

Saint, Sinner, Succubus

By Merkava IV

Prologue

She slowly and silently slid out of the premium thread count hotel room sheets. Frank was out cold, and would probably sleep until room service came in several hours later. It didn't matter to her, he'd footed the bill for the room, and she'd be out of town before he woke up regardless. She looked at her naked form in the mirror through the dim pre-dawn light and smiled. She had quite a bit to smile about.

Natalie Faust's form was jaw dropping, starting with striking red hair, exotic shaped luminous green eyes and plush ruby lips that were perpetually glossy on a perfectly sculpted face. Proceeding down her long graceful neck to broad strong shoulders her eyes were drawn to what were probably her most prominent features with a bigger grin; high set, firm and jutting breasts that if so encased would have greatly stressed her 32G bra had she been wearing it. Those breasts were attached to a ribcage that tapered into a well muscled and tiny waist, and then flared dramatically into broad child bearing hips and a bubble butt. Her thighs were thick but not fat and shrank into dainty knees, then swelled into meaty calves and the trailed off into delicate ankles and tiny feet. On top of her five foot, nine inch frame she was as intimidating as she was strikingly beautiful, with a self assured confidence that was undeniable .

In fact it was that confidence that had led her to bed down with "Frank" two nights prior...

Frank West had been sitting with his buddies in the bar down town when she'd walked in. He saw Natalie and he felt his cock swell just looking at her. It was at that moment he'd made eye contact with her. She was tall, easily in excess of six feet in the heels she was wearing, and the slinky shiny green dress left almost nothing to the imagination.

In spite of those heels, she seemed to glide over to him and before he knew it, she had his beer in her hand. Her skin seemed to glow in the low light, and her eyes were so green that he was sure she was wearing contacts. She kept eye contact until she had drank enough of his previously full beer that she had to tilt the glass back and then slammed the empty pint down on the table and smiled at him impishly. She had the attention of the whole table, if not the entire bar.

"Evening boys," she said in a sing song voice as she finally cast her eyes about the other three men at the table. "Thanks for the beer." She added, those lighted green eyes peering into Frank's soul again.

Natalie had chosen Frank when she'd entered the bar. He was handsome, thirty-ish, well dressed, and most importantly, he liked to, as his ego had screamed at her, stretch a woman out. One of her many "evil" talents was to know the minds and hearts of men, and Frank possessed a great deal of

pride in the very large equipment he'd been graced with. It was the fact that Frank enjoyed having his way with women, not so infrequently against their will (especially after they saw just how big he was down there). By her rules, this made him a legitimate target for her multiple talents.

She leaned into him and whispered in his ear "Let's get out of here." While doing so she placed her hand on his in a blatantly visible touch. Physical contact was all it took to confirm that Frank's ego wasn't exaggerating, in fact it might have even been slightly conservative. How fun.

Her fingers wrapped around his and pulled him from the stool at the table and to her lips. He could smell cinnamon and honey on her breath, then taste it on her tongue as they locked in a blistering hot kiss that sent burning waves through his body and made his cock swell to near its full potential down the leg of his trousers.

They came up for air. "Guys, as you can see, duty calls." Frank said as she practically dragged him from the bar. She led him to a candy apple red Porsche 911 and after making sure he was halfway in the car, started it and gunned the engine. He held on for dear life and buckled up as she tore down the narrow street.

"Where are we going?" she asked him as she cranked the wheel hard and took an intersection turn at almost 40 miles per hour.

For his part Frank was grinning stupidly. "Take us to the Hilton," he said as the turbos screamed in second gear.

She flashed a naughty grin at him and suddenly jerked up on the parking break and snapped the wheel around and J-turned perfectly in traffic before romping on the accelerator and flying back down the street toward the Hilton hotel. They covered the distance to the hotel faster than he could ever remember.

Natalie whipped the car into the drive and braked to a quick but smooth stop, opening the door and flipping the keys to the valet before Frank had even reached the handle inside. She met him as he got to his feet from the small sports car.

"Let's fuck," she said not mincing words.

"I am gonna tear this bitch up," he thought, his heart racing a little bit faster at the prospect. She was definitely the hottest piece of ass he'd ever taken to bed. He was going to make sure she didn't forget about him.

A few minutes later, they were checked in and she had kicked her shoes off in the entry hall of the luxury room that Frank's credit card had secured. He pulled her to him and began manhandling her right breast with his left hand as his lips met hers. Again that honey cinnamon spicy sweet flavor stayed with him as he pulled away a moment later.

Frank couldn't remember the last time he'd been so hard with his pants on, and Natalie knew it too. She was largely the cause of it. Her fingers slid across the tented fabric of his trousers before gripping his rod through his slacks.

"You're a big one. And so thick too." she said, feeling his pride surge at the compliment.

"Your tits are incredible." he responded, his right hand now aiding his left in extricating her breasts from the stressed material of the dress.

"There's a zipper in the back," she said, demonstrating incredible flexibility as she zipped it down in a fluid motion. In that instant the dress pulled away from her body and revealed exactly what

Frank had figured in the bar. She wasn't wearing any underwear.

Her body was hairless from the neck down save a neatly trimmed triangle, free of any blemishes, tan lines or tattoos, and her pussy was already dripping with excitement, a glossy sheen showing on her lower lips. The smell of that cinnamon spice perfume she was wearing suddenly filled the room.

"Now this isn't fair, you are still fully dressed. I want to see if that's a prize cucumber in your pants or you're really excited to see me." she announced with a mocking pout.

He'd never met a woman who'd been so totally ready to go. Especially knowing how big he was before hand. Now, not only did she want him to fuck her, she was practically begging for it. And that smell... it was starting to make him hotter, if that were possible. He pulled his belt through the loops in one motion and a moment later was naked from the waist down.

Her hands went to it immediately, stroking it in opposite directions and extracting a healthy dollop of glistening precum. He is definitely among the top one percent by numbers, she thought to herself as she rolled that gleaming droplet in her fingers before bringing them to her lips and sucking them clean. He was big enough around that she had to use two hands to have any chance to encompass his girth.

"I've never seen a real cock this big," she lied, stoking his ego yet more. It had the desired effect, as his manhood surged harder and fuller. Despite his out-sized proportions Frank's tool was now angled upward in complete defiance of gravity. Natalie was impressed by that.

She went to her knees and began to orally worship his organ even as he removed the remainder of his clothes. He closed his eyes as her hands went to the base of his cock and massaged the large but not quite proportional balls in his sack. Her tongue started to swirl around his prong. It felt to him like her tongue was coiling around his pole like a boa constrictor, squeezing around him. The fact that she was able to take him in her mouth was unbelievable and he grabbed her hair with both hands to pull her farther along.

To his amazement more and more of his trouser-snake pushed into her mouth. She took him in like a veteran sword swallower, until he felt her nose bump into his pubic bone. She didn't gag or stop once, just inexorably proceeded until she'd taken all of him into her mouth. Then he felt her tongue slide from her lips and begin to lick his sack.

He started to withdraw, pulling her head away with his hands and her hair, then started to thrust. She started swallowing when he got fully inside her, her throat clenching down on the half of his cock so far buried. Both of them could tell he wouldn't last long.

She was totally in tune with his state of arousal now, and seconds before his release began, she took his sack in her left hand and squeezed ever so gently. A warmth radiated out from her hand and his balls suddenly felt heavy, full, almost bloated.

Natalie pulled back and jacked his prick like a pro as he began to come, letting him watch the inundation of jiz flood her mouth. Frank's cock gushed forth with a force he'd never felt before, filling Natalie's mouth in three epic squirts, then covering the rest of her face with the next two and finally began the process of glazing her whole upper body (and a good deal of her lower body as well) before his climax finally abated.

His knee's felt weak and Natalie told him to "Go to the bedroom and rest while she got cleaned up." She waited for him to leave the room before she absorbed the essence she'd extracted from him in

that orgasm. She preferred to just let her mark's come inside her, either deep down her throat, or ideally in her pussy. Her ass worked too, but in spite of what she was she wasn't even remotely desperate, as evidenced by her present physical condition. She knew that Frank would like that too though. Perhaps a possibility if things didn't go quite as well as she was pretty sure they would.

She went into the bathroom and started a shower, as much for pretense as anything, since all the evidence of her previous "shower" had vanished. It wasn't often that she did what she was going to do tonight, and over the next few days, but she would make the most of it. The blow job she'd given Frank was just the tip of the iceberg. He certainly was a good specimen, and if she was good, she might have to pin the zipper of her dress when the time came to leave...

She stepped into the bedroom to see Frank passed out on the bed. He was sprawled out on his back, relaxed, save for his manhood. It's stood fully erect, throbbing with his slow heartbeat. Her powers had seen to it that he'd be hard any time she wanted him to be for the remainder of their time together. And right now, she was ready for an encore. She maneuvered herself atop him, and quickly lowered her already dripping snatch upon him.

Frank's eyes opened lazily as she was starting to pump up and down. Her pussy was milking him in ways that he'd never experienced and he felt his cock being pulled and squeezed to another orgasm rapidly.

"Fuck me!" she whined piteously, pouring on faux-urgency.

Tired or not, Frank wasn't going to disappoint, though nagging at the back of his mind was a personal let down that this woman had not only swallowed him whole, but was riding him like a champ. His ego was stroked every time a woman asked him to slow down. The many women who's eyes had been bigger than their pussies and had begged him to stop were a source of pride. It wasn't like he was going to marry one of these girls. That aside, he had a woman riding him right now that had more sexual talent in her snatch than most women could muster in all their attributes, and she was begging for it.

Natalie read those thoughts in real time and smiled inwardly even as Frank began to move in counterpoint to her. She could feel his orgasm rising again, and she urged his cock on with her drooling cunt. It was rare for her to orgasm, but Frank did have some talent, along with well above average anatomy. If his impending orgasm was as impressive as the last, it was conceivable...

She felt it begin, the tell tale throb of his heartbeat, strong fists balling up big hand fulls of bed-sheet, the surge along the length of his fully buried prick. Oh yes, this was going to be a good one!

"Nngh!" he grunted as the first rope of his spunk poured from the end of his cock.

"Oh yeah baby! Fuck! I'm coming!" she whined in ecstasy as his own climax slammed into her.

Frank could feel that incredible pussy bear down on his erupting rod as she came, pulling him deeper and squeezing him harder into her than any pussy he'd ever felt in his life. If this orgasm hadn't felt as indescribable as it did, it probably would have hurt. Instead any pain was overridden or blended into the pure bliss as surge after mind melting surge of cum shot into her.

He came harder than he could ever remember, particularly after such a prolific performance just a short time earlier, and he was barely able to keep his eyes open from exhaustion when she finally pulled off of him with a wet slurping sound. In the final moments of post orgasmic consciousness he looked down his body as he lay there on the bed and saw his tool, still standing proud. "Is it me, or

does it look bigger...?" He half whispered to himself before the darkness of sleep overtook him.

"It is indeed bigger," she said quietly as she too recovered. It was a side effect of being with her. One most often appreciated by her many beau's. It made it easier for her too. More tactile area, more stimulation, faster orgasms, faster extraction of her mark's essence. She proceeded to start working on him again...

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The weekend had been good to her. Her dresses zipper indeed had to be pinned in place, and her cleavage bulged indecently above the upper edge of her dress, not that she really cared. She looked into the mirror again to make sure she was all set, then cast a last glance at Frank. Gone were his mid-thirties handsomeness, thick dirty blond coif and strong physique, replaced with a withered frame, stringy gray patches of hair that would no doubt fall out over the coming days, and the craggy looks of a man sixty years his senior.

"Poor Frankie, such God given gifts, such virility, and you had to be such sexually sadistic fuck. Oh well, your loss is my gain. And to think, if you'd only been one of the nice guys, I never would have touched you."

With those parting words, Natalie Faust, Succubus, left the room.