

Incubus Master: Captured
Part 1 Preview



Jinady didn't intend on going to Scor's cabin. He walked around the base lost in thought. Somehow his legs carried him to the demon's door. The words 'HIBERNATING FUCK OFF' were scratched by claw on the wood in scribbly block text. Jinady didn't dare disturb him.

Scor loved Rowan, and now he was dead. Scor was the one who killed him. Jinady had shielded himself in nearby trees, but he was close enough to hear the vow they exchanged.

"I love you," he heard Rowan say.

"I love you, too, babe," was Scor's answer. Then he tore his heart out by pulling the blood chain Figaru had buried deep in Rowan's chest.

Jinady shuddered with a sigh.

The door popped open making him jolt. Scor let the outdoor light shine a thin line over him. After a moment he opened the door fully. He gestured with his chin for Jinady to enter. Scor closed the door behind him.

This was the second time Jinady had been in Scor's cabin. His desperate first encounter here prevented him from noting how sparse it was. It was the size of a double, but had only one bed that was larger than the typical bunk. Across from it was a simple wooden table with two chairs. On the table was a dim oil lamp that provided the only light source. Whatever few possessions Scor had must have been in the soldier's chest at the foot of the bed.

Jinady walked past him. He spoke without looking back. "Are you doing okay?"
"Nope." The demon's voice sounded hoarse.

Scor drew back the hair on Jinady's nape and sealed his mouth to the crook of his neck. Jinady tensed. The incubus brought a large arm across his chest. Jinady was forced backwards against Scor's body. He kept him in a tight embrace while marking his neck with a rough sensuous kiss.

Jinady closed his eyes.

He was supposed to be in Figaru's arms right now. He'd bathed in rose water anticipating their first night of lovemaking. Now Figaru was having sex with his devastated incubus general Vandrel, and he was about to surrender himself to Scor. The world was still turned upside-down in Rowan's wake.

Scor turned Jinady around to face him. For a moment the large gruff incubus just gazed at him. He caressed the side of Jinady's face with his knuckles. The pain he saw in Scor's face made his insides feel like they were being twisted. The demon was solemn, as though too numb with grief to shed further tears. Jinady looked downward and drew a deep breath. On this cue Scor brought his arms around his back and pulled him into an embrace.

Jinady clung to him. He'd never seen him lower his defenses to this degree. Scor's personality was uncouth, bellicose, defiant—somewhat cocky. Tenderness occasionally shined through those layers, most often when he dealt with humans. There

were still more facets to the incubus than Jinady fathomed. He felt a fluttery warmth in his middle as Scor held him. Only Figaru stirred this before.

Scor pulled back and returned his solemn gaze to Jinady's face.

"The thought of feeding on an Available right now makes me sick. I was going to sleep til I could stomach it."

Jinady gave him a small compassionate smile. "I'm here for you."

The demon's expression didn't change, but there was a meaningful pause. He leant down while tilting his head. The kiss began soft, but grew urgent. His hold on Jinady's body tightened. He inserted his tongue through the seal of their lips.

There was an inkling in the back of Jinady's mind telling him to resist being swept away. He doesn't belong to this incubus. His heart is Figaru's property. As Scor continued to ravage his mouth, Jinady's face relaxed. *Give in*. It would make the night awkward to hold back. The point was to give Scor comfort. He had to be fully committed to the act the moment he came through the door.

Scor backed Jinady to the side of the bed. He broke their mouths to urge him downward. Jinady scooted back toward the middle. As he did Scor pulled off Jinady's tunic and undershirt. The demon's broad chest was already bare. He shed his pale green pants before ascending the bed. Jinady tried to steal a glance at his manhood. A clawed finger tipped his chin upward. He was sure his blush was visible in the dimness. Scor was looming over him, looking downward with narrow, stern eyes. He could hear the incubus drawing jagged breaths through his nostrils. There was something predatory about him now. Jinady became aware of their grave size difference. Scor's body was dense with muscle.

The incubus pressed his splayed fingers into Jinady's hair. His other hand curved around the side of his chest. He leant down to nip his throat with his lips. His warm tongue wet a line to the groove between his collar bones. Scor placed a moist kiss here that tugged at Jinady's skin.

Both hands glided down to his nipples as his head continued lower. He gave each a pinch and made circles with his fingers. His mouth was planting sensuous kisses in a path down his center. Jinady's breath was becoming staggered. Scor kissed his trail to his navel, gave his nipples a final tweak, and then worked on removing his pants.

The demon exposed his cock and thighs with a yank down. Jinady's blush darkened from the abruptness. Scor stood from the bed to throw off his boots one by one. He tossed his pants and underwear to the floor. Jinady saw him bend down to retrieve something under the bed. He climbed back to loom over his waist with a flask of oil in one hand. Scor thumbed off the cork.

Jinady's cock was already stiff when Scor grasp it. He forced his member to stand outward from his belly, then engulfed it in his mouth in one swift movement.

“Uh! Yes.”

Jinady dove a hand into the demon's wild blond hair. Scor pulled back his head with unmerciful suction while pressing his tongue hard against the central vein lining the underside of his shaft. He halted when just the head of his cock was left in his mouth. Scor sucked the tip with enough force to leave a mark anywhere else on his flesh.

“Ngh!” Jinady squeezed his eyes closed.

The demon gave his cockhead a hard massage with his tongue, erasing the dew that seeped out. He battered him with rapid beats side to side. After a moment of this teasing, Scor tilted his head to lodge the tip of his tongue in Jinady's slit.

“Ah! Oh...Scor!”

The incubus slid his tongue vertically in the groove, causing tickling lightning shocks of sensation to pulse through Jinady's shaft.

He clenched a fist full of Scor's hair. His thighs were quivering now. “Ahhhh! Ngh! Mmm!”

The abuse left his cockhead raw and sensitized. Scor pushed down his head to connect his lips with the base of his shaft. The intense suction was applied. Jinady felt pinioned. Droplets were vacuumed out of his tender slit.

“Uhhh!”

His other hand grasp Scor's hair. The demon grabbed both his wrists while keeping his mouth lodged. Jinady's eyes opened. He saw Scor's narrow orange eyes were fixed on his face. His hands were placed on his nipples. The demon's expression turned devious. Jinady fingers trembled, but he obeyed. He tickled the rigid brown nubs with his forefingers.

“Mmm! Uh!”

Scor brought his hands back to Jinady's crotch. He cradled his balls and massaged his thumb at the root of his shaft where the ovals separated. Their eyes were fixed on each other.

Jinady felt wanton. His lips were parted and dewy. He couldn't control his moans. Scor was applying pleasurable suction but was not moving his chin. His tongue ground up and down against the underside of his shaft. The demon's eyes were registering mounting arousal. He was breathing through his nose; the air made the tufts of Jinady's pubic hair separate and fly. Jinady could hear his breathing. The incubus was almost snarling.

He couldn't stifle his response to Scor even if he wanted. His trembling and stilted gasps were involuntary. The animalistic brute of a demon excited him.

Figaru affected him in a sublime, almost magical way. He'd become heady and warm. With Scor his responses were carnal. The demon's masculine scent, his body heat, his hot snarling breath and ribald gaze—it tore at Jinady's inhibitions. Teasing his hard nipples while their eyes were connected was driving Scor insane. Jinady felt empowered.

“Mmph—*Scor!*” He licked the corner of his top lip and spread his legs.

Scor's gaze was so determined it rivaled anger. He lifted one of Jinady's thighs. Jinady wrapped the leg over his shoulder. The next thing he felt was a thick greased finger crammed deep inside him.

“Ohh! Ahh!”

Scor broke their gaze to pull his lips up from the root of his cock. He started bobbing his head with hard suction. His tongue stayed compressed against the large vein as his rhythm became furious.

Jinady's moans went up an octave. His eyes were closed.

“Ahh-huh! Hah! Uhhh!”

Scor jostled his balls with one hand. The other pried in a second finger. He pumped the digits while compressing the pads against the top wall of Jinady's insides.

Jinady lurched. “*Eee!* Ngh! Ahhhh!”

His face was constricted. He lost concentration on his nipples. His hips were writhing now.

Scor paused from his furious bobbing to crush his cockhead with his tongue. He stretched Jinady's hole wider with a third large finger.

“Ow! *Uh!*”

The incubus stopped pumping the digits and rubbed the pleasure bulb deep inside him. He resumed his fierce blowjob.

Jinady arched his back and thrashed with both legs.

“Ahhhahhh! Ahhhh! *Hhh!* Uh-hah! Scor!”

He ground his heel on the demon's back. His stomach was quaking with each staggered gasp.

“Nnngh! *Emph!*”

Jinady clenched his teeth. His moans were stifled to sharp whimpers. He clenched the bed sheets with both fists.

“Hh! I'm...going—Ahhh! *Nnngh!* *Mmph!* Hah, hah!”

Jinady jolted off his back and crashed down. He twisted his hips. Scor pushed him flat on the mattress again. He was drinking the hot gushes of his orgasm. With every spasm Jinady whimpered and jolted. His ass constricted around the invading fingers causing even more staggering sensation.

Scor continued working his cock after Jinady collapsed back. He started to cry.

“Don't, uh-*hh!* It's tender!”

Scor sucked his mouth off with a smacking sound.

“Ow! Hh!” Jinady choked out a solitary sob. A tear ran over the side of his cheek.

For a moment Scor's hands weren't moving. Jinady lie back with his tearful eyes squeezed closed. The aftershocks of Scor's touch wracked his cock. His aching member would not soften.

“Do you want to stop?”

The words were quiet and compassionate. Jinady looked at him. Scor's face was somber, but not cruel.

Jinady swallowed. He pursed his lips to wet them inside his mouth.

“We can't stop now.”

“Yeah we can,” Scor said. “You're too precious to be crying.”

Scor's raspy demonic voice was the sexiest Jinady had ever heard it.

He turned away from Scor's eyes. "You didn't hurt me. You're just overwhelming. Even if it scares me a little--" He looked back at him. "I like it."

Scor ran the hand that wasn't inside him up his thigh. "I won't touch it anymore." His hand rested beside Jinady's red swollen cock. "You touch it for me."

He removed his fingers and rose to his knees. Jinady's long legs were bent and splayed. Scor knelt between them. His stout cock was shorter than Figaru's, but was just as thick. The mauve cap gleamed with juice. He worked a generous slather of oil over the organ.

This was going to hurt, but hopefully not much. The last few nights Figaru had been fingering him. The memory of his tender ministrations ignited warmth in his belly.

In a heartbeat Scor regained his attention. The incubus pushed back his thighs and perked his cockhead against the tender wrinkles of his hole. Jinady leant up on his elbows to watch. The tip penetrated him.

He became distracted by the sound of Scor's breathing. Jinady hadn't realized how wanton he was being by watching Scor enter him. The demon took note. He was fixed on Jinady's flushed face.

Scor pushed in to the rim of his cap.

"Uh-hah!"

Jinady flopped back. There was a hint of pain mixed with tingly pleasure. Scor was pausing to give his body time to adjust. Jinady bit his lower lip.

"Keep going."

The head popped in.

"Uhh!"

Jinady reached to hold back his thighs. His lower back lifted from the mattress and he curled his toes.

"Mmph!"

Scor grunted. "You're not making it easy to keep control."

Jinady's eyes were closed. He was breathless. "Go all the way. I'll tell you—I'll tell you if it hurts."

He progressed slowly. Jinady felt himself being stretched and filled. His insides began to pulse.

“Uhhhhhaahhhhhhhhh!”

Scor stopped moving. Jinady looked. The demon had impaled him with more than three fourths of his length. Scor grunted. His lips were flared like an animal.

“Like a vise.”

He gripped Jinady’s hips and started to pull back. His insides were compressed by Scor’s massive shaft. He writhed with the stimulation. His breath began to catch.

“Hhh!”

There were minutes of gentle movement before Scor quickened his pace. Jinady flinched when his cockhead rubbed the pleasure spot inside of him with greater force.

“Uhh!”

Scor leant forward. He lifted Jinady’s legs so they were propped up against his shoulders. The demon braced himself on one arm beside Jinady’s body. He placed Jinady’s hand on his cock.

He caressed his sore member gently at first. His fingers were trembling. Scor watched while thrusting into him at a steady rhythm.

“Oh. Ohh. Uh!”

He started to masturbate. The pulsing inside of him made his cock throb. He gently tugged his shaft while looking into Scor’s eyes. The demon was fixated on his member. He pushed in deeper.

“Ohhh! Scor!”

The demon thrust as fast as he dare while Jinady masturbated for him. He was squirming now. His face looked in anguish.

“Mm, oh, oh! Nhh! Hah!”

Jinady cupped his balls with his other hand and closed his eyes. He first orgasm left him drained. Even so, his arousal would not abate. Now sensuous pressure built in his cock. He wanted to climax again. It would take extreme stimulation. Jinady was embarrassed.

“Harder.”

He heard Scor give a breathy laugh. The demon rammed him.

“Ah! Ah! Ah! Uh! Ahh! Ahhhh!”

“Damn, you feel good.” He was grimacing. “Say, ‘Fuck me, Scor.’”

“Uh-huh! Ahh!”

Scor stopped moving.

It took a moment for Jinady to register what happened. He opened his eyes. Scor stared at him malevolently with his cock lodged to the root.

Jinady yanked his member. “Hh, *hah*. Fuck me. Fuck me, Scor.”

The demon smiled. He resumed his furious pounding. His claws dug into Jinady’s hips.

“Ahh! Ah! Yes! *Aaaiiee!*”

Almost clear liquid squirted from his slit onto his belly. Jinady convulsed with his whole body.

“Hh! Mmph!”

The spasms in his ass made Scor grunt. He felt a warm spray hit inside of him. Scor’s rhythm became stilted.

“Fuck! Urg!”

The flood inside him triggered the final burst of Jinady’s ejaculation.

“*Aaaiiee!* Ahhh! Ahhhh!”

He flinched with aftershocks. His face looked in pain. Scor collapsed over him while still coming. His clenched teeth were bared.

“Ahh! Jinady!”

His flesh tingled where Scor connected. The two lie in a gasping heap. Scor withdrew his cock. He found Jinady’s mouth and crushed his lips in an ardent kiss. Jinady wrapped his arms around him. Their tongues wrangled.

Jinady couldn’t imagine walking back to his home with Figaru. His legs were too unsteady to walk on. Scor had the energy to clean them up and turn down the bed. He nestled his body behind Jinady’s and covered them in the blankets.

Scor hugged Jinady from behind. The snuggling caused a flutter in his middle. Scor’s large arms held him so tenderly. He waited for his breathing to steady enough for sleep.

“Jinady.”

He opened his eyes.

“You haven’t been with Figaru yet.”

Jinady bit his lip. Tense silence stretched after the words. He forced himself to speak.

“No.”

“How come?”

He searched the darkness for an answer. Vandrel wouldn’t want his weakness exposed to Scor. The two rarely got along.

It was quiet long enough for Jinady to hope he gave up on the question.

“I wouldn’t take you for granted,” Scor said.

He leant over and kissed his cheek. It made Jinady’s heart race. He was unsure if there was true chemistry between them, or if he was still dazed from the sex.

Chapter 2

The two were woke simultaneously the next morning by a knock on the door. Jinady tensed without being fully awake. Scor sat up in bed beside him.

“Fuck. It’s Figaru.”

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