

Tiphany kicks off her heels as soon as she enters her apartment, slamming the door behind her. "Fuuuuuck!" She shouts out in frustration. Below her she hears the gruff voice of her downstairs neighbor yelling up at her in Iranian followed by banging. "Shaddap yourself!" She lets her hair down with a huff. Tiphany had never seen the man before, but heard him several times in response to her admittedly rowdy behavior. 'I had a hard day. What, you've never had a hard day before, Iranian man that lives downstairs?' Every few steps she takes towards her kitchen she sheds another piece of clothing. 'Don't even want to do anything. I just want to go to sleep. Double overtime? Bullshit! I'd rather have ANY time to myself.' Stretching out her tired muscles, she shouts at the top of her lungs. "Fuck woook!" triggering more banging and yelling from the man downstairs which she just ignores.

Finally stepping into the kitchen, Tiphany eyes an unopened package of green tea that she bought one day on a whim. 'Green tea before bed? Should I finally open it?' Smiling contentedly at the idea, she tears at the packaging, clicks her electric kettle and pours a quick cuppa. After dropping two ice cubes in to cool the steeped brew she gulps down the refreshing herbal beverage and slides into bed. "This is nice." She tells herself. 'Maybe I'll sleep on my back tonight? I haven't don't that in a while. I should do this every night.' She lays her head back onto the pillow and stares straight ahead at nothing in particular. Just a quick glance passed over the features of her room before the lights are flicked off. Her closet, doors shut, a few feet away from the foot of her bed. The window and fire escape to it's right. A small vanity that she never seems to use hidden behind the door to the left of her closet. A holdover from her teen years. She found reason to try and doll herself up before and thought to bring it over from her childhood home when she moved, but lost motivation throughout years spent in a dull office life.

Tiphany opens her eyes. Her vision is adjusted to the dark room. She calmly stares straight ahead, unable to blink. She takes in the sight that she left before she flicked off the lights. 'Maybe there's a reason you don't drink green tea before bed? I don't really feel like I have to use the bathroom, so why am I up?' Her eyes move from the unused vanity, past the open closet door to her window with the fire escape. 'Wait.' Her eyes travel back to rest on the open closet door. While her eyes are adjusted to the dark room, the inside of the closet is another shade altogether. A solid mass of unknowable black that she can not see into at all, located squarely within a door that she swears was closed when she last drifted off. It sends her mind racing. Very quickly her unrestrained brain becomes a cheerleader for the worst thoughts that she can entertain. An intruder; aspiring mimic to the likes of BTK and the Co-ed killer. She does not stop there, though god knows she wants to. 'Stupid brain!' Conjuring images from her imagination of misshapen forms lifted from the works of John Carpenter and Ridley Scott. With this last rush of horrifying imagery filling her mind, the shadows finally seem to coalesce at the foot of her bed in a vaguely humanoid form large enough to obscure the wide closet door itself.

Tiphany shakes in fear, but finds quickly that she can not move. Not even a finger can be lifted while a creature dragged directly from her darkest thoughts stands at the foot of her bed. It's form seems to grow bigger and stretch to loom directly over her, it's small, white misshapen face getting closer and closer to hers. She wishes in a panic that she could so much as turn her head or close her eyes to save her from the horror she is feeling, but in this moment she can not. Tiphany can not even scream as it feels like her chest is compressed to the point that it is a wonder how she is alive and breathing at all. 'Am I already dead?' She wonders. 'Is this hell?' All she can do move her eyes, but the large creatures amorphous form stretches to fill her vision. She drags her eyes away from its face and down it's large, fuzzy form, beneath which things writhe that she would prefer not to imagine, but creep into her

thoughts, regardless. Her eyes trail down, down. Then she sees something that dispels some of the horror she is feeling. The creature as well freezes up as she notices, or perhaps conjures into being what she is now looking at.

'Is that...!' She marvels at what is probably the biggest, heaviest, nicest cock she has ever seen. Though pale and white, there is a clear shape to it that is quite attractive. 'Oh my god.' As Tiphany is pulled back rapidly from the brink of madness and horror, the creature shrinks back as well into a form that is no longer stretching over her bed and filling her entire world. It is still large, obscuring the closet with its height and width, but it also seems pensive now, as if it can sense where she is looking. Its shoulders slump. The thing turns and bends down, trying to duck into the closet. 'Hey!' It stops and looks back, pointing towards itself with pale hands that lack the dark fur covering the rest of its body. Its hands, face and fur are the only parts that stand out in its amorphous form. 'Yeah, you!' It stops for a second, then shakes its large head. As impossible as it should be with its dimensions, the creature disappears into her closet, slamming the door behind it. Tiphany blinks and jumps awake as she hears the banging and yelling of her downstairs neighbor.

Flicking on the light, her room is exactly as she left it. Hesitantly she walks to the closet and swings open the door, only seeing the spare pairs of shoes, hung dresses and stored luggage that she keeps inside. There is no evidence at all of her experience being anything other than a simple instance of sleep paralysis. Then she remembers the banging that woke her up. The shouting stretched up to a few seconds after she awoke. 'But if he heard a slam...!' Tiphany gulps, staring at the shallow, innocuous closet.

The next morning Tiphany stands nervously in front of the door to her downstairs neighbor's apartment. Part of her thinks it would be better to not know for sure. Better to leave the events of the last night behind, as that creature seemed so eager to do when it left through her closet and slammed the door as though it just had a rough day at work. Another part of her, the dominant portion that makes her Tiphany, is far too curious to let it go. 'Invade MY space? Scare the ever loving shit out of ME? I don't think so!' She knocks on the door loudly.

A very heavy-set man with brown skin, dark hair and green eyes answers the door. He almost does not process what he is seeing at first. It gives Tiphany time to take in his appearance. It looks as though he is halfway through preparing himself for some type of maintenance job. His blue jumpsuit is open at the top, revealing a broad, hairy chest adorned prominently with a silver necklace; it is some type of bird with a wide wingspan, but rather than a body, it has a guy between the wings and tail-feathers. After fully taking in her appearance, he gives a look like he has seen a ghost and quickly shuts the door. Thinking fast, Tiphany thrusts her foot into the door.

The interior of the man's apartment is set up a lot like hers. His furniture is a lot older, however and the place smells faintly of eastern spices. The Iranian man that introduced himself as Abba between now and when she volunteered her foot to get slammed, brings her a bag of frozen peas. 'That always works in movies...' She curses, taking the bag of peas and pressing it to her sore, swollen foot. Abba eyes her cautiously, like she is going to steal something. "Did you hear a slam last night?" She cuts right to the chase.

“Crazy girl, you make noise every night. Is non-stop.” He says dismissively in accented tone.

Tiphany leans forward, intent on pressing him. “I mean, late last night.” Abba hesitates. “What don't you want to tell me?” She asks, noticing that he has been very shifty towards her concerning what should a simple yes or no question.

He sighs deeply, sitting down across from her. Abba looks her straight in the eye. “You have made contact with a Daeva.” He says seriously.

Tiphany did not expect this. The most she wanted from this man was to confirm whether or not he heard something last night around the time she woke up. “What are you talking about? What's a Daeva.”

Abba thinks. “Demon... Bad God... Thing that promotes chaos and badness, is all you need to know.”

“Oh fuck... What should I do?” Tiphany leans back, a little floored by the explanation.

Abba holds up a finger. “Ignore it if you see it and do not think of it at all, otherwise. Your thoughts give it strength and allow it to take form...” He holds up a second finger. “Take something for quick and deep sleep throughout the night.” He holds up a third and final finger, adding. “Pray before bed. Does not matter to what god. Belief in something higher brings order to the world and wards off Daeva.”

“Huh...” Tiphany sinks more into the man's couch.

“Okay?” He looks at her insistently.

“What?” She asks.

“Need anything else?” Abba sounds annoyed.

“No, I'm just taking it all in.” Tiphany shrugs.

“Take it all in somewhere else, crazy girl. Give back peas and go.” Abba points at the door. As Tiphany gets up and begins limping out he shouts after her. “Stop making so much NOISE! Walls like paper and I hear EVERYTHING!”

“Yeah yeah...” Tiphany leaves the apartment feeling a bit better. 'I know what to do now.'

That night Tiphany downs a few mugs of green tea before bed. The creature is all she can think about. She goes to bed laying on her back just like the night before. Just like the night before she wakes up in the middle of the night to the closet door being open. Unlike the night before, however, the swirling, thick darkness within her closet is just that. Darkness. 'Come on!' She does her best to imagine the

creature just as she had seen it. 'Come on!' Tiphany goes further however, conjuring images of a stacked hunk. Her imagination goes wild, thinking around the dick she saw. Like a girl going crazy in some twisted version of Build-a-Bear Workshop she tacks on all the ideal features of her dream demon. After a few minutes of laying in bed just letting her brain run wild while she is paralyzed, something finally appears.

Standing at the foot of her bed with a dumbfounded look on it's small, white face is the creature. She can tell by the odd, familiar features that have not changed that it is him. She looks down to confirm and sees the same impressive dick that she had noticed the night before. The face and dick are the only consistent features, however. What once stood as a stretching, misshapen form that would not be out of place in the works of Lovecraft now stands a buff, hairy creature that is still perverted and wrong, but less metaphorically so and more in the genuine sense. It's frame is still large enough to hide the closet door, but now it's body is chiseled. Tiphany can make out thick muscles beneath it's shining layer of short, dark fur instead of the horrifying writhing that she spotted before. 'Hey you!'

It shakes it's head again and begins to turn around, obviously trying to make its escape. 'Nope! Get back here!' It does not seem to be listening. 'Heeeey! You wanna sow chaos?' It stops, but does not turn around. 'I'm a real hell-raiser!' It slowly turns, looking down at her with it's pale face. Small dark eyes are centered on her unmoving body. She can not shake the feeling that it is offering her a look of confusion. 'That's right. Come closer.' It lumbers back over to the foot of her bed, looking more curious now. 'You know how to use that thing?' She thinks suggestively, staring very obviously down at it's cock. The beast looks down, then looks up. While giving her a questioning look, he points down at it. 'Yeah, the dick, stupid! Do you know how to use it?' It nods. 'Then what are you waiting for? I can't move, so you're gonna have to do all the work.' The creature huffs. 'Yeah, don't give me that. This is your fault.'

It reluctantly pulls her covers down off of her naked body. 'You're a sleep paralysis demon, right?' She asks, getting an immediate nod in response. 'Then sit on my chest. That's what you do, right?' The thing lifts both hands and waves them, stepping backwards towards the closet. 'Hey! Don't pretend like I am too weird for YOU!' She wishes she could move. 'Get over here and sit on my fucking chest!' It looks around the room. 'Yeah, there's no one else in here that I could be thinking at. Sit on my fucking chest.' She demands. The creature finally relents and brings it's huge lumbering form onto her bed. She can hear the springs squeal from the added weight. It slowly rolls over her form and plants itself over her bare breasts. While giving her an uncertain stare, it looks down and takes it's cock in one of it's strong, pale hands. 'Yeah, you know what to do.' In one motion it lifts it's cock and balls and lets them fall over Tiphany's face. His balls drape completely over her mouth and are directly beneath her nose. She inhales, her eyes rolling back. 'Holy- They actually stink. This is amazing!' Though her body can not move, she shudders with his sizable member draping completely over one eye and the tip landing well past her head. 'Oh fuck... This is good. Just grind a bit.' She begins salivating as the creature grinds its cock over her face.

After a minute of just grinding, it seems to actually get hard. 'You hot for this, Daeva?' It looks a little surprised to hear it called by it's name, but does offer a short nod. It's uncanny valley expression is twisted into one of intrigue and arousal. 'I still can't move. Drag my ass to the foot of the bed and fuck me.' She orders. The creature quickly slides back, pulling her by her feet towards the foot of the bed. In any other scenario, this would be someone's nightmare. A horrible creature grabbing her feet and pulling her off the bed towards an open, dark closet. In this situation Tiphany can only feel extremely aroused. Still unable to move, even with her ass and legs hanging over the foot of the bed, he lifts her legs up and easily holds them up by her ankles with a single hand. She can see him using his other hand

to aim his member at her dripping cunt. 'Do it! Come on!'

In an instant it thrusts its length inside of her. His cock is an unnatural size and thickness but she feels no discomfort, just need and pleasure as the tremendous member practically splits her hips. 'O-oh fuck!' Where before she could not scream, now she can not moan as the thing fucks her senseless. Though she can not move or speak or moan, it seems as though she can salivate, and her nose can run. Tiphany wonders what her expression is like while her limp body moves with each thrust. Glancing down, she marvels at how it is she can feel such pleasure while his supernatural dick is stretching her out to such an extent. Tiph can actually see its outline in her belly as it buries itself completely inside of her at the height of each powerful pump. It gets to be too much very quickly. 'Cumming!' She thinks, shuddering deeply. Even if she can not move at all, she can feel the intense sensation start in her toes and move down her raised legs to affect her entire paralyzed body. It is the most intense orgasm of her life. Her consciousness starts to fade after the orgasm. The last thing she can remember is the creature pulling out, exploding white goo up her chest and wiping itself off on her sheets. 'I should do this every night...' Are her last thoughts before she fully drifts off.

While applying lipstick in the vanity she has found new motivation to make use of, Tiphany continues bullshitting on the phone with a friend from work. She is not quite late, yet, but she is close. She gives a glance over to the load of sheets she will have to put in the wash once she gets home. "But yeah, anyway Mary, Green Tea before bed. I would definitely suggest it. That's right. Tiphany Seal of Approval." She grins widely, spotting in the mirror behind her, nestled in the corner of the room behind the curtain, a dark, looming shape with two small eyes centered on her. She finishes applying makeup, nodding as her friend says that she will definitely try it. "Hey Mary, I've gotta let you go, okay? I got a few more calls to make before work."