

In The Arms Of The Chair Demon

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In an abandoned university library annex at night, paranormal researcher Elena sits alone in a heavy antique chair that awakens as the Chair Demon, a tall supernatural entity with six to eight long, powerful arms of cool, scaled flesh emerging from its frame. The arms carefully restrain her wrists and ankles, strip her naked, and hold her exposed while stimulating her breasts, fingering and then fully fisting both her cunt and ass in slow, relentless dual penetration, offering more hands for her to suck, and guiding her through multiple intense orgasms over roughly thirty minutes. Afterward the fists withdraw for her to clean, the arms lower her back into the seat with gentler caresses through her aftershocks, and the Demon declares that the chair keeps what opens for it, leaving several limbs still coiled around her as silence returns.

Runtime:

Approximately 30+ minutes

Characters:

- The Chair Demon - a tall, shifting supernatural entity that forms from and around an ornate high-backed chair. Multiple long, powerful arms (six to eight) of smooth, cool, slightly scaled flesh emerge from the chair's frame and back. No full human face; a suggestive vertical maw of soft, flexible tissue appears when needed. Voice is a low, multi-layered rumble.

- Elena, 29, sole human - athletic build, long dark hair, curious paranormal researcher who stayed alone overnight in the old library wing

Setting:

Abandoned university library annex at night. Dim emergency lighting. A heavy antique wooden chair in the center of a cleared reading area. Dust, old paper scent, and a growing ozone like charge in the air. Elena has set up monitoring equipment that is now ignored.

FADE IN:INT. ABANDONED LIBRARY ANNEX - NIGHT

Elena sits in the heavy chair, laptop open on a side table, noting temperature drops. The chair creaks. Arms begin to extrude slowly from the wood and upholstery; long, strong, cool to the touch. They coil around her wrists and ankles with deliberate care, not painful, simply unbreakable.

ELENA (breath hitching, not pulling away)

You're real...

The Demon's voice vibrates through the chair and into her body.

DEMON

Stay. Open. Every place will be filled.

More arms rise. Two peel her shirt and bra away. Two more slide her pants and underwear down and off. She is left naked, held open in the seat: wrists bound to the armrests, ankles drawn wide and secured to the front legs so her cunt and ass are fully exposed. One arm cups her left breast, thumb and fingers rolling the nipple. Another does the same to the right. A third arm rises between her legs and strokes the length of her already-slick cunt with two thick fingers, spreading her open, gathering wetness.

DEMON

Wet for the arms that hold you.

The same arm pushes two fingers into her cunt in a slow, steady thrust. It curls, strokes her front wall, then adds a third finger. Elena moans, hips lifting as much as the restraints allow. A fourth arm moves lower, circles her tight rear hole with a slick fingertip, then presses inside to the first knuckle, then deeper.

Two arms work her holes in matching rhythm-three fingers fucking her cunt, two fingers slowly opening her ass, while the breast arms continue their slow, firm attention. Elena's breathing turns ragged. After several long minutes the vaginal arm withdraws, shiny. It rises to her mouth.

DEMON

Taste.

Elena opens. The fingers slide over her tongue; she sucks them clean. The arm returns between her legs and pushes in again, now four fingers, stretching her wider. The anal arm works up to three fingers, scissoring gently, coating itself in her slick and its own cool lubrication.

Oral begins in earnest. A new arm forms a soft, flexible orifice and lowers to her mouth. Elena leans into it, licking and sucking as if it were a thick cock while the lower arms continue their deep fingering. The dual sensation makes her thighs tremble.

The vaginal hand pushes deeper, knuckles pressing, then slowly works the entire hand inside. Elena cries out around the oral arm as her cunt stretches around the full fist. The Demon holds still, letting her adjust, then begins a slow in-and-out motion, fisting her with long, deliberate strokes while the anal arm adds a fourth finger.

DEMON

Take more.

The anal arm mirrors the progression: four fingers, then the careful push of the full hand. Elena's ass opens around the second fist. Both hands now move inside her-deep, rolling, overlapping thrusts. The oral arm keeps her

mouth occupied; she sucks and moans around it, spit running down her chin. The breast arms never stop. Occasionally one leaves a nipple to stroke her clit in tight circles while the fists work. Elena comes hard the first time, cunt and ass clenching rhythmically around the buried hands. The Demon does not withdraw; it keeps the slow fisting pace through her orgasm and into the next climb.

Position shifts without releasing her. Arms lift her slightly so she is held suspended just above the seat, legs still spread wide. One fist remains deep in her cunt, the other in her ass, moving in counterpoint. A third arm joins the oral play, offering a second flexible shaft for her to lick and suck beside the first. She takes both into her mouth as best she can, spit-slick and eager.

The Demon alternates intensity: long minutes of deep, steady double fisting, then shorter periods where the hands withdraw to the wrists only to push back in to the forearm. Each reentry draws a broken sound from Elena. Whenever a fist leaves a hole it is brought to her lips so she can taste herself-cunt or ass-before it returns.

A fifth arm joins, two fingers rubbing her clit without pause. Elena comes a second time, longer, body shaking in the multi-arm hold. The fists continue.

Near the twenty five minute mark the Demon focuses on endurance. Both fists bury to the wrist and grind in slow circles. The oral arms fuck her mouth in matching rhythm. Elena is reduced to continuous low moans and the wet sounds of the overlapping penetration. She comes a third time, weaker, almost sobbing with overload, yet the arms keep moving-gentle now, but relentless.

Finally the fists ease out one after the other. Both are presented to her mouth; she licks and sucks them clean, tasting the mixed slick of her own body. The Demon lowers her back into the chair seat. Arms still cradle her, stroking her breasts, thighs, and swollen clit in lighter, almost soothing passes while she shivers through aftershocks.

DEMON

The chair keeps what opens for it.

Elena remains spread and held, breathing hard, marked by the stretch and the cool residual touch of the arms. The entity does not fully withdraw; several limbs stay coiled around her wrists and waist as the library settles back into silence.

FADE OUT.

END