



**GARY THE INCUBUS AND
THE CASE OF SAD ZACH**

Gary the Incubus - The Case of Sad Zach

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Being summoned to the material plane in proper diabolic fashion is about two things: forethought and presentation.

You don't want some dime-a-dozen cult leader with delusions of grandeur and a long-lost grimoire poofing you into existence in the middle of a dinner party to shock his unsuspecting guests. That kind of cluster-fuck leaves you all fang-toothed with ripping claws and a cloven hoof upending the gravy boat.

Not only does that scare all the squishy humans, but you end up looking like a complete jackass.

Nope. No, thank you.

As I mentioned earlier, it's about forethought and presentation.

So when I was unceremoniously yanked from my cramped office cubicle in the second circle of hell and flung toward the mortal realms for the first time in centuries without so much as a by-your-leave, I simply shook off the rust and got my game face on.

I appeared in the summoning circle with a tasteful flash of glowing embers and only the slightest whiff of brimstone—no need to stink up the place with the smell of rotten eggs. I was trying to impress my first client in two hundred years, after all, and this job relies entirely on word-of-mouth referrals.

My fiendish mind was already clocking in the overtime while I made my interplanar approach. Psychically absorbing modern fashions and social moorings. Sampling the political and moral landscape. Soaking up the latest trends and technological advancements.

Yikes, but you humans have got up to some seriously freaky shit since I was last up here. That internet thingy in particular... so much porn!

I wholeheartedly approve.

“Holy cow! Oh my god... it actually worked?”

I should take a brief pause in the narrative here to explain what and who I am to dispel any confusion and shine the infernal light of clarity on the circumstances.

Hello, my name is Gary, and I am an incubus.

For those of you not in the know, that basically means I am a devil-horned fuck-boy from the depths of damnation.

It's not as bad as you might think. I'm not some villain up to no good. I'm actually a pretty chill dude—albeit one with a severe holy water allergy—who's *totally* uninterested in feasting on souls.

Nefarious? Never. I can't even spell it!

I'm simply a friendly fellow looking to lend a hand to any down-on-their-luck mortal with enough magical moxy to summon me, which, to be fair, doesn't take much. Anyone can do it with the right magic circle and a simple incantation. I'm not about to complain about being dragged away from riding a boring-ass desk to take a jaunt on the material plane.

This is like spring break in Cancun for my kind, even if it does technically count as a working holiday.

Anyway, back to the current events.

I seemed to have apparated (that's a fancy way of saying teleported) into the low-rent apartment of a college-aged youth with a shock of greasy brown hair

and a skin condition. A quick mental probe into his panicking thoughts told me all I needed to know to best handle this rare opportunity. Hold the applause; reading thoughts and desires is the least of my talents.

It's a lust devil thing, and I was still getting warmed up.

Zach—that was the guy stomping out stray embers on the cheap linoleum floor and trying not to hyperventilate—was twenty pounds of proverbial crap in a ten-pound sack. Jesus Christ, his life was a trainwreck, only a few bad choices from coming completely off the rails.

...and yes, we infernals can take the Big-Man-Upstairs' name in vain. Do it all the time. Blasphemy is loads of fun. It's like flipping your high school principal the bird.

He dropped out at the age of twenty. Gaining despondent weight since a torn rotator cuff ended both his dreams of becoming a major league pitcher and his sports scholarship fourteen months ago. Now he was barely breaking even as a short-order cook at a chintzy all-night diner down on the interstate.

Let me tell you, flipping burgers and huffing the fryer fat has done wonders for this kid's ego. It's practically non-existent! He's been brought so low by life's hardships that attempting a satanic ritual found in his grandpappy's old journal was his final, desperate Hail Mary.

Not that she's got off her saintly butt to help anyone in over two millennia, so screw that bitch. Some of us have to work for a living.

Immaculate Conception, my ass.

You might be wondering what I've been doing while Zach was working himself into an existential tizzy. The answer is... nothing.

The human psyche is a fragile thing, and my unexpected appearance raises numerous questions for an intelligent observer.

“Since devils clearly exist, does that mean God does too?”

“If hell is a real place, then what about heaven?”

“What the fuck have I actually done?!”

So on and so forth, until they eventually get a grip and turn to face the elephant in the room. That would be me, though the comparison is hardly flattering (I watch my waistline); however, I have found it best to project an outwardly calm exterior and not make any sudden movements until they are ready to chat.

“Are you really a demon? You don’t look like a demon.” Zach asked, squinting piggishly at me, and I recognized the denial phase of supernatural discovery immediately. “This is all some sort of messed-up joke, right?”

Remember how I mentioned the art of presentation? This is when it really came into play.

I find it’s best to go for the *mostly* human look. A sparing bipedal build. Two arms, two legs, ten fingers and toes. No outright devilish features except for a pair of small obsidian horns poking out of my dark hair, clothed in a rather smart, gray three-piece suit sans the necktie.

Professional. Formal yet relaxed. Nothing threatening here.

Most unpracticed folks expect Dante’s Inferno when calling upon mystical forces beyond mortal ken. Don’t get me wrong, ol’ Alighieri got a lot of it right for a fourteenth-century Italian with a drinking problem—shameless name dropper though he was—but that doesn’t mean we can’t change with the times.

“What did you expect me to look like, Zachary?” I kept my tone gentle and polite. No need to scare off the mark straight away. “Animal features, maybe? The whole human with goat legs and a bull’s head look went out of vogue centuries ago. Oh, and I am a devil, not a demon. There’s a big difference.”

“Wha—what?”

That sent him reeling again, and I used that time to drink in my surroundings.

Zach’s home was a real shit-hole, and that’s coming from someone who resides in a literal hellscape. While it might not be the forest of suicides where harpies break the limbs of trees that housed the souls of the damned, it wasn’t far off in my estimation.

Yellowing wallpaper peeled off the drywall in curling strips, and the carpet was worn threadbare in winding tracks between donated furniture that was long overdue for retirement in a junkyard. It might have been listed as an open-plan studio apartment when my latest client moved in, but that translated into a lack of interior privacy walls, except in the squalid bathroom, and the ceiling was sagging in one corner due to untreated water damage.

Dirty dishes moldered in the kitchen sink. Drifts of unwashed laundry gathered beside an unmade bed. Flies buzzed around bags of garbage stacked beside the entry door.

This poor schlub had really given up all hope. Perfect. That’s where I stepped in.

“What is it your heart’s desire, Zachary?” I asked, watching him stiffen at the repeated use of his birth name. “You summoned me here. There must be something you want to call upon one such as me.”

That broke him out of his pacing, hair-tugging anxiety. Zach gave me a long, questioning stare, evaluating me like a teenager about to buy their first baggy of pot from a stranger. I returned a toothy grin with just a hint of elongated incisor.

“You’re it? The real deal, I mean. No smoke and mirrors?” He sounded desperate. Hopeful. My shriveled black heart went out to him, I swear. “You are an actual devil from hell, bound by magic to serve my bidding?”

I commended myself for not looking down to check the runes in the amateurish circle Zach had clumsily inked onto the carpet with a marker. I could feel how weak they were. I could have cracked his petty spellwork apart like eggshells, but that was no way to kick off a budding business relationship.

I was there to do a job, and if nothing else, I'm a goddamn professional.

"Certainly," I said, bowing deeply and adding a touch of servility to my words. "I live to serve. Tell me what you yearn for most, and we will embark on a journey together with your deepest desire as our destination."

"Holy crap, just like that?" Color began to return to his pimply cheeks. "Anything I want. At the cost of... what, my soul?"

Ugh, would you listen to this chump... five minutes earlier, he was a staunch atheist, and now, he's suddenly fretting about the dirty dishrag that is his eternal spirit.

"Contrary to popular belief, I cannot steal, eat, or bargain for your soul," I assuaged in a placating tone. "I'm not that type of devil. Think of me as more of a good-time kind of guy. My job satisfaction is derived from making you as happy as possible."

That wasn't entirely true. In reality, I was very interested in his soul, but I couldn't tamper with it directly, as mentioned. However, there were other ways to get Zachyboy's name out of the good books and onto Satan's naughty list. And some of those ways were a whole bunch of fun.

Okay, yeah. I lied. I'm a motherfucking devil. Sue me, I dare you. Litigation is a favorite pastime in Hell, and our legal teams star some literal bloodsuckers.

"Happy," Zach said the word as though savoring it for the first time. "You're a demon that feeds on happiness? I'm not buying it."

“Devil, not a demon.” I corrected again, holding up a notably clawless finger. I was mired deep in the swamp of his psyche and recognized the first flickers of hope. “An incubus, to be precise. An avatar of lust and hedonism that feeds off your pleasure.”

“As in... sex?” The recently arrived color drained away again as his piggy eyes widened in horror. “You want me to pay you with sex?”

“That card is definitely on the table, Zachary.”

I was prodding, having a little fun. I knew from the outset he was straight as an arrow and flexible as a cinderblock, even if I personally wasn’t averse to the occasional sausage fest.

Hey, don’t judge. You don’t eat fish tacos for millennia without wanting to sample the chorizo from time to time.

Ever heard of a devil’s three-way?

“However, I sense you don’t swing that way. Have no fear. I can reap my rewards in a more... vicarious fashion.” I broke the building tension with a shit-eating smile. Zach resumed breathing again. “So long as you are having the best time possible, I can sustain myself on the overflow of... let’s call it, pleasurable emotions. Why don’t we start with you telling me what it will take to make that possible?”

“Money!” He blurted, pudgy hands clenching into fists. “Can you give me a pile of cash, or gold bullion, or whatever? I wanna be loaded. Filthy, stinking rich.”

Huh. That was hardly a surprise. It’s among the three most common human fantasies, but here comes the rub...

I’m no fairy godmother, genie, or wizard. I cannot create something from nothing. So fuck those buttocks. Repeatedly. With a pineapple. My talents

require a defter touch. I can... *nudge* certain things. Enhance what is already there by incorporating elements from the surrounding environment.

Not like turning lead into gold, exactly. Nothing so ambitious. But chicken shit into chicken salad?

Abso-fucking-lutely.

For instance, the acne that pocked Zach's sweaty mug? One small nudge of my incubus power to his sebaceous glands, and it was already clearing up. With another nudge to speed his rate of healing, those cheeks would be smoother than a cherub's keister by lunchtime.

“Riches, hmm... What are we talking about here? Bank heist, jewelry theft, some other act of grand larceny? One of my colleagues down below won't stop bragging about robbing a mail train near Buckinghamshire back in '63 with a gang of British goons. I'm always down for some criminal mischief.”

It was too much to hope for. I could already hear the alarm bells ringing in his head. Poor Zachyboy had as much spine as an earthworm... for now. Something else for me to work on.

“What? No! Can't you just...” He wiggled his fingers in a fluttering motion. “Um, magic me rich?”

Ah, this is what the educated set would call ‘a teachable moment.’

“The money has to come from somewhere, Zachary,” I informed him, gesturing instructively. “Must I remind you that I'm an embodiment of lust, not greed? I suppose we could find some old, wrinkly heiress to glamor into your sugar momma, but that would saddle you with an amorous centenarian until she finally died and left you her fortune. Do you have a GILF fetish?”

He didn't, and I wasn't about to bring up the many young, pretty heiresses available. You know the sort—the high-maintenance princesses from

overprotective families with miles-deep pockets and armies of private investigators on call.

Zach struggled to maintain affable relations with the few blue-collar friends he retained after the injury. That Bozo would stand out among the cream of polite society like a turd in the punchbowl.

“Nuh-uh. That’s a big no from me.” He shook his head, “Okay, let’s come back to the money issue later. You keep telling me that you’re an incubus. It’s been a while, can you at least get me laid?”

The first genuine smile of the day graced my devilish lips.

Attaboy!

“Yes, Zachary. We can definitely arrange something like that, and you may call me... Gary.”

“Gary, seriously? I summoned a creature from hell, and your name is Gary?”

We were jammed into Zach’s beat-up Toyota Corolla as he pulled up before the diner. The car was a rusty piece of junk with torn vinyl upholstery, a sprung radiator, and a crack growing in the engine block that would be the final nail in the automotive coffin in a matter of weeks.

At least it would have if I hadn’t given it a few of my patented nudges. Now, the rust was slowly fading, the motor was purring, and the odometer was winding backward with each passing mile. In a few days, he’d be driving a restored classic instead of an old shitbox.

Get how this works yet?

“Gary is more of a nickname.” I wasn’t about to reveal the nature of true names to that arcane dunce, “Suffice to say my full name begins with a *GA* and ends with a *RY* with a lot of harsh consonants in between that results in most mortals begging for a soothing cup of herbal tea and a throat lozenge.”

“Ah, okay. Gary it is then.” Zach put the car into park and killed the engine, looking around nervously. “So, how do we do this? The getting me laid part...”

“What do you mean, Zachary?” I loved playing the clueless innocent. “Did your parents not tell you about the birds and bees?”

That act doesn’t fly in Hell, let me tell you. Not at all. So, it’s nice to indulge in a touch of melodrama when I can. Plus, I’ve found it’s great to leave the ball of culpability firmly in the client’s court. That way, they can’t start whining on the day of judgment, crying to Saint Peter about a certain hellspawn who “made them do it” or other similar nonsense.

Sorry, not sorry. If you went to the trouble of dragging one of my kind from the infernal reaches, any incubi or succubi worth their salt are going to make you say, on the official record, exactly what it is you want us to do on your behalf.

“I’m not a virgin. I’ve had sex. Several times.” He hissed, knuckles turning white as he gripped the steering wheel. “But that was before, and this is now. I’m very aware that I’m not a hotshot college league pitcher anymore and... may have let myself go a little.”

“Congratulations on taking the first step on the path to a better you. Honesty and self-awareness are virtues.” I gave him an encouraging golf clap and nudged his muscle tone and metabolism up a few gears as a reward for personal progress. “There is hope for you after all, and the answer to your earlier question is simple.

“We enter your place of employment. Assess the best candidates for some, shall we say, hanky panky. Then you point out your favorites for me to beguile,

glamor, or ensorcell into having crazy, life-changing sex with you as soon as it is convenient to do so.”

“What about, you know...” Zach whispered, leaning in closer. “I wouldn’t want the girl to say I forced myself on them.”

Geez, what a swell dude. He was worried about enthusiastic consent in the event his reputation might take a blow. Check out Kohlberg’s levels of morality sometime because Zachy could be the poster boy for stage two: self-interest.

I barely restrained myself from breaking into a villainous cackle on the spot.

“Don’t worry, Champ,” I told him, winking conspiratorially and raising my hand in a three-fingered salute. “You won’t have any doubts when they are begging for a ride on your cock. Scouts honor.”

“Wait, there are Boy Scouts in Hell?”

“Do you really have to ask?”

“So there’s Stella. She’s one of the waitresses. Super hot, but doesn’t know I exist.” Zach said, staring out into the dining room as he flipped sizzling burger patties. “I call out orders all day, and she won’t even make eye contact with me.”

“Stella, gotcha. The young, skinny blonde.”

I was keeping to the sidelines, sequestered in an out-of-the-way corner of the kitchen, only half-listening as I checked emails on my smartphone.

And before you ask—yes, Hell has a corporate plan with a major telco provider, but no, I couldn’t tell you which company it is with. NDAs are a

big-time headache, even for us infernals. Simpler to say if I told you which one it was... You wouldn't be surprised.

The diner was called Daisy's, and it wasn't exactly seventies-themed, so much as the place hadn't seen a change in decor since the summer of love. The once-bright colors had faded with the passage of time, the booths and bartops had seen better decades, and the checker-tiled floor was chipped.

But at least the obligatory Wurlitzer jukebox still worked. It was playing "Hotel California" on repeat, thanks to yours truly.

Daisy's was a twenty-four-hour eatery located on the highway at the edge of town, serving burgers and fries to truckers and interstate pilgrims alike. Even during the late shift that Zach habitually worked, the diner was fairly bustling with weary-eyed travelers looking to fill their tired bodies with salt-laden calories before continuing their overnight journeys.

My fiendish mind was occupied with cataloging the various mortals present and wheedling my way into their fatigued thoughts to rifle through their darkest desires and plant a few sinful seeds of my own.

For instance, there was a quartet of lovely college coeds whose openness to experimentation I was swinging wider than a barn door, and a particularly lonely housewife was eyeing up the pimply busboy with extreme interest after a few of my special nudges.

"Hey, are you even listening to me?"

Zach was waving his spatula and shooting me a scowl. With an internal sigh, I pocketed my phone and straightened my posture.

"I've heard every word you've said and was preoccupied, contemplating our next move." Another lie, but as I pointed out earlier, I'm already deep in his head. By comparison, speech is slow and inefficient. "You want to bang the

blonde waitress. That much is clear. Believe it or not, I've actually been busy laying the groundwork for precisely that."

"You have?" Zach looked confused. Ground beef and sizzling cheese began to blacken on the forgotten grill behind him. "How? All you've done since we arrived is skulk in a corner, looking bored."

Talk about ungrateful.

He hadn't noticed his suddenly clear complexion or the way fat melted off his doughboy body as I gradually restored him to peak physical condition. I'd surreptitiously replaced his bargain bin wardrobe with designer labels, slim-cut to fit his hardening physique, but did I get any recognition?

Even as we spoke, I was already spinning elaborate delusions in Stella's brain that Zach was, in fact, the cat's pajamas. Slowly weaving a dozen lifetimes worth of lust and a deeply buried passion for him into the fabric of her mental landscape. Not love, mind you. That's not in my portfolio; more like a blooming obsession with the guy in the kitchen currently talking to thin air.

Oh, did I forget to mention that nobody else could see me?

It's a basic bit of infernal mind-fuckery but handy at times. It helps avoid awkward questions about the handsome stranger with horns standing in the background. But if a client wanted to look like a deranged person by addressing my invisible self directly, that was on them.

"By doing what comes naturally to one such as me." I fought to suppress an eye roll. Zach wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer; he's a spoon. "I am currently sifting through Stella's psyche and tickling all the things that she likes about you to the forefront of her thoughts. Raising your stock, to use business lingo."

"Wait, she likes me? Never would have guessed it with how she ignores me."

She really didn't, and there were countless reasons why.

Stella was a pretty young blonde with a reasonable butt and larger-than-average tits than most girls her age. Barely past her eighteenth birthday, she was already light years ahead of the curve in growing jaded from working a dead-end job and enduring smelly trucker's leers every day. Her figure was thin but in a way that indicated a lack of good nutrition rather than regular exercise, and her golden hair color came from a bottle.

The fact that Zach found her stunningly attractive spoke more about his rock-bottom self-esteem than modern standards of beauty, and Stella's opinion of him and the male population, in general, was not a kindly one.

The poor girl had dreams of saving enough tips to ditch this one-horse town and try her luck in the big smoke. The mounting feelings of bitterness and amorphous resentment were strong in that one. She was battling an eating disorder and depression, living on coupons and only scarcely scraping by on her own.

At least she was until I moseyed into the picture.

Even as Zach ignored the smell of burning food to stare dumbly at me, I was running through Stella's mind like a bunch of pissed-off Greeks bursting out of a wooden horse.

A doctor or psychologist could probably explain how neurochemicals in the brain affect human moods and emotions. Pharmaceutical companies are popping out new pills and formulas all the time to alter the soup of serotonin, dopamine, norepinephrine, and endorphins that decide what type of day a person is having.

I don't need any of that medical mumbo-jumbo. I've been doing this job since before bloodletting was considered a revolutionary medical practice.

A hint of a steamy fantasy here, a nudge to her kinks there, you get the idea. Oh, and while I was at it, adding a little symmetry to her face and an extra cup size in the chest was no effort at all.

Okay, a few extra cup sizes. That drab yellow waitress uniform needed filling out. I may have shortened the hemline from knee-length to mid-thigh too. No sense in half-assing the effort. A touch more junk in the trunk, and Stella was really selling the retro outfit.

Don't worry about it. She's too preoccupied with fresh, happy thoughts about our boy Zach to notice when her tired old flats gained a three-inch... no, a four-inch wedge heel.

"I promise that she has nothing but positive sentiments towards you," I reassured him, tweaking the testosterone production in his family jewels and then enlarging those as well. "Now, how about you save those burgers before the smoke alarm goes off?"

"Dammit!"

While Zach rushed back to his grill, I spent some idle time toying with the relationship status of a charming Canadian couple who were spending their summer backpacking across the States. A few mental nudges from me, and they shot from 'in a relationship' straight past 'it's complicated' into the downright adventurous status of hardcore swingers.

I couldn't stop the smile that spread on my lips as their lovey-dovey gazes left each other and strayed about the room, whispering excitedly and pointing as they surveyed prospective participants for an evening's entertainment.

"Order up!" Zach dinged a bell, sliding four plates of overdone cheeseburgers and salty fries onto the pass. "Tables five and nine."

Stella was there in an instant, practically teleporting over to the little window to deliver him a dazzling smile. That small gap in her front teeth disappeared in a jiffy.

“Thanks, Zach.” She was twirling a strand of her bleached-out hair around a finger, so I fixed that too. Neither of them noticed as it became more lustrous and gained a natural shine. They were engaged in some serious eye-fucking. “Um, are you wearing a new cologne? Something about you today seems extra special.”

I happened to know that my latest client’s preferred *eau de parfum* was a can of Axe body spray, but why spoil the fun? With another nudge from me, potent pheromones were all but oozing from his pores.

Half a dozen female nostrils twitched, and curious heads turned towards the kitchen.

“Nah, just the usual bar of soap and a clean pair of undies,” Zach replied. What a goddamn Casanova. Luckily for him, Stella was past the point of caring about small talk. “Don’t you have a break coming up soon? So do I. We could take it together if you like.”

That’s when I smelled it.

The delicious, intoxicating scent of lust wafted through the ether. A raw, unadulterated desire that didn’t care a wit about morality or propriety or anything beyond the carnal need to fuck and be fucked.

For a creature of my hellish ilk, it’s not just bread and butter. It’s French champagne and the finest Beluga caviar. I soaked it up like a desert in the rain.

Oh yeah, that was the primo shit!

“I—I think I’d really like that.” Stella was twisting from side to side like a star-struck teen. Zach was staring right at her enhanced boobage as it swayed

heavily inside her tinyfied uniform. I vanished the top few buttons for good measure. “Deidra can watch the till. Meet me out back in ten minutes?”

The surge of arousal in both of them was immediate and heady. They were primed to go buck wild. I drank it all up and rewarded my client with a few extra inches in the trouser department. His fat reserves were running low, but you had to make risky investments to reap larger rewards. I was a dab hand at this game.

Zach would be fine... probably.

“I can’t wait.”

“Oh, god. I’ve wanted you for so long, Stella. We should have done this months ago.”

The break area consisted of a couple of two-by-fours laid across stacked milk crates by the staff entrance to the diner in the rear parking lot. The dumpsters stank up the evening air, and no food was being eaten as Stella straddled Zach’s lap, attempting to extract his tonsils with her tongue.

Her yellow waitress dress was hiked up over a waist that was narrowing by the second as he hungrily groped at her perky behind, and I glugged myself on the hedonistic pleasure pouring off of them.

She had been wearing some boring off-white granny panties, but now her tight little rear was accentuated by a lacy teal g-string that barely covered her moistening pussy as she ground it against the rock-hard lump in Zach’s slacks.

The influx of sexual mojo wasn’t just a one-way street. I knew how to maximize my returns. Einstein wasn’t wrong when he said compounding interest was the eighth wonder of the world. Every iota of lustful energy I

harvested from those two went straight back into them for an ultimately greater yield.

That wasn't to say I had placed all my eggs in one basket.

Back inside Daisy's, the college coeds were kissing and pawing at each other, the mature housewife was flirting outrageously with the younger busboy, and the Canadian couple had flanked a confused-looking lady trucker in her booth to solicit the older woman for a night of freewheeling fun.

Deidra, the gray-haired night manager, had popped the cash register and was rubbing fistfuls of greenbacks over her plump body.

Ah well, lust comes in many forms. Who am I to kink shame?

"Oooh, I know, right?" Stella gasped, coming up for air and running her hands over Zach's broadening shoulders. "Is it weird that I thought I wasn't into you at first? Like, not at all. What was I thinking? You're so fucking sexy, and I've caught you staring a bunch. We could have been banging like rabbits this entire time."

A frisson of concern wormed its way over his face, and the outflow of carnal power slowed a fraction. Though his hands remained glued to her wriggling ass, and a wet splotch was forming at the peak of his trouser tent.

"Wait, not at all?" Zach asked, darting glances past her at me. "You liked some things about me, right?"

What a fucking mook. There I was, serving him the girl he had been crushing on for months on a silver goddam platter, and he chose that moment to grow a conscience?

Sorry to say that wasn't the first time this had happened. But I'd broken far more virtuous men than him. Some of those Vatican bishops were real tough nuts to crack back during the more puritanical centuries.

The trick was to work smarter, not harder. I heaped a fresh helping of juju into Stella and set to fanning those particular flames.

“I love plenty about you now. Whoops! Sorry, that word just slipped out.” The increasingly alluring blonde covered her mouth, playing the shy coquette even as she rode Zach’s bulge like a mechanical bull. “You’re so strong and handsome. There’s definitely something about you that makes me want to rub every inch of my body against that big, hard dick of yours.

“I want to feel it sliding over my skin, marking me with your masculine scent. I yearn to taste it in the back of my throat... may I, please? Or you could shove me up against one of those dumpsters and ravage my pretty pussy until I forget my own name...”

Stella’s tits had swollen so large they were spilling out the top of her dress as her hip-humping rhythm grew faster. More aggressive. I gave her a beach bunny tan to complement her new bikini-ready bod, and sucked the last scraps of collagen from her slenderizing thighs to plump up her lips. A dash of extra pigmentation left her with some naturally puckered, ruby-red cocksuckers that Instagram models would sell their souls to possess.

With any luck, my name would get passed around. Word-of-mouth advertising is everything in diabolical business circles.

“You—you want it that bad?” Zach sounded hoarse, his output of sinful energy back at an all-time high as the last vestiges of restraint crumbled like feta cheese. “Oh god, you’re so fucking wet I can feel it through my pants.”

I drank in the boiling lust, then siphoned it straight back into him. Stiffening both his cock, and resolve. Patching up the early signs of a receding hairline, too. I might have—just maybe—straightened out Zach’s goofy nose and strengthened his jawline while I was at it.

In hindsight, I may have gotten a bit carried away.

Who could blame me?

The two of them were veritable dynamos of hedonistic passion spinning up to near-critical levels, and I was getting shitfaced on the sheer amount of raw sensual power blasting out of them. It was like slamming fifty-year-old single malt whisky straight from the cask, and I didn't have the best track record for holding my metaphysical liquor.

Hey, if you only got the chance to drink every few centuries, then things were bound to get wild when the bar finally opened.

"I'm so wet for you, Lover. All for you." Stella growled, tearing at the buttons of Zach's expensive silk button-up. "And if you're not inside me this instant, reshaping my dirty little pussy with that giant cock, I'm going to lose my fucking mind!"

"Jesus, Stella... Holy crap!"

Zach was fast approaching his zenith, throbbing balls churning with steamy cum on a hair-trigger, but I couldn't have that. Not yet.

I sank more horny magic into his sexual stamina, extending the moment of inevitable release and reducing his refractory period down to a hot second. That guy was my ticket to ride the gravy train. The more trim he scored, the more juice I got to keep the party rolling.

"I need you, Zach. I need you right now!" Stella's sapphire eyes were glowing a soft pink, and her tiny g-string was practically dissolving under the deluge of her warm juices, drenching Zach's crotch. "Pleeeease... my body is on fire. I feel like I might break apart if you don't fuck me soon!"

She was bucking and squirming like a starving sex addict in his lap. Absolutely exquisite, immaculately lean, brilliantly blonde, and enormously endowed. Graced with a heavenly face and figure so awe-inspiring that men would start

scrapping for the smallest hint of an approving smile from those boner-inducing lips.

Like I keep saying, I am damn good at my job.

“Yeah... yeah! Gonna fuck you, Babe.” Zach grunted, clutching her slim, gyrating hips like handles with all the new strength I’d crammed into him. A normal human female would have serious injuries from his crushing grip, but Stella was far beyond the mortal spectrum now. “Gonna ram my hard fucking dick so deep into that needy cunt, you’ll feel it stretching out your womb!”

“Do it. Give it to me, Lover!” Stella wailed as he picked her up in muscular arms, and they smashed against the back wall of the diner, tongues tangling in another tempestuous kiss. “*Mmmwah~!* Give me all you’ve got. Leave me wet, dripping, and begging for more...”

Not being one to stand in the way of a good time, I whisked their clothing away and replaced it with more playful attire.

Stella’s yellow uniform melted into equally bright, eye-catching lingerie. The skimpy, strappy sort with a satin bralette that did little to contain her whopping pornstar tits, negligible lace panties, and a sexy little suspender belt attached to the tops of sumptuous silk stockings.

When I was done, she looked like pure sin on two impossibly long legs, which happened to be locked around Zach’s muscular hips.

As for the man of the hour... I simply vamoosed away his trousers. Nothing complicated there. Shit, but guys have it so easy when it comes to fashion.

The practical effect of this brilliant stratagem was immediately apparent when Zach’s upsized pussy-pounder sprang skyward like a jack-in-the-box and swatted her square in the taint.

“Oh, god. I can feel you, Lover. That thing is fucking huge.” Stella whimpered, wriggling her perfect derriere atop his unbending girth. Another nudge from me, and it was sturdy enough to bear all her trifling weight without support. “I want it so badly, but that monster might split me in half. May I please ease it into my naughty kitty myself? Please, Sir. I swear I’ll make you so happy.”

“Do it, Babe, but don’t fuck about. I want to be inside you, and I want it now.”

Had to admit, I was warming to this more assertive version of Zach. Knew the fella had promise from the get-go. All he needed was a... *nudge* in the right direction.

Get it?

Alright, alright. Sheesh, tough crowd. I’ll see myself out.

“Mmmm... yes, sir. Thank you, sir,” Stella moaned out her gratitude, reaching a hand behind her rocking hips to stroke the stony length that jutted like a hot dog from between her firm buns. “Let me get you lubed up with my juices first. Then I will take care of everything.”

The angled position arched her spine alluringly, pushing those impressive knockers up and out as she slid along Zach’s meaty shaft as though it were a waterslide.

With one hand grasping his shoulder and the other fondling his bulbous tip, Stella smeared her saturated, insubstantial panties over every veiny inch of rigid manflesh. Soon, it was glistening like a greased pig, and she levered herself up his jacked torso, pulled aside the tiny strip of sodden lace, and notched him in her dewy cleft.

“Oooh! Aaaw, fuck..” Stella groaned, gnawing on her plump lower lip and slowly sliding down his spearing shaft. “I love how it feels when your giant cock spreads me out, sir. Mmhmm! I think you’ve already ruined me for other men.”

That almost made me laugh out loud. With the way I was twisting her mind up in knots of obsession for Zach, she won't tolerate another man's touch ever again. Then there were the thousands of extra pleasure receptors I'd threaded into her vaginal walls until every millimeter of her slick snatch was essentially one thrumming g-spot.

Did I mention that neither of them had a single blemish or deformity left anywhere on their enhanced bodies? Stella used to have a crooked toe from a childhood bicycling accident and an unsightly birthmark in her armpit. Not anymore. No diseases or injuries, either. Those are completely wiped away forever.

The pair of them could take up modeling or influencer careers at this point and have millions of fans simpering over their images in less than a week.

...or porn. Let's face it. These two are definitely going into porn once they're done. Look out, internet!

"What other men? You're mine now, babe!" Zach growled, crushing Stella back against the crumbling brick wall and thrusting roughly up into her ecstatic cunt. "This is the only dick you'll ever need to pound that hot waitress pussy until you yowl like a cat in heat!"

"Yes, lover, YES! Make me your personal cum-slut, and I'll worship that magnificent cock forever!"

Chips of red brick and mortar rained down under the force of their fucking. There would be an imprint of a certain blonde's sensational ass carved into the wall by the time they were finished. Not that they noticed it or would have cared.

Stella was cumming with every crash of his powerful hips. Her superhumanly gorgeous body humped convulsively back into Zach as a thundering drumline of percussive climaxes marched double-time through her blissed-out psyche.

“Jesus, babe, you’re one tight cunt!” He bellowed, manhandling her by the waist and jackhammering into her clingy wetness. “I can’t believe how good you feel, squeezing and milking me like a hot fucking glove!”

Stella’s hands were exploring his muscular shoulders and back. Her gravity-defying cleavage bounced, and her superb thighs squeezed desperately. She licked Zach’s neck and babbled words of purest worship in his ears.

“Oh god, oh sir! You’re hitting places so deep inside me... *Hnnnh~!* Keep doing that. Your huge, perfect dick is going to make me cum again... Aaah! Ne-never stop making me cum!”

Zach was lost in primal arousal. Steam was all but blowing out of his ears as the world’s newest super-stud jacked her on his prodigious prick like a living fuck toy. Stella flailed about, overloaded with ecstasy. Her glowing pink eyes rolled, and her pretty jaw hung slack.

That stunning face was the picture of mindless rapture, her glorious body shuddering with orgasmic tremors. Her muscles seized, and she would have toppled backward if Zach hadn’t grabbed her by the neck.

“Steady, girl. I’m not done with you yet.”

His voice was deep and gravelly. Harsh and commanding. It snapped Stella’s dizzy gaze back to him with blazing intent.

“Please, *pleeeeeease~...*” She gasped, grinning madly as her flawless face turned tomato red with overwhelming passion and an abrupt lack of oxygen. “Give it to me. I—I want you to bless my... *oomff~* fertile womb with your alpha seed. I’m begging you, sir. Please blow your delicious load deep inside my hungry pussy and fill it with your babies.”

“Holy faaaaark!”

Zach's climactic roar drowned out the sounds of midnight traffic as he came like a cannonade and did exactly as the nice lady requested.

An inhuman amount of hot, virile spunk blasted out of his turbo-charged balls and into the euphorically screaming blonde mega-hottie.

Here's a fun fact I happened to know: the average male human ejaculates roughly one to five milliliters of semen under normal circumstances.

Not my main man Zach, though. Nope. Not anymore.

When he got his rocks off, you better believe it started a goddamn landslide.

Jet after jet of sticky jizz rocketed into Stella's baby box, stuffing it past physical capacity and pooching her flat tummy. The supernatural outpouring lasted for several minutes as they clung to each other until the dam was finally breached, and a river of creamy cum poured from between their joined sexes.

It splattered down between Zach's feet. Forming a puddle of their mixed fluids, which glistened in the dull green light of the exit sign above the door.

I let out a gratified burp, leaned against a dumpster, and lit a cigarette.

"Wow. I mean, sweet baby Jesus, Stella. That was incredible." Zach panted, still hard as a diamond and pulsating inside her. "Wait, are you on the pill? We didn't use any contraception..."

"No, and if you had tried using a condom," She giggled drunkenly, nuzzling his chin. "I'm a hundred percent sure it would have popped like a water balloon when you dumped that epic load inside me."

That should have been like a bucket of cold water for the old Zach, but he just shrugged and gave Stella's phenomenal butt a teasing spank.

She moaned whorishly in response and kissed him as though she were dying of thirst. The two of them were clearly winding up for another round when a siren chirped, red and blue lights flashed, and a patrol car pulled into the parking lot.

Well, fuck. Here came the popo to break up all my fun just when shit was getting good.

“Alright, kids. Fun’s over.” A faintly accented feminine voice drawled humorlessly through the vehicle's loudspeaker. “Step away from each other and make yourselves decent.”

Zach’s eyes met mine in a serious stare, and I returned him a very wide, very fanged grin brimming with lustful energy.

Maybe we weren’t done for after all...

“Me vengo... me vengo! That’s it, you amazing hunk. Rail my horny Latina coño with your polla grande!”

Officer Sofia Ruis certainly had a filthy mouth for a cop, breaking into bouts of Spanish dirty talk as Zach plowed her atop the laminate countertop.

The olive-skinned policewoman had resisted for a very impressive three minutes before succumbing to the panty-dissolving fog of hedonism blanketing the building.

Now her gray and tan highway patrol uniform had morphed into a slutty Halloween parody of her former authority. The crisp charcoal slacks were now a short pleated miniskirt, and her officially emblazoned shirt shrunk down to a tiny blue crop top with the words “Punani Patrol” painted across the raven-haired officer’s rapidly inflating breasts.

Her tactical footwear had transformed into black thigh-high platform boots with spiked heels and plenty of shiny buckles. They were slung over Zach's boulder-esque shoulders as he pile-driven Sofia up the length of the counter, sending napkin dispensers, cutlery, and salt shakers clattering to the floor in their wake.

"You're so strong, sir. Please, give her what she needs. Fuck her silly, lover." Stella gushed, beaming and clapping excitedly, pressed naked against his heaving back. Her supreme physique and preternatural beauty put to best use as some sort of cheerleading human cape. "Once she has a taste of that incredible seed, you'll be like a king to her just as you are to me. My super handsome, mega-hung CockKing who conquers the hottest and most deserving women with virile blessings of mind-bending pleasure."

They were back inside the diner, and boy howdy, things had heated up.

The jukebox was playing "Wet-Ass Pussy" by Cardi B, and a soft pink haze hung visibly in the air.

I was huffing it in like a teenager doing whippets while watching the increasingly curvaceous housewife vacuum up the younger busboy's stiff prick in the kitchen. She sucked and slobbered in one of the sloppiest blowjobs I had witnessed in centuries, but valiantly kept at it as the intrepid dishwasher seized her thick chestnut hair and crammed his growing length down her bulging throat.

The four barely legal coeds had graduated from tentative experimentation to open sapphic exhibitionism. Their tight freshman bodies twisted together on the tiled floor—dressed in skimpy schoolgirl and cheerleader outfits that covered shockingly little of their fit, nubile forms—licking, fingering, and gasping in a writhing love puddle that would have made Nero swoon.

The backpacking couple had claimed the corner booth. The tattooed lady trucker sprawled over the table with a leather biker skirt shoved up to her broad hips and a matching black bustier struggling to contain her ripening

endowments as the Canadian man plundered her exposed snatch while his charming fiancée sat naked on her cunt-slurping face.

They were smiling and blowing each other kisses the whole time, even as they came together and made a sticky mess of both ends of the muscularly built woman.

Call me a hopeless romantic if you must, but isn't love grand?

Even Deidra was enjoying herself in her own way. The elderly night manager was locked in the small office out the back, merrily cooking the books and skimming from the day's takings while diddling herself with a roll of quarters.

I hadn't done much more than check in on her. The lust seeping out of the old battleaxe was tainted heavily with greed, and while it would do in a pinch, that ultimately wasn't my wheelhouse.

Besides, I had a whole smorgasbord of boiling desire to sample at my leisure... or gobble down like a glutton on Thanksgiving day, which is exactly what I was doing.

I realize the lines separating the seven deadly sins are getting a bit blurred in the recounting, but, to be frank, I was fucking legless on overwhelming power by this point.

Intoxication has some interesting effects on one with my infernal pedigree. In this case, my forehead nubs had grown out into large, curling ram horns; my pupils were the golden slits of a serpent, and crimson batwings materialized, extending eight feet on either side from my shoulder blades.

They had torn out the back of my nice shirt and waistcoat, but I was too wasted to notice. My forked tongue was flickering as I tasted all the delicious lust in the air.

Stella had Officer Sofia's gunbelt slung about her supermodel hips and looked like a totally naked badass as she strutted around to handcuff the wailing policewoman's wrists above her head and pinned them there while Zach savaged the gorgeous Latina's constantly squirting pussy.

There was a sparkling wet line running up the linoleum countertop, tracing their hip-smacking journey from one end to the other like a slug trail.

"Cojeme más duro! Cojeme más duro!"

"I think she likes you, sir." Stella snickered, flipping back her gentle waves of platinum hair and striking an alluring sidelong pose with her huge, perfect tits out front and center. "Does she feel good enough for my beloved CockKing to bless with his royal seed? If she doesn't, just say the word, and I will find another more worthy supplicant to replace her or take it myself."

"Fat fucking chance," Zach growled, pounding Sofia hard enough to shake the glassware in their drying racks. "This sexy blue-blooded bitch is mine! Gary, make sure I plant a couple of babies in her belly so everyone knows who claimed her."

"Who are you talking to, sir?"

I was so proud of my boy at that moment. I swear, a tear welled in my reptilian eye.

"As you wish, boss."

Drawing in a deep breath, I consumed the motherload of all mojo, every scrap of it in the diner, and channeled it directly towards the adulterous trio with drunken glee. It was like mainlining uncut heroin while experiencing the greatest orgasm of my immortal existence.

Before you get too excited, it's like this every time. Just part of my eternal torment. It's fan-freaking-tastic but fades fast. Leaving me chasing the next high as I jonesed like a junkie back in hell.

For my two favorite humans and their whimpering playmate, however, the consequences were far more pronounced.

Both women were already award-stealing beauties after more than a few nudges from me, but this blast of lascivious power was leagues beyond anything before.

Hair thickened, breasts swelled, tummies tightened, and legs lengthened. Their skin—one of flawless ivory, the other burnished bronze—shone like polished stone, radiating superlative health and youthful vibrancy.

Their faces were breathtaking, transcending from merely dazzling to irresistibly captivating. The smallest smile from either pair of sumptuous lips could stop citywide traffic, and both sets of brilliantly bright eyes glowed pink with soulful devotion to the demi-god looming above them.

Zach grew as he relentlessly hammered into the exotic Hispanic goddess. Heavy cords of muscle flexed and shifted as his already Olympian body took on titanic proportions. He gained another six inches in height, dwarfing the women beneath him. His jawline was so strong; a blacksmith could have used it as an anvil, and his rugged good looks became utterly pussy-melting.

Most impressively of all, his iron-hard manhood extended in size and girth inside Officer Sofia's overstuffed snatch.

“Oh dios, dios mio! Sir... ugh—Master! Master is growing bi—bigger inside my needy cunt!” She cried, tearing the blue “Punani Patrol” crop top apart to release her stupendous, tanned melons. “Dame más... *haaa~!* Give me mo—more of your wondrous cock. Please, Master. Knock me up with your niños!”

Well, Sofia was in luck. Not only was Zach's semen now a potent aphrodisiac, but his sperm count was off the charts. Those microscopic swimmers were so vigorous and plentiful that a single drop of spunk would give any birth control the fight of its life.

"Cum inside her, sir. Please, can't you see how badly she wants it?" Stella crooned, still holding down the policewoman's cuffed wrists and batting her impossibly luxurious lashes. "I love seeing your majestic kinghood distending her flat belly with every thrust. I yearn to feel it spreading me apart again. Cum inside this gorgeous slut, please. Then fuck me full of your CockKing seed again..."

"Jesus, you're both too goddamn hot!" Zach's deep voice sent shivers through every woman in the diner, every one of them turning to watch him in awed silence. "Gonna breed her. Gonna breed you. Gonna breed any tight cunt that wants a dose of this stiff dick. Zach's back on top, baby!"

Wasn't he just?

Like a bugle sounding the rallying call, his words started a rush of eager, feminine bodies towards the rutting trio. The quartet of scantily attired coeds moved surprisingly fast for a group of girls wearing stripper heels.

I was leaning against the cash register, counting out the suspiciously damp bills, and smoking another cigarette. Four hundred American dollars. Enough to pay Zach's rent for a few weeks. It would have to do.

Slapping the money down on the countertop behind him, I stood back to watch the *pièce de résistance* and absorb one last burst of lust before hitting the road.

"Here it cums!"

"Yes, Master, yes!"

The crowd of avid female onlookers all trembled and gasped when Zach finally exploded in Sofia's battered snatch. The bewitching mamacita preened haughtily under their envious stares, shuddering through a monumental climax as her fertile womb was stuffed full before he suddenly pulled out and hosed down their college-aged audience with gooey blasts of his abundant jizz.

Sticky shots landed on pretty faces, exposed cleavage, and bare thighs alike, sending them into a frenzy like a pack of sexual piranhas tasting blood in the water.

Soon, only Zach's head and shoulders were visible above the scrimmage of jockeying young flesh and squealing voices. He took a moment to meet my waiting gaze and gave an appreciative nod.

I smiled, still a bit loopy from that last rush of lecherous energy, and returned a claw-tipped thumbs up before dropping a business card on top of the folded bills.

It was completely black with just the name "Gary" printed on the front in white Gothic lettering. On the back was my cellphone number and Gmail address.

It pays to keep in touch with past clients in my line of work. Though with any luck, he'd lose the card, and some other unsuspecting innocent would give me a call.

A fanged grin spread across my devilish face as I completed the infernal contract and felt the inexorable tug of magic pulling me back to hell.

The mortal realm was a fascinating place. Constantly changing and presenting new opportunities for a savvy incubus like me. Lots of fun and naughty opportunities.

Hopefully, I'd be called back up here again real soon.

THE END

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