

“No way, no way no!” came a shouting.” The streets were empty as the the streetlights illuminated the walkways. A door flung open as out ran a disheveled individual ran outside a building, clothes in hand and only dressed in a to big dress shirt that came down to mid length of their thighs and a pair of white panties beneath. “I’m so sorry but I just can’t!” shouted the woman as she ran down the street.

“Babe wait come back!” shouted another voice. Out from the same building bounded out a moose clothed in only a pair of boxers, doing very little to contain the far to large bulge that was jostling around in the under garment. “Steph wait just....Fuck!” shouted the moose as he punched the brick wall beside him. “Every fucking time!”

“98...99...100” grunted the moose as he finished doing his push up reps. His brow furrowed as he stood back up, his fur damp with sweat as he reached for his nearby towel to dry himself off. As he normally did after ending his workout with push-ups he walked over to a nearby mirror and inspected himself. He couldn’t help but grin as he looked over his body, smiling as he saw years and years of progress. Even though he was surrounded by muscular humans and furs alike the big moose couldn’t help but be an eye catcher. He stood at an impressive 7’2 , his antlers not included in the height. With such a stupendous height he towered over everyone at the local gym he frequented. Combined with his well sculpted body it wasn’t to hard to realize just why he was eye-candy to both girls and boys alike. He hadn’t sculpted a body-builders dream bod that was rippling with muscle, but he was pretty damn up there. Beneath the brown shaggy fur all over his body were well sculpted muscles, thick with power. From top to bottom he had done a very good job of keeping himself strong and healthy, his shoulders wide and broad, allowing his trapezius muscles to bulge out from his neck. Lower his biceps were well crafted, nothing massive, but well defined. His pecs strained the one size to small tank top that he wore, the fabric stretching down across his belly, muscles beneath the small amount of fat that covered his middle. He looked lower, smiling wide at where most of his work outs went. His quads, thighs, and calves were all thick, it took a lot of muscle to carry the tremendous weight that the moose had, that and the considerable bulge straining out his workout shorts. The heft and swell of the jostling package made it look as if he had stuffed an oversized sausage down into his shorts along with a pair of honeydew melons.

“Admiring yourself I see?” came a voice. The moose was pulled out from his inspection as he turned to see an all to familiar face. He looked down and smiled at the lion before him. The lion had to look up at the moose, but when it came to stature they were just about the same physically, the key differences being whereas a lot of the moose’s power was in his lower body, the lions was in his torso and upper arms. “Ready to go Dilon?”

“Yea I guess.” Dilon responded as he grabbed his workout bag and slung it across one of his massive shoulders. The two had been friends for years, dating back to highschool, the two of them now almost done with college at this point. They’d been inseparable and even went as far as going to the same college together. They had found this little gym in the city back when they first got here and quickly got memberships. It had easily paid off for both of them as they had both blossomed into well made, well groomed men, especially for Dilon.

“So when we were done he went ahead and gave me the job man! I jumped right past the

internship!” exclaimed the lion as he pumped his arms into the air, emphasizing his victory. He grinned a big dopey grin as he looked up at his friend, the moose looking away as his mind was somewhere else.

“Dilon.” spoke up the lion. No response. “Dilon.” he said out a bit louder, still no response.” Dill!” he roared, snapping the moose from his thoughts.

“Huh, what?” Dilon looked around before he looked down at the lion. “You say something Kai?”

“Dude you alright?” asked the lion. He shot the big moose a worried look as he stood with his hands down on his sides. “You don't space out like this, what's going on?” Dilon sighed heavily as he rubbed the back of his head. Kai was always good at pointing out when his friend wasn't feeling like himself. Even back when they were younger Kai was always able to pick up on how he was feeling, it was one of the reasons why they were so close really.

“No...I guess not.” Dilon said softly. Kai looked on, the worried look on his face never leaving as he watched the big guy sulk. The two headed into a nearby restaurant like they always did after a nice workout. They sat down and ordered some food and sat in silence. Dilon never looked away from the menu down on the table, his attention clearly stuck on something.

“Alright, talk to me big guy.” started Kai. “You've barely said twenty words to me all day. You didn't say anything on the walk to the gym, barely said anything during your workout, and haven't said much since we left. So tell me what's going on with you?”

“I just... you're gonna laugh at me.” Dilon mumbled as he tapped his fingers against the table.

“Dude I've known you since we were like thirteen. Whatever you're about to say I'm sure isn't gonna make me laugh.” Kai smiled that wonderful dopey grin that he was known for. Dilon chuckled as he sat up straight.

“Well...” Dilon started. “I....It's just-having a big dick sucks.” Dilon said. The two sat in silence for a couple of seconds, the only sound registering to them being the sounds of the patrons around them and the many sounds of the restaurant. Dilon's ears laid flat a bit as he saw Kai holding back a laugh before he finally let out a boisterous chuckle. Tears ran down the lions face as he pounded on the table. He laughed for a solid minute before finally stopping, his core hurting from laughing so hard.

“Knew it.” Dilon frowned as he looked at his friend.

“Dilon that's like a top ten first world problem, hell maybe top five. How could you expect me not to laugh?” chuckled Dilon as the remnants of his laughter died down.

“But I'm serious!” Dilon spoke up, attempting to defend his claim. “Last night Steph ran out of my apartment building *afraid* of me. She thought I was gonna break her in two!”

“In her defense you probably would have.” added Kai.

“Kai!”

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding." waved off the lion as he regained his composure. Kai knew Dilon was heavily endowed, far to many encounters of a hormone fueled moose saw to that. He had only gotten even larger after puberty hit him.

"This is the third relationship **this month** that has been ruined because of it. No man, woman, or anyone in between wants anything to do with me sexually because I'm walking around with a telephone pole between me legs."

"I think you're overeating a bit to much." Kai said. "I think you've just had a bad run in with people that are...a bit thrown off by your size. I'm sure there are people out there dying to get in those jeans of yours."

"Lot hell it does if I can't find them." Dilon frowned as he crossed his arms over his chest, flexing a bit.

"Well you did find me." Kai responded. The moose and lion had been involved in many quickies together. Kai having no problem taking the back breaking schlong Dilon carried around.

"Yea but I can't date you." Dilon responded. "Romantically it just would never work out, those were your words."

"And I've got no problem sticking to them because it's absolutely true." Max said as he smiled. "You're like a brother, and I would hate to ruin what we've got going on with a bad break or something. If you do want to fool around though..." Dilon felt the lion run his foot up one of his mighty calve muscles.

"Kai..." Dilon said as he looked disapprovingly at his friend.

"You're being serious I know, just chill." Kai chuckled. "Look, I know you want a relationship. All I'm saying is is that having a dick as thick as your arm isn't going to be the reason you don't get one. You and I both know you're outstandingly gorgeous, this is a fact that cannot be changed and is not, nor never will be a lie. I've said this once and I'll say it again; Slow down. We're still young dude, we've got plenty of time before we should settle down with someone we want to spend our lives with." Dilon opened his mouth to say something but stopped as Kai waved him off. "Yes, I know what you're gonna say, *"But I'm ready now. I want someone I can go to sleep with at night and wake up and see first thing in the morning."* Kai imitated his friend to the best of his ability. "And I get it, and that's ok. I'm just saying there's no need to rush about it, and no you're humongous monster cock-"

"Kai." Dilon said as he shot his friend a look.

"Will not ruin your chances of finding the one." Kai said as he sat back. Dilon couldn't help but smile softly as he took his words friends to heart. The lion always had a way of getting him out of his funk. The two laughed together as the waitress brought out their food. They spent the remainder of the time eating and talking to one another about things in life. While they were very close they had both not had a chance to talk lately, between school and emerging career paths. They talked and laughed with one another for what seemed like hours, the dwindling light of the sun shifting towards the hour of dusk, then to night. They exited the restaurant full and feeling much better overall. They said their goodbyes and went their separate ways for the evening, Kai living on campus and Dilon living in the city. Dilon walked down the street, the streetlights starting to turn on. Dilon was definitely feeling

better after having talk to his friend, he always did, but there was a part of him that couldn't help but still be a little down about his 'predicament.' Even now he knew those walking by him were ogling his junk. Nothing in his wardrobe could cover or hide his package, and the athletic shorts he was currently wearing did very little to even try to keep him publicly decent. Even now the weight of his dick was pulling down his shorts and underwear, the barest hint of his crotch visible to the well trained eye. To preoccupied with his thoughts he didn't realize he was walking directly into someone until he bumped into them, stumbling back a bit.

“Oh I'm so sorry!” Dilon apologized as he went over to help them up. The wall of muscle that he was had bumped into an old lady. He gingerly helped her up, making sure she was alright. “I'm really sorry!”

“It's quite alright.” she said in a soft tone. Dilon felt a little odd, her voice and tone were slow, but there was something beneath it that was setting off his senses. “I guess I can't blame you, it'd be hard to notice lil ol me.”

“Again I'm really sorry.” Dilon bowed before he apologetically.

“Hehe, it's ok young one, the issue on your mind is much more important no? Relationships are what all the young people seem to want nowadays.” Dilon stood there silent, looking directly at the old lady. He felt an odd chill run down his spine as he swallowed hard.

“U-um, excuse me?” Dilon choked out after a moment.

“Not hard to understand really, are you smuggling a small child down there?” the old lady's smile never wavered as she reached forward and grabbed the base of the meaty cock bulging out from Dilon's groin. He huffed, the old lady's hand not even able to grasp around his girth. “I must say though, you're packin a monster down there though.” The old woman's speech slowly started to change the more she spoke, her words more slurred and her tone and dialect thicker.

“W-what are you-”

“I can help ya ya know.” She said as she cut the moose off. Dilon stared wide, was no one else seeing this? “Nah, everyone just blind as the dickens child.” she said again.

“You can read my mind...” Dilon said softly. “The old woman merely nodded her head yes as she let go of his dick. “Baby you are definitely the first person I've ever met with this 'problem' if you can even call it that.” Dilon tried to back away, but his body felt stiff and foreign. He couldn't budge a single inch away from this old lady and he was seriously weirded out now.

“Oh child no need to feel creeped.” said the old woman. “I'm just a friendly little witch is all.”

“Witch...?” Dilon rasied an eyebrow questioningly. “Witches don'-”

“And yet I can read your mind, make you unable to move with the blink of an eye, and no one seems to be around anymore.” came the witch. Dilon gulped as he realized no one was around them, and no one had been for quite sometime. Dilon was a man of reason, most of the time, but even he had to admit there was no other way this could be happening (said the moose man)

“As I was saying,” spoke up the witch. “I can help you, with that.” she pointed down at his crotch, his bulge straining the material of his shorts, fighting to hold up.

“H-how?” he asked. The moose was scared. This small woman had basically rendered him powerless, he couldn't move, he couldn't look away, and there was just this odd feeling about her that was sending shivers down his spine.

“In many ways, but for ya'll I know the perfect solution.” The witch reached into the sleeve of her jacket and pulled out a small book. She smiled as she took a hold of one of Dilon's strange hands and placed the book there. “This is'a... 'special' book. It'll conjure up someone that'll fit you perfectly romantically, and will accept you in all sizes of life.” Dilon managed to break eye contact with the witch and looked down at the book, it was no bigger then a mouse pad length wise, but there were plenty of pages in the small tome. “The very first spell will give ya what ya so long ail for child.”

“But I don't know any magic?” Dilon looked up only to see that the witch had vanished right before him. He felt his body relax as he moved his tendons bit by bit as the stiffness washed away. He looked around to see no one in the near vicinity, just him alone with the streetlamps to guide him home. The big moose gazed down at the book in his mitt for a moment, staring at the weird language on the cover of it.

“Solve all my problems huh?”

The stars twinkled in the skies as day finally shifted to night. All the curtains had been drawn in Dilon's apartment at the only source of light being the many lit candles throughout the small adobe. The smell of fall filled the living room as Dilon sat on the floor, all of his furniture pushed aside. He sat there mulling over the small book that laid before him. He had followed the instructions so far for setting up, dim lights, the smell of fall around and plenty of space.

“Well, that's all for the setup.” Dilon said. “All that's left is to actually recite the spell...” Dilon's confidence wasn't entirely set on this. Was he really suppose to trust some old bag that appeared almost out of thin air? Was this 'spellbook' even legit? There were so many questions running around in his mind about the old lady, but yet he couldn't deny what happened earlier. Dilon was a wall of muscle and confidence, there weren't many people or things that could cause him to actually shiver and stop in his tracks. Yet this old lady had managed to do that. This lady who was half his size and weighed as much as his right leg had sent fear running through him to the point where he couldn't move. Whether if that was her magic or just the aura about her it had worked, she scared him, and now he had this book.

“This stupid...” he muttered as he picked up the book. He had done exactly what the witch said to do, read only the first spell and set it up accordingly. “Am I really about to do this?” Dilon was seriously questioning his own thoughts at the moment. Supposedly the answer, the fix to his dilemma was in this book. The answer to his greatest problem in life at the moment was directly in front of him, but for whatever reason or another he was hesitant to go through with this. He didn't know if this would do something to him or conjure up some weird creature, plus the fairy-tales of his childhood pretty much laid it out perfectly for him; trusting old women who give you old items never really leads to

anything good.

"I'm a good person." he stated aloud. "I'm not a douchebag to people, I give to charities, I volunteer every now and then, I'm not vain about my size, and I'm not a show-off." he listed, trying to think of there being any reason someone would curse him with bad luck. "... Fuck it." throwing caution to the wind, Dilon opened up the book, an old musky odor emanating from the book as he flipped to the first spell. He looked at the spell, in some language he vaguely knew of."

"Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Aenean commodo ligula eget dolor. Aenean massa. Cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus. Donec quam felis, ultricies nec, pellentesque eu, pretium quis, sem. Nulla consequat massa quis enim."

Dilon read part of the spell aloud, stopping as he heard a sort of ringing sensation in his ear. An odd feeling came over him as the hairs on the back of his neck rose up. He quickly shook the feeling off and mustered through, continuing his incantation

"Donec pede justo, fringilla vel, aliquet nec, vulputate eget, arcu. In enim justo, rhoncus ut, imperdiet a, venenatis vitae, justo. Nullam dictum felis eu pede mollis pretium. Integer tincidunt. Cras dapibus. Vivamus elementum semper nisi. Aenean vulputate eleifend tellus. Aenean leo ligula, porttitor eu, consequat vitae, eleifend ac, enim. Aliquam lorem ante, dapibus in, viverra quis, feugiat a, tellus "

Before the moose a spellcircle appeared on the floor. More intricate designs and marks appeared as the circle grew larger, a sort of fog starting to flow out from it. The moose continued on as the fog started to spread out as he reached the final portion of the spell.

"Phasellus viverra nulla ut metus varius laoreet. Quisque rutrum. Aenean imperdiet. Etiam ultricies nisi vel augue. Curabitur ullamcorper ultricies nisi. Nam eget dui. Etiam rhoncus. Maecenas tempus, tellus eget condimentum rhoncus, sem quam semper libero, sit amet adipiscing sem neque sed ipsum!"

As the final word was spoken a bright flash engulfed the moose and the entire living room, if one were to look in from the outside they could see the light flash, then quickly dissipate. Inside though, Dilon had shielded his eyes from the blinding light, a powerful arcane gust blowing inside his apartment as the candles were blown out, leaving him in the complete dark. However almost as quickly as it appeared the light vanished and the winds stopped.

"Ugh..." grumbled the moose as he stood up, he shifted in the darkness, using the wall as a guide and flipped the lights back on. He slowly opened his eyes as to let them adjust to the brightness, looking around. Everything was back to normal, nothing extraordinary was before him. The magic circle was gone, the candles were blown out, the book had flipped shut in the gust of wind, nothing had changed at all. He let a hand snake down his front, gripping the heavy dong in his shorts; yep, still hunger then a horse and then some.

"Great...and she lied to me." Dilon crossed his arms over his chest and sighed. In his mind he berated himself for even listening to an old lady like that. "Magic, pfft." With a heavy heart Dilon walked down the hallway, tired and just not feeling to proud of himself at the moment. "Maybe I can find a way to get some quick cash off that book." he stated out loud.

"Why would you want to give away something so magical?" came a voice.

"Because it's lousy and-" Dilon stopped dead in his tracks as he walked into his room. He turned his head slowly to his bed where he heard the sound of the voice. Stretched out upon his bed and reading a magazine was a naked goat covered in all white fur. Dilon looked on in confusion, shock, and awe as the goat looked up from the magazine, their piercing crimson eyes looking back at the moose.

"Mmm, well can't say I would blame you, that witch has been trying to ponder that book off for centuries now, but *Damn* am I glad she gave it to you." the demon goat slowly lifted themselves up off the bed, giving Dilon a good look at it. A pair of horns curled upward from its head, bright and shiny just like his white coat. Dilon had to admit, the goat was very attractive. He wasn't muscled like him, kind of chubby actually. He had cute chubby cheeks that only drew more attention to his exotic eyes. There was a small bit of jiggle to his frame as he stood, his tiny pot belly shifting and jostling for a second. It seemed a lot of his weight sat in his lower body, his thighs and hips flaring act to give him a feminine and curvy frame. Between his legs was a sizable package, a cock not to big, but not to small and a pair of egg sized gonads.. "Although you are the owner of the book now, and all its magic so you may want to rethink that idea." Dilon looked on, utterly shocked by this change of events. The goat shot him a smirk as he almost glided closer to the moose, closing the gap between them seamlessly. The demon looked almost minuscule compared to Dilon, only coming up to his thickly padded stomach. Even with his arms stretched above his head the goat could only run his finger tips under Dilon's chin

"But you are the master of the book now and I do I do I do I do *I do* say, you are magnificent." the demon wriggled a hand down inside the shorts Dilon was wearing, sensual rubbing along his girth and getting a grunt from the big moose.

"I...what?" Dilon finally squeaked out. He didn't know what to say, or do in this situation. No matter how strong and confident he was in himself he had no idea what the hell was happening.

"Guess I should explain somethings then." the goat magically disappeared in a puff of smoke, leaving Dilon confused as he looked around the room. "The book you see is tied to whoever recites the spell." came the voice of the goat as they magically reappeared seated at Dilon's desk. The goat crossed his legs as he sat with his chin up, smirking as he held the book close to him. "The woman you got it from, the witch, was the previous owner of the book. She however grew weary of it and wanted to get rid of it, can you believe that? I mean she stayed alive a few extra centuries because of me and the book!"

"I...what?" Dilon asked, even more confused. "Centuries? How old was she?"

"Mmm...I'd say about 500 years old, give or take fifty years."

"5...500 years?" Dilon stumbled back a bit at the revelation, hitting the wall with a heavy thud. "So...so who are you then?" Dilon looked at the goat, the demon's smirk growing more sinister as they got up. They slowly walked towards Dilon, swishing their hips and walking with a sexy gait. The goat approached Dilon and grabbed his head, gently craning Dilon downward and pulling him into a deep kiss. Dilon was taken back by the promiscuous goat, the demon sliding its tongue almost down Dilon's throat. The demon slowly pulled away, but not before gently biting the moose's lower lip

"I am sort of the keeper of the book, and, as of now I am 'yours'." stated the demon.

"Mine?" Dilon asked as he reached up and gently rubbed his mouth, the taste of the demon still strong on his lips.

"Well, technically not yet, but I am yours." said the demon. "That book and I are almost one in the same, I am the deity that resides over it. Normally it was used as a...tool of punishment in older days." the demon chuckled as he eyed the growing bulge in Dilon's shorts.

"...an Incubus." Dilon muttered. While his knowledge of the demonic and arcane were far less than the average fantasy buff, he knew enough to know of the demons that prayed and lived of consuming the soul through intercourse.

"Very good, so you do know something." the goat chuckled, flicking his hips. "Rest assured though, I have no intention of taking your soul, that is unless you want me to." the demon licked it's lips hungrily, causing Dilon to shiver a bit. "You were judged when you casted the spell earlier with what little magic you have, and you seem to be of the purest heart. An older me would want to see how dirty and corrupt I could turn you...." the goat shivered as it's knees buckled a bit underneath it, remembering a pleasurable encounter most likely.

"So...magic is real then." Dilon muttered as he finally started to piece together his thoughts. "That's what she meant by ail my need, nothing of this world could help me."

"Hmmm...not quite, but for someone as impatient as you a little dabble in the world of the arcane would benefit you the fastest." With all of this said though, this now rightfully belongs to you." Dilon watched as the demon waved a finger, the book floating off the ground and into the hands of the moose. "And so will I, after we....hehe, consummate."

"C-Consummate?!" Dilon still couldn't believe what was right before him, part of his mind was denying this up and down and telling him that he was only dreaming, but the stronger part of his mind was telling him that this was real, and that he had just performed magic. The facts were too strong for him to ignore, and that demon was probably the best kisser he had ever met. "If, so you can actually... take me?"

"Baby I could take you if you were to triple your size." the demon chided as he smiled. "I can show and teach you things that have been lost in the millenniums of time, things you could have never even imagined." Dilon stood there, completely phased for a moment by the demon's words, but the demon sounded so sure, and the little goat was definitely hitting all the right buttons for him when it came to attraction

"So we just need to have sex." Dilon said in a low voice. The demon's grin grew even wider as he placed his hands behind his back.

"That's it, once that happens the book will be bound to your will, and so shall I be.."

"Then, tell me, what's your name?" Dilon asked. The demon's devilish grin faded as they raised an eyebrow.

"Excuse me?" asked the demon.

"Your name, I would think I should know my boyfriend's name." Dilon said. The demon's brow

furrowed as he closed his eyes in thought. The witch never called him by name, only summoning him by calling Demon.

"I...I don't remember." the demon meekly said.

"How can you not remember your own name?" the big moose chuckled.

"When you've been alive as long as I have your memories get faded and jumbled about." the demon started. "Plus being with someone for 500 years that never called you by said name doesn't help."

"Oh, well what would you like me to call you then?" Dilon asked. The demon hummed as he thought about it. This human was definitely a weird one, asking for his name? How cliched, although maybe it was more because he had spent the last few centuries with a crazy old lady who wasn't really all that good with manners anymore. He would have assumed the big moose would throw him down on the bed, take him right then and there, and they'd be bound in less than thirty minutes or so, but yet he was rather shy it seemed, it was a cute change of pace.

"Demi." said the demon.

"Excuse me?" responded Dilon

"You can call me Demi, I think that's the short version of what my old name was." For the first time the entire evening Demi smiled softly, looking much less demonic than the aura he let off.

"Demi it is then." Dilon said as the demon approached him. The big moose craned his head down once again, the two locking lips as they engaged in a passion kiss. Their tongues danced around in each other mouths as Dilon reached back to grope the swells of Demi's bubble butt. Dilon squished and groped the goat's thick backside, even for his massive mitts those cheeks seemed to overflow from his hands. Dilon picked Demi up off the ground by cupping his hands around the demon's asscheeks, taking some of the stress and strain off his neck from having to crane down. The two pulled away briefly from one another before diving at each others mouths. They slowly made their way towards the bed, Dilon tossing the demon onto the XXL sized bed. The goat's diminutive frame didn't even take up half of the bed. Dilon pulled his shirt off and tossed it aside, showcasing his body to the demon. Demi licked his lips greedily as he took in the sight before him

"I'm a sucker for beef, come on over and let me get a piece." Demi said in a sultry tone, motioning the big moose over with a finger. Dilon descended upon the bed and on top of bare demon. Dilon rubbed his excessive package against the demon, coaxing a moan from the goat as he felt the sheer heft and size of the moose. He could hold one of those engorged gonads in each hand if he wanted to. Dilon's shorts started to feel tighter and tighter as he grinded up against the demon, his shorts fighting a losing battle as the sounds of stretched and tearing fabric could be heard. Dilon pulled away momentarily as he dug into his shorts, letting his monster dangle free and oh was it a monster. The foot and a half of dong before the goat bent over its own weight, about as thick as one of his chubby thighs. Demi whistled in approval as he gawked at the spire of meat that was now resting on his belly.

"T-tell me if you start to hurt." Dilon blurted out as he tripped over his own words.

"Baby, I want you to hurt me with that." Demi smiled seductively. The demon turned over and got on his hands and knees and showcased his assets off, his fluffed up heart shaped tail wiggled excitedly as he reached back and slapped his ass, the thick cheeks jiggling a bit. Dilon huffed as he grabbed hold onto them, feeling and shaking them. He was amazed at how they wobbled, there was just enough fat on them to give them a nice jostle, his schlong hardening even more. He continued to rub and grope at Demi's bubble butt, the already aching feeling in his balls growing. The pain was proving to much, pushing Dilon to skip the foreplay and plunge right in, grabbing his girth and slowly sliding in between those puffy cheeks, a bit of resistance as he slid against the inner workings of Demi.

"Ooooooh~" Demi coo'd as he felt more dong slid inside of him. He could feel every vein of the monstercock slide against his walls, the girth spearing him right down the middle. From the sheer force alone his own cock stirred, pre dribbling down it and into the bed Eventually Demi hit base, an entirety of moose dong filling him up and bulging out his belly.

"I-It actually fit." Dilon gasped. Anyone brave enough to take his monster never even made it pass ten inches, let alone every single inch entirely. Here was this goat- ur- demon that took him down to base and back.

"You ain't seen nothin yet big boy." Demi smiled devilishly as he looked back. Demi pulled his hips forward and pulled off the heavy schlong inside him just a bit. He then pushed back, sliding back down the pole, causing Dilon to huff as he felt these sensitive walls slide up and down his dick. Demi kept this up, his rhythm and pace picking up bit by bit. Dilon was completely thrown off by the demon entirely, was he like this often? The room fell silent, the only sounds of bare flesh smacking against bare flesh echoing against the walls. Dilon was at the mercy of the demon, Demi's pace picking up as he started to smack his ass against Dilon's groin. Demi's body was moving like a piston, sliding up and down the massive cock lodged inside him. Dilon could feel the pressure in his loins build up, an unholy load about to come barreling through as he sat back slack-jawed.

"That's it, let it all out." Demi moaned as he kept up his pace, clenching down around Dilon's girth. With one more slam of his hips Dilon couldn't hold back the torrent anymore, his balls tensing up as he shot his load . Thick spurts of cum shot out and filled the belly of the demon, it's belly going from pudgy to taunt as he took load after load after load. Dilon was on cloud nine, experiencing the best orgasm he had ever had. His body buzzed with pleasure as his climax tapered off. The moose struggled to breathe, panting and wheezing as he came down from his ride of pleasure. Demi slowly and gently pulled away, a wet squelching sound as he slipped off the tip of Dilon's dick. The mass of moose flopped onto the bed, remnants of cum dribbling onto the sheets as Dilon looked on in a daze.

"I've got to say, that was quite the ride I took you on it seems." Demi chuckled as he cradled his belly, packed to the brim with cum and sticking out a solid two inches from his body. "You're quite the shooter, seems today was my lucky day." Demi turned and looked on as Dilon's wits slowly came back to him. The moose looked on as he saw Demi's belly slowly deflate, the taunt sphere going back to it's pudgy beginnings. As his belly deflated his cock inflated, steadily inflating and growing.

"You're--"

"Oh, yes." Demi said nonchantly. "I *was* a Incubus I remind you. While I don't live off the soul of men anymore all that life force has to go somewhere." The demon chuckled as his average dick continued it's growth before it eventually tapered off at off around eight inches flaccid and a fair bit thicker, even their balls had swelled up a bit, from goose eggs to tennis balls. With the growth complete

Demi strode over to Dilon and sat on the bed with him, pulling the big lug closer to his body.

“This is going to be a wonderful relationship, so I hope you're ready.”