

# **The Devil Made Me Do It**

**XXX**

## **Secret Diaries of a Very Bad Girl**

(Based on some Actual Events)

**Adults Only**

**Reader Beware:  
Contains  
Adult Language**



**Lucie Goodman**

# **The Devil Made Me Do It**

## **XXX Secret Diaries of A Very Bad Girl**

by

**Lucie Goodman**

(Based on some actual events.)

**Book One**

Edited, Designed & Formatted by: Marie Guillaumes

**(This is a Sample / Preview)**  
**- (not the complete book) -**

**BlueDorm Publishers**

[www.BlueDorm.com](http://www.BlueDorm.com)

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Book One

*(HTML / ePub Edition)*  
*(adapted from the Black-&-White Interior Paperback Edition)*  
First Edition -- First Printing

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European Article Number (EAN-13): **978\_1478134220**  
International Standard Book Number (ISBN-13): **978\_1-4781-3422-0**  
International Standard Book Number (ISBN-10): **1-4781-3422-4**

BlueDorm Publishers  
**BDLG-1201**

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## **Dedication**

*To Molly,*  
my Best-Friend Forever;

*and to Grandma*  
(on my mother's side),  
who loved me beyond words,  
wisely showed me who I really am,  
carefully told me of my relationship with the Devil,  
helped me accept myself as I am,  
and patiently supported me all the way.

*To my foster-parents*  
who raised me with lots of love;

and

*to my parents*  
who loved me so dearly.

## **Disclaimer:**

*The ideas expressed in this book do not in any way reflect or represent those of the editor and publishers of this book.*

Although this book is based on some actual events, all names and characters depicted herein are fictitious and bear no reference to any person you know, dead or alive. Also, there's nobody you know who is one of 'us,' dead or alive, whether or not his or her birthday or personality resembles the number patterns and characteristics in this book. In addition, the photos or images herein or on the book cover and CD sleeve designs are not actual photos of the characters in this book, but are just as beautiful. The publishers are grateful for the photos and images.

### ***This book is for Adults Only!***

*This book is rated XXX (triple-X) because it contains lots of adult contents—sexually explicit and harsh language. It is not for the faint-hearted, not for decent folks, and definitely not for good boys and girls. And, if you're a parent or guardian you shouldn't let your child or ward read this book. If you think you've seen or read it all, and that nothing is new, don't be too sure—think again!*

### **Warning:**

*Readers Beware!*

Your family might kick you out for reading this book.

Your parents might dis-own you for reading this book.

Your Pastor/Minister/Church Leader might excommunicate you.

*I don't want to drag you to hell with me;*

*You are on your own.*

## **Preface:**

*A note on how this book came into the Editor's hands:*

Not too long ago I (the Editor) edited a book for my best-friend — Julie Williams, author of "*Romeo and Julie: My Secret Erotic Dilemma With Romeo of Julingdom*." It's only been a few weeks since the publication and I was relaxing with a copy when the phone rang. I picked up the phone but there was nobody on the line. Just as I was about to sit down I heard a knock on the door. Still there was nobody; but there was a note on the floor which read: "check your mailbox." It was around 7:00PM, not quite dark yet, but I couldn't help feeling a little bit suspicious. Well, I stepped up cautiously to my mailbox looking this way and that way, and found another short note in it which read: "Don't be scared; I mean you no harm." Don't be scared? You're right! Peeing in my pants would be too small to show how I felt at that point. After watching a few scary movies 'don't be scared' can't be a joke anymore. The note continued: "I'll be back on the 7<sup>th</sup> of next month; check your mailbox again at exactly 7:00PM, no more, no less." OK, that was it. This didn't feel like a joke anymore. With a sprint I dashed into the house and called Julie. Sensing my panic she asked if I was OK. I fumbled through what just happened and she tried her best to calm me down. She drove down to my place as fast as she could and we wondered if we should alert the police. "What would you tell the police?" Julie asked. "I don't know; I guess the same thing I told you." Julie has some detective experience, so she came up with a plan. On that day which was less than two weeks ahead, at about an hour before 7:00PM, Julie would park and stay in her car to monitor my house and mailbox from about two or three houses away to avoid been spotted. I was to be ready to push the speed-dial on my phone if anything suspicious happened.

In the meantime anxiety mounted. I feared that someone was stalking me. I double-checked all my windows and doors constantly. It wasn't fun; anxiety is a bad thing. Looking over your shoulders regularly is a nightmare no one should experience.

Then came the D-day. I felt terrible all day. I used my webcam to monitor activities in front of my house and nothing unusual showed up on the screen. The postmaster did his rounds and when I checked my mail it was the usual. Julie did the stakeout as planned and saw nothing. At exactly 7:00PM I went to the mailbox. Lo and behold, there was a small envelop in it. Quite mysterious; how did it get there? I opened it and there was a flash-drive in it. Julie came up after she saw me pick up the mail. "What should I do?" I asked. "Well, plug it in and let's see," Julie replied. I did. Something popped up on the screen that said: "I still mean you no harm; this is for your eyes only, but you have company. You must send her away from the house before you proceed or else..." "Or else what?" Julie asked. "How do I know?" I answered with an agitated voice. "OK, I'll leave; call me if anything; promise?" "I will." We hugged and she left.

Well, the long and short of it is this book; but tell me how you'd feel if you knew that a She-Devil hand-picked you for an assignment of any sort, small or big. You're right; I felt all that. The only difference is that I am the one, not you; so whatever you think you'd feel cannot compare to my predicament.

To cut to the chase, there were detailed instructions on what to do. One of them is that I cannot contact her; she would get in touch with me if need be. That's not funny; like I'd even know how and where to contact her if I wanted to. But there was a hint that specifically said I could reach her if I seriously had to by lighting seven candles of seven different colors, calling her name seven times at either 7:00AM or 7:00PM, and a few other tips. (The name to call out of course isn't Lucie Goodman but something else) I'd then state why I want to reach her, etc.



Oh boy, talk about spooky. Thank you! I checked and I was still standing and looking normal, but sweaty. So I quickly grabbed my keys and raced to my mom's house where I passed the night and the rest of the weekend. On the way I spoke with Julie and assured her I was OK, but that I was driving to mom's for the weekend. Julie has never seen or heard of the content of this book. She is only allowed to see the finished print like anyone else, not the manuscript. I never told her more than I should, and she can't know more than she should about this, for her own protection. So much for best friends not keeping any secrets. It's been very hard; but knowing what I know, I love her so much that it has to be that way for the greater good of all of us. For the most part I felt helplessly lonely and afraid. I cried from time to time but braved it whenever I could. With some persuasion I was able to get Julie's publisher to send it to the press on trust without opening the envelop. Long story; but it worked.

You have the right to agree or not agree with all I've said. I too would have been skeptical. But hold on... don't ask me what she looks like; I don't know 'cause I've never seen her, and have never ever tried to contact her, and wish I'd never have to.

*Marie Guillaumes*  
July 2012

## Introduction

In this 'Book One' of a series, you'll see that

*I am the Devil's Incarnate.*

This Book 1 is an appetizer to see if people are ready for the formidable, forbidden secrets I intend to reveal at the risk of losing my life. If they are ready I'll then go ahead and publish the alarming entries in my

diaries. And if not, too bad ‘cause they won’t see what hit them when it does, because it might! If people are not ready for this rare but horrifying revelation I’ll wait a few more decades, maybe a century, and try again, after which most of the folks alive today would have been long gone; but I’ll still be here, looking even more seductive than ever and doing more harm, and some good, whichever I please. Aha! You’re thinking ‘not funny!’ Sorry; but that’s the way it is—I didn’t make the rules. However, if the Devil and his minions are able to stop me because of this book, then you lose, big time! I’ve nothing to lose because I’ve lived in Hell for as long as I can imagine.

This book was supposed to be released on 07/07/07 but has been delayed because of the spiritual ‘bounty hunters’ in pursuit of me. For your good luck, the official release date of this book must have a seven in it, either the 7<sup>th</sup> day of the week, 7<sup>th</sup> day of the month, 7<sup>th</sup> month of the year or the 7<sup>th</sup> year of the decade. In the same token, there must be a seven in the official price. As you read, you’ll see why it must be so. The new official release date is now set for 07/07/2012, although it may or may not show on catalog and/or store listings.

*Lucie Goodman*  
2007

## **My Relationship With The Devil**

I, *Lucie Goodman*, have been a very bad girl,  
a really bad, naughty, mischievous, devilish girl, and  
I made a deal with the Devil to come back and do more,  
this time with a vengeance.  
You may run, but you can’t hide.

## **My Satanic Beginning:**

My life is like a Louisiana Gumbo. It has everything in it—the good, the bad, the beautiful, the ugly, the lovely, the hateful, the pleasant, the disgusting, the horrible, the terrible, some real love, some heartbreaks, and whatever you can throw in. "I must be on the wrong planet; or at least from a distant planet." So I thought as a kid, not knowing that the Devil took a special interest in me and had plans for me.

I've skipped the most despicable and 'unauthorized' part of my childhood.— You should be glad I did because the incidents are so unbelievable that you're sure not to believe them, or you'd look at every unusual child with suspicious eyes. You really don't want to know. Hush! Don't ask!

According to family stories, in addition to the little childhood memory I have of my parents, I was conceived in a train by two romantic strangers, love-birds who met on a train in Europe. Nine months later I was born in the USA. My dad was Italian, and my mom, French. At the time they thought it was love that brought them together and believed so with all their hearts until their last breath. Dad was so handsome he thought mom couldn't resist him; and mom was so beautiful she thought dad wouldn't survive the next minute without her. Intuitively, they nicely cornered each other and ended up in an isolated spot on the train where they could be alone for some minutes to take care of business. They became inseparable from that moment. Grandma said that it took a while before they reflected on what happened that day and realized that nobody in the train actually noticed what went on between the two of them, as if mom and dad were invisible, as if there was a spell in the coach that rendered the other passengers unconscious and oblivious to my parents' sex signals. All their lives they really loved each other; but

there was more to their meeting—the Devil had a hand in it. Unfortunately they died pre-maturely, before I got to know them better.

I was raised by my auntie and her husband. She was a nympho and business woman who owned a Lingerie Shop, and her husband, a pornstar. They both had exceptionally, unrivaled and unprecedented sex drives, always horny. I always wondered why my aunt didn't join the porn industry like my uncle. My auntie's husband is African-American. They met in Mexico where my auntie lived for a while before coming back to the States. A younger and half-sister to my mom, she was born in Mexico City during Grandma's second marriage to a business Spaniard, but raised in the USA. Auntie and her husband have both traveled far and wide, mostly due to my uncle's kind of job—shooting movies wherever the productions took him. However, they were both wonderful guardians to me. They had no children of their own, even though they very much wanted and loved children. So they were very glad to take me in. Moreover, my auntie was very close to my mom; so she loved me like her own, just as much as mom would have loved me. They showed me all the love and respect they could. I wouldn't ask for more. They were great foster-parents. I love them very much.

I found out in later years that Grandma did not acquaint them with the psycho-demonic intricacies surrounding my birth. She said that sometimes ignorance is bliss, and silence, golden. The way my guardians loved and raised me, I don't know if any kind of pre-knowledge about me would have made any difference. Well, you never know; sometimes it's better to let some sleeping dogs lie. But not for long because whatever it was that possessed me seemed to have been very much dormant since my parents' death, biding time, waiting to unleash itself later and gain back lost years with full throttle.

My guardians moved a lot. Whenever the neighborhood found out about his profession and harassed or embarrassed us, it was time to move. I first joined them in New York and shortly after we moved to California.

We moved a few more times and later wound up down south just in time for me to have a lonely 18<sup>th</sup> birthday in a town where I had no friends—just me and my foster-parents. This time it was to Houston, Texas, USA. Overall, we not only moved a lot, but traveled often. Whenever my auntie had vacation time she insisted on traveling with my uncle to the different locations where his movies were filmed.

For me, the most fun of all the places we visited was Jamaica. My Goodness! It was ecstatic! That's where I had my first kiss, my first sex, my first anal and deep-throat, all of them blissfully and permanently unforgettable! As if that was not enough, something in me was awoken or rather unleashed and I've never been the same again. Ignorant of my early history, my guardians supposed that between Louisiana where we'd just moved from after a brief stay in transit, and Jamaica where we were vacationing, I must have been exposed to some kind of uncanny voodoo. Brace yourself and fasten your seat belt because, Oh My Goodness, you're in for the ride of your life.

- - - - -

*Once again, if you're not yet of age, at least 18 in the U.S.A. and whatever it is in your community, state, region, province or country; if you're timid or faint-hearted, holy, superstitious or can't handle chills, obscenity, sexually explicit content and anti-religious comments, now will be a good time to drop this book, trash it or throw it into the fire forever. If you're schizophrenic, run! I still don't want to drag you to limbo or hell with me. From now on you're definitely on your own; do not say I told you; and don't you dare point a finger at me. But if you're still a virgin, male or female, I'd love to meet you ASAP! I'm here to grant your wish and make your sexual fantasies come true; your wish will be my command—ha ha ha.*

- - - - -

**My Demonic Number** (*or classification*) **is 777:**

My parents died on the day I turned 7, at exactly 7:00PM, on the 7<sup>th</sup> day of the 7<sup>th</sup> month (July), my birthday. They died in a car accident while taking me to see an exorcist. They managed to stay alive until the Paramedics got there but barely made it to the Emergency Room. I survived, unscathed, not even a scratch!

**(End of Sample / Preview)**

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