

Demonology 101

By Dragonien

"Oh god, It's you."

Roure huffed in annoyance as soon as his vision cleared and he recognized the shape in front of him. Small swirls of brimstone-scented smoke wafted from his nostrils at the sharp exhalation of air, mingling with the rest of the hellish scent that filled the room after his summoning. The dragon before him was one of the more annoying summoners that he had come across in the last few centuries. He was almost unnaturally tall, with an impressively athletic build and sported smooth hide colored of cherries rather than scales. He always had this look of confidence on his face whenever Roure saw him; this expression of assurance that he was in absolute control. Normally it would have made the demon dog absolutely giddy to come across someone such as this with how much he loved putting cocky people in their place. The problem was that, for all of the dragon's confidence; it was actually well earned. He was meticulous in his summons, his contracts, and his plans each time Roure was summoned and not once had the hellhound found a way to circumvent the orders or restrictions placed upon him when he was summoned. If it hadn't been so infuriating he almost would have admired the dragon for his skill. Unfortunately, any admiration that might have blossomed was always burned away by the humiliation he went through every time the dragon summoned him.

The dragon had taken to experimenting on Roure, manipulating the terms of contracts and even the summoning circles themselves to alter how he brought forth the demon dog. He had become rather skilled in manipulating both the physical and magical dimensions of each of Roure's containers when he summoned the demon dog forth. One time Dragonien had summoned him into a vessel so massive that, had he been free to do as he wished, Roure probably would have been able to ravage the entire city with ease. Unfortunately, the contract the dragon had used to summon him as such had banished him the moment he had tried to disobey his orders and he'd been massive and powerful for all of four seconds before being flung back into the demonic nether. Another time, far more traumatic for the demon, the dragon had summoned him in the smallest avatar he had ever inhabited. Some tiny thing of surprising strength carefully carved out of oak and inset with silver filament that left the demon nearly as strong as he might have been in a standard summoning, yet physically only the size of a plastic army man. That, too, had not lasted long. Though, unlike the larger avatar his impromptu dispersion in that avatar had been more of an accidental nature. An accident that Roure still seethed in embarrassment and rage at. Just the memory of having tripped and fallen off of the dragon's work bench and onto his stool, only to be crushed and dissipated when the dragon sat back down before realizing he was gone made Roure grind his teeth in irritation.

Even as he thought all this, the urge to lash out against the dragon surged through him. He knew it was almost certainly futile, even though from his current vantage point he guessed his current avatar was at least half again as tall as the over-eight-foot-tall dragon. Before he could stop himself, though, his arm jerked forward in a desperate attempt to swipe suddenly-elongated claws at the dragon. His arm didn't make it more than a foot towards the dragon before his wrist snapped backwards with a painful jerk; previously unnoticed manacles of cold iron clasped around his wrists restricting his movement and leaving his arm sore from the abrupt snap of tension against them.

Fuck. He was in the figurehead again.

"You think you'd know better by now" The dragon teased in a playful voice as he took a step closer.

"Take a few steps closer and we'll see who knows what." Roure growled back.

The figurehead was one of the most annoying avatars the dragon summoned him into. It was surprising powerful; supposedly the nautical figurehead of some old ship that the dragon had found at a flea market being sold for ten bucks. None of them knew that it was authentic and worth a small fortune. What they did know is that, with the addition of a bit of the dragon's experimental modifications to it, it had become a perfect method to summon Roure pre-imprisoned. Something about the visage being attached or trapped to the front of a ship, lent magical weight to it containing him so that even if Dragonien summoned him without a restricting contract or guidelines the figurehead and a basic suppression circle was enough to keep him trapped even in the empowered avatar. It was the worst combination of all of the things that infuriated Roure the most; a cocky summoner, power he wasn't allowed to use, and humiliating summoning circumstances. It didn't matter that the thing gave him a good deal of power and made him over a dozen feet tall since it also thoroughly trapped him in place.

As the dragon stepped closer, Roure thrashed against the chains that held his arms for several seconds. neither budged even the slightest beyond the range of motion they allowed; even his demonic strength no match for the magically-augmented iron. Worse still, even if he were able to pull his arms free he'd still be trapped, dangling a foot off the ground, with where his back was fused into the rest of the figurehead behind him. When his thrashing proved futile he calmed slightly, though the low growl welling up from his throat never ceased and his hackles refused to lower as he stared the dragon down.

"So violent. You should calm down or you're gonna give yourself an ulcer." Dragonien teased again.

Roure missed the first couple of times the dragon had summoned him. He'd clearly not expected it to work at all and had been rightfully scared of the demon and what it might do to him despite him correctly binding Roure. Now that he was comfortable with the hellhound, though, he seemed to take great amusement at provoking him.

"It's such a special day today after all. I was hoping you'd be willing to be more... amicable to make this more fun for both of us." the dragon cooed softly.

Roure arched an eyebrow curiously down at the dragon as he spoke, his fury quelling slightly in the face of curiosity. His curiosity turned to confusion then, of all things, a blush, when the dragon reached up and pressed a hand against Roure's belly. Slowly he stroked back and forth, fingers combing through the thick fluff of the demon dog's stomach. His sharp claw-tips stroked carefully in small circles around Roure's belly button for several seconds, sending an involuntary shiver down the demon's spine from the unwillingly pleasurable sensation. Roure did his best to snarl down at the dragon again but even with the righteous indignation that he felt flowing through him he couldn't completely suppress the slight swish of his tail just barely beginning to wag. This was the worst thing about the dragon. Not that he used Roure as a weapon or source of power and vengeance against his foes; but used him as a plaything like he were nothing more than a glorified pet instead. Before he fell too deep into the effect embarrassingly enjoyable petting, Roure began to feel something odd where the dragon was touching him. There was a strange... tug against him coming from the dragon's hand. It wasn't a physical force like the dragon had grabbed a handful of him and were pulling on it but rather a feeling somewhat akin to magnetism; like he had a piece of metal on his stomach that was being pulled towards the dragon's palm.

When he looked down he didn't notice anything out of the ordinary at first, other than the humiliation of being pet like some common house pet that is. When he watched the dragon long enough, though, he could see from his elevated vantage point that Dragonien was shivering slightly. For a moment Roure felt a wicked grin spread across his lips at the thought of the dragon showing signs of concern or fear in his presence. The idea of having the dragon terrified and at his mercy was almost sexual to him by now after having spent so much time under the dragon's thrall. Unfortunately his hopes were quickly dashed when the dragon leaned back a bit and he caught sight of how Dragonien was chewing on his lower lip... as well as caught a glimpse of the rather obvious and, as much as he hated to admit it, impressive erection straining the front of the dragon's pants. The dragon wasn't scared of him, he was getting turned on! That caused the demon dog to snap out of his enjoyment of the physical attention and lash out at the dragon. Unfortunately his kick missed the dragon by scant inches as Dragonien hopped backwards as soon as he felt Roure's body tense up. When he turned his gaze back up at the looming, prostrated demon, his eyes seemed slightly dilated and his chest was heaving with the slightest bit of visible strain. It was honestly the most flustered Roure had ever seen Dragonien; the dragon always making it a point to seem as confident and in control as possible even when it was obvious that he wasn't.

"You... heh... you should behave, pup." He panted out softly, doing his best to stealthily shift his legs about in a hopeless attempt to hide his arousal. "If you behaved more I might let you off your leash."

"Fuck you." Was the only response the dragon got.

Rather than reply, though, the dragon turned his attention to his hand; the same hand that had been palming Roure's belly moments before. It was only when the dragon held it up to be examined did Roure notice there was something different. He had a ring on. The moment Roure saw the ring he knew there was something strange about it. It looked like a simple silver band at a distance but when his vision focused in on it he could see intricately carved symbols etched into its surface. More unusual, still, was that he could feel the faintest tingles of magical energies resonating from the piece of jewelry. Specifically; demonic energy. Experimentally, Dragonien clenched his hand opened and closed several times as if testing the strength of his grip all the while either ignorant or uncaring of Roure's staring. Whatever the ring was it was something special; something the dragon must have been wanting to test. Not that Roure had any idea what it was supposed to do but from the way the dragon was acting clearly it must have been successful.

"Yes. This will work." he murmured under his breath, more to himself than to Roure. "This will definitely work."

Before Roure could ask what he was talking about the dragon turned his attention back to him. The hellhound's glare turned into a wide-eyed look of shock as he felt the sudden tension in the air; the cord of magic that kept him tethered to the mortal plane pulling taut like a piano wire. The realization of what the dragon was about to do hit him and he snarled out an angry, incoherent protest a split second before the cord was severed and he was catapulted back into the nether realm. The jarring ejection from the mortal plane left him falling on his ass in the fire-blasted outcropping of sandstone he had been perched upon before his summoning. He hated being banished almost as much as he hated the humiliation his summoners kept putting him through. It was just so demeaning for anyone to have such effortless power to send him away like he were some mere servant. Before he even had a chance to get up to his feet, though, he felt a familiar tug against his essence. His eyes went wide and he let out an angry snarl towards the heavens just as he felt himself being ripped from his home back into the mortal plane once more.

"-cking summoning me!" Came the latter half of his expletive when his avatar's voice box finished forming.

Roure was furious enough he wanted to pounce at the nearest thing and rip it to shreds before he'd even gotten a look at his surroundings. When he took a step forward to do so, though, the shock of him being able to do so pulled

him out of his murderous rage. Looking down at his own arms, he flexed his clawed fingers experimentally and watched the powerful cords of muscle along his forearms and biceps tense and flex with the movement. It wasn't the physical strength he was admiring, though, but rather the arcane beneath the surface. The avatar he was in was /powerful/, easily at least as powerful as the dragon's figurehead if not more so. More importantly, though, there were no bindings. There was no contract or restrictions that he could feel on his avatar whatsoever. That didn't mean there weren't any. He'd met a few summoners, Dragonien included, that had been clever about placing conditional restrictions on him that only activated in certain circumstances. Even then, though, they'd still had general restraints on him to some degree even if they were just conditions for dismissing him. Hell, in this state his summoner couldn't even banish him normally! In effect he was his own demon, beholden to no one and free to do as he wished without anything to stop him short of something catastrophically damaging his effigy beyond its ability to support him.

Which is why when he looked around he was somehow both surprised, and not surprised at all, to find himself once more in the presence of that smugly grinning dragon.

Dragonien, for his part, seemed perfectly content to simply stand there and watch him examine his new body. The bastard even had a phone out and was taking pictures of Roure! Roure had no qualms with his nudity; he had plenty to be proud of regardless of the dimensions of his effigy. Something about the Dragon's attention though made him just the tiniest bit uncomfortable and for a fleeting wisp of a moment he wish he at least had some kind of loincloth. That discomfort quickly faded away when his outrage at being repeatedly dismissed and summoned and he rounded on the dragon, stomping forward ready to start snarling at him. His words died in his throat when he approached, though.

It was one of the traits of a demon to 'understand' their effigy so in the same way Roure intuitively understood the workings of the figurehead or the minuscule effigy he had been put in before, he understood how powerful and well put together the one he was in was. More importantly, though, he understood it was the first time the dragon had ever summoned him in an effigy of a 'normal' size for the mortals. In the dolls he had been less than a foot tall each time, some of them barely bigger than an inch. In the Figurehead he easily topped out at over ten feet tall, not counting the elevation off the ground that particular effigy always was. Now, though, his current effigy stood at a perfectly respectable six foot one inches in height; his actual size for when someone or something wasn't manipulating his physical presence. Which is why it was so surprising to Roure that he was having to look up at Dragonien as he approached.

Way up.

He'd never realized before because of the drastic disproportion in size from his previous avatars but Dragonien was TALL. Standing fully upright, Roure's eyes were barely level with the bottom of Dragonien's pectorals; meaning the dragon had to be over eight feet tall! For a moment Roure actually felt slightly intimidated for a moment as he found himself craning his head back to look into the gleeful face of his draconic summoner. The feeling faded as his indignation flared up and the hellhound stomped his foot as he raised an accusing finger up towards the dragon.

"Now look here you overgrown lizard." Roure started. "I don't know what insanity you're planning now but you've made a grave mistake summoning me without shackles this time. It's time I taught you a lesson about abusing the ability to call up my kind."

Dragonien, for his part, didn't seem intimidated in the slightest, which only irritated Roure further. Before the hellhound could make a move, though, Dragonien stepped forward. Out of reflex, Roure stepped back in response like anyone might do at the approach of someone so much larger than themselves. A second step, then a third had Roure's back to the wall before it again dawned on him that he was the all-powerful demon here, not the dragon. That

reassurance faltered in his thoughts as he found one of the dragon's hands casually pressing into the wall right beside his head, Dragonien casually making a show of how far he had to lean downwards to be nearly eye level with the hellhound. Roure didn't understand why the dragon had him so flustered all of the sudden and did his best to hide it with bravado as he reached out to jab a finger against the dragon's chest.

"N-now look here, damn you. I don't know what your game here is but you're about to be in a world of hurt."

The threat just made the dragon smile wider. His free hand reached up and gently cupped Roure's chin in his palm. The moment the dragon's fingers touched him, though, Roure knew something was wrong. There was an frigid chill where one of the fingers touched his chin, like the dragon had an ice chip. The contact made Roure feel weak in the knees, his legs trembling even as his eyes went a bit wide at the sensation. The idea horrified him. He was a powerful elemental force of demonic nature; he didn't get weak in the knees! Especially not over some asshole dragon that used him like a tool!

Yet even as he thought this he felt the tiniest bit of heat swell up within his cheeks that had nothing to do with his infernal nature. He was blushing. The dragon's response didn't help, nor did his proximity as he pressed in closer to Roure.

"Please, be gentle..." Dragonien mocked in a quiet, husky growl.

His voice came out in a low growl that welled up from deep within his throat. A vibrating resonance that seemed to roll its way up from the impressive heft of Dragonien's pectorals and past the fangs exposed by his grin. It gave him the look of a predator stalking his prey; feeling reminiscent to Roure of some attack dog snarling at an intruder with the way the dragon's lower lip quivered ever so slightly with the resonance of his growled words. His muzzle was now barely an inch away from Roure's own, their muzzles close enough that both could feel the other's breaths tickling against their noses and lips. all either of them would have to do is lean forward just a bit, and...

The dragon's lips pressed against Roure's with a sudden forcefulness that left the demon sharply exhaling in surprise from his nostrils. Reflexively, he reached an arm out to brace a hand against the dragon in front of him, fingers spreading out against the firm musculature of the dragon's pectorals at first in a half-hearted attempt to push him away. As the dragon's tongue pushed its way into the demon's mouth and his fingers plied their way across the pleasantly firm shape of the dragon's torso Roure's body shuddered then stopped resisting. The hellhound's eyes lidded half closed as he felt the weakness of his knees increase in intensity. The icy cold of the dragon's hand on his chin still contrasted sharply with the heat raising up in the rest of him but the pressure on his jaw helped to hold the demon upright when his body seemed to lose the ability to entirely support itself upright. He lost track of how long he stood there, not even really reciprocating the kiss with the dragon. He just let Dragonien have his way with his mouth; feeling his tongue nudged and pushed around by the prehensile length of Dragonien's own as it explored his fangs, palette, and eventually dove down deep enough to tickle dangerously deep in his throat to risk setting off Roure's gag reflex.

When the dragon finally broke the kiss and pulled away, his hand releasing its grip on the demon's muzzle, Roure immediately sunk down to his knees on the ground. His breath came in sharp pants as he only just now realized he hadn't been breathing during the entire experience. His eyes stayed mostly shut until he had finally regained his breath. When they opened he slowly angled his head backwards to stare up at the dragon still towering over him with a hungry expression on his muzzle. Roure immediately felt his cheeks heat up again as his blush intensified when his eye's travel up the dragon's body caught sight of the obvious outline of an erection stretching down one leg of Dragonien's pants. more so when he realized the sheer size of it looked huge, even in relation to how big he had come to discover the dragon was in general. For a moment, though, he felt puzzled when he examined the dragon. His shirt seemed to be

pulled tighter across his chest than he remembered, how it seemed to have ridden up and exposed about an inch or so of red flesh where it no longer seemed to stretch down far enough to fully cover his stomach, and how the waistline of his pants was digging in just a bit into his waist in a way that certainly couldn't be comfortable. Before he could make heads or tails of the visual discrepancies, Roure saw the dragon's grin grow visibly wider. He realized the dragon was looking at Roure, but not at his face. When the hellhound followed the dragon's line of sight, he found himself looking down in his own lap and swore his cheeks were about to burst into actual fire from the sudden embarrassment and indignation that he felt.

Roure was rock-hard.

Normally he wouldn't really care. Roure was may not have been some overly-tall freak like the mortal was but he was still damn blessed where it counted and even among other demons had plenty to brag about. There was just something about this damned dragon that threw him for a loop. He shouldn't be reacting like this to anyone, much less some powerless mortal that had dared to summon him! Even if he were to admit to some kind of attraction, however shallow, for someone he'd never admit it aloud nor let them take control over the situation like the dragon had. He was a demon, and not just any demon! If he wanted something, he took it and made it his own; he didn't dance around full of nervous energy and blushing like some mortal school girl! At least, that's what he told himself. Something wasn't right here.

The moment Roure had that realization he felt it, as if some subtle fog in his thoughts had cleared abruptly. An idle thrum of power vibrated through the air; subtle but unmistakably demonic in origin. The power was familiar but at the same time had an odd 'taste' to it, so to speak. It wasn't unheard of for a summoner to summon multiple demons but few rarely took the risk. With a flicker of mental effort Roure reached for the power and began to trace the power back towards its source in search of this second demon the dragon must be using against him. For a split second he felt an indignation the likes of which he'd rarely felt when he realized the power was tied around him like a binding of sorts. But, as he pushed against it, he felt it give and flex easily underneath his prodding. It wasn't so much a binding as it was a cocoon; a filter that, now that he was aware of it, he easily could see past and tear through. The idea that any kind of binding had been put on him was outrageous. The only thing that kept him from burning the entire building around him to ash was the sudden surprise he felt when he traced the demonic energy back to its source.

The dragon.

"There it is." Dragonien rumbled softly, lips curling into a Cheshire grin. "Finally catching on. Took you way longer than I thought it would."

Pushing himself up to his feet, Roure realized that he no longer even came up to the dragon's chest. Instead he found himself staring straight ahead at the dragon's belly button; fully exposed with the dragon's shirt now ridden up to expose more than half of his stomach. Now that he was actually paying attention he realized the dragon was significantly larger than he had been even when he first re-summoned Roure. Not only taller but his body was thicker, more heavily muscled. His previously athletic frame had thickened into something brawnier; not quite like something you'd see out of a gym rat but definitely beefy enough he'd get along just fine with those types. But it wasn't just his size that had changed from whatever was happening to the dragon. His claws and teeth were both visibly longer and sharper, his horns longer, and his eyes seemed to gleam with an unnatural light; the normally highly-reflective sapphire blue of his irises now looking to be quite literally glowing with their own light. Then there was the smell. Not the actual smell, but the 'scent' of the dragon's aura that Roure finally recognized for what it was. The dragon reeked of demonic energy. Worse still, the demonic energy he reeked of smelled obviously of Roure's own.

"Are... are you stealing my...?" Roure started to stammer aloud in sheer disbelief.

"Your essence? Your power? Yes." The dragon replied matter-of-factly. He held up a hand to show off the ring Roure had noticed earlier. "Clever little device I finally perfected. Just one touch and you're like a juice box for me to suck dry to my heart's content. I just expected to get raw power though, the new abilities were a welcome surprise. You know I can FEEL how riled up you are? Its..." the dragon trailed off, taking a moment to close his eyes and suck in a deep breath through his nostrils like taking in a sweet smell. "Delicious~"

Roure shook off his shock and bared his teeth at the dragon. before he had a chance to say anything else, though, the sound of ripping fabric accompanied a sudden movement by the dragon and Roure abruptly felt his back slammed against the wall behind him. The impact shook him, leaving him momentarily dazed and left a visible indent in the wall behind him. His body was sturdy enough it didn't really hurt him but he clearly recognized the inhuman strength the dragon now possessed and felt a twinge of worry worm its way through him. The hand that the dragon had shoved against the hellhound's chest covered nearly his entire torso, fingers curling around either of his shoulders in a vice-like grip to keep him in place. Then, slowly, the arm began to raise upwards, dragging Roure's back along the wall until his feet dangled inches, then feet, up off the ground until he was held nearly eye level with the towering dragon-turned-incubus. The ice-chip chill of the dragon's ring thankfully was nowhere to be found, as he was using the opposite hand to hold the demon, but now that Roure was paying attention he could feel tiny wisps of his power being pulled away even through the non-ring-wearing hand's contact.

Roure's shock soon turned to outrage and his anger finally boiled over. Power boiled up from within his core, blossoming into his chest and rolling its way up his throat like he were swallowing something but in reverse. His eyes gleamed with unholy light as the demonic power welled up in the back of his throat; causing it to glow with a fiery light when he opened his jaws, ready to blast the dragon right in the face with a ball of hellfire. Just as the fireball was about to burst forth, the dragon's other hand shot up and grabbed at Roure's muzzle. The hellhound's eyes went wide as his jaw was clamped and held shut by fingers thick around as sausages just as the fireball tried to burst from his mouth, only to detonate inside of it.

It was almost comical, Roure's cheeks bulging outwards like a scene out of a cartoon. Wisps of sulfurous smoke billowed from his nostrils and ears as the energy backfired inside of his own mouth for a split second. At least, until Roure felt the icy chill of the dragon's ring pressed right down on the bridge of his muzzle. Like the feeling of sand trickling through your fingers, Roure felt the surge of demonic energy flood out of his closed lips as if they were nothing more than a wire mesh trying to hold in running water. The sudden influx of power, far beyond anything the dragon had taken from him all at once before, had an immediate effect that left the hellhound staring in wide eyed shock.

Much in the same way his own cheeks had bulged cartoonishly, Dragonien's body did much the same. His fingers bloated larger in an uneven wave, swelling to nearly half again their previous size around both his muzzle and across his chest before deflating back to a still-increased, though not quite as overwhelmingly massive size. His arm bulked up with both length and newfound muscle mass, sudden and violently enough that it shoved Roure harder back against the wall behind him and created several new cracks in the drywall. The surge of power traveled through the dragon's body seemingly one body part at a time until finally reaching his face where it distended outwards in a mixture of growth and demonic mutation. For a split second Dragonien's face was split in half, a terrifying visage of him mid-transformation that burned itself into Roure's eyes. On the left side was the same modest, admittedly slightly handsome muzzle he'd come to know over the last few months of being summoned. The right side, though? His sclera filled in until it was pitch black while his iris began to glow with an unnatural, internal light. His fangs distended obscenely from his jaws to the

point his left side couldn't close properly with how much longer his teeth were on the other side. His front most fang surged even larger until it hung out over his lip for a half an inch or so like a small saber tooth. The horn along the back of his right side was joined by a second one while the first lengthened and curled inwards and seemed to harden with a texture that gave it a strange look; like an optical illusion where when you looked at it from just the right angle you swore there was some kind of writing or runework etched into the ebony bone.

The power flooding into the dragon from Roure's fireball seemed to be a bit too much for the dragon's body to take in all at once and for a split second the hellhound wondered if maybe the mortal's hubris would simply make him pop like a balloon. Unfortunately, whatever magic the dragon was using to stela his power seemed smart enough to figure out a workaround. The dragon's body began to thicken with more than just newfound height and musculature. His hips began to widen, straining the already half-torn waistband of his underwear and forcing more of the shredded remains of his jeans to fall to the floor around him. His ass thickened into something a good deal more impressive than it already was while his thighs swelled with a thin layer of padding around the muscle that thickened them enough to rub together between his legs; so long thigh-gap. most noticeably though was his stomach. The formerly taunt, well defined abs beginning to soften and disappear beneath a layer of flab almost as if the dragon's body were converting the excess demonic energy into fat like it were nothing more than an over-indulgence in sugar. It wasn't enough to make him truly fat, but he definitely gained a bit of a paunch and extra padding to his backside. With him still having more than enough muscle to make him look beefy even with that extra padding though, all it really did was make him look that much more impressively built; like a power lifter or a 'dad' bod as the kids these days might call it.

When the changes slowed to a stop Roure felt the meaty fingers holding his muzzle closed slowly pull away and free him. Instantly his jaw hung open and he sucked in a deep breath of air as if he had been suffocating; despite the fact that, as a demon, Roure technically didn't need to breath. He wasn't technically organic but his body imitated one close enough that often times it tricked itself into thinking it needed things he actually didn't: like air. The first few breaths he gasped in were tainted with a strangely familiar scent; one he wasn't used to smelling in the mortal plane save when coming from himself. When his eyes finally raised back up to meet the Dragons, staring into his now-black Sclera and the intimidatingly glowing irises boring a hole into him with his stare, he recognized that the dragon now smelled just like him.

Just like a demon.

"Mmmm..." The dragon hummed appreciatively as if in appreciation of a good meal. His lips curled into a wicked grin that showed off his newly-elongated fangs; including the two in the front that curved slightly backwards in a disconcerting manner. "That was tasty. Got any more in ya?"

Roure's hackles raised despite the intimidation he felt coming from the mutated mortal. His eyes gleamed with an unholy light as he glared at the dragon. He tried to kick at him but the size difference between them was so great now that he couldn't quite reach the dragon's chest so his legs ended up flailing in the air almost laughably ineffectively. The poor hellhound hadn't even realized yet that his own body had thinned out and shrunk slightly, muscle mass softening and streamlining while losing at least two or three inches of height from the dragon's feeding.

"Y-You can't do this to me. This isn't even how this works! Mortals can't retain demonic power, its not even supposed to EXIST on this plane without a vessel!"

This caused the dragon to grin maliciously.

"But I do have a vessel, pup. You need an effigy on this plane to contain demonic energy, right? The more valuable the better? And what's more valuable to a mortal than their own flesh and soul?"

That revelation made the hellhounds eyes go wide all over again. He was right. That's why demons were always trying to posses mortals and steal their souls; bodies were the one thing Demons never truly had on the mortal plane, and souls were little more than raw power in its purest form just waiting to be harvested. If Dragonien was using his own body and soul as an effigy for demonic energy then that would make his effigy all but priceless. That explained why his body changed to contain the energy he was pulling in, rather than needing to have energy expended to consciously change it; it was naturally shaping itself into a better container.

he was distracted from his thoughts by being lifted higher into the air, the dragon shifting his grip on the hellhound until both of his hands were wrapped around the majority of Roure's torso to hold him up like a child. His legs swung around over the back of Dragonien's shoulders as he felt one of the dragon's hands slide down to support his backside like a seat as he raised Roure to balance on his shoulders... just, backwards. Roure only realized what was about to happen a split second before a cocoon of warmth and moisture engulfed the entirety of his shaft all the way down to the base. The dragon's lips clamped tightly around his erection, hilding every last inch into his cavernous maw with plenty of room still to spare. A deep, rumbling growl of possessiveness welled up from within the dragon's throat; vibrating through his muzzle and only further stimulating the overwhelmed demon. His arms reached out and he half-draped himself over Dragonien's head, reaching for his horns as if safety rails or handlebars to hold on too as the dragon began to slowly, methodically suckle away at his cock.

Despite his protests, his anger, his outrage and indignation, Roure couldn't help but be a bit impressed with the dragon's plan. Not to mention turned on by the dragon's power. Then again that might have just been whatever incubus ability the dragon now possessed leaking out and putting thoughts in his head. He hated this dragon. He hated that he respected his hunger for power and his ability to get it. he hated that the dragon was so well built and tall, and that his demonic transformation had made him even shapelier and more attractive. He hated that the Dragon was so appealing to him and hated that the dragon was so god damned good at giving blowjobs. More than anything else though... Roure hated that he thought he was starting to fall for the greedy asshole.

It didn't take much to get Roure near the edge. As much as he had been playing hard to get he'd been pretty riled up from the moment he found himself staring up at the dragon. He may have been a bit of a repressed size queen. As he felt himself nearing his release, Dragonien's tongue coiled around the entire length of his shaft like a snake and shamelessly milking its entire length, Roure felt something else welling up within him. It was similar to when he had pulled his power forth for that fireball earlier, but this time had nothing to do with his own conscious efforts. Power built within his core until it burned like a tiny sun inside of him, pushing him to an even higher state of stimulation until finally... he came.

Dragonien was shameless in his greedy swallowing of everything Roure had to give, hardly even slowing his mouth and tongue's ministrations even when Roure was drowning in the throws of over-stimulation and release. Spurt after spurt of Roure's seed flooded the dragon's mouth only to be gulped down and leaving the dragon eager for more. The problem for the hellhound, though, was that it wasn't just his metaphorical essence the dragon was drinking down. That swell of energy that had risen up, unbidden, released itself with Roure's sexual release, lacing each spurt from his shaft with a potent blast of demonic power. Were he less overwhelmed, Roure might have been terrified with how

quickly he was being drained of his own power. Instead, all he could do was drape himself over the dragon's head, only vaguely aware that he could feel it shifting and growing beneath him, and push his hips harder against the dragon's face.

Dragonien, meanwhile, basked in the flood of power he felt; barely even registering that he was still swallowing down Roure's load. His shoulders broadened further as his back thickened with newfound ridges of muscular definition. His pectorals swelled thick and plump enough he easily could have held a pencil between them and hidden it from view with but a flex while his gut visibly distended outwards more from the stockpile of demonic energy he was devouring rather than any liquid inflation on the part of the hellhound he was feeding from. The few bits of clothing still left on him easily tore open and fluttered to the ground in tatters as he swelled larger still, his body expanding itself to better contain Roure's demonic essence until it could fully convert it into his own.

When Roure finally came down from his orgasmic high he was all but limp against the dragon's grasp. He barely even registered the movement as Dragonien lowered him back down to the ground where he just sat there, basking in the dizzying afterglow for a few moments. It was only when he finally came to enough to stumble tiredly to his feet that Roure realized something was very, very wrong. Looking down at himself his eyes went wide as he saw what had happened to his body, what the dragon had DONE to his body!

"W-what have you done?!" He half shouted in disbelief.

He looked like, for lack of better comparison, that he had shrunk in the wash. His body had lost almost all of its muscular definition. He didn't look frail or emaciated though. If anything he had actually gained a bit of thickness and girth around his middle; most prominently in his thighs, hips, and ass. The rest of him, though, had streamlined and slimmed down into a twinkish, petite form that looked more designed for pole dancing rather than combat or physical superiority. After the initial shock of his physical changes had passed, Roure recognized that there were more changes inside as well. A look of horror crossed his face when he reached inside his core for his power, only to find little more than a few wisps of his own demonic essence left inside of himself. Out of reflex his hands shot up to his face and head and he felt that his horns had shrunk to nubs so small that if he combed his hair right you wouldn't even be able to see them! Even his teeth and claws had become blunted and smaller, still powerful and predatory like the canines he originally spawned from but no longer with that added edge of primal ferocity that his demonic heritage augmented him with. That, it seemed, had all gone straight to the dragon now looming ominously above him.

The thought led him to realizing exactly how much the dragon was looming above him. He had clearly grown again, more than just in muscle mass or even the girth of his gut. While Roure was sure he'd lost a few inches of height at least, he was certain most of the difference came from the dragon's own growth with the way his newly-elongated horns were scraping against the ceiling. Roure's eyes were just barely level with the dragon's junk now.

"Don't worry, pup. I'm sure you'll get it all back eventually." The dragon rumbled in his new, deeper baritone. "You just need a bit of time to recharge."

Before Roure could react to the ominous words he felt one of the dragon's meaty fists wrap around one of his arms and effortlessly lift him up off the ground until he was once more dangling at eye level. His massive, wickedly grinning muzzle leaned in; teeth hanging over his closed lips to give even his idle smile an ominous ferocity. Then...

Dragonien kissed him.

A gentle, affectionate peck of his lips against the front of Roure's muzzle. Despite the fact that the dragon was manhandling him like a toy, that he had just drained Roure so thoroughly that he was little more than a mortal at this point, or even that beneath the sulfur and mint that now tainted the dragon's breath Roure could still smell the lingering scent of sex on the dragon's breath... he blushed.

"F-Fuck you." Roure stammered out, trying to draw up some indignation past his embarrassment.

"Maybe later." The dragon replied with a toothy grin. "You've got to recharge. And I feel like testing out just what the new me can do. Don't worry though, I'll summon you again soon once I'm ready for another meal..."

With that, the dragon dove in for another kiss. This one was far less gentle and affectionate. It was a kiss of pure passion and lust, of hunger and desire. His tongue forced its way into Roure's mouth and the diminished hellhound soon found himself all-but choking on the thick mass of oral muscle. Despite himself, he felt himself getting hard again at the forceful treatment and his inability to keep himself from looking the monstrous dragon-turned-demon up and down and hungering over his new body. Then, just as suddenly as the new kiss had started, Roure felt his connection snap like a violin string and hew as once more tumbling back into the demonic nether; the memory of choking on Dragonien's tongue and thoughts of what the dragon's new body could do to him filling his mind. He hated that dragon. And, worse still.

He think he might be in love.