

# Ecstasy of an Angel

By Des M. Astor



The gods exist with unfathomable power to a regular human; even those who have discovered their magic could never hope to match them.

Their powers span the multiverse, which is infinite. Truly, they could break one's mind in a mere millisecond with no mercy or care.

Their agents, the Angels, are the same way, nearly matching their power. Though, while many gods leave their creations to go about their lives, the Angels enjoy something... different.

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He... he's beautiful...

I stared up at the man with long, wavy golden hair that flowed like an endless river down his back. Though his jawline was chiseled, his spotless face, with skin the color of ivory, was soft. His lips pursed gently as he stared me down, likely in thought.

Gigantic wings spread behind him, shedding beautiful white feathers as they did. The otherworldly features didn't end there; I observed gorgeous glowing irises the same color as his hair. His gaze drank in all of me.

He's... looking at me as... though I am his prey...

That's when he smiled. It stretched unnaturally, showing row upon row of shark-like teeth, serrations on them sending shivers down my spine. I noticed him bring his hand up to his chin, tapping it with a single index finger. His fingernails extended, sharpening into claws translucent like broken glass.

The angel's tongue slithered out from his maw, licking along his lips. He let out a soft, harmonious purr. He wore a pure white robe that fell down his legs but didn't cover his arms. My stare shifted to his limbs, noticing several eyes with black sclera and rings of gold opening up. They blinked at me several times before closing and vanishing into his flesh.

Then, he spoke, a deep, dangerous tone that vibrated through my entire being. "Have you truly considered what you prayed for, you delicious little thing?" He...glitched, as if he was a hologram or on camera, but in the next instant, I knew he was very real.

Powerful clawed fingers entwined into the threads of my hair, pulling my neck back to expose it to him.

He was on top of me so fast I had no time to react.

My breath was caught in my throat as his tongue slithered out of his lips, drawing ever so gently along the vein of my neck. Then, he drew his nose up the side of my face, his lips brushing my ear.

"I promised you pleasure... happiness beyond the scope your mortal mind could ever imagine. Your deepest... darkest desires... You heard my whispers. You feel my power. You know I could destroy you in the matter of an instant, just like that, if it was my whim... and yet, here you are." Lips locked onto mine, and I couldn't help but moan into his mouth.

I was pressed against the black, foggy mist of this dream-like landscape, unsure of where exactly I was, but knowing it felt like a room of cushions and mist. Some twisted, solid form of cloud, perhaps – what people wished they felt like, rather, as opposed to vapor.

The Angel's body was directly on top of mine, the strength impossible to break, not that I would try. Images of the world shattering like glass formed in my mind... he was showing me his power. He was showing me exactly what he could do. Rivers of blood, bodies lining the street, humanity wiped out by just a damn thought...

My fate is in the hands of this entity of who I am less than an insect to.

I closed my eyes, lost in the sweet, rich scent of endless pine forests, thunderstorms, and vast seas. My senses were overloaded, but in the best of ways.

How?!

My brain could not comprehend what washed over me aside from one thing... sheer... raw... lust.

He released my lips only to place a gentle, dangerous kiss on my neck and leaned up to stare me down. Now, when I looked into his eyes, I only saw two endless voids, the swirling darkness implying possible oblivion.

He grinned, showing me those rows of teeth again, tightening his grip on my hair. His lips brushed against my ear once again. “I can see into your beautiful mind, mortal. I do not want to see true agony.”

I shuddered, wondering what this could mean. Did he want me to tell him if this was too much? But...

“Do you want my gift?” he whispered. I let out a heaving breath.

“Yes.”

“Good human.”

Suddenly, teeth sank into my neck, causing me to scream out as warm blood began to trickle down my neck. The Angel was drinking me, a holy act twisted right onto its head. I squirmed, pain and pleasure mixing in my mind relentlessly. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears, but this was just the beginning.

The Angel released my neck, letting out a soft, amused chuckle. He raised his right hand, index finger pointing up slightly while other fingers lazily curled somewhat. A flash of white – and I was bare before him, as was he before me. His muscles were so well defined that they could have been carved from stone. Every so often, eyes opened on his ivory flesh, jet black and staring into me, watching every thought I’d ever made in my life.

The pleasurable pain continued. A hand wrapped around my throat, cutting off my ability to breathe properly as his free hand began to drag claws against my flesh. This included every sensitive area on my body. After a few moments, he sank those claws in, causing ribbons of blood to pour down skin. He bent his head down, still holding my throat, licking up the crimson and letting out a soft hum.

Eerie music began to billow out around him, in his voice, but not from his mouth. He let go of my throat, moving his face into mine and locking me into yet another delicious kiss. A full opportunity for him to explore my mouth, the tongue parting my lips and encouraging me to dive in as well. I obliged, feeling along his dagger-like teeth, cutting my tongue and wincing. A low, dangerous chuckle emitted from the pit of his chest as he deepened the kiss.

Right at that moment, I felt stars in my eyes as suddenly he slid into me, going rather slow at first. My body accommodated him perfectly, like a well-fitting glove, embracing the many gifts he had to offer. He was so smooth, as though graced with ethereal lubricant that disallowed discomfort.

In... out... in... out...

Faster.... Faster... FASTER!

I let out a cry, letting go of the kiss as my body shuddered with its first burst of pleasure. He didn’t stop. Instinctively, I knew... there would be no stop to the pleasure, no pauses, no rest. Not until he got all that he wanted.

The angel leaned up, his wings wrapping around me as he took me, rough and relentless. My eyes closed as my body let loose another burst of sheer ecstasy, and my mind couldn't help but remind me of where I was.

Beneath a being that could shatter me like glass in an instant....

His soft, melodic voice hit my ear again, his lips brushing against my ear as he continued to take me. "Your fear is delicious, fragile mortal. Such a good little thing, accepting my gifts. That's it... that's it. You know what I could do to you. Don't you?" He let out a soft hum, in complete control as he continued to violate me in every way I wanted.

He went on to emphasize his power. "I could destroy you so easily. Couldn't I? You know I could..." His body pressed against mine firmly, dominating me entirely. His power radiated off of him in waves. The images of countless lives lost in an instant were conjured in my mind, courtesy of my monster.

Did he do that? Or is this a demonstration?

Bent... broken... used.... Powerless before him. I could be just a plaything, but it felt so...good... I let out a cry, wave after wave of pleasure crashing into me.

In this realm, there was no pause. No need to breathe... no chance to rest. Endless pleasure, surpassing the physical body for a time. This is one of many, many gifts...

Tears poured down my cheeks as I grew overwhelmed with the pleasure. His movements just became stronger, harder, my body moving in time with his. His tongue slithered out from his jaws, licking along my cheek and tasting my tears. "So delicious... so well behaved... I am proud of you, mortal." His fingers threaded into my hair once more, forcing my head back and my neck to arch toward him. He planted a kiss on the center of my neck.

"So proud."

Then, a low growl that challenged thunder erupted from him, followed by a soft, dangerous laugh. "But I want more. You will offer me more of your pleasure. More. NOW. I DEMAND IT, MORTAL. GIVE IT TO ME."

I couldn't disobey him.

My body spasmed, my mind completely washed away in the sea of ultimate pleasure he was providing me. Pain and fear melted into a chemical mixture of pleasure, and I simply couldn't stop giving him burst after burst of my rapture.

I couldn't tell how long I fed him my pleasure, but my body was growing tired, challenging the limits of this ethereal place. Blood loss, lack of energy from so many climaxes... I became limp, yet still he continued, licking along areas of my body that caused tiny shivers to cascade through my spine.

A little while longer... and suddenly he growled out, his entire mass shuddering. Wide, gleaming eyes stared me down for just a moment before rolling upward as he let out a roar of ecstasy. His chest heaved, and he laid there on me, pressing me against the soft ground of this surreal place.

He withdrew from me before pressing his lips against mine for one final kiss in this otherworldly exchange. I curled up, naked and in the grip of aftershock, though my mind was very much intact.

It wore off.

The dazzling, wonderful feeling wore off as I realized he was going to leave me here. A used toy. Nothing more. Tears formed in my eyes of powerful, panicked emotions.

This did not last any longer than a second – a warm embrace greeted me as my monster took me into his arms. He tutted, pressing a kiss on the top of my head. Claws gently ran through my hair as he sat there with me in his lap, miraculously in his robe once again.

“Shh... gorgeous, gorgeous little mortal. So soft. So weak. So...lost. But. You will not be something I abandon. No, no no no. I like you. I adore my subjects, and I am so, so proud of you. I will take care of you. Just rest. Please. Just rest.”

I sniffled, not believing my ears.

He isn't...abandoning me?

That warm embrace did not leave me in the cold. Beautiful wings wrapped around me as I was cradled in his arms, an embrace as gentle as a lover's. Soft, encouraging words continued to flow from his mouth, but when I looked up and into his eyes, I saw that fathomless stare, not excluding several eyes that formed and vanished into his flesh.

He was such a powerful creature, beyond my comprehension, and yet here he was... making sure I was alright. Taking so much pleasure from me, giving me so many gifts, yet not tossing me into the cold dark when finished.

This... was surreal.

My mind faded into a warm, relaxed sleep as his final words hit my ears. “That's it... good human.”