

Hell's Forbidden Passion (The Devil's Desire)

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New Story Title: Hell's Forbidden Passion (The Devil's Desire)

An epic fantasy adventure through Hell, with demons and angels, and a couple humans with targets painted on their back. David and Mia didn't want to be a part of this, but their unexpected first deaths land them in the middle of events grand and beyond knowing. Why are they in Hell in the first place? Why don't they have the mark of the Beast, like other souls do? And why does everyone either want them, or want them dead?

What to Expect:

Erotic & Sex scenes will occasionally be quite long and descriptive, but those scenes will start and end with ******* so you can skim over them if you're not in the mood

~-Erotic Content~-

Sexy monster-on-human scenes with size difference will be the most frequent theme. David and Mia are small compared to most demons, though David will also sleep with not-so-huge partners occasionally as well. Harems and reverse harems will be explored, along with more intimate romance. Most sex scenes will be heterosexual in nature, with some occasional girl-on-girl, and plenty of vaginal, anal, and double penetration. Threesomes, foursomes, fivesomes, and more will eventually be explored. No incest. David and Mia are not into each other. Mia will often be on the receiving end of dominant behavior from male demons, some spanking and choking, being pinned down and penetrated in many ways, etc. David will often be pinned and fucked by many female demons of varying sizes, but will also occasionally get to indulge in dominant behavior, too. Large and deep penetration will be frequently explored, with varying degrees of belly bulging/stomach deformation.

There will be occasional reluctance sex scenes, but nothing extreme. Both participants will always enjoy themselves.

Enjoy reading

~-Day 1~-

~-Mia~-

Dying sucked. She hadn't expected it to, but there it was. All the old movies made it seem like a quick and borderline painless process. New movies, not so much, but she didn't like new movies.

She stared down at her body, her open eyes, and her open mouth leaking milk and cereal on the small, round, black table that'd cost a whole fifty cents. It teetered when she ate. It wasn't teetering anymore.

Right next to her was David, her brother. Same state, head on the table, or rather, kinda on the table. Poor guy's face was straight down in his bowl of cereal, milk splashed everywhere. No bubbles.

"Whoa," David said. She almost jumped. He was standing next to her, staring down at his body with the same frozen fascination and confusion she was.

Her twin brother David had shortish red hair, with soft green eyes and a clean-shaven face showing his freckles; not that the guy could grow a beard if he tried. He stared at her for a few more seconds before looking back down at his body sitting on the lawn chair they'd confiscated from a nearby garbage pile, for their equally shitty dorm.

Mia came up behind her body, and stared down at her dead expression. Same sort of face as her brother, freckles, pale skin, soft eyes, vibrant green, and long and mostly straight red hair that reached the center of her back. A small woman, maybe five feet tall on a good day. She never minded being short, unlike her bro, but right now it made the horror scene in front of her even more sickening. She was just a... a small thing, sitting there, dead, with eyes wide open.

David reached down for his body's shoulders, gasped, and yanked his hand back. His fingers had passed through his body, like a--

"Ghost," Mia said. "We're... ghosts."

"Oh shit." David gulped, eyes locked on his body, then hers, before looking at her, ghost her. "You're naked."

She blinked at him, looked down at herself, and then at him.

"So are you. We're ghosts. I... guess clothes don't come with you when you die." Which probably threw a lot of old beliefs to the curb.

"Fuck me," he said. "That... that... really fucking sucked."

"I know, right?" She threw up her hands and gestured to their corpses, before stomping around their dorm. Apparently ghosts could stomp. "That hurt! I just, started fucking choking on nothing, and everything hurt, and my insides felt like they were on fire!"

"Heart attack?"

"We both died of a heart attack? At the same time? We're way too young, anyway." Not even twenty, yet.

David shrugged. "Well it's not like we were poisoned. You started eating ten minutes before I did. And who the fuck would poison us?"

She stared at her body a little more, her little white t-shirt and her shitty boxers, and the cheap cereal that'd probably doomed her to dying of cancer eventually anyway. After a couple more seconds of cold silence, she threw up her hands again, screamed, and marched into their tiny living room, attached to the tiny kitchen. The dorm had concrete walls, so it wasn't like anyone would hear her if she screamed herself hoarse.

It wasn't like anyone would hear her no matter what, anymore.

She looked at the torn-up loveseat, the only seat in the small living room. She looked at the TV collecting dust. She looked at the exercise equipment she shared with her brother, gymnastic rings and resistance bands and kettlebells. She tried picking one up, and sure enough, her hand passed through it.

She looked back to David. The fact they were naked was a little more obvious now that she had half a dozen feet between them: David was in great shape for a little guy, and so was she, lean and fit, all with the goal of getting laid -- ha -- and living a long life -- ha ha.

He wandered around the table, circling it, holding his chin and going into his classic nerd detective mode. Given some time, he'd eventually freak out and panic when the reality of what was happening set in. The panic was already setting in for her www.lovetoworm.com

David stepped around the counter, past the shitty microwave and fridge, past the spot where an oven should have been but wasn't, and tried to open the cupboards. Again, his fingers went right through them.

"Dead," he said. "We're... actually dead."

"Yeah." Finally, it was sinking into his thick skull. "We're fucking dead."

"No more class..."

"Did you actually want to go to class?"

"I was kinda enjoying programming."

Sighing, she walked down the hall and into the tiny bathroom.

"Yeah. I was kinda enjoying Psych 201." No need to stick her head out to speak. The concrete walls and their thin coating of white paint made all sound bounce. Seemed to continue doing so for ghost voices.

She stared at the mirror. Normally she'd see a small, cute-approaching-sexy ginger woman with small breasts, a flat stomach, and a surprisingly nice, firm ass. Now, she saw nothing. Sure, she saw herself just fine when she looked down, and everything seemed perfectly normal. She wasn't hazy or see-through or anything, and minus the lack of clothes, she seemed to look identical to how she'd looked right before dying. David looked the same. Just, no reflection. So far, most her ideas about ghosts were being tossed out the window.

"Oh shit!" David said.

She stuck her head out the doorway, nearly falling over when she tried to grab the door frame for balance. Her hand passed through it. Ghost rules were strange.

"What?"

David ran past her and into his bedroom, bedroom door open; not that it'd have mattered. She followed after him.

"I can't... oh fuck oh fuck." He tried to grab his mouse and keyboard. No good. He desperately tried to turn off his PC next to the barely standing old wooden desk. No good. His hands phased through everything, leaving the monitor with the naked, posing succubus background in plain view.

"David," she said. "No one's going to give a shit about your background. Besides, we're dead. Who fucking cares about--"

"Not my background! My browser history! Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck."

She stared at her brother as he swung his hands fruitlessly at his mouse and keyboard again and again, and she laughed. She couldn't help it. The laughter rippled up through her and had her struggling to breathe -- somehow -- and she teetered back as she reached out for the door frame. And fell flat on her ass as her hand phased through it.

"Got some kinky porn you don't want the world to know about?" Okay, this was good. They were dead but they could still laugh about shit. They-- "Oh fuck my toys!"

David stopped swinging at his desk long enough to look at her before she disappeared down the tiny hall into her own bedroom and its white concrete walls. She reached for the handle for her small closet and tried to swing it open, but of course it didn't go anywhere. But, she was dead, so she stepped through the door and into the darkness of her closet www.lovetoworm.com

Apparently ghosts couldn't see in pitch black, but she knew her way around her closet in the dark well enough. She'd opened it and gone digging for her toys in the dark hundreds of times. But, again, once her fingers found the big box, it was pointless. Untouchable. The box, sitting at the top of the closet, filled with all kinds of vibrators, lubricants, and very strange, very large dildos, was doomed to be found by whoever investigated their room. The whole university was going to find out she liked to fill herself with toys, frequently, most of them not based on any human penis. She was going to be the laughing stock of everyone.

She choked down her sudden urge to cry, clenched her fists, got up and out of her closet, and walked back into David's room www.lovetoworm.com

David looked at her with terrified eyes. "You think... you think they'll check my internet history?"

"Guaranteed."

"Oh nooooo."

"Can't be any worse than my dildos."

"I beg to differ!"

She shook her head as she rolled her eyes. "Dave, I have a dildo that looks like it belongs on a dragon. A large one."

He shrugged. "What girl doesn't? I have so much... really fucked up hentai shit on here, you know? Not anatomically possible shit!"

There they went again, comparing who was the bigger pervert. Well, at least that was better than panicking.

"I have a double dildo that looks like two hot--you know what? Let's not do this. We're dead. And no one's reviving us. We shouldn't care about who finds our fucking history or sex toys."

Easier said than done. She couldn't stop picturing it, every uni student scrolling on their phone and being shocked at her death, then laughing at the reveal of her toys. What if they found out she had bodies share that information publicly? God fucking christ she hoped not.

"Fuck fuck fuck. You're sure this isn't a dream, Mia?"

She pinched herself as hard as she could. Plenty of pain, but that was all. Why the fuck did her ghost body feel pain? Being dead sucked.

"This isn't a dream."

"Fuuuuuuuck."

She stared at David. He'd been sitting on the floor, his head in his hands, his body shaking. She moved over to him and laid her hand on his shoulder. She didn't care, she was naked. She had seen them all. She had seen them all.

"We're dead," she said.

"I know."

"We're dead."

"Evidently."

"We're... dead."

"Apparently."

She sat up and threw her arms up again. "The fuck do we do?"

"Panic!"

"We're not panicking!" fuck, she sounded like she was panicking.

"We're not panicking!" fuck, she sounded like she was panicking.

"Okay, we're not panicking. Let's... Let's confirm."

"Confirm we're dead?"