a prison guard protecting his captive, preventing her escape. If he got too bored he would let her rest a while, make her think she was okay. Let her think she could be normal living day by day.

Then in a brilliant stroke of cruelty he would strike. Show her how he was the master of her soul, show her how she was unworthy of a real man's touch. He would make her beg her lover's forgiveness, endure their depravities, and sink back into his darkness.

**He followed her home and sat at the street. He was cautious of the angels that stood guard outside her house. It had been a long time since he had gotten this close. There would be a time when she would be tempted, she would be weak. He would try all the doors and windows of her heart. If he was patient he would climb inside her, possess her, and live again as She.**

He thought of that day again when he'd almost claimed her soul. So lost in confusion, so lonely in her grief, beside herself with emptiness she said he could take her. Barely did he have time to claim his prize then she changed her mind.

Throwing herself at her savior's feet she confessed to Him her sins. Begged Him for forgiveness, gave her life so willingly to Him! What had He done to earn these things over the last few years? Where was He when she was crying all those tears? What made her give Him her soul at the end of her life for surly she would have ended it this very night.

Not only did she confess a love for Him that surely He hadn't earned, but then she asked what to do with the demon she had spurned. He taught her how to shut the door and throw away the key and if he should come calling again how to make him turn and flee.

**As he sat on the cold cement driveway, he plotted his revenge. He WOULD possess this woman and bring her to her knees again. And when she knelt before him he would break her very will, he would soil her heart and soul and mind until his lust was filled.**

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**He wheezed and hissed and chuckled as he considered her with glee. He just had to wait for the moment when she wouldnâ€™t make him flee.**

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