

Transference

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The temple was huge by any measurement. Stone pillars stood in a ring around the immense structure. Inside the ring, the main temple was squat and flat topped, but the overgrowth was so vast that the roof could not be seen. There was a downward sloping entrance into the temple, though a rusted metal door blocked entry. A pool of water congregated at the base of the door, the red rust was a lighter shade there as it ate away at the metal.

Harrison squatted down, looking at the images carved in the rock face.

“How old do you think it is?” the voice asked behind him. Michael pushed through the last of the underbrush to stand beside his fellow explorer.

“Considering the shape of the rock structures, I’d say at least a thousand years old.”

“Its no wonder it was never discovered. The way the two mountains come together and the growth here is incredible.”

“Yes,” Harrison said. “I’ve never seen anything like it either.”

They both stared at the moss-covered stone, neither of them able to make heads or tails of the images. They looked hieroglyphic in nature, but the images were extremely well defined. But they were just symbols, no rhyme or reason they could determine.

“Now what?”

“The rest of the team should be here any time. We’ll set up camp and go from there.”

Michael pulled off his radio and toggled the talk button. “Point to Center. How far are you out from us?”

The static was broken by a familiar feminine voice. “I’d say we’re an hour behind you. The trail you cleared is open and distinct; we’ll be there shortly. What did you find?”

Michael walked over to Harrison. “Do we want to keep it a surprise?”

“Yeah, she’s been waiting for something like this her whole life. I want to see it on her face.”

Michael grinned and spoke into the radio. “Nothing much, Josie, a few rocks, but it looks promising.”

“Roger that, we’ll see you soon.”

The pair of them sat down at the base of the entrance slope, breaking out their lunch. As they ate, the light from above became dimmer, making the shadows long and the area dank and dreary. A light mist began to fall on them.

“I hate the way it rains here every afternoon.”

“Don’t forget morning.”

There was a squealing noise by the rusted door. Michael immediately crouched down, drawing his sidearm. Weapons were not the usual tools for

archeologists, but in the wilds of northern Chile, where Bolivian insurgents sometimes crossed the border to escape the pursuing governments, pistols and rifles were necessary.

Harrison spun and squinted. "What the fuck was that?"

"Not sure," Michael said as he advanced down the slope towards the water.

"Watch it, it may be a jaguar."

There was thunder in the air. It became even dimmer and the mist quickly became a heavy rain. The wind picked up and Harrison grabbed his pack and followed Michael.

Michael lowered his pistol. "Shit, it's just fucking rats." Harrison watched as a pair of the beasts scurried past the door, swimming to the surface of the rock before climbing out and disappearing into the foliage. "Rain is getting bad."

"You lead the way; let's see if we can get inside."

"Let me call Josie first."

Harrison pushed past him. "You call, I'll go in." Michael allowed him to go, Harrison drawing his own side arm. There could still be a jaguar or wild pig in there. Shelter is shelter. He waded up to his knees in the water before he reached the rusting metal doors.

Metal? How could it be a thousand years old when in this wetness the iron should have long since disintegrated? He pressed his hand against the rust, his hand sinking into it. The door was thick - really thick. At least it once was. The door moved open, allowing Harrison to see little inside. The pond inside continued for another twenty feet before rising again out of the water.

Breaking out a flashlight, he examined the inner structure as he sloshed through the water to reach the inner room. Water drained out of his boots and he prayed there were no leeches in the water. He stood on the rock and shined the

flashlight around. The ceiling was made of stone beams which were originally open to the air. The outside growth had become so extensive that it covered the building and open roof.

Michael splashed through the water to him. He chucked off his pack onto the ground. "I got through to them, the storm is nailing them too."

"This is amazing," Harrison said. "The amount of effort it took to place those beams would have been incredible. The way the arches support them is reminiscent of the Romans, but that can't be, they never came this far west."

"Harrison? What the fuck is that?"

"What?"

"Turn off your light!"

Harrison complied, the interior going black. As his eyes adjusted he too could begin to see a pale white glow coming from further inside the temple. The area they stood on was just the top of another slanting path. "I'm hoping that is that glowing moss crap I read about."

Michael began walking down the slope, his hand drawing out the pistol a second time. Harrison followed, fumbling to get his own pistol from its holster. He hated guns, but ever since he had been kidnapped and held for ransom in the Philippines two years before, he always armed himself now.

Michael led the way; the only sound was their boots on the smooth rock. The corridor leveled out for fifty feet and then began dipping downward again. There were several side passages the led off at angles from the main passageway. In these, the darkness was impenetrable.

Finally the corridor leveled again and they stepped out into a huge chamber.

"Holy shit..." Michael began as they saw what was in front of them. Harrison was speechless, lowering his pistol. "Is that what I think it is?"

"Yes, I think it is..."

A naked female floated on her back in the middle of the chamber above a large dais. Her skin was nearly translucent and her body was exquisitely beautiful. There were chains around her ankles and wrists and were linked to an iron ring on the ground. She had wings sprouting from her back. They were unfurled, yet they seemed lifeless. She was unconscious, with her arms and legs limp.

Harrison holstered his weapon and began walking towards the woman. Michael followed a short distance behind as Harrison walked up the steps of the dais and onto the platform. Harrison's form shimmered blue as he approached the angelic woman. The blue rippled out and as Harrison watched, it formed a globe around him and the woman. Michael stopped and watched through the glowing sphere.

"That was weird."

"What did you feel?" Michael asked.

"An intense coldness. It's fucking freezing here."

Startled, Michael pointed at the woman. "Her eyes are open!" Harrison spun around, seeing the woman move for the first time.

She slowly turned her head, her mouth opening to speak. "Help me," she whispered in an unfamiliar accent. "Free me before they come!" Her eyes were expressive and begging. She looked like she was in pain. How did she know English?

Harrison drew closer. She was so beautiful! "Before who comes?"

Her eyes widened as she looked past him towards the ceiling. "Too late."

"Harrison!"

Hearing gunshots behind him, Harrison turned to see Michael firing up into the ceiling. Looking up, he saw horrible forms dropping from their hiding places. Humanoid forms, a dozen of them swooped down, their leathery wings opening and flapping. Their cries were like the screams of children. Michael

fired again and again as one pounced atop him. Michael screamed as his right arm was bitten off, the pistol skittering across the floor.

Blood sprayed and Michael tumbled from the dais. The demon flapped its wings and returned to the air, clutching its prize in its teeth.

Another demon crashed into the ground beside him, blood pouring from bullet holes in his chest and head.

Harrison ran back out of the sphere and rushed to where Michael writhed on the ground. His teeth were clenched tight and he breathed through them in short gasps.

The screams continued all around them as Harrison focused on getting Michael to his feet. Michael moaned and clutched at his stump as Harrison dragged him to his feet.

Harrison watched in horror as several demons attacked the corpse, feeding on its flesh. Michael screamed and together they dragged each other towards the exit. They rushed up the slope, finding it blocked by two more of the demons. They howled and rushed towards them, their wings spread wide. Harrison backed up, firing as he went. One fell back, falling to one knee before the gun went empty.

Harrison turned Michael around, and they ran back down the slope, turning into one of the darkened side passages. Harrison fumbled in his vest for another clip, finally finding one as the reptilian features of a demon turned into their passage.

Slamming it home, Harrison fired pointblank into the demon's chest. It cried out and stumbled past them and onto the darkness behind them. He heard it slump to the ground out of sight. Michael slid down against the wall, moaning as he clutched at his stump. Harrison yanked a shirt from his pack and pressed it onto the wound. He moved Michael's hand to apply pressure.

Sweat ran into Harrison's eyes, he had no idea what was happening. These beings should not exist! In the light of the main corridor, he watched as two of the demons walked past. Leaving Michael, he continued down the darkened side passage, past the dead creature and discovered the path linked with the main chamber. The white light filtered into the corridor and he slid to the end of the shadows.

The angel still lay floating within the sphere and it seemed that she called out to his mind to free her. It was oppressive, the fear that she felt and the need she had to be free.

The corpse of the demon that Michael had killed was nothing more than scraps. The demons feasted on the flesh of their fallen, gnawing on the bones. A blood splattered demon walked up the dais towards the angel. He spread his wings and flapped them, rising to float over top of her. His spittle dripped from his jaws and his groin split open, revealing a rapidly hardening cock. It was huge, nearly the length of Harrison's arm and bulged with veins. The angel closed her eyes as the demon came close. The flapping of his wings blew her hair around, making her even more beautiful. Harrison couldn't take his eyes away from the angel.

The demon's cock whipped and twisted like a snake. It slithered around her body, leaving trails of juices on her abdomen. It finally found its way to her cunt, parting her lips and sliding elegantly into her body. Her mouth opened and her body flayed against the chains. The demon gripped her throat and waist, his long tongue slathering over her face and breasts.

Then he began to thrust, fucking her slowly at first before riding her floating form as his wings beat at the air. She moaned, throwing her head from side to side, her cries joining the beast's screams.

Other demons landed on the dais, their own cocks extracting themselves from their protective houses. They watched with unabashed need, guttural screams sounding like encouragements.

The demon howled. It was obviously coming since the bucking became fast and furious. The angel cried out in what seemed to be joy, which thoroughly confused Harrison.

The blue sphere expanded suddenly in a wave, washing past the demons and through the corridors. Harrison felt a pain in his stomach as it flowed over him, but no other effects were felt.

Finally the demon slowed and he withdrew his pulsing cock out of her. Thick gobs of semen fell from her cunt. The first demon was pushed away, and was replaced by another who flapped above the glowing angel. His cock took the other's place, beginning the second rape of the angel.

Harrison found himself unable to look away, entranced by the rough fucking going on in front of him. Each time one of the demon's came, the wave of blue rushed out from their coupling. The air was getting colder and there was now a constant pain running all through his body. Ten in all, they fucked her, each taking turns ravaging her body.

Harrison finally tore himself away from the scene, creeping back to where Michael sat unconscious against the wall.

"Michael!" he whispered. He was suddenly terribly hungry. "Michael!" Michael opened his eyes and a scream was quickly on his lips. He slid away, struggling towards the main corridor. "Michael! It's me!"

His eyes were wide but he stopped struggling. "Harrison? What's happened to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're changing!" Harrison frowned and looked at his arms. In the dim light he hadn't noticed. His skin was gray and crusty. He realized that the pain

he felt was his body changing. His skin could be seen discoloring before his eyes. Another wave of the blue light washed over him.

“I don’t know what is going on,” he said, realizing it was becoming difficult to talk. He turned away, walking back to the demon corpse, suddenly very hungry. Bending down, he opened his mouth, feeling the drool pouring from it and down his chin. He stood up very quickly, drawing the pistol and sliding it towards Michael. “I’m hungry. I almost tried to eat it.” He shook his head, it becoming very hard to think. “Eat you,” he added.

Suddenly hot, he began stripping out of his shirt and pants. His nails had grown into claws and he tore the clothes off his body. “Michael, what’s happening?” He wasn’t scared, but intently curious. Michael clutched at the gun, pointing it at him. Reaching back, he scratched at the pain on his back, finding a pair of rapidly growing wings had forced themselves from his body.

“Why are you changing, Harrison?”

“She’s so beautiful. So beautiful. I feel her - I want her. She wants my cock as much as she wants to be free... You should see her...” Another wave of blue light washed over him. “The light, Michael, it’s the light. It’s making me one of them. I can’t wait. I can’t wait to fuck her.”

“What light? I saw no light.”

His clawed hands went to his groin, ripping his undergarments from his body. The abdomen opened and his new snakelike cock wriggled out, rapidly hardening. He stroked it, his hands covered with his own cum.

“I have to go to her. Join us, Michael. I don’t want you to be food.” Michael shuddered and passed out, the gun clattering to the ground.

He watched his friend pass into unconsciousness. An all-encompassing need to fuck the angel entered him and he turned around, shambling quickly into the main chamber.

They swarmed over the angel's body like flies, some masturbating, some taking her in the mouth, some over her, some fucking her from behind. The demons howled at him as he approached but he no longer feared them. He opened his mouth and screamed back, his teeth now sharp as needles. Jumping up into the air, his wings caught the wind and he knocked them out of the way, fighting to get to the sweetness of the angel's cunt.

A feeling of success washed over him as his writhing cock forced another out of its way and into her. He bucked against her, his cock slamming into her again and again. A tightness gripped his groin and his cock let loose with an incredible explosion. Semen poured into her, his new cock was like a fire hose. He fell back from her, dropping to the dais. Already his cock began to desire her again and his rough hands stroked the massive member.

A single gunshot rang through the air. The demons turned from their orgy to see Michael, walking calmly towards the dais. He fired again, and the bullet striking the rock in front of the ring where the chain held the angel.

The demons reared up, their screams earsplitting. Harrison screamed in rage. The intruder was trying to free the angel! They rose up and began swooping down at him. Michael, one handed and unsteady, emptied the clip at the restraining ring. The bullets sprayed and ricocheted around the room, before finally striking the ring itself.

It shattered, and the angel flexed her arms, striking several of the demons from the air with the chains. She brought herself upright, ripping the restraints from her body. She smiled wickedly at Michael while the demons went berserk all around her.

Her face went dark and she slapped her hands together. With that sound, she burst into a firestorm and a wave of fire lashed outward. The demons were caught in the flames and they writhed as their forms metamorphosed from that of

demons to the white dainty forms of seraphs, each having three sets of small wings on their backs. Each of them tumbled limply to the ground.

Her form changed from the beauty of an angel to that of a fiery demon. Her wings turned black and her skin transformed into that of a scaly reptile. Two bull-like horns sprouted from her head and she roared flames from her mouth.

Harrison lay on the ground staring up in awe at the fire demoness as it flapped its wings and rocketed towards the roof of the temple. She smashed through it, sending pillars and foliage raining down into the chamber. The storm outside raged on and the demoness quickly disappeared into the dark storm clouds.

The seraphs rose to their feet, the pure white of their angelic forms restored. They looked back at Harrison once before streaking up after her, their wings spread wide and fluttering like hummingbirds. One remained, watching both Harrison and Michael.

Michael walked towards where Harrison laid on his back, the empty pistol falling from his hand. Crawling to his feet, he looked down at himself. He was naked, his body bruised but unharmed. Not like Michael, who got the worst of the experience.

“Are you alright?” Michael asked, the pain still evident on his face. “You really were into banging her.”

“It was incredible.” And it was. It had been like a total abandonment of all morality and reason.

“I bet.” Both men stared at the seraph that patiently stood away from them. “What about him?” he asked, gesturing to the angel. Harrison shrugged.

The seraph spoke to them though his lips did not move. ‘For a thousand years, we kept the demoness here chained and submissive. Little did we know that over time, she would drain the beauty and goodness from those that watched over her, transferring our beauty to her and in return, giving her hate and desires

to us – her watchers. Because of you, the demon is loosed upon the world again. Because of you, our torment, our own imprisonment within her nature has ended. For this, I thank you. We will recapture her, this time sealing her alone within the earth.’ The seraph waved his hand across his body. A brilliant light blinded both men for a moment and by the time their eyes had cleared; the seraph had streaked upward out of the temple.

Both men watched him leave. Harrison looked at Michael. “Your arm!”

Michael’s arm was restored, the flesh vibrant and whole. He stretched it, flexing the muscles. Slowly he sat down onto his butt, staring up at the sky.

“Holy. Fucking. Shit. Do you believe this actually happened?”

“I’m naked. I became a demon. I fucked a demoness. That wasn’t a motherfucking dream.”

“I think your pack survived back in the corridor.”

“The corridor!” Both of them remembered the fallen demon killed by Harrison. They sprinted back across the chamber and into the side passages. Blood remained on the wall where Michael had laid against, but the demon seraph was gone. Their proof was gone.

Harrison gathered his torn clothes, pulling out new ones from his discarded pack. “No one’s going to believe this.”

“No one is going to want to.”

Harrison walked back into the main chamber, looking up at the destroyed ceiling and out into the rain that poured down through the open hole. She had left an indelible mark upon his soul. She was up there, somewhere.

He wanted her back.

The End