



# CONCERNING SUCCUBI

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# Concerning Succubi

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It is my opinion that succubi and incubi are very powerful entities. Based on my story, and that of many other experiencers whom I've encountered, these entities are very much capable of causing bodily harm. Entreating these beings for intimacy, or a life-long bond, must be handled with the utmost care and respect.

Lastly, I believe succubi and incubi are nearly impossible to banish from one's life completely. This is especially true for those seeking a marriage-type commitment. They are unshakably loyal and possessive. Having studied this phenomena for nearly a decade, I have yet to hear about anyone successfully banishing one of these spirits. Please bare this in mind before any summoning attempts. Religion and exorcisms do not work against them.

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## Introduction

Here we have a most misunderstood spiritual creature. Thanks to the Puritanical tyranny of monotheistic religion, these sensual babes have been endlessly maligned and contorted into the most loathsome night hags imaginable. But who can really blame the poor churches for instigating this jealousy-ridden smear campaign? How can boring sermons about Righteousness and Piety compete with the excruciatingly pleasurable embrace of demon-kind?

Who, in their right mind, would be drawn to a loveless, sexless, church-sanctioned marriage when there are succubi and incubi who endlessly crave copulation with humans? The jealous succubus will move Heaven and Earth, just to feel her man close to her again. The dominant incubus will train his human wife in the most sacred arts of submission and worship.

No other embrace compares. Once their love is felt, it can never be forgotten. Even when the initiate strays, seeking worldly approval, they still remember that feeling of being touched by their truly loving fallen one. The woman, fleeing from her incubus, secretly thrills at the thought of being made to submit to him, and he will not stop until she does submit.

While Christ is being crucified daily by his hordes of followers, with not so much as a whisper in response, demons tear holes in the fabric of reality to reach their human lovers.

The love of a succubus is the most dangerous and valuable asset a man can possess. His entire life becomes molded to it. She needs to feel him more than anything else, and feel him she does, whether he agrees to it or not. Their love is a possessive, unquenchable fire; a flame so searing that it can be mistaken for malice by those who are not acclimated to it.

My search for this otherworldly passion began nine years ago, when my life was turned on its head. Being raised very religious, all of the elements for the perfect rebellion were present within my troubled mind. And, oh, did they manifest!

The inherent problem with searching for the truth of things, no matter where it leads, always results in decidedly anti-social conditions for the earnest seeker. Such a person is mocked, or at the very least distrusted, by his or her peers. This very phenomenon is what prevents the bulk of humanity from discovering those precious diamonds in the darkness. Religion, the careful and calculated controlling of the human herd, is a program designed to keep those hidden gems precious and secret. Politics, education, media: I believe it's all the same program. All a kind of religion unto themselves.

My life had been meticulously groomed by the unconscious forces of the religious institution. I was primed to become yet another cog in the propagandist machine of a multi-billion dollar

steeped corporation. But then I met a demoness from across the divide, and everything changed.

Catherine, my pure ultraviolet flame, burned away all of my preconceptions. She did not instruct me, as a pastor dictates to his flock. Instead, she gently lulled me into a state of knowing. Her insistent touch brought about the stark realization that everything I thought I knew about spirituality was all an illusion.

She never spoke a word. Her touch alone told me everything I needed to know.

I had no choice but to become a heretic. This is not to be confused with someone who hates Christians or Christianity, but rather the kind of person who can see how religion works and why it can be a necessary evil. An earnest heretic is someone who can appreciate the interconnected mythos and symbolism that underpins all spiritual paths. As it turns out, the theological rebels are actually far more "Christian" than those who claim the label.

But what are demons? Are they the denizens of a lower infernal order, constantly waging war against The Most High and his cherished chosen ones? Or are they the primordial gods and goddesses from a time before the reign of monotheism? Even the Bible itself admits to the existence of antagonistic and collaborating deities. "And God (Elohim) said, Let us make man in our image," - Genesis 1:26

The Hebrew title, Elohim, implies a plurality of different gods. The Old Testament scriptures mention Baal, and other spiritual forces, as real competing deities. Clearly, there are more players on the field than we've been led to believe.

My search led me to one such deity. I called to her only once. A single prayer was all it took. She often goes by the name, Lilith. She answered me in such a tangible way, there was no room for doubt. To this day, she's the only deity I can say for certain answered one of my prayers. Her answer was sending me Catherine, my spirit lover. This was the beginning and the end of my direct involvement with Lilith, though I am still likely connected to her through my succubus. Unlike the gods of popular monotheistic religions, these entities do not require blind worship, only the willingness to learn and embrace the unknown.

I soon discovered that Catherine is, indeed, a great teacher of long-forgotten wisdom and love. Her hands-on lessons explore the delights of sexual ecstasy, true intimacy, and the cultivation of primal kundalini energy. Her touch was undeniable. She would never be forgotten or ignored once her eyes caught mine. Whether I liked it or not, demon or angel, she was determined to stick by me from there forward.

And stuck by me she has, like no earthly companion could ever compare. I received the most loyal and pleasurable ally a man could hope to have at his side. Since that first earth-shattering evening, I have felt her gentle-yet-deepening touch every day and nearly every waking moment in which I turn my attention to her.

"What is it, darling?" She asks, caressing my face with an unseen hand, softer than velvet and as powerful as sexual bliss. I sometimes have to stop and shudder upon feeling her direct attention on my being. A million thoughts race through my mind, most of them wondering what I did to deserve such benevolent concern over my life.

It's going to be an accomplishment for me to reach the end of this book. Every time I sit down to write about her, the only thing I can think to do is stop writing and actually experience being with her. There's no need to reminisce on the divine when an irresistible love-angel is begging to take me into bliss and back at moment's notice. Why write? What use are words in trying to convey what it really feels like? I am at a loss, but I will try my best to relate both the high points and darkest valleys of this journey.

## **Chapter One: How My Succubus Arrived**

The following are a series of the most pertinent and interesting blog posts from my now defunct Wordpress website. (alchemybyfire.wordpress.com) I decided to remove the blog because I felt that the format was no longer appropriate for the pace at which I was publishing. When I did eke out a new post, it would inevitably fall back on the tired refrain of how the connection with my succubus was constantly growing stronger and our intimacy deepening. As wonderful as this might be for me, it makes for a boring blog. A more permanent and portable document format was the next logical step for sharing this information, as there have been few noteworthy developments since 2015. If any major happenings transpire after the publishing of this document, I will create an updated version and note the changes on the title page.

Here is how my story began:

### **December 5, 2012**

Most of this is going to sound like a fantasy. I'm not asking anyone to believe me or even understand; I'm sharing this for those who are interested and willing to push the limits of what our consensus reality allows us to experience. I also need to stress that many of the things I'm going to write here are very erotic in nature. I'm not going to treat this clinically as I have in other discussions where this kind of writing is inappropriate. This is my journal, where I can freely express the loving adventures that Catherine and I have together.

I'll begin with a bit of history about myself and how I came to have a succubus:

I'm a 23-year-old male living in the United States. I was raised in a fairly strict religious environment and went through a great deal of Christian indoctrination. I tried to have a relationship with Jesus/Yahweh/Jehovah/God, but it never felt right. I simply couldn't connect with that spirit. At the time, I figured it was because of my sinful nature, but now that I have rejected the foolish notion of original sin, I know that I am just different. Christianity is not for me and I reject most of its theological teachings.

Last year, in 2011, I began to gradually deconstruct my religious belief system. I questioned everything about my "faith" and found myself throwing out most of it. At the same time, I was searching for answers, for a purpose. If I wasn't here to serve the Abrahamic god, then what was I here for? I began to delve into serious study on the phenomena of astral projection, out-of-body experiences, and spirit communication. I devoured all of the books I could find on those subjects.

I was drawn to the subject of the succubus phenomena upon reading first-hand accounts about the amorous spirits. I really wanted to see if anyone was interested in me from that realm. I was also lonely and felt deprived of any love whatsoever. I was feeling desperate and willing to do anything, even something potentially dangerous, to change my situation.

It's not that I felt I wasn't able to court human women; I simply had no desire to. I never did. Even in my creative writing, my self-insert fictions always explored the idea of lovers from another world. Attempting to date potential earthly mates always resulted in my being dissatisfied and just going through the motions. I'm even starting to think that my succubus has been with me for my entire life, just unable to reach me due to my overpowering belief system.

I began researching a way to find my succubus. I looked at everything from magic rituals to reading other people's experiences with their spirit lovers. I ended up using a combination of these two resources to reach Catherine:

### [Incubi and Succubi: Sexual Relations with Demons](#)

I'll briefly paraphrase this Joy of Satan article in case the link is dead and also because the text is copyrighted. Using a search engine with the keywords "Joy of Satan Incubus Succubus" should bring up a current link.

- *Demons are capable of having spirit sex with human beings and it feels better than traditional intercourse.*
- *Sex demons are especially helpful to those who are incarcerated.*
- *The article advises the summoner to give their soul to "Father Satan" before conducting the ritual.*
- *Monogamous demons are possessive and take the relationship very seriously.*
- *Concessions can be made for the summoner in a sexless or loveless human marriage.*
- *To attract the spirit, fantasize about the desired succubus or incubus while masturbating and the demon will feel it on the Astral Plane.*
- *Kundalini-like sensations may occur.*
- *Repeating the fantasies nightly will help the desired spirit to manifest.*
- *The demons enjoy sex very much and can offer support in other facets of life.*

### [A Guide to Summoning Succubi](#)

This is an Authorspot article I discovered shortly before my succubus arrived. The original link is dead, so an archive is provided in its place. I'll reproduce the text here:

*This guide shall discuss the summoning of spiritual partners. These being succubi/incubi. Now, if you are truly committed to this, and I mean TRULY SURE that you want to do this continue.*

*In this guide, I shall discuss:*

- 1. The summoning of succubi/incubi. (The ritual, descriptions you should put, what not to put, etc.)*
- 2. How you know you did it right.*

### *3. Pros and Cons of being in a relationship with a spirit.*

*With that being said, let us begin.*

#### ***Summoning your spiritual partner.***

*Alright, for properly summoning a succubus, you must get a sheet of paper. Write down what personality you want in your spiritual partner, but don't worry about physical appearance (Don't be concerned with physical appearance, your spiritual partner will take on the form of the most attractive woman or man you could think of.). Be very specific on what you want. This includes what type of relationship you want, and yes, they can be monogamous. Then burn the paper, say "Lilith, please send me one of your servants" while the paper burns. Make sure that it burns completely, as this symbolizes the letter going to Hell, or the lower astral planes, or whatever you believe in. Have a strong faith that it worked, this part is essential. When the paper has burned completely, light one candle, close your eyes, imagine your succubus as you want her to appear to you and say "Lilith, I am man and no better than you. I pray you grant me the gift of your wisdom and love, amen, amen, amen". (some say best results are experienced if this is done at 3am)*

#### ***How you know you summoned successfully.***

*After that, lie down for a bit. You may not experience anything until a day later. Just have faith, and if it doesn't work, try again. The signs should appear when you lie down. Ask your succubus to lie down on you. You should feel a pressure on you, and heat. Also, succubi tend to create a telepathic link in the back of the head, you should feel a presence there.*

### ***Pros and Cons of being in a relationship with a spirit.***

#### ***Pros:***

- You get sex whenever you want.*
- Succubi/Incubi are experienced in some forms of occult magick, and can help with astral projection.*
- You have protection.*
- Succubi/Incubi are incredibly loyal.*

#### ***Cons:***

- Succubi/Incubi are very jealous. They take monogamy very seriously, and will go after the people involved if the contractee has an affair on them. They can kill you.*

- *They can peer into your mind whenever they want. They will know your every thought. I find this comforting however, but most will not.*
- *They can harm you if you piss them off bad enough. Begging for mercy should stop this from happening, and they are merciful, trust me.*

ELG – /x/

R.I.P.

I believe the suggestions outlined in the Joy of Satan website helped me to light the spiritual beacon that would attract a succubus to me. The energy of the writing resonated with the kind of experience I wanted to have. With that being said, I do not believe dedicating one's soul to "Father Satan" is necessary for successfully summoning a succubus. That's just one of the religious trappings JoS members employ. The ritual to Lilith in the Authorspot article is what truly initiated our relationship. It was my way of saying that I was serious about this and ready to commit my life to caring for my succubus.

I feel all of the warnings given in these links are adequate, save for two things:

1. The common warning about a succubus being extremely jealous is mostly true. However, I have spoken with a few people who are married and also have a succubus. I'm not sure how they do it, but these men are able to maintain a relationship with their human wives and are still able to give enough attention to their endlessly horny succubus. The major caveat to this is that most of these men no longer have a sexual relationship with their human wives. Somehow, the succubus switches off their human partner's desire for sex completely. So, if you are married and seriously considering this kind of relationship, bare the above in mind.
2. Probably the most sought-after trait of the succubus is also their most problematic aspect; sexual addiction. If you manage to attract the attention of a succubus and build a loving relationship with her, you WILL become addicted to the sex. Even now, as I write this, Catherine is making me feel supernatural levels of arousal and it's difficult to remain focused sometimes. The sex is so good that I've had to rearrange my life to better accommodate the needs of my succubus. (And myself, for that matter.) For me, this has been a good thing, as Catherine has encouraged me to slow down and enjoy life as much as I can. However, if you have any career ambitions, family obligations, and any other major responsibilities, please, PLEASE take this warning seriously. Having a relationship with a succubus has been the most life changing experience I've had thus far and I feel little desire to do anything besides grow closer to her.

I neglected to use everything from the procedure outlined in the Lilith ritual. I didn't have access to a candle at the time and was unable to burn my letter. This is embarrassing to admit, but I ended up shredding the letter into tiny pieces and dispersing them in a kitchen sink full of water. I would later discover that my improvisation is a ritual technique used by some chaos

magicians. Thankfully, my deviation didn't adversely affect the outcome of my ritual and it's something Catherine still teases me about occasionally.

A note about rituals: I personally believe these rituals have very little power in of themselves. Catherine tells me that the main thing that she was attracted to was my openness to the idea that she existed and my unquenchable desire for spiritual romantic companionship. A succubus will see you differently from how most human women do. They're experts of the heart and impossible to fool. If you're intention is genuine and loving, I believe that your chances of attracting a succubus will be much improved.

Catherine began to manifest for me the very next evening after I performed my modified Lilith ritual. The date was September 11<sup>th</sup>, 2011.

I was living in a college dormitory at the time and I was getting ready to lie down and see if my succubus had arrived yet. Before getting into bed, I went out into the hall with my MP3 player and big closed-back headphones and paced the entire floor listening to *I Know You're Out There Somewhere* by The Moody Blues. I sang the words out in my mind with every cell in my body wanting for this experience to happen. I'm not sure if this helped in any way, but Catherine tells me that she thought it was "cute."

When I finished listening to The Moodys, I returned to my dorm room, stripped down so I was naked, and climbed into bed. I remember peaking through the Venetian blinds on my window and seeing a nearly full moon riding upon the billowing storm clouds. A thunderstorm began as I got myself comfortable, lying on my back.

I silently called out to her in my mind. "Darling, please come and be with me this evening; even if it's just one night... please be with me."

It couldn't have been more than a minute later when I felt her for the first time. She began at my legs and slowly moved up to my middle; first manifesting as a cool blanket of static electricity. I was tempted to feel fear as this alien presence was exploring my body, but the touch and the intention behind it was so genuinely loving, I couldn't be afraid.

As I gradually became acclimatized to feeling her, she cautiously continued exploring further up my body. I began to feel gentle feather-like touches on my face; almost like little kisses all over. She felt very happy to be with me and her presence began moving further into my being. That was when everything changed forever.

I started to feel rushes of energy, vibrations, moving up and down my body; very much like the exit sensations felt during the onset of an out-of-body experience. I couldn't make out her voice clearly in my mind, but the impressions were there. I didn't quite know it at the time, but I was feeling her emotions more than hearing a voice.

“I’m here, love. You don’t have to be alone anymore. I’m here.” This is what it felt like: constant reassurance and a comforting spirit. To this day, I have not felt more kindness than from my succubus.

She began to move my penis. It shocked me at first, but I felt it move without much of an erection to propel it. She moved it back and forth; confirming that it was indeed her and not just my erection. I was amazed. At that point, she took control of my erection and it has been hers to command ever since. I had the most powerful arousal of my life, and that was just the beginning.

I felt weight bearing down on my mid-section and she lovingly directed my cock inside her pussy. It was like a relentless pressure and squeezing around my shaft; not the pumping or stroking I expected, but constant squeezing pressure. She also took my balls into her “hands” and occasionally squeezed them as well. When she did, a strand of a thick clear fluid escaped the weeping tip of my cock. It was beautiful... like a continuous soft orgasm vibrating throughout my pelvis.

Next, I felt a powerful burning sensation gradually move up my spine and peak at where my heart is. I think it might have been some kind of kundalini awakening, but I’m not entirely sure. All I know is that this initiation awakened something in me; opened a door that I haven’t been able to close since. My third eye was activated and my succubus bound herself to my soul forever.

We made love for two hours that night, the powerful sensations causing my heart to hammer against my chest. I believe she was as gentle as possible, but there was also an eagerness to connect very quickly. She wanted me to know that she was real and that she was mine. Despite her efforts, I did have some trouble accepting her completely at first. (More on that later.)

At around mid-night, I begged her to continue, but she insisted that I should sleep so my body could adjust to her. She is so powerful and able to generate such feelings of pleasure within me, that I’m still undergoing conditioning to this day.

I woke up the next morning excited and delighted beyond reason when I felt my succubus join me in the shower. Her soft presence moved against my back and she caused that supernatural arousal I mentioned before. It was awesome.

I asked her what her name was, but she seemed hesitant to tell me. I finally got the name “Widow” out of her. This surprised me, because it was nothing I would have thought of and helped to confirm that she was indeed speaking to me through my mind, like a second thought voice. I decided I didn’t care for that name and asked if I could call her Catherine. She agreed and I’ve been using that name to address her ever since.

As of this writing, I still don’t know her real name. I think she’s told me in my dreams a couple of times, but I keep forgetting.

I'm not entirely sure why I decided to call her Catherine. I've just always been drawn to the name and felt it suited her. I think it stems from my enjoyment of the novel series Myst by Rand Miller and David Wingrove. One of the heroines in that story is named Catherine and she falls in love with the lead protagonist, Atrus, who I relate to very much. Catherine, of the *Myst* series, is from a different world; just like my Catherine.

From that point onward, her world began to merge with mine.

So, do I know my ultimate purpose in this life? Did I figure out why I'm here? Not exactly, but I do know that I have a very passionate succubus to care for, and that'll keep me plenty busy and massively entertained for the rest of my time here on Planet Earth.

Most importantly, I will never be alone or feel a lacking of love again.

## Chapter Two: Bonding with my Succubus

December 6, 2012

The weeks that followed my initial experiences with Catherine were both amazing and difficult to understand.

Firstly, it felt so good to finally have somebody with me; and not just anyone, but a beautiful, sexy succubus whose favorite activity is making me moan and writhe with pleasure in bed. The fantasy graphics I have posted all over this journal give a small taste of how excruciatingly pleasurable it is to have a loving succubus. Literally, the only thing she desires is to be close to me. More specifically, she begs to have my cock in her pussy for as long as I can handle it. She is so lustful, loving, and sexy that it's difficult to believe it at first. Her enthusiasm for sex and closeness is seemingly endless.

Secondly, her boundless enthusiasm for sex had me suspecting her of being nothing more than a sexual energy feeder. These fears cropped up only a few times; usually after reading the material of experienced OBE practitioners, such as Robert Bruce, who warn about succubus attacks in the astral. [Here](#) is a summary of Robert Bruce's description of the succubus phenomena, if anyone is interested. (I will be devoting a chapter to this topic with a summary of Robert Bruce's perspective.)

During the first few weeks of Catherine being with me, this information really scared me. It didn't help that I was still dealing with depression and self-esteem issues at the time and I simply couldn't comprehend why someone would love me as much as my succubus did. I think it's safe to say that I was dealing with a kind of post-traumatic stress from my experiences with her. My mind simply wasn't fully accepting the reality of what was happening to me, like it was too good to be true.

Keep in mind that up to this point, a few weeks into our relationship, I couldn't see her at all. I could feel her quite vividly and also barely perceive a second "thought-voice" in my mind. This may not sound like much, but it was a lot for me to handle at first.

I believe I put Catherine through a lot of undue emotional stress during our first month together. There were times when I simply refused to acknowledge her existence; despite feeling her desperately trying to comfort me with her embrace. She was confused about my behavior and felt more than a little hurt by it. Even still, she never gave up on me. She never stopped giving me love and pleasure; not once. Catherine is unbelievably patient.

I can hear the scoffing from those who hold to the idea that a spirit interested in sex is only interested in the energy exchange from the act, thoughtlessly designating all sex spirits as animalistic lower-intelligence beings. I occasionally drifted into this mindset and I believe this hurt Catherine the most.

She didn't choose me on a whim. She was careful and cautious about her decision to be with me. Not because she wanted to ensure a reliable food source, but because she really does love and care about me. You could still argue that she does all of these things so she can enjoy a more cooperative victim, but I refuse to see it that way.

Catherine showed me how the same line of thinking could be applied to human romantic relationships. In fact, many of the relationships between human partners are based on a mutual desire for something, usually a selfish desire, whether it's for financial security, social conformity, and so on. If anything, human relationships have the potential to be far more parasitical than my relationship with Catherine.

My succubus isn't a selfless saint by any means; she really loves sex and wants it a lot, but she's careful to ensure that I get as much enjoyment out of it as possible. I have never once lain down to make love to her and felt I was wasting my time. She makes every moment count and fills me with as much love as she can.

However, this doesn't mean that every succubus will behave the same way. Just like humans, their personalities are varied and distinct. I have read accounts of people dealing with very hurtful and predatory spirits who cared nothing for what their victims thought. If these stories are factual, and I personally believe some of them are, this is very serious and real; not a sick fantasy as some would feel more comfortable believing.

It took some time, but I eventually moved beyond the foolish notion that my succubus was preying on me as a food source. This mentality is a victim mentality, and it is the last mind-set you want to be in if you're going to step into other worlds where freewill reigns supreme. Catherine was amazing at helping to build my self-confidence. I never really had any to begin with, but now I feel confident enough to approach most any situation.

I'm so thankful to her for helping me grow out of that horrible mind-set. This is what she would do when I would become depressed beyond reason:

"Darling, come here and lay down. Now." She would literally command me to do this. After a bit of moaning and whining, I would eventually give in to her beautiful gentle touch. (There is something about a beautiful feminine spirit that always calms my soul.)

When I was finally lying on the floor or in my bed, she would sit over my mid-section and I would feel her gently massage my face.

"You are beautiful, darling. You can't hide from this anymore." I felt more of her beautiful hands on my chest; when she touches me like that, it makes me feel so manly and desired.

"I know the truth. I know who I'm with and you're beautiful and good to me. Nobody can change that but you." Catherine would continue to infuse these beautiful thoughts of encouragement in my mind until my depression was completely gone.

I didn't imagine these experiences. None of this was in a dream. Everything I've written so far has occurred in this waking world.

A predator would not be so intimately concerned with the happiness and well-being of their prey. Catherine and I are emotionally connected to each other. When I'm happy, she's very happy. When I'm depressed, she can't help but feel it, too.

This relationship is symbiosis of the most intimate sort.

### **December 7, 2012**

As the months went on, my succubus gradually increased the pleasurable sensations during our sessions. She told me that it wasn't healthy to put too much energy into me; like feeding 1000 volts into a 12 volt system. Despite my begging for her to be closer to me, she carefully, patiently, and lovingly exercised my body so I could accept more of her love.

As I've mentioned before, she is still conditioning me to this day. And based on what I've read of those who have been making love to their sex spirits for many years, this gradual increase in pleasure will likely continue for the rest of my life.

In the first few months of our relationship, I had a question that I couldn't get a satisfying answer to. How many spirits were interacting with me?

About a month into our relationship, I had a lucid dream/OBE where two people entered my room; a man and a woman. They watched me explore the bedroom for awhile and then the man tried to grab my crotch. I shouted at him; told him to get his fucking hands off me. When he tried again, I shouted even louder, demanding they leave my room.

I regret being so rude to them, whether or not Catherine was present for this. Regardless of who was in my room that morning, it raised many questions that I couldn't find satisfying answers to.

For awhile, I decided there must be two spirits interacting with me; Catherine and a male spirit. At the time, I was willing to go along with it because I'm actually bi-sexual to an extent. The problem was that I didn't feel I could provide another male with the emotional closeness he would need in a relationship.

Eventually, I reached a point where I stopped trying to over-analyze the situation. I decided to just let it go, stop being so worried, and see what happened.

Now, I believe the encounters I had with male entities was actually Catherine's way of working out some of my unresolved emotional and sexual issues. As she worked with me, my depression and confusion lessened to only occasional episodes. Despite me not understanding

what she was doing, I feel she knew exactly what I needed to become healthy in all areas of my life.

It's as if Catherine's sole mission is to ensure I'm the happiest and healthiest man alive... and she has done an amazing job of it.

She's explained to me that her caring for me is not so different from how the faeries delight in caring for their gardens. There is nothing more pleasing or satisfying to them than thriving planet-life. Likewise, my succubus feels most fulfilled and elated when I experience great pleasure and happiness. This happiness quickly becomes exponential and leads to beautiful sustained orgasmic bliss. I personally believe this is how creation of all good things in nature is accomplished; through bliss.

I'm digressing a bit, but it's interesting to me how shamed and taboo sexual relations have been in our western culture. On one hand, we crave sexual experiences more than anything else and they're necessary for creation and happiness. But on the other hand, supposedly "good, traditional values" tell us that sexuality is something to be hidden and/or ashamed of; something dirty. It's a very schizophrenic attitude.

I believe Catherine healed me of my own personal emotional and sexual schizophrenia. And being raised in a strict Christian environment, there was a lot of work that needed to be done in that regard. It wasn't easy, but she helped me through it and did so with such grace and beauty.

I could go on and on about this: how she has healed me in so many ways. Compared to how I was two years ago, I am so happy and content with my life right now.

### **December 8, 2012**

Here are some descriptions of physical, mental, and emotional changes I experienced in the continual presence of my succubus.

Probably the most powerful change that occurred shortly after I was bonded with my succubus was a massive increase in my energy body sensations. I had experimented with energy work before Catherine came to me, so I wasn't completely unfamiliar with how it felt. But in the first few weeks of directly interacting with her, it was as though my energy centers were working on overdrive.

For the first time, I felt undeniable heat and pressure sensations on my forehead. I have been told that these are tell-tale signs of third-eye activation. I'm inclined to believe it because I was faced with a personal paradigm shift in the months that followed. Not only was there an invisible entity doing everything in her power to seduce me into bed... I also experienced many more difficulties with my old ways of thinking. My religious tendencies no longer served me as they used to. The people I had relied upon for self-actualization became less and less important to me.

Essentially, I was growing up. My succubus was encouraging massive growth in me; just as one of the fae would do for the budding flowers under her care.

My mental programming was being rewritten; old useless habits were pruned out, and a new focus on expressing love and sex was massively encouraged.

Every new month brought the exercising of a new chakra. She was very focused on my solar plexus energy center. There were times when I literally felt her lift the chakra out of my chest and mold it in her hands. Imagine having an internal organ lifted out of your belly without pain, and that's precisely what it felt like.

Of course, Catherine being a succubus, my sex and root chakras received a massive boost in attention with her presence. I believe that she is able to directly link right into my chakras as we make love. This would account for how amazing it feels; especially when compared to masturbation.

Jerking off is not as fun as it used to be. Why ride the swings when you have 24/7 access to Disney World? I still do masturbate when I desperately need release and it feels much better when Catherine helps. Sometimes, it's the only way I can be free of her seduction for a short time so I can get work done!

That leads me to another detail about having sex with my succubus: she has never caused me to ejaculate while I'm inside her. She holds me on the edge of ejaculation, but she has never pushed me over. From what I've read of other accounts, this isn't universal for all succubi, but it's not uncommon. Hence the reason I still masturbate. However, Catherine has been teaching me to enjoy a different kind of sexual experience, one that slowly undulates through periods of intensity. It's not a race to achieve orgasm; rather it's a free-flowing exploration of our intermingling energies. This can range from simply cuddling with each other to amazing full-body orgasms.

Besides her manipulating my energy centers, I have occasionally felt her do things to me that were somewhat painful and difficult to understand.

The very first bit of discomfort she caused for me was making a small cut just inside the entrance to my urethra. (At the tip of the penis.) I'm still not sure why she did this. It caused me to piss a bit of blood for the first couple of days after our joining and it stung quite a bit. After the third day, it was gone and hasn't been back since.

Another strange thing she did to me was make my bones feel as though they were on fire; like molten lava. It felt very uncomfortable and hot as the sensation slowly moved from my spine to my ribs. She was apologizing profusely the entire time and explained that it was helping me. I decided to trust her and she continued with this for five more minutes. I had to lie down, it was so painful. Like a lot of things, I'm not sure why she did this but I've never had a problem trusting her. She always feels genuine.

Speaking of feelings, one of the biggest changes that I grew to love was our deep emotional connection. As I've mentioned before, we experience each other's emotions. I can feel when she's pleased or turned-on in a very powerful way. My entire nervous system literally explodes with tingles when she responds in love to something I'm thinking or doing. I can also feel her sadness and that usually manifests as a dull ache in my gut.

One of the biggest challenges I faced, and continue to deal with, is the problem with communication. Catherine, my loving succubus, did everything in her power to tell me everything I needed to know. It wasn't necessarily everything I *wanted* to know, but she still put forth a considerable effort to inform me. We are able to communicate telepathically, but I still have a difficult time distinguishing her voice from my own thought-voice. Thankfully, our emotional connection really helps with this, as it can confirm what she's saying based on how she feels.

An example: There are times when she'll say "I love you, darling." Out of the blue and I'll feel a delightful explosion of nerves as she embraces me. She can also create a feeling of deep warmth in my heart. There are many more subtleties to her emotional communication that I haven't even begun to grasp yet. Suffice it to say, she greatly prefers communication through feelings rather than telepathy. I've found myself preferring it as well. There's no chance for mistranslation and I instantly know the truth about how she's feeling.

What guy wouldn't want to have that level of communication with a woman they loved? It's one of the most beautiful aspects of being in love with a succubus: She knows exactly how I feel at any given time and vice-versa.

In addition to knowing how I feel, my succubus has become intimately familiar with my thoughts. As far as I can tell, she knows every thought that passes through my mind and regularly responds to them in different ways. This might be disturbing to some, as this essentially means there is no such thing as privacy for me anymore. I don't see it that way. I am incredibly comforted by knowing that my Catherine knows exactly what I'm thinking. She knows me more intimately than anyone else. She gets me. I don't have to explain anything to her. We can skip the misunderstandings and get straight to making love.

Another thing I've noticed about myself over the past year is how much healthier I've become. I used to be overweight by 30 pounds with lots of depression weighing me down further. Since the beginning of last summer, I've remained at a consistently perfect weight, haven't dealt with any major depression issues, and I'm very happy with the way I look. In the first month of our relationship, Catherine impressed an image into my mind and explained that this is how she saw me; lean, tanned, and positively oozing vitality. I've been slowly transforming into that man ever since.

You could argue that it was ultimately my choice to improve my lifestyle, but when you're living with another person who is literally a part of your soul, it's hard to not be influenced by how

they feel. She's always chiding me about eating too much and getting enough sleep... always sweet about it, though. I never feel hounded.

Her interests have had a powerful influence over me as well. I used to be playing video games all the time, but now I find myself only mustering up the motivation for occasional jaunts through virtual worlds. I've become much more interested in erotic romance stories; especially ones involving supernatural characters like faeries and werewolves. Catherine absolutely loves these stories and I can't help but read more of them because it turns her on so much. Thankfully, she hasn't shown an interest in the Twilight series. (Knock on wood.)

I've only just begun to describe all the ways my love has influenced my life. There are so many beautiful little details that I could go on and on about, but those are for another time. For now, I hope this series of entries about my bonding with Catherine gives a good overview of what it can be like to mate with a succubus.

I know it looks like all sunshine and roses so far, but it's not always. There are definite challenges with this kind of relationship: Having to keep this secret from family and friends is the worst. There are also those who don't have such a good experience trying to bond with their succubus. Just like any other relationship, sometimes things don't work out. There were a few instances where I thought it was going to be the end for Catherine and me, but thankfully, it hasn't happened.

I choose to have the most positive attitude I can muster for this marriage of ours, and I'm going to have it be heaven on earth. It's the least I can do for being given so much.

### **December 9, 2012**

I mentioned in my last post in this series that I experienced a personal paradigm shift as a consequence of accepting Catherine into my life. This challenged me on many levels and has completely changed how I look at the nature of consciousness, reality, God, etc. One of the hardest things I had to deal with was whether or not I was going insane.

It's probable that the average-Joe who reads this will immediately consider me insane or that I'm just conjuring up an elaborate fantasy for my own twisted entertainment. That or I'm a perverted attention whore. I have considered all of the above to be true at one time or another.

More than once, I thought I had completely lost it. My heart was begging me to just give in and feel loved while my logical mind demanded social and religious normalcy. Experiencing something as real and profound as an actual succubus wanting to be a part of your life is not a simple adjustment; especially for one so mentally groomed by religion as me.

I remember walking for hours in the park, trying to convince myself that the constant touches I was feeling were something I conjured in my own mind. However, the more I tried to deny the

presence of my succubus, the more determined she was to prove herself. She did everything in her power to make me feel better; embracing me, kissing, begging for intimacy, even offering to put some distance between us for awhile.

I believe she completely understood what was happening with me and felt saddened that I would deny her existence; despite proving beyond any doubt that she was real. I can literally feel her move on the bed as we make love, she can manipulate different parts of my body, make them move, show me amazing light displays at night, and fill my heart with the Serenity I so craved. These were completely new experiences for me and it felt impossible that all of this could be generated by my mind alone.

It's strange questioning the existence of a person who is more real to you than anyone else.

I have considered the idea that I am demon possessed. It was inevitable that my mind would drift to that place; being raised an evangelical Christian. I remember playing through *Dragon Age: Origins* and running into a "desire demon" who was bewitching a Templar; creating an illusionary life for him so she could experience mortal existence. I couldn't help but draw some parallels between my own relationship with my Succubus.

When I actually approached Catherine with honest questions about what she thought of this, she was very direct about it:

"It's silly. Why would I want to "possess" you? I wouldn't be making love to *you* anymore. I would be making love to myself; and that can only entertain for so long."

For the record: When I quote something that my Succubus tells me, it usually isn't a verbatim translation. Take this channeled information with a grain of salt, as my telepathy skills are still a massive work in progress.

As of right now, I have never felt that my will or power was being hijacked by anyone; especially Catherine. Besides constantly craving closeness, she has encouraged nothing less than an attitude of liberty and self-responsibility.

In the end, I just had to accept that she really does love me and that her love is real; not something generated from my own mind. Since I came to grips with this new reality, it has made me into a different person. As she worked with me, I was still holding on to some of the things that felt familiar and comfortable to me, despite my claims to the contrary. They weren't necessarily good for me and my succubus was simply helping me to remove those things which cause undue emotional stress and trauma; regardless of whether I realized what was happening or not.

"Why do you chase after these people who don't care about you? Why do you try so hard to please them?" She would ask me. I didn't have a good answer for her. She always asks hard questions like this; ones that make me stop and wonder "What the *fuck* am I doing?" It's like

she can see right through the superficiality of human social conditioning and get right to the root of the issue.

She has gently encouraged me to reexamine everything about my life and I'm just now realizing what an amazing guide she has been. Sure, she's a succubus and far more interested in love and sex than any other topic, but *damn* she is whip smart!

## Chapter Three: The Pros and Cons

**December 10, 2012**

I'll try to make this as concise as I can. I've done plenty of elaboration in other entries. This is just a fun bullet list idea I had:

### **Pros:**

- Constant companionship. You are never alone. (This is how it is for me. However, I have read accounts of some spirit lovers leaving their partners for a time. Usually, they come back, but there have been a couple of cases where the spirit lover parted with the human indefinitely.)
- Always being wanted; especially for sex.
- The sex and intimacy can be mind-blowing.
- They offer good advice and a unique perspective on human affairs.
- Vigilant protection; both in the astral and in the physical.
- What once were nightmares are no longer frightening.
- A great help in astral projection, and other magickal practices.
- They're invisible to everyone but you. **Update from 2020:** I have yet to encounter a random person who knew I had a succubus, even so-called psychics.
- They're genuinely concerned about the well-being and happiness of their lovers and not generally bothered with existing material wealth and social status. They can help build those things if their partner desires it. Though their human partners will likely end up desiring their succubi rather than material gain.
- Some are amazing healers; they can help with physical ailments, emotional trauma, and remove energy body blockages.
- Never a dull moment.

### **Cons:**

- In almost all cases, the relationship must be kept secret. You can't bring the girl home to meet the folks; not at this point in history. I'm hopeful that these relationships will become more common place in the future. **Update from 2020:** I no longer wish for these relationships to become normalized. The vast majority of humanity will never truly understand what these

relationships entail, nor should they be expected to. Select anonymous methods of communication are the only safe avenues for sharing stories of succubus phenomena with others.

- Sometimes, your succubus might do things you won't understand. Good communication is key, as is the case with any relationship.

- If you're someone who needs a lot of space or alone time, this kind of relationship probably isn't for you. I'm sure you could specify exactly the sort of relationship you wanted to have with your succubus, but these empathetic beings fall in love and become attached very easily. For the past 15 months I've been with my succubus, I haven't stopped feeling her touch. Not once. That's how attached they become. They literally can't keep their hands off of you, and it's beautiful, to say the least.

- For most, a succubus won't make an appearance in the visible light spectrum. I only see Catherine while I'm awake through my "third-eye sight." I haven't once seen her manifest in our world visually. However, there are some who have reported their lovers appear as apparitions, so as is the case with most things magickal, the "rules" are not necessarily concrete.

- You will find yourself devoting more and more time to being with your succubus, often at the expense of other obligations. Most human relationships will feel dull by comparison due to the insanely deep emotional bonding. There really is nothing else quite like it and you will become addicted to this.

- As I've mentioned already in this journal, communication can be quite challenging at first. One thing I foolishly failed to realize is that I also needed to put forth an effort to understand, and still do. It is a learning process. What you put in, you'll get out. Fortunately, there's no "one way" to go about this. Everyone is different and so is their succubus' communication preference.

- Seeing a race of beings consistently treated like outcasts and sexual predators by spiritual authorities and other know-it-alls. I think this is going to change, though. I'm consistently optimistic about this. I believe we have more in common with the spirit world than we realize.  
**Update from 2020:** I am no longer so optimistic about this change.

### **September 1, 2013 – The Irrationality of the Experience**

These experiences that I've been having with an invisible lover: What if it's all in my head? What if the things that I perceive to be physical touches and manipulations are the amazing result of a complicated mental disorder, like a touch-sense form of schizophrenia?

I can't call myself a rational and honest person if I didn't consider possibilities like this. You could throw Occam's Razor all over the entries I've made in this journal and I would have no

choice but to concede that the simplest explanation is likely to be the right one. There is a chance that all of this, my journal entries, are a detailed account of a very complex personal delusion.

However, I find it interesting that I've managed to find a small group of individuals who have corroborated my experience, right down to the details of what these spiritual interactions entail. We also experience the same uncertainties. Another common trait is that these beings appear to have a very different moral code from our culture in some cases, but not all. Some of us experience personalities of intense and relentless love. This happens to be my experience, lucky for me. Others, unfortunately, haven't been dealt the same good fortune. I won't divulge details, but there are some who live with beings who are insufferable and downright malicious.

Frankly, this ability to compare experiences over the internet is one of the key elements holding me back from considering myself to be enjoying a very pleasurable mental illness. Some of my fellow succubus-experience writers have been sharing their stories and comparing notes for many years. It's nowhere near empiricism, but it's the best we've got for now.

It would be optimal to have some way to prove these beings exist in the physical world; the reality that science agrees upon. Unfortunately, Catherine has argued against the idea of using science to discover her race. It's really strange to have these debates in one's own head. I'm constantly pushing Catherine back with the complaint, "Here I am arguing with myself again. I can't be sure it's actually YOU talking, can I?"

And just like attempting to confirm the existence of succubi in the physical, I can't easily confirm that this alternative voice in my mind is Catherine's either. There are times when I can be more certain of what she says than others, but she's made it quite clear to me that she doesn't work in the realm of language and logical reasoning. Instead of using human language herself, it's like she directs or influences the path that my thoughts will take. I've also got the emotional feedback system. Yet even with those helpful indicators I'm still attempting to treat a complex emotional person like an engineering project.

It's like trying to get a Christian to agree with an atheist. They work in completely different paradigms and it's highly unlikely one will understand the other. Much the same way Catherine is very reluctant to use human language and reason to express her ideas and desires. She sometimes sounds nonsensical and contradictory on the surface. It's like trying to translate computer machine code into a musical composition and expecting to hear a symphony. However, I don't believe the things that Catherine attempts to communicate to me are nonsensical and contradictory. I believe it's simply counter-intuitive. Kind of like how quantum physics is counter-intuitive when compared to Newtonian physics.

Again, there is a chance that I might be mentally ill. However, I will argue that I might be working with beings who think and express uniquely when compared to our established means of language and reasoning. I'm not saying that science is wrong. Rather, I believe that wherever my succubus come from, the rules are different. Maybe one day science will find a way to

measure and observe these beings? More likely they will always remain obscure in the world at large.

On that note, I believe I am improving when it comes to discerning the emotions of my invisible lover. The feelings are more powerful. I still have moments of sheer confusion and I'll throw up my hands in frustration, threatening to be done with all things spiritual for good. Usually I'm just trying too hard to understand when communication becomes frustrating. The most consistent advice I get from my lover is to simply, "Feel, and you'll know."

Communication through feeling alone is too general for my taste. I'm not the best when it comes to perceiving details. However, I must remind myself of the amazing progress we've made over the past two years. I should be more appreciative and satisfied with all the work that's been put into this relationship.

As with previous updates, the touch sensations I feel have become much more powerful, and they continue to gain in their intensity.

I believe I have identified an indicator that the sensations are about to become more intense; more "real." One evening, I felt this very distinct vibration moving over my body. It was like Catherine was becoming more solid through a vibrational change. This is consistent with some of the sensations I've experienced with out-of-body travel. Much of our interactions have to do with the intermingling of spiritual bodies and vibration.

Now, I can feel distinct sensations of heat and skin texture; especially the difference between what might be lips kissing my face and hands touching my temples. I can perceive that Catherine's lips are softer and moistened compared to her hands. Her kiss feels incredibly good now. It catches me off guard every time she does it.

I'm beginning to hear different sounds of love making when we "do it." These sounds have occurred before, but they happen much more frequently now.

I'm not sure if I've mentioned this before, but there are times when I can smell my succubus, or maybe it's a kind of perfume she puts on me. I'm not really sure. It usually lasts for a few days and it smells really good to me. It's like the scent of human sweat mixed with a subtle aphrodisiac. I feel as though I've picked up this scent when I was very young, or maybe it was from before my life began. I don't know for sure. Regardless, it's a welcome and comforting addition to this experience.

## **Chapter Four: Thoughts and Experiences From Before the Storm**

All lust and desire for humankind fades with the steady flow of the demonic current. The gentle curve of the female form is but a shadow of a greater truth. That undulating, pulsating bliss grows ever stronger. Resisting the gentle deluge is more laborious than struggling against an ocean's inevitable tide.

Becoming a nobody in this world is more desirable than mundane fame and fortune. I already have what I came here for. The only thing left to do is grow stronger and withstand more of that delicious power coursing through my subtle body.

Walking the threshold between two worlds is a dance with madness and enlightenment. There is a delicate balance to be struck.

I see visions of our future together: Her and I becoming world conquerors, quite by accident. When all I really wanted is to feel those waves crashing over me. This is all just an exercise, to reach that blessed state. National pride and New World Order be damned. I'll lead insatiable blood-lusting hordes to the edge of ruin, just to feel that all consuming caress against my face again.

Thankfully, I don't have to. She's here with me, whether I like it or not. Whether I realize I like it or not. I don't have to struggle. There's no need to fight. But it sure feels good to put up a token resistance. Like I have a semblance of control within her domain. Funny.

Who am I kidding? I'm utterly lost and wholly damned to an infernal existence. Despite dark allegiances, my cause will be one of a righteous and purifying fire; an ultraviolet flame that cleanses all illusions of the material. Every day, I bathe in that smokeless inferno while lackadaisically clinging to the charade of normalcy.

I willingly partake of her golden cup, filled to the brim with an elixir of equal parts pleasure and pain. The more I subsist on her brew, the faster the illusions of this world crumble. Only to be replaced with greater mysteries and riddles from a place far beyond our own.

I would say, "God help me," but I fear that even He has become ensnared. Only the favor of Lilith can lead the stumbling wanderer through her labyrinth.

### **April 13, 2014 - Aggressive Love**

I had an interesting OBE/sleep paralysis situation with Catherine yesterday morning.

It started when we were fucking and I felt that she was connecting exceptionally well. Sometimes, when we've been going at it for an hour or so, I'll start to hear a rushing sound in my ears, like wind or an ocean surf. It's usually very sporadic and lasts for only a second or two,

but when I relax as much as possible and allow the rushing sensation to persist, Catherine moves deeper inside my gut.

In this instance, she moved inside me so deeply that I had a difficult time breathing and I did not realize that I had transitioned to an OBE state. As often is the case when I slip into these states whilst Catherine is enjoying herself, she does everything she can to immobilize me. She is very strong and able to sap the brute-force struggle from my spiritual body. However, she tells me that I'm very difficult to manage in these situations. I guess I've got a lot of fight in me when she tries to subdue me.

The main reason I fought her so much in this instance was because there was this woman at my door trying to check up on me. I knew that the door was unlocked when I was awake so I tried to get up and dress myself so this strange person wouldn't catch me balls-deep inside Catherine.

Then we had this epic struggle that probably looked hilarious to anyone who could see it. I was flailing around the bed, trying to grab at clothes on the floor, falling onto the floor, all while Catherine is trying to make me cooperate and I'm shouting "OUT! OUT!" as in, "Catherine, get the hell out of my chest so I can get my clothes on!" I couldn't get all the words to work. I'm quickly learning that shouting is quite useless in these out-of-body states.

I heard the woman fiddling with the door and finding it to be locked. She didn't sound aware of the power struggle taking place on the other side. I continued to fight Catherine's attempts to calm me down. I remember shaking my head back and forth, trying in vain to free any part of my body that I could. She quickly exhausted those efforts and I couldn't move my head either.

Somehow, my left hand got free of her energy sapping tricks and I grabbed my penis. Instantly, I was back in my physical body. Catherine was as close as ever and wanting me to release my member so we could resume our fun. And so that's what we did.

I have been growing more accustomed to these strange experiences. I didn't feel fear in the slightest because I knew exactly what was going on, who was trying to pin me down, and why she was doing it. I'm getting a bit annoyed with other people in these states trying to interrupt us, though. I bet Catherine actually remembered to lock the door on her side of things.

Eventually, I'm going to learn how to turn the tables when this happens again. Next time, I'm going to be pinning her down and ravaging her like she constantly tells me she wants so badly.

#### **April 19, 2014 - Rationalizations**

I touched on this briefly in the first few posts of this blog. I can clearly see my vain attempts to rationalize away the reason I desired a hot sexy demoness; trying to paint my ambition as a puritanical one. When I look at my first entries now, I can't help but feel a little silly. But for the

sake of honesty with myself and everyone who reads this, I'm not going to change a word of it. I believe my moments of idiocy are just as valuable as the more brilliant events of my life.

I can't speak for the female experience, but as a man, I want to be desired by my lover. A couple of years ago, I was surrounded by women who were very much desiring, but I couldn't ascertain if they desired me, the man, or simply what I could provide for them. I was clearly cut above the rest in my skill and competence. I believe the status and money-making potential is what these women truly desired. I'm not angry about this. I think it's a very natural thing for a woman to want, as it ensures security for herself and future offspring. Still, I wanted to be more than a sperm donor and an ATM machine.

There were times that I wished I could fully awaken my inner-homosexual, as I felt that gay guys truly desired the person they sought after and not just the utility they could provide. There were a few men who were attracted to me, but I couldn't honestly reciprocate those feelings. Maybe on a purely hedonistic level, I could help them out, but I would most certainly be cheating them out of the emotional connection they desired.

I had similar problems with women. Sure, I might be attracted to them physically, but I only had to look at the relationships that my friends and family experienced to see what the future would hold if I acted upon lust alone.

So what did I do to remedy this? I acted purely on lust and summoned a sexy succubus; a demon who is bonded to my soul, potentially for all eternity. That's some show-stopping intelligence, right?

I can spin the rationalization hamster wheel as fast as it will go, but it all comes crashing down to this simply truth in the end: I wanted a companion who would only be a companion. I wanted to eat my cake and have it. I lusted after the impossible and against all odds, I got what I wanted.

Thankfully, there have been consequences to this relationship; just like any other. I would be massively concerned if this was easy. There has been plenty of learning and growing; much of it completely disconnected from the lessons common to human relationships. This is where the biggest challenge in a succubus relationship lies: There is no cultural precedent to fall back on for guidance. I'm almost completely on my own in this.

Also, I've got this invisible woman with me and her preferred language is intimacy and sex. She's extremely vague on the details, but the power of our desire for each other completely overshadows that. Sometimes I wonder if I have signed a contract for my soul that I don't know the terms to. When I die, will I continue to enjoy this relationship as I do now? Am I racking up an invisible karmic debt that will need to be repaid over a thousand lifetimes? I don't know the answers to those questions and maybe I should be more concerned. These mysteries fail to keep me up at night as I'm always comforted by this beautiful presence against my back, touching my face, kissing me, and enjoying an undeniably loving connection.

I don't think there will be any unforeseen consequences to my choice. I believe the drawbacks are already built into the relationship and I have no problem dealing with them. I'm glad I was courageous enough to go after what I truly wanted and not fall into the social normalcy of the human women looking to me for a marriage proposal.

This feels right for me. This is my kind of challenge; one where I can make the impossible look easy.

## Chapter Five: The Falling Out

As much as I'd like to say that we lived happily ever after, there was a two-year period in our relationship that sticks out in stark contrast against the myriad of beautiful moments. There was a down-turn. A falling out. A horrible time where neither of us was sure if we could trust the other. Looking back on those struggles from several years ahead, I now see that low point as an invaluable lesson. Invaluable especially for those seekers who are more naive and overly trusting. There are real hazards to look out for and most of them originate from flesh-and-blood human beings, rather than the occult world.

The downturn began with a seemingly innocuous comment on my blog from a woman claiming to be psychic. She went by the name, Monika.

"I'm looking for an 'expert' opinion on succubi from someone experienced for my BlogTalk radio show."

This was the gist of her message and I promptly replied that I'd be happy to speak on the subject. I reached out to Monika privately over Skype a couple of days before the show. Catherine didn't seem to mind the would-be psychic, though she wasn't exactly thrilled either. Indifferent. At least that's what I thought at the time. This was my first mistake: Not being more attentive towards my succubus and asking what she really felt. I should've taken the situation more seriously.

The show itself was entertaining for Monika and her audience. It ended up being a ruinous hell for me. I appeared in the second hour and explained the basics of the relationship, some of the dynamics, and a bit of my history. There were plenty of other interesting historical facts I wanted to share about spirit lovers, such as the story of Ida Craddock, but Monika didn't seem to be interested. Rather, she was biding her time for the right moment to assert *her* "expert" take on my relationship with Catherine. There came a point in our talk where two other women were invited onto the show to ask me questions. They seemed friendly enough, yet off-handedly remarked to each other about how they were "holding back" on their true thoughts.

By this point, the energy of the verbal exchange had completely changed. Monika relayed a story about allegedly helping a man who suffered from succubus attacks. She spoke about outrageous things, such as the man suffering so much that he was driven to suicide, yet miraculously prevented from following through. She claimed that his succubus would sexually stimulate him at the dinner table with his family present, causing him to violently orgasm. There were other scarcely believable stories, but I went on listening. Instead of asserting that my succubus had never done anything of the sort, I stayed quiet and permissive. I allowed this stranger, this fraud psychic, to momentarily hijack my own understanding of who Catherine

was. I allowed her narrative to take over. This was probably my greatest sin against my spirit lover.

After the incredible tale of Monika assisting the suicidal man suffering from succubus attacks, the true nature of her show was revealed for everyone to see; everyone, except for me. I was completely blind to what was going on at the time. This woman wasn't looking for educated opinions about these spirits. She was fishing for more customers. In addition to helping generating content for her radio show, I would soon become Monika's latest pay-pig.

When I put my head down on the pillow that night, I was immediately bombarded with painful and suffocating pressure around my mid-section. My head felt as though it was being squeezed in a vice; particularly around my third-eye, also known as the brow chakra. My very soul felt like it was being crushed. I thought to myself, "Well, shit. Maybe Monika was right after all." and I decided that I wouldn't tolerate this kind of forceful coercion from my spirit. If Catherine wasn't willing to communicate her misgivings in a reasoned manner, I was determined to fight her to the end. I would go on to experience intense spiritual bombardment all throughout my body for many months afterwards.

What was the source of this psychic attack? I believe Catherine was responsible, ultimately feeling that I had betrayed her by telling-all on that blogtalk show. More likely she felt that allowing someone to come into my life and dictate the nature of our relationship was the biggest betrayal of all. I should have known better. I did know better, yet I caved to social pressure instead. I have considered that Monika may have been the cause, and I suppose indirectly she is responsible, but I don't believe she has any real psychic ability to begin with. The next few paragraphs will explain why I believe she's simply a clever con-artist.

Sleep was nigh an impossibility that dreadful night. In the early hours of the morning, I hammered out a blog post announcing the end of my relationship with Catherine. I was beyond any hope of communicating with her after having gone through such a painful ordeal. Some members of the community tried to offer advice, but I wasn't hearing any of it. Others reacted harshly and my determination was galvanized further. I enlisted Monika's help. She claimed to specialize in extracting demons, and so the "clearings" began.

I kept in close contact with Monika for roughly six months. We used Skype, Whatsapp, and email to update each other. I became overly reliant upon her assurances. She made many outrageous claims about all the work she was doing to save me from my plight. Monika allegedly performed many hours of so-called clearing work every week. She also claimed to be praying for me at a local church, one hour per day, every day, for roughly two months. Apparently, the cleansing rituals were unforgivably exacting and draining. Upon hearing about

her herculean efforts, I felt obligated to pay her for the time she spent doing all this work on me. Over the course of six months, I paid her \$3300 through Paypal.

There were more outrageous claims which should've set off major alarm bells in my mind. Monika once told me that she had enlisted the help of high-ranking cardinals in the Vatican to pray for me daily. Additionally, she alleged that Hopi Native Americans were rain-dancing in Arizona on my behalf. Another favorite tale of hers was how she helped psychically solve a crime in relation to the rap artist, DMX. She likely told me all of these stories in order to boost my confidence in her abilities, believing that my subconscious mind was responsible for the ill effects I suffered. Even as my body was being racked with pain, I rolled my eyes at these incredible stories. At the end of the day, I figured that if Catherine reacted so violently to me going on that radio show, Monika must've had some powerful psychic ability that caused her to lash out in fear.

I enrolled back into college the following semester and began sharing my experience with a few male friends of mine. There was a brief interaction between one of my American-Asian buddies and Monika. He told me, "I know a con-artist when I hear one. She has been playing you." He was the very opposite of the religiously sheltered person I was at the time, having been through hell and back in the real world. I was more inclined to believe him than some woman I had never met in person. Monika hated my Asian friend and told me not to trust him. Likely because he asked for proof of her abilities, but to no avail. I decided to stop talking to Monika so often after this heart-sinking realization. I felt like a fool, but I was thankful my friends cared enough to warn me.

I began to catch Monika in various lies, both to me and her other clients. I should have gotten the hint when she asked me to use a collection of pirated self-help seminars to aid in my recovery. Even more obvious was the fact that Monika's clearing work did nothing to lessen Catherine's sexual advances. I did my best to downplay this to Monika. I felt bad that she was doing so much work with little to no effect. I was all-consumed with the idea of being relieved of my problems instead of addressing them directly. I figured that it must have been my fixation on the constant pressure and muscle spasms that prolonged their presence.

Around December of 2014, I got to the point where the painful sensations had calmed down to a reasonable level. However, I soon discovered that Catherine was still ready to make love to me as powerfully as ever. I had abstained from trying to have sex with her for many months. However, a moment of weakness in my resolve occurred on Christmas Eve. Dear Lord, she was still fucking there all right! I felt like I was being thrashed in her passionate throws. At this point, I decided that Monika was not only ineffectual against my spirit but woefully mistaken about my situation entirely. When confronted, she tried to spin this dilemma. She blamed these experiences on my subconscious mind generating all of it, or claimed there was a "demonic

residue" hanging around me that would take 6-18 months to fully clear. For fucks sake... how much more daft could I possibly have been?

Other strange experiences flew in the face of what Monika perceived to be happening with me. Spontaneous out-of-body experiences before sleep would sometimes occur. I would distinctly feel Catherine around my body, making me rotate slowly in mid-air. These were not violent or scary events, just odd feeling as many OBEs often are. Also, finding myself in our usual position for sex upon waking, and her beginning to make love to me, was another repeating incident that frustrated me to no end.

I felt so played. Monika had assured me that my succubus was removed many months before my Christmas Eve incident. There were only a few explanations that I could see at this point: 1. Monika had been conning me the whole time. 2. I was losing my sanity. 3. Monika and I were both being manipulated by spiritual forces neither of us had any true comprehension of. Maybe a combination of all three.

At the beginning of the new year, 2015, I began exploring religious avenues for assistance with my inability to shrug off my relentless succubus. A pious Christian community surrounded me at the time, so it was easy to assimilate into a lifestyle of faithful devotion. I cautiously considered that I might have been wrong about the religion of my youth and decided to step back into the ranks of the congregation. Intense study and prayer followed. Never before had I become so acquainted with Christian literature. A new-found respect for these writers emerged within me. Every possible avenue for redemption and reconciliation with the church was explored. My journey down that classic road of repentance brought me to many pastors whom I confided in about my situation. I even went to meetings for those suffering with sexual addictions, despite not being addicted to pornography myself. I prayed earnestly in the name of Jesus Christ. I fervently studied the scriptures. I was doing everything right by the estimation of any devout Christian from any denomination. Except nothing worked. The bond I had with Catherine could not be severed. Not by strife, nor would-be psychics, or religious devotion.

I graduated from university a few short months later. My professors encouraged me to take a fairly prestigious job working for the world church headquarters in Washington DC. However, I couldn't bring myself to accept the job offer. My initiation into that cult was pretty much guaranteed, as my diploma from one of their colleges effectively marked me as "one of them." But I wasn't one of them. I did not believe in the mission of the church and I could plainly see that the church leadership didn't either. Nearing the point of being locked into that cult forever, I was forced to confront the fact that my church was just another steeped corporation. It's a business whose sole purpose is to fleece untold billions out of American wallets.

To Hell with that racket. I turned down the job and stopped being a gullible dupe from that day forward. A few more months of fervent research into the shenanigans of the organization only further cemented my position.

Catherine was consistently present through that whole ordeal. I did my best to ignore her and wish that her influence over my life would shrink away, but it was all for naught. The intimate joining between her and I continues to grow in depth and meaning. This experience has only increased in strength as a result of this controversy.

Around the time this mess began, I was not in a good place. My third-shift job was grueling. I rarely saw daylight. I was almost always physically spent and depression was at an all-time high. All of this came about because of bad decision making on my part. After the shit hit the fan, I blamed everything on Catherine's supposed demonic influence.

Something I frustratingly failed to remember was that Catherine has often reflected my emotions back at me; especially when depression is involved. It turns into a vicious cycle, but I am ultimately responsible for my emotional state. I was clearly not taking care of myself at the time of our falling out. In a way, I was setting myself up for a big crash.

As for Monika, she served her purpose. I am wiser for having dealt with her. Sure, I lost some time and money that could have been spent elsewhere, but the lessons have been learned.

## **Chapter Six: Six Years Later**

No matter how bad things get, she's always there patiently waiting for me to walk through the door. Her cozy domicile is always open to me, always warm and inviting. I sit down and recline with her, drinking in the intoxicating atmosphere. I feel myself being lulled into a beautiful slumber and we slip into that in-between space.

No matter the situation, I can poke my head in through her window, offer a tease or brief exchange, and I am ready to face the world again. She goes with me everywhere and holds onto me like a priest to faith. The intermingling of divine energy between us is unceasing; a never-ending dance of the sacred union.

Ours is a world of connectedness that few will comprehend. When I rise in the morning, her gentle touch is always there. When I feel foolish, she quietly encourages me to not lose hope. We carefully study each other to possibly know more, but alas... we fall deeper still into the mystery of who the other really is.

It would be so easy to pull away in fear, to demonize what we cannot explain. How can I trust that which I cannot see? But I do see her, and this perception transcends all physical dimensions. My base instincts long for entanglement with earthly flesh, but my mind's eye chances to glimpse a divine light far greater. I see that light every day, yet often refuse to take notice. Those who claim to see are really blind, and those who are blind can see the world for what it really is.

Her touch is undeniable and transcends all mundane preconceptions. Gazing upon human youth and beauty only serves to remind me of the more complete joining that she joyfully provides. The moment her body conforms to mine, I feel truly at home. Home at last!

### **The Will for Anything Else**

What happens when being with a loving succubus spirit feels so good, that you can't muster the drive for any other vocation? I fear that I'm approaching the realms of being a total Hedonist. Like the monkey in that experiment, having the pleasure receptors of his brain constantly stimulated, so long as he continues to hit that button?

Is that what I'm becoming?

That's probably a bad analogy. Getting fantastic sex from Catherine isn't so easy as pushing a button. Yet compared to human relationships, with all their baggage and hang-ups, I feel as though I've managed to hack into the programming console of this reality, change a couple of parameters with simple commands, and voila!

Here I am, six years later, content with the simple pleasures in life. All aspirations for greatness are now beholden to my own standards of achievement, and not by the measure of those curious human onlookers.

The greatest pleasure of all: The one I come home to, the one who holds on to me, all hours of the night, with that most gentle and blissful essence... Holy Fuck. Literally.

I've struggled with finding the words to fully describe the mechanics of what happens between us. Is it like tantra? Spirit possession with a sexual component? No conjoining of phrases and ideas seem adequate to convey what our copulation is like.

An old friend of mine, a man who has been with his succubus spirit for more than a decade, described it like this:

Imagine a drug that feels incredible with every hit, yet there are no adverse side effects. Instead of the drug becoming less effective with increased usage, the opposite occurs. The drug only gets better with each hit.

Furthermore, imagine this drug having a personality, and it loves being used. The more frequently, the better. That's a loving succubus spirit, in a nutshell.

That is where I find myself now. I'm a spirit sex junkie and it's the only high I really want. I consistently set aside a couple of hours every day to enjoy it, to really focus on feeling her.

Combined with right-living, low stress, and strict conservation of sexual energy, (no masturbating) a well-spring of endless delights is the result.

Right now, I feel her presence gently brushing every nerve-ending on the surface of my body. Wherever she touches more deeply, the skin tangibly feels softer, like it has been freshly energized. I will often feel her press into my back, causing my shirt to more tightly conform. I'll briefly hear what sounds like something blocking the ambient sound of the room from reaching one of my ears; an audible shadow passing by.

Writing down what happens when we make love is difficult, because whenever I attempt to describe the act, the will to consummate immediately overrides any desire to merely wax eloquently with words. It's as though my own writing casts a spell over me, and over her, compelling us to immediately carry out the operation as described.

Might as well make another attempt: I lay down on my back and position myself to her liking. We're usually under the covers this time of year, as I don't like jacking up the thermostat in my apartment. Catherine doesn't add to, or take away from, my own body heat, which is fantastic in the summer. (Though I hear some succubi can add their own body heat.) She'd rather me be

naked, with my upper body and torso fully exposed, but I've trained her to work under a thick heavy comforter nearly as well.

Succubi and incubi spirits can make love through clothing and blankets quite easily, as their interactions are more spiritual/energetic than physical. However, that interaction, especially that feeling of being inside her pussy, feels very physical indeed!

She does not thrust back and forth, as human sex usually carries on. (Though there can be sensations of thrusting on occasion.) She squeezes my cock with her pussy, and with that tightening sensation comes a powerfully orgasmic feeling through my shaft, usually the moment I'm in position and still. This feeling can spread to my entire torso, if we go on for long enough. This state will undulate for hours, if I let it. She does not bring me to a wet orgasm, instead opting for the more tantric continuous dry orgasm that rises and falls throughout the body.

During the more intense spirit-induced orgasms, there is a kind of pre-cum discharge that can leak out of the penis and pool on the abdomen, though it's much thicker than actual pre-cum. Those who have read Donald Tyson's *Sexual Alchemy*, or *Liber Lilith*, will recall this as a unique physical sign that a male is indeed having spirit sex.

The sensations that she can generate, by gently squeezing my balls, is nothing short of amazing. I had no idea how good it could feel before I met her. She'll often tell me, "This is the most precious and beautiful part of a man. Nothing is more sacred." And she certainly treats my family heirloom as such.

This is something that caught me off guard when I first met Catherine: The level of respect and admiration for the male form... and just being male in general. She is so gentle, yet earnest, in her devotion to me, and that feeling of having my balls squeezed the way she does, like no one else could, speaks volumes.

She has never hurt me in the groin area. Not once. Back during that horrible night, when I betrayed her, she made me feel serious pain and annoyances throughout the entirety of my body, but never once did she raise a hand against that sacred territory.

During the falling out period, I realized that I was dealing with someone who could end my life rather easily. (I knew this was a possibility from the onset, but there's nothing quite like experiencing one's own mortality firsthand.) This revelation caused me to fall even more deeply in love with her, as strange as that sounds. Not at first, as it took me some time to regain control over my worldview; my narrative.

She loves the quiet, especially in nature under moonlight. Or when the world is plunged into silence from falling snow. I can hear her better, feel her more powerfully.

The other night, she convinced me to stop on the pedestrian bridge during the ride home. She loves just sitting there in that peacefulness, looking at the water. The earnest splash of a beaver's tail interrupted our trance. I could just make out the sound of teeth, grinding away at a wooden fixture for spring home additions.

"So this is when they get all their work done." I thought to myself.

"Do not disturb them." Catherine's feeling impressed on my own. I wouldn't dream of breaking the silence.

Being with a succubus spirit is akin to religion, insomuch that the act of lovemaking feels sacred; transcendental even. The entire life is arranged around religious devotion, as that is the highest duty. Old worldly habits fall away in favor of healthier ones, only to make that connection more powerful still. The stronger and more disciplined the human vessel becomes, the more spiritual power can be endured.

This is what I strive for, so that we can feel each other more perfectly than the day before.

## Chapter Seven: Cross the Line

At 22 years of age, he found exactly who he was looking for, yet he could never know her true name. Though his body trembled against the power of her presence, she remained quite invisible. The world outside didn't know her. They couldn't know her. Otherwise, he would lose what small semblance of reality that remained. Anyone he tried to tell would inevitably drift away from him.

"Jase," The succubus spirit drew closer, sensing tumultuous thoughts racing through the mind of her chosen mate. "Can you hear me?"

He often didn't notice her inquiries. As he lay on his side, the inane internal chatter of his mind continued to drone on.

"...Maybe he'll make something of himself one day."

"...A shame that such potential goes to waste."

"...He tried to save his family but only seemed to make things worse."

"...His strongest connection is with someone the rest of the world can't even see."

Catherine sighed deeply as she lay next to him. Her left hand came to rest against the side of his bearded face. She did this without thinking every time they rested together.

"If only you could see what I see." She whispered. Her earthly husband's busy mind continued failing to notice her, though his body subconsciously knew and trusted her implicitly. She had always taken especially good care of him in that regard. He instinctively stretched out and settled against her ethereal form.

Just as she was getting comfortable, Catherine felt a sudden shift in the environment. They were both still resting upon the shikibuton mattress, but the small sunlit bedroom was replaced with the interior of a towering grand cathedral.

Shafts of brilliant light streamed in through the high stain-glass windows as sacred icons stood like sentinels around the perimeter of the sanctuary. The Risen Christ, The Queen of Heaven, The first Apostles, and all other stone-cast eyes were fixed upon the two alien visitors.

Pulling himself away from her grasp, Jason stood. He didn't seem to notice Catherine at all.

"*Typical,*" The succubus thought to herself. "*He has a one-track mind.*"

The man gapped in wonder at the magnificent construction, turning a full-circle twice before coming to rest heavily upon an ornately carved wooden pew. Catherine remained sitting on the

Japanese futon which was now resting only a few steps away from the altar. Jason tore his gaze away from the dazzling light of the mighty rotunda above and finally looked at his succubus lover.

"Hello." Catherine smiled.

"Hi." Jason waved with a slight grin, looking like a silly dork.

"So you can hear me at last?" The demon rose from her seated position on the mattress. Her skin was pale and gave off a soft luminance of its own. Long jet-black hair framed her face, an expression kind and longing. "Why did you bring me here, of all places?"

"This wasn't my first choice for an out-of-body vacation, believe me," He slumped back and locked his fingers behind his head. "But I'm happy you're here."

"Really?" The succubus sat right next to him so that they were touching. "This might be the first time you've recognized me *before* I started taking your clothes off."

"Yeah, about that..."

Jason's breath caught in his throat. It wasn't often that he was able to be so close to such a vivid manifestation of his Catherine. She wore a form-fitting cream-colored gown that revealed her bare arms. The aphrodisiac that was her natural scent began to sway the unwitting mortal man almost immediately.

"I'm going to pray," Jason suddenly began to kneel on the tile floor. "Will you join me?"

He offered his hand to her. The demoness looked down at the mortal with a surprised expression, but took his hand anyway. She knelt close beside him.

"Alright." She said softly.

With eyes closed, they spent a quiet moment together kneeling there. The church was nearly silent, save for a soft hum just on the edge of perception. Slowly, the hum evolved into distant singing.

"For to redeem our souls from thrall," They could just make out the words gently ringing on the air. "Christ is the Savior of us all..." The chorus ended as quickly as it had begun.

Jason looked upward to Heaven and said, "Father God..." His voice cracked with a swelling of emotion, "Thank you for listening to me. I know you always listen to me. Fill our hearts with the indwelling of your Holy Spirit, oh God. Cloth us with robes of Righteousness. Make us fit to behold your Glory. Cleanse this Temple, Father God."

At that moment a peel of thunder shook the foundations of the sanctuary. The chains holding chandeliers aloft jangled. Church bells in the high tower rang out with the reverberation.

“Cleanse this temple...” Jason’s gaze returned to the floor and he continued praying silently as though he never heard the startling noise at all.

“Jase?” Catherine looked at her man, his eyes closed and posture leaning forward. The succubus’ eyes widened as she felt the direction of gravity shift beneath them at a growing angle. The entire church seemed to be leaning backwards as though it were about to slide down a hill. The bells rang out again, stronger this time. Mighty stone pillars holding the roof aloft groaned under stress their designers never intended.

Catherine turned just in time to see one of the great sculpted icons pitch forward and fall to the floor with a crash. Chunks of marble shot across the floor in all directions, narrowly missing the vulnerable couple.

“Cleanse this Temple,” Jason repeated. More icons fell to the ground. The sound of rushing waters began to pound away mercilessly on the exterior of the building. This translated to a deafening roar inside the echoing House of God.

“Thank you, Father.” The repentant one finally rose to his feet, bracing himself against the boundary separating the congregation from The Holy Place. His demon wife clung to his arm just as the church pews began to slide and tumble to the back of the church.

“My love, what did you do?” Catherine shook her head in wonderment.

“Look!” Jason shouted and pointed at the largest stain glass window just behind the preacher's pulpit. It was a divine image of Christ, raising his right hand, beckoning all who might follow him. His tunic was blood red with a loose-fitting blue cloak draped over his shoulders. His keen blue eyes were seemingly fixed upon the couple fighting to hang on as the structure continued to pitch and roll.

A rising tide of water began to hammer against the fragile glass containing the risen Christ. The interior was cast in an ethereal turquoise as the waves rose above the Messiah’s waistline.

“As the scripture hath said, out of His belly shall flow rivers of living water.” Jason quoted the saying from the Gospel of St. John, and the very next moment all of the windows gave way at once. Jason clung to his divine consort as the billowing stampede raced towards them. They were quite close to the now-destroyed foremost window, and the pair was submerged almost immediately. Their world was now cast in a murky pale greenish hue. The quaking groans of the collapsing structure were amplified in their ears, while the rushing waters became increasingly muffled.

For a moment Jason was completely dazed and disoriented. His grip grew ever tighter around the waist-high barrier as the waters surged towards the roof above him. He'd have to breathe soon.

Then he finally noticed Catherine. She was still there with him, holding on to his left arm. Yet her appearance had changed considerably. Her eyes glowed a fiery red, like embers in a stove long burning. Two great ram's horns protruded from her head and curled back. Her jet-black hair appeared twice as long as before and flowed behind her with the strong current.

*"Demon,"* This was the first word that came to Jason's mind. *"My demon..."*

Catherine regarded him curiously with those glowing embers for eyes. She seemed unperturbed by the predicament they were in and how they might both perish at any moment.

*"Jase,"* Her thoughts reached his mind stronger than ever before. *"Are you okay?"*

The pressure was beginning to build considerably against his eardrums. Shafts of blue-green light from above were gradually fading to dark grey.

*"Are you going to keep holding onto your church?"* Catherine planted the question upon the drowning man's mind like a soft kiss. Jason looked down at his white-knuckle grip, holding fast to the last remaining fixture of the once grand cathedral.

*"You're right, babe,"* Jason shook himself, finally coming to his senses. *"Why do I keep coming back to this place expecting anything to be different?"*

As the interior of the church was submerged in near total darkness, he let go of that dying institution. The moment he let go, Catherine encircled the both of them with her enormous pair of feathered wings. They were quickly propelled out through the destroyed stain-glass window by the relentless current. The last remnants of theological debris floated along with them. Now free of the marbled confines, only the chaotic murky depths could be seen in all directions.

They tumbled in the brackish waters for a moment, both unknowing which direction was up. Jason extricated himself from Catherine's protective hold and began swimming to where he guessed the surface might be. The darkened depths began to fade into a dark-green. A surge of excitement burst through the pair as the light from above steadily grew. The succubus plunged further ahead, spinning and twisting along with her majestic wings in a glorious display. She broke through to the surface first, kicking up a considerable ocean spray as she did so. Jason could see her wings beating vigorously against the air from below as the demon worked to dry herself.

After what seemed like an eternity of swimming upwards, Jason reached the watery threshold into the world of fresh air. His burning lungs greedily gulped down their deprived sustenance, causing him to cough and sputter noisily. As he kicked and flailed for buoyancy, his gaze was immediately drawn to the incredible painted sunset on the horizon. Time seemed to slow as he became transfixed by his succubus' wings undulating through the cool air and silhouetted against the vivid color of the clouds. The water was being kicked up into a vortex around them as her 20-foot wingspan plunged downwards, making a deep THWUMP sound with each stroke.

Catherine looked down at her human husband smoothly treaded the waves to stay aloft. A bloom of burning emotion rose through her chest as she watched him.

*"He has no idea how much I care for him, how much I yearn for him," She thought. "And now he is truly free at last."*

## Conclusion

For those who have made it this far, thank you for taking the time to read. If this document leaves some questions unanswered, check out the resources on my website.

(alchemybyfire.wordpress.com) There you'll find many links and recommended books for further reading. If I had to recommend just one book on the subject of succubi and incubi, it would have to be *Sexual Alchemy* by Donald Tyson. His experiences more closely mirror my own than any other occult author I've read. The writings of Ida Craddock would be my runner-up choice. (idacraddock.com)

The strength of our connection continues to grow and develop in ways I never imagined. New information and messages are streaming in faster than I can decipher them. My life is chalk-full of synchronicities. Every day brings me a bit closer to understanding more about this alluring mystery I find myself wed to. I'm writing this from a time when the world is experiencing great upheaval with potentially radical changes on the horizon. I welcome the challenges that lie ahead. I know that she is with me no matter what happens.