

# DEVLIN'S DESCENT



ROGER  
DALE  
TREXLER

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**Chapter Eleven:  
“See Emily Play”**

It was two weeks, at the most, after Devlin's encounter with Nikki Coltrane ended so badly that The Little Man tried again. Devlin did not know the exact amount of time expended. He slept often and had bizarre dreams, most of them about Caroline and the man she had betrayed him with. The dreams were often vicious and sexual in nature, the other man hurting Caroline as he had sex with her. Devlin slept restlessly, wanting to save his wife from the other man. This only added to his misperception of time. Only the shifting cycles of brilliant light and darkness were indicators of time's passage, and the Green Pus they continually fed him played tricks on his mind.

When the door to his holding cell opened and the brilliant light outside flooded into his darkened room, Devlin knew where they were taking him.

The auditorium.

This time, though, he would be the one given an undiluted dosage of Green Pus.

The circumstances of the experiment were the same. Devlin was stripped nude and placed on a medical gurney. Devlin did not fight. He knew from experience that the burly thugs The Little Man employed would be less than gentle with him if he protested, so he allowed them to strip his white, almost paper-thin, medical scrubs from his body in the little amphitheater where Nikki had gone insane.

When they wheeled in the woman, Devlin's eyes widened. Nikki had been a pretty woman, but the naked young woman they brought in this time was nothing short of a knockout. Her shoulder-length auburn hair hung close to her face as they brought her gurney up alongside Devlin's.

He couldn't help but look at her. She was petite, but her breasts were, quite possibly, the finest pair he had ever laid eyes on. The nipples were a darker brown than any breasts he had ever seen before, and Devlin found himself wondering if she was of European descent. Why he wondered that? He did not know. It just seemed like he'd heard that women of European descent had darker nipples than their American counterparts. It made little sense, of course, but there were very few things in life that made sense to Devlin at that time.

He looked at the woman and, even though he was well in need of another fix of Green Pus, he felt himself becoming aroused.

Once again, The Little Man was the Master of Ceremonies for the occasion. He came down out of the amphitheater and pranced into the room like he owned the place. Which, of course, he did. Devlin knew that The Little Man had power, and that he wielded it like a baseball bat in a china shop. He cared nothing for Devlin or the woman that lay beautifully naked across from him.

The Little Man noticed Devlin's erection and smiled. "She is fine, isn't she?" The Little Man asked. As if to prove his power over things, he walked up to the woman and cupped one of her beautiful breasts in his hand. He ran the flat of his thumb across the nipple and was rewarded when the nipple went erect.

He looked back over at Devlin and smiled wider. "Emily here has to be the finest time in bed I've ever had," he said, his finger still caressing her nipple.

Devlin watched Emily squirm in her restraints. He couldn't tell if she was enjoying what The Little Man was doing to her or not. Then, she rolled her head toward Devlin and the grimace on her face told him everything he needed to know. She didn't like The Little Man's touch.

"Leave her alone," Devlin said.

The Little Man's smile faded quickly. He let go of Emily and walked to Devlin's side. "Why?" he asked. "So you can have her?"

Devlin didn't know how to reply to that. He just didn't like the fact that The Little Man thought he could do whatever he wanted to whomever he wanted to do it to. Of course, from what Devlin had seen, it seemed that such was, indeed, the case. The Little Man had been given a blank check in his own little world to do whatever he wished.

Devlin looked up into the amphitheater viewing room. The lights were dim and he could not make out the faces of those who sat and watched today's entertainment.

The Little Man produced a vial. "I was going to give Emily there" — he nodded toward her — "the undiluted dosage today," he said. "But I think it's just about time we find out what affect it has on you, Devlin."

He opened the vial and positioned it over Devlin's lips. "Open wide," he said.

For a second, Devlin did not obey the man's command. He knew that it was futile to fight; the situation was not under his control. But, when The Little Man motioned to one of the thugs who'd brought him in, Devlin opened wide.

The bitter liquid burned as it slid down his throat.

Then, The Little Man turned to Emily. "I guess it's your lucky day," he told her as he gave her a diluted dose of Green Pus. "Devlin's taking the heat for you today."

She, too, took her dosage without a fight.

The Little Man walked away. One of the thugs undid Emily's restraints. Emily lay there a moment, her eyes closed, as the Green Pus sizzled through her veins. Then, she turned and looked at Devlin.

By this time, Devlin's body was on fire. His penis felt like a rock.

He turned and looked at the observation area, wondering who was behind the glass. Certainly, he reckoned, some military types were watching the events unfolding before them with great anticipation.

He heard a mumbling sound and turned to see Emily, her beautiful young body, rising up off the gurney she had been strapped to. Her eyes were glazed over; she was on a Pus

high. And, she was looking at Devlin's erect penis like a hungry dog eyeballing a pork chop.

**THIS SECTION EDITED EXTENSIVELY DUE TO STRONG SEXUAL CONTENT. WANT TO READ THE UNEXPURGATED VERSION? PAYPAL \$1 TO RTREXLER@SIU.EDU FOR A 4-CHAPTER SECTION (PLEASE DENOTE CHAPTERS REQUESTED).**

Devlin screamed with pleasure as something like electricity coursed between them.

Above him, behind the glass, he wondered how many of the old military types had erections.

Devlin fought within his restraints.... not because he wanted her to stop, but because he wanted to touch her.

Emily continued.

"Untie me!" Devlin shouted.

Emily did not stop. He looked up into the amphitheater viewing room. The glass was no longer darker. He could see a dozen men, all of them devoutly interested in what was going on below them.

The room seemed to go hazy around him then. He had experienced a euphoria with Green Pus before, but this went light-years beyond what he had encountered. It was as if his mind had exited his body, and he was watching what occurred in the amphitheater with the others above him. Like he was looking through the eyes of someone else.

And, what he saw made him wonder about his own san-

ity.

Emily crawled on top of Devlin and, as he watched, she started gyrating her hips. He could feel her on him, his penis deep within her. It felt good. *No, it felt amazing!* He thought he had never experienced anything quite as wonderful before.

He turned his head....and saw The Little Man standing next to him.

*I'm in two places at once,* he realized.

*Does The Little Man know?* He asked himself.

He stared at The Little Man. His eyes were locked on what was going on in the amphitheater.

"You see?" The Little Man said, not turning away from the spectacle before him. "Green Pus can open the mind in many ways. While this experiment is primarily sexual in nature, it also displays that anyone can be made to do anything we wish them to do under the right circumstances and conditions."

He turned away from The Little Man and saw the reflection of the man whose mind he cohabitated in the glass. He was an older, balding gentleman. He wore a military dress suit. Devlin wasn't certain, but he thought the man was some sort of General.

"This is wrong," Devlin said.

He looked back at The Little Man. He was now looking at him. Devlin wondered if The Little Man could see him behind the man's eyes now.

"I'm surprised at your squeamishness, General," The Little Man said. "There's nothing going on here that doesn't occur on the other side of the fence. I know our Iraqi friends have experimented extensively with Green Pus and its ability to make prisoners of war talk. Would you want them to be better equipped at interrogation than we are?"

"This isn't an interrogation," Devlin said. "- And you know it."

The Little Man gave the General a quizzical look, then he turned back to what was happening below them. As he did,

Devlin felt his consciousness slip from inside the General and back into his own body. It was like a door opening, then closing. Devlin stared up into the face of Emily as she bent forward and kissed him, pumping herself into him as she did so.

Devlin kissed her back. Electricity jumped from his tongue to hers and, when he opened his eyes, he got another shock.

He was looking down at himself.

He was inside Emily's mind.

Little quakes of pleasure ran through her as she slid up and down on top of him, and Devlin felt it, too. He'd often wondered what a woman felt during sex, and this was it. Or, rather, this was what a woman felt while having sex on Green Pus. It had amplified every sensation in her, as well.

Devlin used his mind to make Emily do things. He made her bend forward. Her beautiful breasts hung before him, and he ran his tongue along the nipple. It sent shivers of pleasure through both of them. Then, she raised up and placed her hands on his ribcage and used his body as a brace as she thrust herself onto him again and again.

All the time, Devlin felt what she felt. It was such an amazing sensation that he didn't realize until she orgasmed that he was bouncing back and forth, from his own mind to hers, from second to second during the intercourse.

But, he was in her mind when she came.

And it was amazing.

It was like being struck by lightning, he thought. The electricity traveled through her body and she cried out as she stopped her gyration and sank on top of him. She lay her head on his chest, and Devlin saw through those beautiful blue eyes of hers. He could smell sweat and feel the dampness of his own chest against her face.

Both of them panted wildly as she lay atop him.

"You see," the voice of The Little Man said through the intercom. "Green Pus reduces us to our most primal instincts. Morality and conscience take a backseat when the subject is intoxicated....and Green Pus is a highly addictive intoxicant."

With it, we can create an army of soldiers who will be obedient and vicious or, once an airborne strain is perfected, we can drop it onto any village or city we wish to invade, and the occupants will destroy themselves."

Devlin listened to the man's monotone drawl. He went on to say that he and his staff were working toward perfecting the airborne strain, and that subjects like Emily and him would be used to test it. All the while, Devlin's skin burned. He could feel Emily on top of him, their sweat the only thing keeping them from searing into each other's flesh. Or, at least it seemed that way.

He reached out for the General's mind once again. For a moment, nothing happened. Then, he blinked his eyes and he was looking down at himself, the beautiful Ms. Emily still straddled atop him, her head nestled into the small of his neck.

"She's beautiful," he heard himself say in the General's voice.

The Little Man chuckled. "You want her, she's yours, General. Just say the word and I'll have her cleaned up and sent to your room."

He turned and looked at The Little Man's evil smile.

Without thinking about it, Devlin struck The Little Man.

Or, rather, the General did.

The impact of his punch landed squarely on the right side of The Little Man's chin. The Little Man dropped to the ground, unconscious.

Devlin looked around him at the bewildered faces of the General's cohorts. "This is wrong," Devlin made the General say. "It's wrong and you're going to burn in hell for what you're doing!"

With that, he charged toward the door.

Devlin didn't know exactly why he was trying to make the General leave the room; there was really no reason for it. Try as he might, he knew that he real mind lay behind in the amphitheater with Emily's sweaty body still lying atop him. The General was merely a vessel through which he could travel at

the moment, but that was about to end.

Devlin could see the General through the glass as a security guard took the rifle he had and struck the man in the head with the weapon's butt.

Devlin's contact was lost as the General crumpled to the floor.

He looked to the right of where the General had fallen and he saw The Little Man. He was standing there, staring directly at Devlin, a knowing and determined look on his face.

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Emily was taken away by one of the orderlies, and Devlin lay there, still naked. They left him alone in the room for what seemed hours. All the while, Devlin tried to reach out with his mind and touch the other souls that occupied the underground lab. Try as he might, however, he could not reach beyond the door of the room. He did not know why that was, but he supposed it had something to do with the brilliant lights that flooded the hallways.

In time, he slept.

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He awoke stilled strapped to the gurney. The light had been intensified in the room to an almost blinding level. Devlin wanted to raise his hands to his face and block the light, but could not. Instead, he turned and looked to the side.

He saw The Little Man come into the room. He walked up to Devlin, stood there a moment, then said: "You did that, didn't you?" It wasn't really a question, though. The Little Man knew without a doubt that what had transpired with the General had been Devlin's doing.

Devlin said nothing in response.

The Little Man drew in a deep breath, then walked around the gurney Devlin was strapped to. He stood at the foot of the gurney, looked down at Devlin. "Try doing it to me," he

said.

Devlin shook his head *no*.

"Why not?" The Little Man asked.

"Let me go," Devlin said. "Let me go and I'll do it."

The Little Man chuckled. "Oh, I don't think so," he said. He tapped Devlin's toes with his forefinger. "You're far too valuable than that." With that, he grabbed Devlin's big toe and started to push forward.

"Do it!" The Little Man said. "Do it or I'll break every damned toe on your foot!"

And, to prove his point, The Little Man jabbed forward with all his might. Devlin heard the sound of his toe breaking...a sick, wet crunching sound that he heard both inside and outside his body.

He screamed as blind pain rocked through him.

The Little Man went to the next toe and started to bend.

Devlin reared up in his restraints. "I'm gonna kill you you little fuck!" he shouted. He stared hatefully into The Little Man's eyes but, try as he might, he could not reach into his mind and make him do what he wished him to do. Something was stopping him.

*The light.*

The Little Man nodded and released Devlin's toes. "I'm sorry," he said, but Devlin could tell from his tone that he didn't mean it at all. "But I found out a long time ago that anger and pain were a far better catalyst in these experiments than being polite." He walked around the gurney and looked down at Devlin. "People just aren't intimidated by kindness....they have to be pushed into angry situations. Only then, do you get to see the true person behind the mask we all paint for the world to see. Don't you agree?"

"Get bent!" Devlin told him.

The Little Man chuckled. "I like you," he said. "I like you a lot. I'm truly happy that you survived the undiluted experiment. Happy, and surprised." He patted Devlin's shoulder.

"I think I can use you," he said. He grinned. "But, I have to learn how to control you first, don't I?"

Devlin said nothing.

The Little Man drew in a deep breath, then exhaled. "Rest assured, my friend, you will do as I tell you. I know your weaknesses, remember? And, as long as the light is shining, there's not a damned thing you can do to stop me. I just need to figure out how to control you when the light isn't so bright...and, I will. Trust me on that."

He grinned at Devlin a moment longer, then turned and walked away. Once he was gone, two orderlies unstrapped him from his gurney and escorted him to his room.

After that, the light in his room never went off.