

A full-body photograph of a woman with long, wavy red hair styled in an updo. She is wearing a black, shiny, halter-neck bikini top and matching black thong bottoms. Her arms are raised, with her hands behind her head. She is wearing a black, textured bracelet on her left wrist. The background is plain white.

Burping Frog Publishing

The Cerberus Incident

a Josey Binkle Caper

Cheyenne Wilson

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Josey Binkle held the sword with both hands and swung it in a flat, horizontal arc. The edge of the blade sunk into the vampyre's neck and through, and rang like a bell as it cut through the bone. The vampyre's green head rose away from its neck, tumbled in the air once, and plopped into the mud by its feet. The rest of the body stopped in mid-stride, one foot raised, tottering on the other foot.

"That was well done," a voice behind him said.

Binkle spun, holding the holy sword in both hands, the tip pointed in the direction of the voice. It was her. He lowered the blade. Behind him, the decapitated, green-skinned body dropped into the mud with a splat.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Binkle said. Using the vampyre's leather jacket, he wiped the blood of the shining silver blade and slid it into its sheath.

Harmony jumped down off the fender of the overturned truck. She was wearing black boots that came up to the middle of her thigh, a black skirt that was barely more than a wide belt, and a short black jacket that exposed all of her midsection. That night her hair was black to match.

"We're supposed to be on the same team, remember?" she said.

She walked past him and bent over to look at the body of one of the vampyres. The material of her outfit glistened in the light from the burning truck like an oily liquid that clung to her body. Binkle looked away. She was wearing nothing under the short

skirt.

“Good, clean cut. You’re really getting very good at this,” Harmony said.

“Why are you dressed like that?” Binkle said.

He put the sword in his duffel bag and pulled the zipper shut. Harmony turned and walked toward him.

“What? You don’t like it? It’s the new look. All the girls on the seventh level are wearing it.”

She stood beside him, smiling, showing the pointed tips of her teeth. In the darkness there was a faint glow in her eyes, and the stripes showed through the skin on her cheeks and neck. The demon half of her was strong that night.

She raised the short skirt. He looked down at the wisps of dark hair between her legs.

“Makes it so much easier with all those horny he-demons around. Wanna try?”

Binkle blushed and turned away. Harmony laughed. She put her arm around his shoulder and sniffed.

“You smell nice. What are you wearing?”

“Diesel fuel, or something,” Binkle said.

Her arm dropped from his shoulders. “I like it. Go with it.”

“Why are you here?” Binkle said.

He slung the duffel bag over his shoulder. Harmony walked to the truck, which lay on its side. The front wheel was as high as her head. She spun it.

“I came to warn you.”

“About what?”

“The dog is loose. You know. ‘The dog?’” she said, emphasizing the words, making quotation marks in the air with her fingers.

“Yeah, so?”

She shrugged. “Just wanted to let you know. It might come looking for you. It has a great sense of smell, you know.”

“Yeah, fine, let it find me. I’ll cut its head off. Look, where the hell am I supposed to go from here?”

Harmony’s eyes turned up, studying the stars in the sky over

her head.

“Try Chickasaw. I hear they’re expecting company.”

Behind them, one of the vampyres moaned and moved. Harmony frowned.

“Dude. That one’s not dead,” she said.

Binkle walked over to where it was laying on the ground. Its head was still mostly attached to its shoulders and it was drenched in stinking, black blood. If it was possible, it looked even more ugly than it did when it was standing upright.

Its hand reached for Binkle’s leg and tugged at the cuff of his jeans. Binkle swung the blade and hacked off the hand at the wrist. The vampyre pulled its arm back with a gurgling groan from its throat, which had been sliced open at the neck. The fingers of its hand still clung to the leg of his jeans.

Binkle swung the sword again, down on top of the vampyre’s head. It cleaved neatly through the top of its head all the way down to the bridge of its nose, like it was slicing a melon. The vampyre’s eyes rolled back and it let out a final groan, like it had accepted defeat.

Binkle kicked at the hand that was still attached to his jeans.

“God damned thing got blood on my jeans. Do you have any idea how much money I spend to replace my clothes?” he said.

The hand finally came loose and skittered across the pavement into the flames, where the puddle of diesel fuel was burning. Harmony sighed.

“It makes me so horny when you kill,” she said.

She grabbed the front of Binkle’s shirt and kissed him, with her forked, wet tongue in his mouth. He pulled away and wiped his mouth.

“Come on, Harmony. I got a mess to clean up here,” he said.

Harmony put her hands on her hips and looked around at the dead vampyres on the road between his yellow and black ‘69 Camaro and the burning, overturned truck.

“Them? Screw them. We’re in the middle of fucking nowhere,” she said.

She stuck her hand down the front of Binkle’s jeans and

grinned.

“Now show me again what you can do with this sword,” she said.

He was panting. His cock was as hard as a rock, and her hand felt good. She had sharp nails at the ends of her fingers, like talons. She pulled down the zipper and slipped her hand into the fly. Her icy cold fingers closed around his cock. His eyes rolled back in his head. He couldn't stop her now if he wanted.

She pulled all of his cock out through the fly in his jeans. Her eyes got wide and glowed a little brighter.

“Fucking hell, Josey. I forgot how big you are,” she said.

She held his cock up to her forearm. It reached from her elbow to her wrist, with a few extra inches.

“I gotta tell ya, Josey. I been fucked by a lot of guys. Most of them weren't even human. I don't think any of them had a cock near as big as yours,” she said.

She stroked it slowly in her hand. The tips of her sharp nails grazed the skin of his cock, leaving faint trails of blood. Binkle leaned back against the fender of his Camaro, holding it with both hands.

“You won't mind if I suck on it for a while, will ya?” Harmony said.

She was holding his huge cock pointed at her mouth and smiled. Her jagged, pointed yellow teeth made him nervous, but he was way too turned on to stop her now. His cock throbbed in her icy cold grip. Killing made him horny, too.

She licked the head of his cock with her forked, black tongue. Binkle groaned.

“You like that, don't you?” she said.

He just nodded. He knew what was coming. He wanted it bad, but at the same time, he was a little scared. Those teeth could rip him to shreds.

“Well ... Here goes nothing,” Harmony said.

She opened her mouth wide, showing her mouthful of sharp, yellow teeth. Her lips enveloped the end of his cock. Her teeth dug into his shaft and he yelped.

“Shorry,” Harmony said, with her mouth full of his cock, and his blood on her lips.

“It’s all right. Just try not to bite it off,” Binkle said.

She was already moving her head back and forth, sliding his cock deep into her mouth. A couple of times, the points of her teeth caught on his shaft and cut through the skin. He winced, but he didn’t stop her. If one of those hideous, green-skinned vampyres had his cock in their mouth, would he stop them?

Harmony jammed his cock deep into her mouth, where it made her gag. He gritted his teeth. She swallowed, and his cock pushed down her throat.

Binkle groaned. She took his cock about halfway down her throat. It felt fantastic, but it also hurt like hell. Her teeth cut into his cock, and his blood ran down her chin from the corners of her mouth.

“Oh God. I love it when you do that,” he said in a choked voice.

Harmony pulled his long cock all the way out of her mouth.

“Do me a favor, Josey. Try not to invoke that name. It kinda kills it for me,” she said.

“Sorry.”

Harmony grinned. “Forget about it. I will.”

She licked a drop of blood from the head of his cock. His shaft was marked with cuts and scrapes and a couple of puncture holes where her teeth had gone in. Already, the cuts were healing.

She wrapped her lips around the end of his cock. She moved her head back and forth slowly, taking his cock a little deeper each time. Binkle’s grip tightened on the fender of his Camaro, like he was trying to rip through the sheet metal.

Harmony did that deep throat thing again, the way he loved it so much. She pressed herself forward as hard as she could, making herself gag, until it slid down her throat.

Binkle groaned and clenched his jaws. She took his cock all the way down her throat, except for the last few inches. Then she held it there.

He pumped his hips, driving his cock deeper and harder

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