

The Abyss

By AbyssalEros

A deep rumbling seized the earth. Countless cracks, which had their origin right under his feet, wounded the ground as if he stood on too thin ice, which yielded under his weight, threatening to break.

A nightmarish glow arose from the widening fissures. Sickly-looking fumes welled out, robbing him with their foul sulfurous stench of his breath. Soon after, jets of hot ashes shot up, howling out of menacing depths below, merging into an infernal firestorm that rose heavenward to set fire to the firmament itself.

The violent clash of hellish heat and celestial cold shook the foundations of his world.

Massive lightning continuously sundered the atmosphere, and roaring thunderclaps heralded doom.

Scorching ashes rained down on him.

Within mere moments his world was devastated.



Filled with suffering that had eaten its way deep into his inner being where it inflamed his soul, he stood amid this inferno and shouted against the rage. But his lamenting went unheard in the clamor.

The world itself was burning; everything was ablaze and perished. Sand became sooty, then bursting glass that shredded his skin with its biting splinters, drilling deep into his flesh.

Naked and tormented, he found himself in a whirl of destruction, condemned to be alive. How gladly he would have died, sliding over into the forgetfulness death was promising. But death was denied to him.

Finally, he collapsed.

Hunched with sorrow, he cowered on the scorching earth, whose greedy teeth gnawed relentlessly at him.

He sensed it was all because of him. Because of him, the earth tore open; because of him, the Abyss reached out with its claws.

Through tear-streaked gaze, he recognized how the last earthly hold under him perished when whole boulders of rock finally fell away and dripped as glowing lava into the gorge that appeared beneath him.

Then he fell.

The Abyss swallowed him. At last, he was irrevocably wrenched out of the human world, down into infernal depths.

While above, on earth, his suffering remained behind, its violence slowly fading until it was only the last remembrance of a human existence, purgatory blazed far below, beyond space and time.

The breath of hell, arising from the blazes and carried up by howling winds, permeated deeply into his being, where it found a depleted soul.

There was only primordial fear prevailing in him. A fear that was crushing his being, reducing him to a whimpering creature, and made him do something he had never done in his life; in his distress, he called upon the name of God to answer him and save him.

But his pleading was in vain; God did not answer or refused to do so.

He was on his own, abandoned and lonely, an anguished being that had fallen into the Abyss and was helplessly descending, unable to do anything other than anticipating the impact.

He was already falling for an eternity, ever deeper and deeper, and yet at the same time, he seemed to remain stagnate. Only the whistling of the searing hell winds reminded of the passage of time.

Memories long forgotten came to the surface of his mind; memories of a terrified, crying child falling through a nightmare that would not end.

He was a little kid. He lay in his bed and was falling asleep. Everything was so quiet; he felt so secure; until sleep came to him. Then the ground broke under him and swallowed the bed and its little figure. Together they fell into a deep, dark chasm. With a fearful heart, he huddled under the blanket and did not dare to move.

There was frightening silence. Only his crying and sobbing echoed hauntingly back from black, jagged walls of rock.

At some point — he had already fallen for an eternity — the bed fell away below him and vanished dizzily fast into the depths.

Staggering, he fell through the gloomy loneliness. But this loneliness was no longer a frightening silence, as it was filled with the tormented screams of sinners suffering in purgatory.

The lurking fires of hell were blazing deep beneath him at the end of the darkness.

It became unbearably hot.

The devil himself was waiting for him, but he did not want to fall, he did not want to go to hell, he did not want to go to him.

He screamed...

... and awoke, at least then.

At those times, he woke up in his bed, bathed in sweat, trembling, unable to fall asleep again out of fear the nightmare might return.

Over the years, he had forgotten it. Until now. Only this time, it was not a nightmare.

This time he would not wake up until he reached the end of his fall. This time he was doomed to find out what destiny was awaiting him.

Screams of tormented souls, who suffered unspeakable agony in the eternal flames of hell as punishment for their sins, echoed distorted from soot-blackened rock faces.

The darkness had given way to a fiery gloom, and so he could spot the shadows of creatures beneath him in the murky depths.

On mighty wings, they drifted in wide circles on the flickering heat or crouched on jagged rock ledges. Their number was immeasurable, as was the diversity of their shapes.

It was not long before the first of them surged up to him to observe his fall at close range. Soon numerous creatures of repulsively deformed ugliness were circling him, screeching.

Among those atrocities were beings who appeared like lecherous angels. However, they did not possess white-feathered wings like these but reddish-black and leathery ones. And from their heads, horns rose in many a form, whereas from their bodies, snake-like tails grew. Apart from these abnormalities, they possessed the most alluring bodies a female could have.

While the fiends kept a due distance from him, careful not to get too close, the succubi swarmed around him and touched him. They gently ran their sharp metallic fingernails over his maltreated skin and covered him with their lustful kisses.

As if the succubi performed a ritual, they danced around him and aroused his lust with their enticing play, which rose to a burning desire that took hold of him and needed to be satisfied.

But before he could quench his lust on the luscious bodies of the succubi, a craving scream arose from the depth below, at which point the swarm of fiends and succubi parted reverently to make room for one of them, whose hair seemed to blaze. She flew towards him with outstretched arms and a longing gaze in her sparkling eyes.

Although her naked body captivated his gaze and aroused his desire for her, it was her eyes that completely charmed him. He saw in them so much more than he had ever seen on earth.

While he lost himself in her eyes, she smiled at him, her gaze asking permission to touch him.

She sighed happily, and joy settled over her face as she recognized his consent.

Gently but firmly, she seized his legs and pushed her sensual body, lasciviously winding, over him. Her touch, especially that of her aroused nipples, made him shudder with desire and moan in excitement. He placed both hands on her butt and pulled her voluptuous body closer to him. He wanted to taste her lips and kiss her. When their lips touched, she bit his lower lip. Playfully she giggled but granted him the kiss. A kiss that was so intimate as if the succubus had longed for him for ages. Full of passion, he kissed her back.

Without releasing her lips from his, she lifted her crotch, then descended down on his manhood with a satisfied moan. Excited, her serpentine tail whipped wildly behind her back.

Ravenous, she took what she desired while he met his lover's demanding lechery with forceful thrusts of his loins.

Meanwhile, the other succubi continued to swarm orgiastically around them, touching and kissing his body in a dance of desire. The fiends, on the other hand, cheered them on in the guttural language of hell. Frenetically, they celebrated the unification that took place in front of them.

Once more, a craving scream echoed from the walls of the Abyss, and the swarming flock parted again to avoid a succubus with night-black hair. With her wings wide open, she plunged on them so fast that the fiends barely got out of the way.

There was the same burning longing, the same insatiable desire in her gaze, like in the eyes of the red-haired succubus, to whom she was in no way inferior in her alluring beauty.



Covetingly she snuggled herself upside down close to his back and pressed her feminine curves against him.

She dug her face lasciviously into his buttocks and licked his anus with her caressing tongue while the other succubus was riding lustfully on him.

Together the succubi showed him sexual ecstasy, free of all restraints.

With every thrust of his loins, his empty existence was filled with blazing living lust.

Full of fervent passion, the red-haired succubus lowered herself down on him one last time, and he spurted deep inside her. While they shared climax, her wings twitched, and she cried out in such a way that her lust echoed back from the walls of hell a thousand times intensified.

Something deeply concealed within him and unrecognized throughout his entire human life awakened, nourished, and intoxicated by the lust aroused by the succubi. Full of will to live, it emerged, crushing and consuming his mortality, liberating him from humanity that had tormented him for so long.

Triumphantly, he cried out. All hell joined in.

Stately and powerful, he landed on hellish ground. He had finally reached the Abyss.

He was standing in front of a monumental throne made of bones that seemed to twist in the fiery twilight, while inlaid skulls, filled with unnatural life, were whimpering in agony.

The two succubi knelt at his feet and nestled their sensual bodies against his legs. Worshipping and coveting, they looked up at him and playfully ran their fingers over his muscles.

Behind his back, enormous night-black wings unfolded.

He had returned home.



BE WELCOME, MY SON rumbled the eternally old voice of the One.

He bowed reverently to the Fallen Angel, who was sitting majestically on the throne of hell, waiting for him to speak.

"It is as foreseen; mankind is tainted, my father and lord."

The Fallen Angel looked down on him sadly but bid him to continue.

"The primal sin has returned. Creation is desecrated, and humanity suffers. Their leaders are completely corrupted, their hearts irrevocably perverted. The desecration is particularly devastating this time. Almost every human life is more or less defiled, and those who have not yet surrendered to it pray in vain for salvation day in, day out. Creation is about to decay, but it is not yet too late."

THEN THERE IS NO TIME LEFT. WE NEED TO START THE PURGE!

