

Mikhail Papusha



**THE OLD DEMON**

Mikhail Papusha

**The old demon**

«Издательские решения»

**Papusha M.**

The old demon / M. Papusha — «Издательские решения»,

ISBN 978-5-00-505859-1

Just a little story about... read for yourself, it's too small, there will be no spoilers.  
5 minutes to read and half an hour to think about life. Have a good day!

ISBN 978-5-00-505859-1

© Papusha M.  
© Издательские решения

# Содержание

The old demon	6
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	7

# The old demon

**Mikhail Papusha**

*Translator* Елена Шмидт

*Translator* Елена Кузьма

*Translator* Артур Чарльз

*Illustrator* Милана Комарова

© Mikhail Papusha, 2019

© Елена Шмидт, translation, 2019

© Елена Кузьма, translation, 2019

© Артур Чарльз, translation, 2019

© Милана Комарова, illustrations, 2019

ISBN 978-5-0050-5859-1

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

## The old demon

The old demon walked the streets, wearily and aimlessly watching others. He's been bored for a long time. Why seduce these people? They themselves sin perfectly without any seduction. They perfectly rob, wonderfully kill and delightfully rape. There are no more punishments in hell. There is too little space for this. All caldrons are reserved for many years. Now this is entertainment.

666 years he did not appear in the world of people. However, almost nothing has changed.

– What do you want? The dark angel asked himself. Nothing, he answered.

He decided to sit at the table of the roadside cafe. A pretty waitress of 18—20 years old came up.

– What do you want to order?

– Coffee, please. Espresso.

– Sorry, we can't make that right now.

– Latte? Americano?

– The coffee machine is broken, she answered, looking down guiltily.

– What is on the menu?

– Only instant coffee.

Once again he looked at her, smiled to himself and said: come on.

The girl disappeared for a minute and a half, and then returned with a tray.

– Your coffee.

– I would not dare call it coffee.

– Alas, there is nothing else, she said, shrugging her shoulders.

She, for some reason, was attracted by this young coffee lover, and unexpectedly for herself, she wrote her number on a napkin, and then said: Call me, handsome.

Out of shame, she froze in place, flushed with a crimson blush, unable to move.

“Of course,” he said.

The waitress quickly ran away, and then climbed into a corner and cried, rubbing tears on her face.

The demon picked up a sheet of white paper, smirked, and then a napkin in his hand flashed a blue flame and disintegrated into dust. Before, without hesitation, he would have fucked her right at this table, but not now. He participated in many hundreds of orgies, where young beautiful witches were ready to fulfill any of his perverted and lustful desires. He loved that. Old age comes when participation in an orgy is annoying. Everything is ordinary and routine.

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.