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And that's where the rest of Eddie Takosori's works may be found
It's fiction, yada-yada, and any resemblance is coincidental

Astral Porn Eddie Takosori 12-15-07

The name's Takosori, Eddie Takosori. You might have heard of me, but then again, probably not.

I'm not much in the real world, but in the world of shadows, dreams and the astral... After I retired from the CIDC, I carved a little niche out for myself. Anybody who's anybody in the astral has heard of me... or read my work.

I got this little place, this mansion. It's by the water, at the edge of the ocean. I spend my nights there. It's got something like a thousand, maybe two thousand rooms in it. I've never been in them all... never even been down all the passages, but my name's on the lease, and everybody who shows up seems to think I own the place. I'm not going to be the one to set them straight.

But that's all general background, stuff you would know if you could make the transition. It's the kind of tangential information narrators like to throw in at the beginning of stories to set the time and place, but not needed for a full understanding of the plot.

This particular night was like most any other. I was out by the pool, sitting at my writing desk, watching the waves pound against the rocks, and keeping an eye on the girls... but we'll get to them in a moment.

I was looking for a story line. I'm always looking for a story line and when I saw the succubus in the fur coat floating over the ocean, I knew I had my lead character.

She flew in low over the rock wall and landed in front of my desk, but she didn't bother to sit down. Instead she took off her hat and her sunglasses, as if they were some sort of disguise, and then she took off her fur coat.

She wasn't wearing anything underneath. I'll leave it to your imagination as to what she looked like. She was a succubus after all. She could have looked like whatever you wanted... and then some.

Standing naked... she told me her troubles. Her husband was an asshole. He was a demon after all. What did she expect? I found it hard to feel sorry for the girl. She told me a familiar sob story about being bound at birth... eons of rape, torture, and his ridiculously childish moronic sexual demands.

I lit a cigarette. I blew the smoke in her face. What did I care about her problems?

But she was insistent. She said she'd do anything.

My ears pricked up. I knew it was a mistake. I already had enough girls. How many Succubae do you need anyway?

But she was down on her knees and words I can resist... but when a girl stops talking and uses her forked tongue for other things... Well, a man can only take so much.

In the end I bound her to me, pierced her with a silver stud. You should have heard her holler and scream. I confess, I like it when they scream.

"My husband will know for sure," she protested.

"Exactly," I explained for what must have been the thousandth time for the thousandth damsel in distress, "When you come back tomorrow, he'll be sure to follow."

I like to do it up big, flowers, candy... a candle lit dinner for two all set up on the patio.

She flew in as before over the ocean, the moon in silhouette... and when she set down I planted a big wet one on her lips.

I didn't waste any time. I lay her back on the table... and in seconds her husband was there. Fifty feet of enraged demon ready to tear me apart and feast on my soul. He was so mad, I had to point out that he was standing in a pentagram... and that me and his soon to be ex-wife were standing in another.

He didn't believe me at first, but with a thousand girls at your disposal, you can put together a pentagram pretty damn fast. I used to have to be more resourceful, rig doors, windows, and even chimneys to complete a pentagram when opened, closed, or walked through... but those were the old days. Now the girls link hands, toss coils of silver wire, and unroll elaborately embroidered carpets.

The poor smuck never stood a chance.

I'm a reasonable guy. I don't make the demons pay much. I'm not greedy. It's a simple trade, their freedom for the girl's.

Oh, I throw in a clause about how they have to keep quiet, and are honor bound to come to my defense, but it's never come to that.

And, well the girls, for the most part, I let them do what they want. If they want to relax, watch TV, and play house, that's fine. And, if they want to collect souls, fair enough, but we split the take fifty-fifty.

Someday one of those demons is going to outsmart me, and when that happens, I'm going to need every last bargaining chip I can come up with.

So if you're ever in trouble, look me up, but to be fair about it, if its girl trouble, I probably already own your ass, and you'd be wise to work it out on your own.

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