

Darkness loomed from every corner of the room. Every shadow hid an invisible aggressor, and every drip of water that echoed throughout the halls made Gerrark jump. The rat was regretting his coming here with each passing second.

In reality, it wasn't *that* dark. The enormous banquet hall Gerrark was in was relatively well lit, thanks to the small fire he conjured in the corner. As long as the lithe rat stood up straight and adjusted his glasses, there wasn't any portion of the room he couldn't see. There wasn't any doorway or jutting stonework to allow someone to get close undetected, and the tables and chairs were sparse. The shadows they cast were but a trifle, even for Gerrark's poor night vision. On top of everything else, the room was far longer than it was wide, so even if something ran at the rat full sprint from the entrances at the other end, he should have plenty of time to react. That's what he kept telling himself, at least.

Still, this wasn't some normal hidden dungeon castle thing. This was Quin. *The* Quin. Kingdom of All That Is Unseen and all that nonsense. Who knows what was waiting for Gerrark and his companion in the depths of this place? Fvorte was convinced there was nothing (and the last 10 hours they spent exploring definitely supported that), but Gerrark wasn't so sure. The rat sat close to the fire, staff at the ready in his hand. No matter how many times he looked around the room to confirm the only occupants were himself and a sleeping rabbit, he couldn't help but feel like he was being watched.

Which, he was. In fact, the two of them were being watched the very moment they set foot in the castle. It was the one known as Joe. A name meaningless to everyone but Joe himself of course, but one of the two adventurers had surely heard one of his better known titles (Prince of Pleasure, Demon King of Sloth, etc.), at least.

The fox-shaped monster liked what he saw. The rabbit's crass words and lewd body language guaranteed he'd provide plenty of entertainment, but it was the rat he was really eyeballing. He was practically oozing arcane energy and paranoia, which not only meant he could be a legitimate threat to the fox's fun, but that he would be oh so fun to break down as well. All he needed was the right opportunity, and with the rabbit now deep asleep the fox could not help but grin; his moment had arrived.

Gerrark almost yelped when Fvorte snored loudly next to him. The rat couldn't help but look at his companion with a bit of jealousy. He looked like he didn't have a care in the world, wearing a big smile as he sat propped against the stone wall. Whatever he was dreaming about must have been better than this. The longer the rat stared at the blissful rabbit, the longer he began to entertain the idea of doing something mean, so Gerrark turned his attention towards the far side of the room, hoping his shift would go faster if he occupied himself instead by counting individual chunks of stonework in the walls and floor.

It did not. The rat's shift seemed to stretch on to infinity, even though he knew it must have only been a couple of hours. It was awful. There was nothing to do, or even look at. No tapestries or pictures or ornamentations of any sort adorned the walls, probably because of former plunderers, the rat mused. The chairs and tables were of little interest as well. They were all dreadfully plain, or broken, and while the rat would have taken some impish delight in adding to the destruction, he figured that Fvorte probably wouldn't appreciate the noise.

But the worst thing about this place by far? The smells. Gerrark had been breathing his mouth the entire time they had been in the castle because of the constant and horrible odor of dust and decay. It was was an olfactory nightmare, a cocktail of every imaginable disgusting scent (and a few unimaginable ones). Sure it was faint, but it was omnipresent, wafting through the halls to create a most oppressive atmosphere. Every time the rat's nose picked up the smell it made his face scrunch up in disgust, and it made his whole body shake. Gerrark had dealt with spells *specifically* made to be incapacitatingly disgusting, but they still could not hold a candle to this rank odor, and he wasn't entirely convinced that this wasn't one such spell anyway.

"Ah!"

Gerrark started awake after a deep sniff, pressing off from the stone wall he had begun to doze against. He shook his head a bit to clear it, and then, oddly enough, took a few more purposeful sniffs. His eyebrows rose, and his stomach felt like it was suddenly falling down an endless shaft. The dungeon's disgusting musk was a constant as ever, but that's not why the rat had such a start. There was a new smell, and quite the pleasant one, sliding its way delicately through the air. Gerrark's hand gripped his staff harder as he took a few more cautious sniffs, and his eyes widened. It was not just one good smell, but a handful of them, creating what could be described as an earthy, savory potpourri filling the hall. The rat's knees began to tremble as he focused upon the sigil he placed at the entrance to detect new intruders. It was as he feared: it was completely intact. The source of the scent was coming from within the castle.

Gerrark was no longer tired, and was standing straight up before the fire. His eyes scanned the two entrances as he debated what to do. He thought about waking his companion, but there was no way he could rouse the rabbit stealthily, and no matter what was roaming the halls, he'd rather avoid it. Casting almost any spell would be problematic as well. So, so many creatures could inherently sense any sort of magic being cast near them, much to the rat's constant chagrin. Should he douse the flame at least? Risk some sort of spell anyway? Ready his dagger, if nothing else? "Quiet" spells and defensive poses raced through the rat's mind as he strained his ears to hear something, anything in the silence of the castle. It was no wonder he made such a strangled squeaking noise as the soft bass voice rolled across him from behind.

"Something wrong, little one?"

Without turning around, Gerrark jumped a whole foot off the ground. Suddenly finding himself square on his ass and facing a demon, he scooted as fast as he could away from the most imposing beast he had ever seen in his life.

Joe's shape was both alluring and frightening. He had a very pear shaped figure, complete with thick thighs, huge hips, and a heavy, hanging belly (with pecs to match). His fur was a greenish-blue, except across the belly and inner thigh, where it was a creamy white. Same for his balls, though his cock was jet black--a fact that the rat wouldn't normally fixate on, but it was rather hard to ignore, given how gigantic Joe's dong was. Beautifully smooth and sleek horns, black as a starless night, sat atop the demon's head. They started thick at the base and grew wider, until at their thickest point they were as thick as the head of the beast himself. They curved outward from each other until that thickest point, where they started to curve back, creating a pleasantly fat shape reminiscent of the rest of the beast's body--save for their two straight, extremely dangerous looking points. The beast's form exuded comfort, but there was an obvious sense of power and cunning underneath the luxury. This was all exacerbated by the way his extremely thick, tube-like tail swayed absentmindedly behind him; it was abundantly clear who *he* thought had control of the situation, at least.

All of this would have been scary enough, had Joe been the same size as the rat. But that was not the case. The demon was gigantic. While laying on his side, his flank almost brushed against the rafters along the ceiling, and a single paw looked like it might weigh hundreds of pounds. The rat, having spent his whole life looking down to see everyone else, was trembling before a creature whose head was easily the size of his whole body, and that wasn't counting the horns.

A long wooden pipe, embellished with gold at both ends, trailed thin wisps of smoke as Joe observed him. The fiery embers at the end burned brightly, and gave off a tremendous heat. Terrified as he was, the rat realized that that must be why he didn't notice that the fire behind him had been snuffed out; the pipe had taken its place. Too bad that didn't help explain how a creature as big as a cottage snuck up behind him.

"Fvorte, wake up!" Gerrark yelled as soon as he found his voice. He scrambled to his feet as fast as he could, readying his staff to unleash any number of spells that could deal with such a behemoth. The towering demon continued to watch with interest as the tip of Gerrark's staff began to glow, the weight of the magical incantations heavy upon his lips. Just as he was about to let loose a volley, the rabbit's sleepy voice echoed throughout the room.

"It's not time for my shift yet... Just relax Gerrark..."

The rat's jaw hit the floor. For a brief moment, all of his fear was forgotten as shock and annoyance both tried to push to the fore. Shock won out when the big blue beast started to chuckle and shake his head in the rabbit's direction. He then turned to look at the rat, still smiling wide.

“Gerrark, hmmm? You know, your friend’s right.”

Hearing that rich voice speak his name had a queer affect on the rat. He shivered from tip to tail, and the grip on his staff loosened. The last few seconds became jumbled as that deep voice reverberated through him. Gerrark took a moment to understand what the beast meant as he tried to parse the last few seconds.

In that time, Joe took in a deep breath through his pipe, the ember at the tip burning brightly. With a deep exhalation a cloud of smoke crashed into the rat, and Joe’s form moved with it. It pushed against Gerrark like a wave, almost knocking him over, before the cloud coalesced behind him, regaining that curvaceous form once again.

“Look at you, you’re exhausted,” said the beast, with a muzzle as thick as the rat’s widest point, now hovering inches from the side of Gerrark’s face. The rat yelped and turned around, face to face with the creature. He squeaked rather pitifully and threw up his hands, shielding his face in panic. After a second of nothing happening, Gerrark opened his eyes, seeing that the creature had once again disappeared. The panic he felt upon losing sight of something so large was nothing compared to when he felt Joe’s smoky chuckles slide lasciviously along his back. Gerrark slowly turned to face the demon and stifled a whimper; he was staring directly down the snout of the gigantic creature. The rat gulped but tried to look like he wasn’t terrified, keeping his eyes locked on the demon’s. Exactly what Joe was hoping he’d do.

“Relax, little rat.”

It happened so smoothly it seemed like nothing happened at all, at first. The big black pupils at the center of those enormous yellow eyes began to shrink, and what burst from the center was the most beautiful color of pink the rat ever saw. It was followed by an equally delicious red, and then white, and they all repeated in a strobing pattern that made the rat’s knees wobble and his shoulders sag. The colors pushed out to the edges of the creature’s big yellow eyes, and even past that, until they were all the rat could see.

The beast smiled smugly as he continued to stare down the rat, watching his spell take hold. To his credit, Gerrark did fight, even if he did not know it at first. As soon as the beautiful pattern of pink, red, and white burst in front of his vision, he began to twitch and squirm. He tried to pull away, but curiosity over this unimaginable beauty kept his gaze from straying too far. His eyes opened wide to see as much of the alluring spectacle as possible, while the rest of his body started to go slack. His survival instinct was screaming to be heard, and he was trying desperately to listen, but Joe’s words reverberated throughout his head with each fresh new wave of color. Trying to resist felt like trudging through molasses--every ripple from Joe’s eyes was a wave that knocked Gerrark down and sapped more of his strength. The beauty of his eyes was impossible to ignore, and the colors continued to beckon him closer. Closer to the fox, closer to the heat and the weight that made his body feel so good.

After a few seconds (or minutes, or hours, time meaningless in the face of such beauty) of fighting, Gerrark had almost fully pulled his head to the side, breaking Joe's hold. But this monster's confidence was well deserved. With a movement as fluid as water his big tail snuck up behind the rat, sliding up between his legs. It pushed under his sorcerer's robes and lifted him up, pressing his nose directly against Joe's. Pink, red, and white was now all he could see, as the fox's delicious breath pushed along his front. The colors were irresistible, as was the intense pleasure of that plush tail cradling his hardening dick. With a sigh, the rat slumped, and smiled. His eyes immediately filled rings of pink, red and white, reflecting the demon's.

"Isn't that better?" the beast cooed, not bothering to keep the note of triumph out of his voice.

"You've been on edge since you got here, little rat." He moved an enormous paw towards Gerrark, who was too mesmerized by Joe's beautiful gaze to flinch. The creature pushed an enormous digit up under the rat's chin, and Gerrark could not help but shiver.

"You need to relax. Enjoy yourself."

It didn't come as a command, because it didn't need to. Joe's words were true, after all. Gerrark had been on edge for hours. He was paranoid and scared, jumping at every flickering shadow. He was exhausted, and desperately needed to unwind. And now, thanks to the fox, he could. There was no need to fear, or fight, or do anything but keep watching the pretty colors and listening to this handsome creature. Gerrark's mouth had become a wide smile, and the stimulating warmth from the hypnosis (and Joe's plush tail) had made Gerrark's dick unapologetically erect. Every time he shifted to keep his gaze level with the demon's his dick swayed and bounced, and as it did, he huffed and whined under his breath. While the rat never wanted this pleasure to end, it was exhausting him, and his body drooped more and more with each passing second.

The demon's smile went from reassuring to wicked as the rat fell deeper under his power. It had been so long since any new playthings had entered his domain, and these two were turning out to be so much more fun than expected. It was a wonderful stroke of luck that the rabbit was the one to sleep first, leaving the more dangerous of the two to become tired, disheveled, and easy to seduce. Now all Joe needed to do was take his time and crumble any last remaining pillars of willpower. He continued to whisper promises of pleasure and relaxation to the rat, each word sending shivers of pleasure through the small mage.

Somewhere deep in Gerrark's subconscious was a voice, crying out in desperation. It sounded like something was wrong--something he should be worried about, doing something about. The "what" was just so hard to grasp. The voice was just beyond his reach, and every time his conscious mind tried to grasp it a new wave of colors or soothing words swept him further out into a sea of comfort. Every time this happened it

became harder to hear the voice, and it took longer for him to reach for it. After only a few minutes of Joe's hypnotic seduction, Gerrark forgot there even was a voice; all he had was a vague sense of unease. Which was silly, he thought with a giggle. He was here with a demon, all he had to do was relax.

"Sleep, let go, little rat..." the fox whispered, continuing his assault on the rodent's brain with patience. It seemed like the rat had been completely under his spell for awhile now, but Joe was a thorough beast. Any time the rat's eyelid twitched with the sign of stray thought, Joe was ready with another soothing phrase. Whenever that smile began to falter, the fox gently booped his nose against the rat's, little wisps of smoke pushing out of his big nostrils and caressing the rodent's cheeks. Any time a sound fell from his lips that wasn't laced with unrestrained pleasure, his tail would flick, and scatter Gerrark's thought with an earthquake of stimulation. The rat's energy and paranoia had all but dissipated. His hand had finally loosened and his staff hit the floor with a soft clatter, but ultimately it wasn't important, the colors assured him. It wasn't helping him relax. It wasn't helping with the growing need in his crotch, as his dick screamed for attention from paws too heavy and uncoordinated to do anything about it. Only this monster could help, his color-addled brain was increasingly rationalizing.

Gerrark was horny, so horny, and getting hornier by the second. Everything about the fox was almost too attractive. His gaze was beautiful, his size massive, and his demeanor was just the right mix of villainous and adoring. The rat's moaning was getting louder, as not just his dick, but his whole body tingled with pleasure. The colorful rings pushed out from the edge of the fox's gaze and surrounded him in warmth and comfort. They tickled as they slid down and around his body, making his hips rock and his dick spurt. He wanted pleasure, needed pleasure. Needed this demon. His face reflected it, desperate whimpers tumbling from his clumsy lips.

"You want warmth, safety.... Don't you?" the demon asked, nodding his head as he did so. The rat, eager to keep eye contact, mirrored his nod.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure you feel safe. It'll feel sooooo good too, hmmmhmm." The rat nodded again, or maybe he was just nodding off. Either way, the fox snickered evilly to himself. His prey was right where he wanted him. The very notion of fear was gone from the rat's mind, and even after the fox turned off his hypnotic stare the colors held fast in his prey's gaze. The rat was a drooling, moaning mess, humping against the plush tail that had slowly wound its way up around his waist. It was time to move onto the fun part, Joe decided.

Gerrark did not notice his robe melt away as the fox blew a cloud of smoke over it, nor that plush tail dragging him away from Joe's toothy grin. What he did notice was the gigantic black fox asshole sitting in front of him. Even with his eyes still filled with colors Gerrark saw it clearly, or maybe he just felt its overwhelming gravity. It did not matter either way; at that moment Gerrark knew there was nothing he had ever wanted more in

his life. It throbbed with the same allure that the fox's gaze had had, and the tantalizing warmth it radiated was making the rat squirm. Gerrark's dick, which had already been hard as a rock from so much stimulation, was leaking freely, soaking the tail and his tummy. He panted like a dog, eyes still flashing with colorful desire, as he weakly pushed against the tail to get closer.

Joe was lounging on his stomach, his own dong hard as hell by now and poking out from his left flank. He lazily humped it along the floor, partially because it felt good, and partially because he knew it'd drive the rat wild to watch his ass sway back and forth like that. Making a careful mage like this fall apart into a mess of desire was always fun enough on its own, but now they were getting to the *really* fun part. He took another puff of his pipe and thrust gently, a huge spurt of pre shooting out while the soft black flesh of his dick bunched up. He wanted this rat in his ass, now... but teasing him was just too delicious.

"You want in, don't you?" the fox said with a smug, lazy air. He flexed his hips in front of the rat, causing his donut to quake and tempt the poor rodent further. The rat did not respond, but the fox could feel him struggle in his tail, pushing towards the thick target.

"Mmmmm, very good," the fox muttered, taking a long drag from his pipe while his own monster dong shot pre along the floor in anticipation, "Soon, little thing."

Gerrark was a rat possessed, squirming and huffing and struggling without end. He desperately wanted to get close to that pillowy donut, but the tail that held him did so with surprising strength. It did not help matters that every time the rat yanked his body against it his dick (sensitive from the arousing spell of the fox) ached and leaked, his entire body seizing up as he did so. His cheeks were flushed, every part of him felt hot (so hot), and that black ring of smooth flesh seemed closer every second, yet still so far out of reach. Pulling his upper body extra hard, his nose almost pressed against it, and his tongue shot out to taste it. He was almost there, the heat was intense... But the fluffiness of Joe's tail on his junk finally broke him with overstimulation, and he fell back, leaking terribly as he moaned lewdly. The rat was in a horny fog, brought about by the beast's heat and smoke.

But just before Gerrark was about to yank harder than ever and doom himself, a loud "Ping!" sound pierced through the haze of the rat's mind, bringing startling clarity. It was the sigil that the rat had placed at the entrance, apparently tripped by a stray bird flitting around the doors. For a split second, the severity of the situation reached the rat's brain; he was wrapped up in this demon's seductive spell, and was only seconds away from giving himself over to the creature entirely. It felt good, so good, to be in his grasp, and the rat could already feel his will crumbling again as the fog of pleasure rolled over him. Everything was slipping away, everything was unimportant, except the demon, and his arousal. A name came to Gerrark's lips, but it slipped away before he

could even remember who it was he was trying to call for. The image of a smirking rabbit faded from his mind, and without knowing why, the rat called out sleepily.

“Fff-f-Fvorte!”

Joe was surprised that the rat had still been able to muster up the will to do such a thing, but he did not show it. Actually, he looked a bit amused. He gave his hips a practiced shake, causing a wave of force to push up from the base of his tail and move along it until it reached the end, where Gerrark was held. As soon as it reached the rat he crashed face-first into the demon’s pillowy donut.

All doubts disappeared in an instant. Velvety flesh pressed in on all sides of Gerrark’s face--no, his entire body. It was yielding and soft, hot and inviting; dragging his muzzle along it made Gerrark’s whole body tingle in pleasure. He was free of the tail now, not that it mattered, as the fox’s ass held him so strongly “escape” was no longer a word Gerrark had in his vocabulary. He was holding into the demon’s puffy ring with both hands, pressing into it, kneading it. Testing the weight, the give, all while dragging every inch of himself across it. It moved so easily as he pressed his palms into it, and pushed pleasingly through his fingers as he gripped and squeezed. The colors in his eyes flashed with newfound brilliance, as all ingrained self-preservation turned into worship for the beast. He made a terrible mess as he pressed himself against it, licking every bit he could reach while his throbbing boner left long lines of pre over the surface of the black donut. It was ecstasy. He was humping, he was moaning, he was lost in a cushion of warm flesh.

Joe was over the moon himself. Gerrark had fallen to his sway easier than he expected, and his prey was worshipping his donut with an enthusiasm that made him giddy. Gerrark frenched the big black pucker with desire that could only be called manic. The rat’s snout rolled across his donut with the force of a hurricane as he pressed in, nuzzled hard, nibbled and pulled, licked and kissed. The whole time he was hugging as much as he could with his arms and legs, humping wildly, giving Joe’s donut a warm glaze. It was glorious.

“Wooooof, crawl inside me little rat,” the fox moaned as he continued his slow humping across the floor. Without hesitation the rat, who had only pressed his nose gently into the center so far, slid in deep. It yielded easily to his touch, and he slowly began to push his whole head inside, much to the fox’s obvious delight. Joe’s donut was so smooth and so practiced that the rat felt no resistance whatsoever as he penetrated the fox, but every time he stopped moving to rest, he felt the demon’s ass squeeze around him powerfully, the fox’s growls of pleasure shaking his whole body.

Joe was starting to become as euphoric as his prey, and brazenly moaned as he continued to hump the ground; his woofs and barks escaped in thick clouds of smoke which were filling the room. His dick leaked like a faucet (or more aptly, a hose) at this point, throbbing more and more as the rat continued to climb inside his ass. As Gerrark

forced himself in up to his shoulders and pushed Joe's donut open wider than ever, the fox kicked the wall so hard the room shook.

That was what it finally took to get Fvorte's eyes to shoot open. The wet smacking sounds, the scent of sex and smoke, and even Gerrark's whimpering had not done it--probably because, if the rabbit's own boner was any indication, he had just chalked it up to an extremely horny dream. But when the room itself rumbled with demonic pleasure, the rabbit's eyelids finally lifted.

And yet he still did not jump to his feet, ready to rescue. Seeing a huge, horny demon, moaning and puffing and humping the ground before him, the rabbit just assumed he was still dreaming. He gave the bulge in his pants a quick rub and yawned, oblivious to the danger. His eyelids began to fall once more, and if not for seeing that familiar rat tail whipping about from behind the creature's enormous ass, he would have slipped away once more. But instead, the horny bunny said:

"Make sure to leave some for my shift..."

Joe was too caught up in the pleasure of his prey now waist deep inside him. He could feel Gerrark's little rat boner still exposed and humping spasmodically against his donut, which was driving him wild. Whether or not the demon even considered Fvorte a threat hardly mattered, for he was having too much fun.

"Oh, there'll be plenty of room in there for both of you," he said, turning his sly grin from his own rear to the rabbit, taunting him with a snort of smoke.

The cloud that washed over the rabbit made him cough and shake his head. His eyes slowly opened back up, finally realizing something was amiss. Before he took complete stock of the situation he had already instinctively jumped to his feet, and flew towards the grinning demon, who looked like he was right on the verge of what was surely only the first of a series of orgasms he had planned for the night. The rabbit's fist cracked like lightning, connecting with the creature's jaw and sending him sailing into the nearby wall. The force of Fvorte's blow was so great it knocked the beast senseless, and the rat slid as easily from his completely relaxed rear as if he was going down a slide. He fell into the convenient mess of tail waiting below, still lost to the world and hard as a rock.

"You've made a big mistake, little rabbit," the fox snarled. His teeth, sharper than they were a second ago, clenched his pipe as it billowed smoke ominously. Fvorte's brief burst of courage faded as he truly took in the size of the beast for the first time. His ears fell behind his head and he began to back up, quickly finding himself pressed against the wall.

"A very big..." the fox's eyes flashed momentarily, and his eyes filled with mesmerizing colors, "...Mistake." Though the fox was fast on the draw, the rabbit was faster. Horndog that he was, Fvorte immediately recognized the demon. He knew all about his seductive gaze, and he closed his eyes just a half a second fast enough.

Unfortunately, with his eyes closed and back literally up against a wall, he didn't have much in the way of options at this point. All he could do was quiver and try to take up a defensive stance, never daring to open his eyelids.

But Joe was not shaped like a fox for nothing. He was a clever demon, and had many tricks. Without missing a beat he pulled the pipe out of his mouth, and inspected the herbs in the chamber. After a nimble flick of his fingers that looked like he did nothing at all, he smiled and put the pipe back in his mouth.

"You know, you were enjoying yourself a second ago," the fox said. He pulled in deep, and the embers burned much more softly. He slowly sighed out a cloud of smoke that slithered along the ground like a snake. When it found Fvorte's leg it began to slide up, and it was worryingly heavy. Fvorte's fluid stance suddenly became rigid and clumsy as he tried to swat it away, accomplishing nothing. It dragged under his taint and up the dick bulge that was appearing once again, but it didn't stop its climb. It wound up and up and all the way around his neck until it finally lost its form, becoming a haze around his head.. The smell was pleasing, and Fvorte found himself sniffing for more.

"Take a hit, relax with me," the fox said with a pleading tone, taking in another great pull and blowing this cloud right into the rabbit's face. Fvorte coughed and sputtered and waved his hands, but that did not stop his lungs from quickly filling up with warmth. Pulsing, pleasurable warmth that spread throughout his body and hit his dick like a thunderclap. It actually hurt a bit, how suddenly hard and horny he was. His dick strained terribly in his pants, and his ears were already flush. His clothes felt so tight. Without shame the rabbit undid his pants and whipped out his dick, moaning like a fool as he stroked himself slowly. His shoulders felt heavy, his head felt light, his body felt great; he was blasted already. Still, Joe couldn't resist giving the poor thing the coup de grace. With another deep pull, he reached out and wrapped an enormous thumb and forefinger around the rabbit's chest, holding him in place. Then Joe opened wide, and wrapped his lips around the rabbit's head.

He was careful, but that didn't mean he wasn't rough. His huge tongue knocked the rabbit senseless, not that there was anything left in his brain after even a second of being trapped in the demon's smoke filled mouth. Joe sucked and swirled, sandwiching Fvorte's long ears between his tongue and the roof of his mouth. After a few seconds, he pulled away, leaving the rabbit's head covered with drool.

"Feeling better?" the fox asked, his voice filled with glee. A dark smile crossed his lips as he watched the twitching, gasping rabbit try to respond.

"Y-yeah," Fvorte sputtered, moaning shortly after. Apparently even the slight tremors sent through his body from answering the question gave him too much pleasure to handle. His cock throbbed terribly, gushing so much pre that even Joe had to admit he was impressed.

“Look at me when you answer,” Joe said casually, not even bothering to put the colors back in his eyes.

He didn’t need to. Fvorte’s eyelids popped open without question, and were already filled with the fox’s colors. He was gone, solid gone, and his dick was loving it. The fox could hardly contain his excitement, his dong already thickening at the sight of a new pleasure.

“Oh, I’m going to enjoy draining you,” the demon said, suddenly gripping the rabbit with both hands, and pressing him against the wall. He was a few feet off the ground now, and his dick was still free, though it was bouncing about wildly from all Fvorte’s needy thrusting and humping.

“When I finally let you cum.” Joe chuckled evilly as he blew an oddly colored ring of smoke at the rabbit’s dick. Fvorte howled and humped harder. The demon’s mouth opened wide, and his huge tongue flopped out. Without delay, he dove at the rabbit’s crotch. He was much more ferocious here than with Fvorte’s head, nuzzling the rabbit’s groin roughly, and smacking his lips over it lewdly. His tongue, gigantic as it was, slid all around and about, pressing up hard upon the rabbit’s taint, and even hotdogging him a bit with it. All Fvorte could do during this was wail and moan in a fit of torturous pleasure. The need to blow his load was constant, but the spell from the fox held strong, and the pleasure only continued to build. His hypnotized gaze pulsed faster and faster, and the fox became more ravenous, *too* ravenous.

“Begone!”

Joe’s eyes shot open and he began to turn, but it was already too late. Threads of pale white energy erupted from Gerrark’s staff, hundreds lashing out all at once. Joe was tied up tight before he could blink, and soon the all-too-familiar circle of banishing was appearing underneath him. He let out a long sigh and went limp, trying to lounge as best he could tied up like this. As he sunk into the floor he didn’t look angry, just a bit peeved. Disappointed, maybe. Definitely not satisfied, if nothing else (at least the threads of energy felt really good on his still throbbing boner). Before he disappeared entirely he gave the rat one last look that sent shivers down his spine. With a flash of light the circle and the demon were gone.

“Whew!” Gerrark said, letting out a long sigh. And then another for good measure. He looked around the room to assess the situation. The fire was out (but relit with a wave of his paw), their gear and supplies looked more or less fine, and the rabbit was still stoned out of his mind and hard as hell. It seemed that falling to the floor didn’t snap him out of it in the slightest; instead he sat bare-assed on the stone floor, beating off clumsily. As he stroked he shuddered, and his body was wracked with pleasure. Apparently the spell the fox cast was still in effect. Though surely not for much longer, considering that Joe was now on a different plane.

“So I better take advantage while I can,” the rat said, matter-of-factly. Feeling a bit vindictive, Gerrark walked over and pulled the rabbit’s hands away with ease. He grabbed his comrade by the chin, preparing to give him a threat, something along the lines of “So, leave me to the demon huh? I’ll show you what happens to horny idiots like you.” He planned on punishing the rabbit, probably teasing him, maybe even extending the duration of the spell, something like that... but as he lifted up the rabbit’s chin to deliver the line, he saw that Fvorte’s gaze still strobed with those beautiful colors. Red, white, pink... The rat’s dick jumped, and his cheeks went flush. He shook his head to clear it of the colors, and cursed to himself.

“I’m such a fool,” the rat said, his voice breathy as his heartbeat quickened. He absentmindedly dragged his hand over the top of his instantaneous erection.

“I hope the spell lasts a little bit longer.”

The rat spread his cheeks, and the rabbit’s moans filled the halls for several minutes after. Joe could not help but laugh to himself, even as the binding white continued to hold him down dimensions away; what perfect music to beckon a demon king.