

# **The Poor Nurse**

t'Sade



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# Urotsukidōji: That Poor Nurse

# 1

The summer evening buzzed with an orchestra of insects. The air, thick and sluggish, beat against the skin as the hint of a rain that never came drifted further away with every passing moment. Daylight faded into a buzzing darkness, with the bright headlines of cars lighting up the few stragglers as they pooled at the bars, parks, and other places. In the distance, tall apartment buildings glowed with the flickering colors of television sets and people living their lives, ignoring the press of others.

Michie pulled into an empty spot and crawled out of the right side of her bright yellow car. The engine popped softly as she pushed her skirt down over her trim legs, then shoved the door shut. She started to walk toward a large hospital next door when she paused and turned around. Clicking her tongue, she reopened the car and pulled out a small duffel bag and a book. Shoving the book into one pocket, she closed the door again and made her way toward the hospital. Her heels rapped smartly against the concrete steps as she headed toward one of the large revolving doors.

As she passed through it, one of the day-shift nurses in powder-blue scrubs walked in front of the door, pushing a cart laden with medical supplies. Michie shoved her way into the hospital and called out to her.

“Suzu!”

Suzu paused and turned around with a curious look on her face. Seeing Michie, a broad smile brought a light to her light brown eyes.

“Michie! I was wondering if you were going to show up today.”

Michie felt a tiny blush start to grow in her cheeks, “It wasn’t that impressive of a date.”

“Oh really? The way you were going on about it, I was expecting you to be moving to closer to downtown, with all his money.”

“He doesn’t have that much...” Michie let her voice trail off but Suzu grinned at her.

“He has a fully-paid apartment near the downtown Osaka, makes a lot of money, and wants to bury you in jewelry. Yes, he’s rich.”

Michie grinned back, the blush still on her cheeks, “Okay, he’s got some money.”

“So why are you still here? How did last night go?”

Walking with her friend, Michie spoke softly of the date the prior night, of their talking and potential plans for the future. When she got to the point of spending the night, Suzu let out a tiny squeal before she ducked her head, looking around to see if anyone noticed. A sour-faced doctor gave her a disapproving looking and they both quickly pushed the cart toward the medical supplies room.

As soon as they got away from the doctor, Suzu whispers conspiratorially, “You spent the night!? Does that mean you finally got some?”

Michie felt the blush rise up in her cheeks and she stammered for a moment before keying open the electronic lock on the supply room. Suzu continued to stare at her as Michie pulled the cart in and started to unload it.

“You didn’t!”

Shaking her head, Michie had to focus on the cart and tiny bottles for a moment.

“No, I didn’t. But... tonight I’m going back.”

Suzu wrapped her arms around her and gave her a strong hug. When her friend pulled back, there were unshed tears in her eyes.

“I’m so happy for you.”

Silence stretched between them and neither girl moved. Michie cleared her throat.

“Uh, Suzu?”

“Yes, Michie-chan?”

“Can I get dressed now?”

Suzu’s eyes cleared and she smiled, “Oh, yeah. Sorry.”

Michie paused at the door and turned, watching Suzu sorting the various medicines into their respective places. For a moment, she

wanted to say something, but everything suddenly seemed so final. Instead, she closed the door behind her and listened to her heels as she headed toward the nearest elevator.

She reached the door just as the sound of an ambulance filled the room. Spinning around, she saw a stretcher being pushed through the emergency door, on the opposite side of the main entrance. Michie felt a strange ripple of fear as she saw blood dripping from what looked like a young man's hand as they rushed him into the triage.

Michie shivered violently for a moment, but the elevator bell rang out behind her and she slipped into the empty car and thumbed the basement, where the employees had their lockers. The sight of the bleeding hand burned in her mind as the elevator doors slid shut.

—

Nagumo wasn't dead, but it felt like he was already gone. His teenage body ached from the broken bones that shattered on impact with the bus. The flash of memory, of bright lights and steel, played over and over again in his head. He tried to concentrate on it, to avoid the incredible feeling of being broken and shattered, a dying man. He tried to think about Akemi, the love of his life, but her image just swam in his vision before fragmenting away.

If he could move, he would have reached out for those memories, but his body refused to submit to his will. Instead, he could feel a draining sensation as he bled life out on the stretcher. Hands scooped underneath him and he felt himself being lifted over to the emergency table, Nagumo couldn't find a coherent thought to respond. Instead, he just concentrated on the bright red light blinding him. He tried to open his eyes, to clear the red, but realized he was looking out clearly, his vision streaked red with internal bleeding.

His life.

It wasn't fair, he finally got the chance to get with Akemi. Then, that strange, green-haired girl started to talk to them and everything went wrong after that.

Shadows crossed over his face as a nurse, a pretty thing, strapped something to his arm. He felt his body respond, trying to move his eyes to follow her gestures as something deep inside responded to

her smile. However, his body wouldn't move and she disappeared from his sight. The attraction leaked away with his blood as a doctor, or what he assumed was a doctor leaned over him.

A beeping filled his hearing, slow and unsteady. His heartbeat. His life.

—

Michie unbuttoned her dress while standing in front of her locker. She paused, realizing that she forgot to wear a bra that day. A slow, sensual smile crossed her lips when she realized it was still on his floor, waiting for her to return. Fingertips eased her dress top open, caressing the inner valley of her breasts as she slipped off her shirt. It puddled against her hips and she stroked down, enjoying the feel of her tight stomach. She thought back to the hundreds of hours working out, with Tai Chi and Judo to get in shape for him, her love. She smiled to herself and felt a tiny tingle heat spark to life between her legs. Blushing, despite the fact no one else was down there, she quickly stripped out of her dress and shoved the outfit on a hook inside the locker. She paused for a moment, staring at the yellow underwear around her hips and briefly considered taking advantage of the privacy to just stroke herself, just a little.

Her fingers started to slide down when the elevator bell rang out in the distance. Blushing fiercely, she reached in and pulled out her own nurse's outfit, a pastel blue one. Ignoring her missing bra, she managed to get half of it on when Suzu came bounding into the locker area.

"Oh, Michie." Suzu started to say something else, then peered closely at her, "Are you okay?"

"I-I'm fine, just need to finish up."

"But, you look at all flushed."

For once, Michie wished Suzu would leave her alone. She ducked her head into the locker, but Suzu stepped even closer, peering at her through the mirror on the back of the locker.

"Did you shave?"

Michie felt a burn on her cheeks as she clutched her hand to her breast, stepping back away from her locker and her friend. Suzu gaped for a moment, then grinned broadly.

"You did! You shaved yourself!"

"I-I don't-"

“Wow, you really want to give him something special. Did you do everything, or just the top.”

“Suzu!”

Suzu lunged forward, fingers reaching out for Michie’s panties. Michie gave out a tiny little shriek, backing up until she brushed against the other bank of lockers.

“Suzu!”

Her friend paused, half-crouched. She looked up at Michie and, for a mere moment, there was a flash of a new emotions, sadness in Suzu’s eyes. Slowly, the girl crouched down further, looking up at Michie.

“Sorry, I just wanted to see. I mean, you get all the luck.”

“Luck?”

“Yeah, you got a rich boyfriend, probably going to have a lot of fun tonight. You even shaved for him, to make it all easy on him. I,” Suzu almost sobbed as she spoke, “haven’t had a date in a couple of months and I’m getting frustrated!”

Sympathetic, Michie lowered herself to a small bench between the rows of lockers. She rested one hand on Suzu’s shoulder. Suzu followed her with her eyes.

“You got everything. You are pretty. You got those huge breasts that everyone stares at. Even those bright pink nipples, I mean, no one has anything that pink!”

Michie blushed and pressed a hand against her breasts as Suzu held out her own, much smaller ones, “I mean, the rest of us poor girls have to survive with little ones. And dark hair. Somehow, you manage to bleach it with it getting all dry and brittle.”

“Suzu...”

Her friend’s eyes flashed with unshed tears. Suzu’s lips trembled for a moment.

“It isn’t fair! Why do you get everything!?”

Lunging up, Suzu ran for the showers, a few tears splashing on the ground. Michie stood up slowly, to follow but something held her back. From the shower, she could hear Suzu yanking off her clothes and jerking the water on full. Michie felt a shiver down her spine, knowing the icy water that first came out, but her friend didn’t make a noise from the other room.

Feeling uncomfortable, Michie finished getting dressed. By the time she finished affixing the hat into her hair, steam was pouring out of the shower. She paused at the shower, peeking in to see Suzu soaping herself down with her eyes closed. Michie wanted to say something but nothing came out. Instead, a alien feeling of something terrible about to happen kept her mouth silent. Instead, she straightened her outfit, quietly closed the door to her locker, and headed to the elevator. As she waited for the elevator to come to her level, she whispered to herself.

“Tomorrow. Tomorrow I’m going to take her out, he’ll understand.”

—

Nagumo’s thoughts were sluggish, barely noticeable over the weak pounding of his heart. He tried to cry out through the bloody fog of his thoughts as the doctors moved in slow motion, cutting into him as they tried to save him. The beeping of his heart was fading behind a muted rush of life fleeing him.

His body shuddered violently and his thoughts trailed off into an endless darkness of his mortality.

—

Michie took a deep breath when her elevator returned her to the main floor. The head nurse, a slightly overweight woman with brilliant bleached hair, gestured for her.

“You’re on morgue duty tonight.”

Michie’s hopes fell. She always hated morgue duty at night. The cramped icy room always felt like a tomb for her.

“Why? I was on morgue last night.”

The head nurse gestured to one of the operating rooms, “We’re about to lose someone and you were late.”

There was no room for argument in the head nurse’s voice and Michie sighed. She turned and returned back to the bank of elevators. It took her almost twenty minutes to reach the morgue, the heavy steel doors forbidding as she paused in front of them. Reaching out, she felt a shiver of fear crawl down her spine as her fingers wrapped around the handle. Behind her, a squeaking drew her attention and she slowly turned around, holding the door open as she did.

“Thank you.”

Another nurse, a male this time, wheeled a stretcher with a body past her into the icy-cold room. Michie felt her heart sink as she watched the stretcher being positioned on one edge of the room, then the nurse waved to her as he passed.

“Enjoy.”

Michie glared at his back, but she closed the door behind her as she shut herself into the darkened room of the morgue. Her fingers reached out to flick on the switch, but only a few of the florescent lights hummed to life. The rest remained dark, keeping the room cast in shadows. Muttering to herself, she stepped over to the phone and dialed up the maintenance workers. After a few moments of the phone ringing, she set it down and glared at it.

Silence poured into the morgue and she felt a shiver down her spine. Slowly, she felt herself being drawn to the corpse on the stretcher. Moving slowly, her feet were as loud as the pounding in her heart as she reached out and pulled back the sheet over the body.

—

Nagumo should be dead. He knew he should be dead, his body failed and the pounding of his heart was missing in his ears. But, he could still see through his blind eyes, looking up at the nurse’s face. He tried to move his face, his hands, anything, but his body was still and cold. He couldn’t even blink and a terror flashed through his mind.

Then, deep inside him, he felt something deep inside his mind and body. It was dark and primal, a storm cloud of utter destruction that cracked through the guise of mortality and he was frightened, so terribly frightened. Deep in his mind, something stirred as he stared up at the young woman’s face, somehow focusing on her hair and eyes. His body ached to move, to do something, and he felt more than saw his attention drawing down to the shadow of her breasts. For a brief moment, he felt a hunger rising, a sexual need without a body.

Inside, as if responding to that hungry mental need to look at her breasts, the darkness rose up, rushing into his thoughts with a black, oily power of a volcano. Frightened, Nagumo tried to think of something else, to focus on the ceiling of morgue instead of the soft, nubile woman in front of him. The dark force inside him halted,

crouching in the base of his thoughts, streaking his conceptions of reality with black oil and destruction.

Slowly, he felt his eyes being drawn back to her as she stood up, still holding the sheet. His attention, his unseeing eyes focused on the bottom of her breasts, then down to the curve of her hips just in his vision. His desire rose up again, wishing he could have her, just that chance to have a woman before he really died.

Like before, the demon inside him rose up, burning away thoughts as he felt a destructive malevolence burn through his consciousness.

—

Unaware of the teenager's struggles, Michie carefully set the sheet back over the broken body of the boy and turned around.

"Poor kid."

She returned to her counter and picked up her clipboard. Her eyes scanned along the page and she felt a sorrow in her heart. She read about the bus that killed him and the hour of surgery. Michie could almost imagine the sorrow his parents felt and she felt a brief pang almost bring a tear to her eyes.

Her finger slipped and she dropped the pen. It rolled along the floor, near the corpse on the stretcher. She felt a sudden pang of... wrongness but she walked over and reached down for it.

—

A desire rose up inside Nagumo and he was unable to tear his thoughts away from the intense force, like standing in front of a tornado. It burned in his mind, asking if he wanted her, if Nagumo wanted the pretty-faced girl that swam in his vision. He could hear her next to him, leaning over and he could only think of her breasts, her hips, and even the soft heat between her legs.

Of course, he tried to think of something else, but the thoughts were drowned out by the dark forces burning in his mind. He got flashes of destruction, of entire cities being destroyed, but the attention was sharply in focus of her. He could feel the heat of her body, the sound of her breath, and to his surprise, even the half-forgotten fire between her legs.

He wanted to reach out so badly, to grab her. He wanted to feel himself inside her. His mind tried to think of Akemi, but she wasn't there and the soft, desirable body of the nurse was.

His desire peaked inside him and it felt like he was on the edge of a cliff, about to plunge off it. The dark thoughts in his mind commanded him to take her, to reach out and grab her. Nagumo resisted, knowing he was dead.

The dark voice in his thoughts began to grow louder, more powerful, and soon it was a command. He bore all his will to reach out for her.

—

Michie started to get to her feet when a cold hand snapped out, grabbing her wrist. She froze, shaking with a powerful surge of fear as her eyes slowly traveled up the bloody arm to the sheet over the bed. The corpse, the dead boy, reached up and pulled the sheet off himself. Michie tried to scream, but her throat froze with an incredible surge of fear as he turned on the mobile bed and stood up, naked and bloody. His hand squeezed tightly around her wrist, almost cutting off the blood supply as she looked into the dead, shadowed eyes.

She screamed, she screamed as loud as she could.

Before she could scream again, she felt the powerful hand snap forward, the fingers wrapping around her other wrist. Her wrist bones ground into each other from his grip, but nothing could prepare her as he lifted up. Her shoulders screamed out in pain as he lifted off the ground, holding her wrists in a position that left her elbows and shoulders screaming out in pain. She tried to scream, but only gasps of pain and terror escaped her throat.

He held her there, staring at her and she could only shake as she struggled to find the ability to scream out again.

—

Take her. Take her! The dark force in Nagumo's mind assailed his thoughts and he let his eyes drift down over her body. Seeing her body, straining in her pale blue outfit, started a dark fire between his legs. A heat swirled around him as his cock twitched in response, his eyes locked on hers. He could see and feel the fear pouring off of her, delicate energies of a mortal woman that he drank in. The aftertaste of humanity thrummed against his senses.

Between his legs, he could feel his shaft growing harder, aching as it grew harder than it ever had been before. It almost hurt as it tried to swell larger, tried to grow beyond Nagumo's physical limits.

For a moment, he wanted to scream out, but the power inside him shoved the pain aside and he felt it thicken and swell, the veins along his length pulsating as it grew double and then almost triple his normal size. In the back of his mind, he could feel his body screaming against the alterations, but his eyes were locked on the terror-stricken gaze of the nurse.

His eyes focused on her mouth and he felt the heat and pressure redouble between his legs. With a flick of his powerful muscles, he brought her down as he reached up with his other hand. She whimpered loudly as he forced her to her knees, his hand grabbing the top of her skull as he bore down.

Michie screamed out, a strangled whimper as she felt the pressure of inhuman muscles forcing her down. Her knees smacked against the concrete floor of the morgue as he brought her down to an immense cock sprouting from between his legs. The thick head was purple and swollen, an angry-looking color that flashed into her vision as the cruel hand drove her down. She tried to look away from it as the fingers tightened around her scalp. She could smell blood and man coming from the cock, the musky smell of excitement that reviled her even as the fingers forced her to face it. A single drop of pre-cum oozed out of the tiny hole at the end of the shaft.

The former corpse's intention was clear, but Michie could only feel revulsion rising up in her stomach, a terror of being used, forced by the boy with a shaft too large for even a full-grown man. She felt the hand on her head drawing her close and she tried to scream out, but hard cock plunged into her mouth.

She felt it choking her as he shoved her head down onto the shaft. It plunged into her mouth, forcing her lips apart as he yanked her down. She tried to scream, but the cock filled her mouth. Michie tried to bite down, but her teeth just skittered along the spongy hardness of his length and it continued to ram into her mouth. Soon, it pressed tightly against the back of her throat. She tried to resist the gagging session as the fingers grabbed her head tighter, letting her pull herself almost off before he rammed her down on his cock, forcing it against the back of her throat. The thick cock head twisted slightly at the limits of her mouth and she felt it slide

down into her throat, choking her as the musky smell invaded her senses.

Her rapist relaxed slightly and she tried to pull away from the shaft, trying to get a chance to breathe, but he only let her ease the head slightly out of her throat before the fingers plunged her back on it, forcing her nose against his stomach and stretching her throat with the meaty thickness. She tried to scream around the shaft, but only a tiny slurping noise came out as he drew her off. Michie managed to get in a tiny breath before he rammed back into her, plunging deep and shoving her face against his stomach.

The need for air was intense burning as he rode her face, plunging in and out of her tightly-stretched lips. The back of her throat felt raw as he ram his cock again and again, plunging deep into her throat. With every thrust, the sharp taste of pre-cum grew stronger and she felt her mouth growing wet with his juices.

Michie had to focus on stealing a breath as the cock slipped out of her throat before it suffocated her. Despite her panic, she felt herself growing light-headed with every thrust. The cock that raped her mouth grew hotter and harder with every pulse until she felt it was going to tear her jaws apart.

To her surprise, he pulled her off and she could see his pre-cum and her saliva dripping down the immense shaft in thick waves. She coughed, trying to get air into her aching lungs. Coughing again, she was unable to make a noise as he pulled her up. Wind whistled against her ears as he stepped forward, slamming her hard against the wall.

Pain exploded from her arms as she felt him punching her hands and forearms into the wall, shattering tile. Shards of ceramic and metal pierced her hands as she was rammed into the wall almost up to her elbows. She screamed out in a choked sound as pain tightened her muscles and she felt herself pinned against the wall, the weight of her body drawing her down and locking her into position.

To Michie's surprise, he leaned forward, caressing the side of her face as he pressed his lips against her cheek, breathing deeply to drink in her scent. She felt the pain exploding through her veins, but fear and adrenaline poured through them, giving her an intense high that both heightened and muted the agony.

His hand reached down to cup her left breast. She felt his fingers through the thin fabric, rubbing against her nipple. They hardened despite her fear; her senses were on fire and she could feel every pulse of her heart coursing through her nerves. Like a lover, he ran a finger underneath the curve, a parody of love-making. Then, his fingers reached up for the collar of her uniform, his fingers curling around the edge.

With a surge of strength, he yanked down his hand, tearing apart her uniform. She screamed out as she felt the cool morgue air rushing in around her breasts and then even further as his fingers scraped down her taut stomach, tearing apart her yellow panties without even a moment's hesitation. His claws paused for just a heartbeat, dangling mere centimeters from her sex. She felt a bolt of fear as she looked up into his eyes, feeling helplessly exposed even as she tried to will her body to move, to free her arms from the hole in the wall. Michie tried to scream, but the terror froze the sound in her throat as she saw the boy's eyes starting to glow a deep, angry red. Power coursed over her, freezing her in position as she whimpered, trying to fight back the tears, the terror.

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Nagumo was alive and everything felt on fire. The dark possession was burning through his thoughts as he tore away the nurse's outfit, looking at the sweet curves, the helplessness that burned in her eyes. Her terror tasted sweet in the air and he drank it in, enjoying every pound of her heart. The demonic force in his mind pressed against his will, commanding him to take her, rape her. He let his eyes trail down her body, from throat to breasts. He enjoyed, no craved, the taste of her sweet flesh as he ached to grab her breasts, to hold her hips. His eyes roamed down to her crossed legs.

Looking at the trembling skin, the play of muscles underneath female flesh, he wanted her more than anything else in the world. The rest of the woman would wait, he was going to take her and the realization that he could, he would, poured through his mind like the most addictive drug in the universe. Helpless female meat.

Nagumo's eyes traveled up her body, pausing at her breasts, but finally stopping in the terror-stricken eyes. He could see it shaking her body, the pain of her ruined hands lost in the fear that he was

going to take her. The spark of realization, the point she realized she was going to be raped, filled him with a burst of pleasure and he licked his lips, feeling his body twitching from the inside.

His hands snapped out, grabbing each of her breasts tightly as she whimpered in pain. He groaned, enjoying the feel of her soft, delicate skin against his palms, her hard nipples between his fingers. His body ached and surged with heat as he squeezed them tightly, caring not for her pleasure but only his own.

The way it should always be.

—

Michie screamed out as he grabbed her breasts, squeezing and rotating them, twisting her nipples hard as sensations sparked between the line of pleasure and pain. The adrenaline that poured through her body mixed up her senses as she tried to get him to cease.

“Stop! Stop it!”

Despite her desperate words, he continued to maul her breasts. She looked away, but a wet cracking noise pulled her attention to him as she saw his head twist to the right, the glowing red eyes growing brighter. Gasping against the feelings of her breasts being man-handled, she could only stare as his face seemed to bulge, like something trying to burst out of his skull. Huge muscles exploded along his shoulders, swelling out of the thin boy’s body.

Michie wanted to scream, trying to deny anything going on as his body swelled with power, raw muscles rippling along the skin as he grew twice, then three times his normal shape. Disfigured before her eyes, she could barely focus on the obscenely bulging muscles of a demonic creature before her mind began to crack. Icy fear consumed her as he continued to change into a parody of the human boy. The fear spiked as her eyes trailed down, to focus on the cock between his legs. To her horror, it swelled thicker and harder, bulging out until it was almost as thick as a can, and three times longer than anything that had ever entered her. Swollen and purple, it was a cock meant to hurt. The thought of being torn open by that immense shaft frightened her, even as claws began to dig into her breasts.

“After three thousand years of rest, I awake!”

She could barely hear his words, her eyes locked on the immense cock that continued to swell from his legs. Her body felt on fire, the realization of pain and suffering consuming her thoughts. She tried to scream out, but everything refused to move, even the need to survive was drowned out by the incredible fear of being raped by this... creature, this demon.

When he grabbed her knees, forcing them apart, she screamed out again as her entire weight was forced on her arms impaled into the wall. That tiny moment of agony was nothing compared to the feeling of the gigantic cock that plunged into her, forcing her open as it plunged deep into her pussy. She could feel it inside her, too big and too hard for anything mortal. It was uncomfortable, the length of his hardness stuffing her to her very limits. There was nothing she could do as he rammed it hard into her, until the thick head of his cock slammed hard against her cervix. Even the pain of being impaled on his cock was nothing compared to when he grabbed both ankles and pulled it out. It felt like he was ripping her uterus out as the thick head pulled out.

A scream escaped her throat as he almost pulled out, then punched his cock in deep into her body, slamming against her innermost limits. She couldn't feel his balls, not even half of his cock was in her as he yanked out and slammed it back in, tearing her even more open as the cock impaled her. It scraped against her cervix like a fist. He forced more of his shaft into her, but her body resisted the intruder with every iota of strength. Her screams grew louder as he grabbed her tightly, ramming his shaft in and out with harder and harder strokes.

"No! Stop it!" She tried to scream out, to stop him, but the demonic teenager refused to save her. No mercy burned in his eyes as he thrust hard into her, tearing at her inner walls as more of his cock forced its way deep into her body. Her entire channel, the entrance to her pussy was on fire as he continued to stretch her lips, the thickness of his shaft forcing her open even as he crammed more of his length into her.

Claws released her knees to circle around her back, pulling her close. Her arms refused to slip out of the wall and she felt herself being stretched out obscenely as he held her tightly, thrusting deeper with every moment. Her legs slapped against his heavily

muscled thigh, the powerful strength forgotten with the cock that raped her painfully.

Michie could feel juices dripping out from their junction, splashing loudly on the ground as pre-cum boiled out of his cock, mixing in with her own juices. The wet sounds grew louder as she tried to arch her back, to release some of the pain of the cock that continued to batter at her insides, stretching and tearing her inner walls as he buried more of his length into her.

His grunts blew hot, fetid air on her face as he thrust deep inside her. She felt a wet ripping sound as the cock plunge even deeper into her body. She could feel herself being torn open as it plunged into her organs and she tried to arch her back, to keep the shaft from spitting her, but it was too much.

Around her, a magenta glow started to rise up from the demon's balls. She could see the glow through her tightly closed eyes, but the feeling of power, raw energy scraping against her senses triggered an orgasm of pain and terror through her body. As she strained to arch her back, to prevent herself from being spitted, she felt his cock plunge out of her vagina, into her womb or even into her body, the hot slickness raping into her very soul.

The energy slammed into her, sending her into a whirlwind of unexpected pleasure and so much pain as her body tried to mask some of the agony. The glow grew intense and she kept arching her back, screaming out in agony and also defeat.

—

Fuck her, kill her, rape her. The dark commands burned through his mind. Nagumo felt them, saw the pain the nurse was going through, but the feelings of her tight body around his shaft, plunging into blood-soaked heat was too much. He no longer cared about her, or her life. He needed to come. He could feel his growing in his balls, screaming to be released and he wanted to pump everything he could into her.

—

Michie screamed out as the cock inside her exploded, swelling so fast she could feel her pelvis cracking. The cock surged in length, plunge deep into her both, impaling her and tearing out of the top of her womb. A single hard jet of cum burst out of the tip, searing hot and burning bright. She felt it like a water hose, too hard and

too powerful as it tore her open. It rose up into her throat, then burst out of her mouth with a single beam of bright energy. She only had a moment, a mere flash of light before the light exploded out of her eyes and ears, blinding her forever as the cock continued to pump more and more into her.

She could no longer scream as she felt herself being filled, her organs crushed as what felt like liter after liter of cum pumped into her chest, swelling her stomach and body up like a sausage. Her insides rupture with the growing pressure and her wail echoed shrilly against the walls of the morgue. The cum continued to pump into her, swelling her more and more until she felt her skin straining to keep it.

Her mind blacked out as her chest exploded in a shower of magenta energy and bloody cum.

Even in her death, Michie became aware of her spirit. Ephemeral and delicate, it rose up from her body like a morning fog from the ground. She only had a brief moment to wonder before she felt the overpowering presence of the demon. It was terrible to behold, destruction incarnate. Her spirit shuddered with the utter revulsion she felt, then in fear as she felt the dark energies wrapping around her, to pull her in and consume her. She tried to scream without a body as she was drawn into the vortex of power.

To her incredible relief, it felt like some divine force stood in her way, preventing her from being dragged into the endless depths of destruction. It felt warm, fatherly, and all the emotions all at once as her protector wrapped her spirit in his arms and drew her away to safety. If she could, she would sigh in relief, thankful for being saved from such a terrible fate. She felt a thought rise up through her mind, dancing on the endless leaves of a lotus. It was so warm, so protective, and it would never let her suffer again.

She could see the glimpses of the future, or the past, she couldn't tell. It was a mixture of destruction and rebirth, for both the people and the world itself. But, not for her. She was taken away from it, not to suffer for the single pivotal role she just experienced. For that, she was thankful she would never hurt again. Profound amusement trickled through her thoughts.

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“My first in three thousand years! How very, very sweet...”

Nagumo felt the dark voice of the Demon of Destruction taking over his thoughts. His own mind was pushed back, merging with the darkness as he licked the blood off his face, enjoying the sweetness of fear that still clung to her dying remains. The corpse of the nurse slipped off his shaft, hanging on the wall from her broken arms.

For a moment, he felt the ability to resist the demon, but the afterglow of pleasure, the sight of the broken body hanging from the wall was too much. Nagumo let himself be swept away as raw power surged through his body. As he lost consciousness from the power, his final thought vibrated through his mind.

I want more.

*t'Sade*

# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*

# About the Publisher

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