

Change of Plans

by [Pulse](#)

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demon, human, brainwashing, corruption, hypnosis, transformation, mind control

Summary

A mage is hired to take out a demon that's been terrorizing a nearby village. But will he succeed? (spoiler: no). This was inspired by an RP I had a while ago with a certain someone who knows exactly who she is.

It had sounded like an easy job; the mansion had been occupied by a demon about a week ago, and none of the locals who lived in the village a couple miles to the east were skilled enough with swords or magic to drive it out. So naturally they were drawn to Tyrek; he stood out in his bright red cape and robe, both of which were covered in runes that glowed pale yellow and seemed to hover and swim above the surface, and paid him twenty pieces of gold. He was already thinking about all the meals he could buy with that; enough to eat a fine steak dinner every night for the next few months!

The front doors were sealed with a dark red circle that ran from the ground to the top of the door frame with slashes going throughout it every which way inside. Tyrek took a moment to study it, trailing his fingers over the zig-zags of the design, feeling the distinctly demonic aura of the thing; it felt like biting into a pepper, and it made his eyes water a bit. But it was a fairly typical door ward, nothing he hadn't run into before. He pressed his hands on either side of it, murmured a few words under his breath, and forced his energy into the seal until the lines and the curves evaporated into nothingness and the aura faded away. "Right," he murmured. He waved his hand in the direction of the door and it opened.

There was a faint tingle in the air as he stepped inside the foyer and looked around, searching for traces of demonic energy. But it was everywhere, from the twin staircases flanking the door in the rear of the room to the crystal chandelier dangling over his head. Trying to pick out the demon himself in it all was like looking for a piece of hay in a haystack. But there was a pair of doors at the rear of the foyer where the presence seemed stronger; he checked all his protective wards to make sure that they were at full strength, then strode over towards it and opened it.

Books with titles in scripts from all over the world lined the shelves, some of them bound in fresh, dyed leather and others wrapped up in covers that had yellowed and cracked with centuries of age. At the far end of the room sat what looked like a cross between a human and a wingless dragon holding a book with words on the cover that Tyrek couldn't quite make out. He was wearing a sheer electric blue satin robe that stood out atop the white scales that covered every part of his body that Tyrek could see, to his toes, which were covered by dark blue slippers. A pair of black horns jutted out from just above where the ears would be on a human, with a couple bony-looking spikes protruding from beneath them. He would've made a passable noble if it wasn't for his obviously inhuman appearance.

"Ah. You must be my visitor. My name is Astaroth, and I bid you welcome. This is my humble abode, and. . . " He trailed off in mid-sentence, noticing the look of contempt on Tyrek's face and the flickering, shimmering blue energy manifesting around his hands. "No? Not one for the formalities and flowery talk?"

Tyrek scoffed. "Why would I be? You'd just lie to me with promises of power and wealth if I join you."

Astaroth slumped his shoulders a bit. "Aren't you at least going to let me do my monologue?" He sounded hurt, even a little defeated. "I'd got one all prepared, you know, hundreds and hundreds of words about how demons are misunderstood and mankind is the real evil and we can make the world right and. . . no?" He gave a theatric

sigh and tossed the book behind him; it righted itself in midair, surrounded by a faint red glow, and slotted itself into a nearby shelf. "Bless it, you're no fun."

All of a sudden, the arm that had held the book came around and shoved forward, palm pressed out to Tyrek as if he were trying to pin him against the wall; the demon splayed his palm and let loose a wave of force that slammed into Tyrek like a full-body slap. Dark red crackled all over his clothing, but he stood his ground as the magical energy earthed itself into the floor. "At least you're not a pushover." The demon grinned at him, showing off all those gleaming fangs. "I'd rather not fight in here, though. Some of these books were rather difficult to track down. Why don't we take this to the foyer, hm?"

Tyrek started an incantation under his breath to show him just what he thought of that idea, but a title caught his attention out of the corner of his eye. *Is that... Ransetti's On Arcane Flux ? I thought those were all lost!* Astaroth was right, it would be a shame to damage these books. "Fine. The foyer. You first." Tyrek watched the demon as he exited the reading room with the tip of his tail dragging on the ground behind him, still half-suspecting some kind of trap. He followed behind him, closing the door on his way out, until they both stood in the foyer, Astaroth at the front and Tyrek at the back, each one sizing the other up.

"So why here? Why these people?" Tyrek murmured an incantation and brought his hands together as a chair picked itself up from the corner and smashed itself into Astaroth; the demon barely even flinched as he surged forward and tried to drive his fist into the human's side. Tyrek jumped out of the way and tried to counterattack with a punch wreathed in fire, but Astaroth's image flickered as the fist went through it only to reappear at the other end of the hall.

"They seemed easy, meek. Willing to give me what I wanted without much fuss after I showed them what would happen if they didn't. Didn't expect them to hire you, though... that might work out for the best." He snapped his fingers and Tyrek's mental wards went off, making him wince and stagger under the psychic assault. One hand went to his head, the other traced a circle in the air in front of him as he poured his magic into the floor beneath Astaroth. The wood turned ablaze instantly, the bottom of his robes singed, and the demon yelled out in pain as the flames licked at the scales of his feet. He jumped back out of the fire, but the noise in Tyrek's head didn't quiet, it just got louder and louder as the attack intensified; the ward was being pushed beyond its limits, leaving him unable to much more than stand there and grit his teeth as Astaroth slowly walked towards him; he tried backing away, but he soon found himself pressed up against a wall.

He felt a sharp claw tip his head up, and as he opened his eyes briefly he saw those deep eyes framed in a pale white face that was the very picture of concern. "I'm sorry, I didn't realize that spell would work as well as it did. It's no fun killing someone when they can barely put an incantation together; why don't we take a break so you can *clear your head?*"

Tyrek tried to respond, but his splitting headache had only grown worse with how close Astaroth was to him. "Oh, you poor thing. You don't need those wards; I promise no harm will come to you. You know you can trust me, right?" Tyrek did know that demons never lied, but there was something else, something very important about that that he was forgetting. But his head hurt so much, he'd do anything to make the pain stop, and the only reason he was hurting was because he had those wards up. So with a single thought, all his protection fell away, the glowing runes around his head breaking apart and dissipating.

"There, isn't that better?" Tyrek shuddered as Astaroth's hand trailed from the front of his face to the back of his head, slowly stroking up and down, up and down; with a wave of his other hand, he summoned a gust of frigid wind that put out the smoldering floor. "Why don't we go someplace else? You need to rest, you must be *so very exhausted* right now. We can fight tomorrow morning."

Tyrek found himself nodding a little in agreement; fending off the demon's psychic assault had sapped most of his energy. "Yeah, I, uh... sounds good." Then he heard something click into place around his neck, felt something leathery press against it. His hand came up and he tugged at the white collar that the demon had just summoned around his neck. "What's this for?"

"Well, you're clearly in no state to walk by yourself, and my mansion can be rather confusing. I'd hate for you to get separated from me; it'd be awful lonely to be in here by yourself." Astaroth smiled kindly down at him, showing just the barest hint of his fangs.

Tyrek opened his mouth to say something, but as those last three words bounced around in his brain, the more he thought about it, the more it made sense. “Nn. As long as you promise to take it off.” He pressed against Astaroth’s body; it felt like he was sitting near a blazing campfire.

“Of course. All you have to do is ask.” As Astaroth set off up the stairs, Tyrek followed; the world seemed to spin around him, and only the gentle tugging around his neck kept him going in the right direction. He focused on each individual step, keeping his eyes focused on the demon so he could make sure that he followed him wherever he went.

Eventually they reached the mansion’s bedroom, a lavish thing with a four-poster bed against one wall, light blue silks draped from the ceiling and dark blue sheets on the mattress. Astaroth led Crest to the bed and took a seat on the edge of it, still holding his leash in his hand. He extended his foot forward a bit, rubbing it idly up and down Tyrek’s shin through his robe. The sensation made the human go weak in his knees; his head was still spinning, and standing was getting incredibly difficult. . . so he sank to his knees and looked up at the demon. *It’s good to kneel*, said his inner voice. There was something off about it, almost as if—and then Astaroth leaned forward and ran his long, thin fingers through his hair, gently dragging the tips of his sharp claws against his skin, and it felt just so wonderful that his train of thought derailed completely.

“It’s been a while since I had someone who wasn’t actively trying to separate my head from my shoulders.” Astaroth started undoing his robe, letting it fall down and expose more of his scales. Tyrek could see the top of a black oval along his underside that started just above his collarbone and went all the way down. “And I do find you rather attractive.” He shifted his hips a bit so the robe fell down onto the bed leaving everything above his legs exposed, including his swollen sheath and the tip of his ebony cock.

Tyrek shook his head a bit, not quite believing what he was hearing. “You want me to. . . no! No way.” The fog surrounding his mind started to clear up a bit; what was he doing? He should be fighting him, not treating him like a lover! But that hand guided his head forward a bit, bringing him closer to that shaft, letting the scent of the demon’s arousal wrap around his head, making it spin further into stupor.

Astaroth looked a little hurt at the rejection, the corners of his mouth turning into a frown. “But I’m doing you such a nice favor by offering to *clear your mind*.” He tugged on Tyrek’s leash, pulling his head in closer to that sheath so that its masculine scent could tickle at Tyrek’s nose. “It’s not an unreasonable request, is it? I won’t tell anybody, I promise.” The warmth of his body surrounded his head, soothing and subduing and melting his mind.

“No, I shouldn’t, I—” He tried to think of reasons why. He was sure there were dozens, hundreds. But none of them were coming to mind. He found his gaze trailing down that body (he’d never realized how handsome the demon was) to rest between his legs, watching the tip of that ebony cock slowly slide forward as more of those inches exposed themselves to him. He opened his mouth, leaned forward, and took Astaroth into his mouth; he was instantly struck by how *good* it tasted, and how wonderful the dragon’s moan of pleasure sounded to his ears.

Astaroth rolled his hips forward, driving all of those six inches into Tyrek’s head, into his mind. He started bobbing his head up and down, coaxing out more of those sweet moans. The demon’s legs wrapped around his chest, crossing his ankles together at the small of his back and keeping the human’s head firmly planted between his legs, occasionally murmuring “good boy” and other praise that sent a jolt of pleasure through Tyrek’s spine. His thighs pressed together around his head, surrounding it in the pleasant warmth of his body.

Some vague half-thought at the back of Tyrek’s mind told him he should be doing something other than servicing this wonderful demon in front of him, but he couldn’t think of it, could barely think at all. Oh well. He was sure that he’d figure out what it was eventually. He just kept bobbing his head up and down that length, rubbing his tongue along the underside, feeling every last twitch and throb of that amazing flesh inside his mouth. He had no clue why he’d thought this was something he was being forced to do; clearly *it is a privilege to kneel and serve*. His inner voice in his head was even starting to sound like Astaroth, but that was fine. He was *right about everything*, after all.

Astaroth rolled his hips forward, faster and faster as Tyrek worked over his length, until with a low growl he buried every single inch of that shaft in Tyrek’s mouth; he even tugged on his leash to make sure that the human’s head was pushed all the way down as he started to cum thick, salty ropes into his mouth. Not that Tyrek needed the encouragement; by that point he was so delirious with pleasure and submission that he eagerly sealed his fate and happily swallowed every last drop of that corrupting fluid.

Once Astaroth had finished, he gently pulled his hips back and rubbed his cock against Tyrek's face a bit. The human happily nuzzled against that thick length; he realized now what he should be doing. It was so simple! All he had to do was *submit to Lord Astaroth, obey Lord Astaroth, serve Lord Astaroth*. "Stand up and take your shirt off, my pet," the demon purred, and Tyrek was happy to obey. Why would he ever want to kill such a wonderful being? This was so much better.

"Yes, Master," he said, giving that shaft one last kiss before he stood. He undid the clasp of his cloak, letting it fall to the ground around him as he grasped the hem of his shirt and lifted it up and over his head. He was still a little unsteady on his feet, but fortunately his Master stood up and wrapped that thick, muscular tail around his waist to keep him steady.

Those scaled hands grasped his hips and spun him around, then wrapped around his chest and waist, one hand on his heart and the other caressing the inside of his thigh in small, gentle circles. His body started to feel heated near where Master was touching him, like a fever that was spreading throughout his body. The sensation only grew as it spread, like his body was being wrapped up in a too-hot blanket, and he started to squirm and writhe a bit in that grasp. "Master, something's wrong, I feel strange..." he said, in between short, shallow breaths.

"That's all right, just let it happen," came the response whispered in his ear; the low, dominant tone made him gasp. "You've been such a good pet, I'm giving you a nice little reward. Look down."

Tyrek did as he was told (*it's good to do as Lord Astaroth commands*) and his eyes opened wide in surprise: he could see his skin starting to turn a deep maroon red from where Master was touching him, spreading out from over his heart and down his left arm. The wave of change continued to spread over him, leaving his body feeling like it was on fire, but leaving only pleasant warmth where it had passed. As it wrapped up his fingers, he could even see his nails sharpening and lengthening as they turned into claws.

He realized then what that sensation was; it was his Master's demonic energy flowing into him, replacing what remained of his will, his independence, his humanity, all those things he no longer needed. He tried to say something, but just then the corruption reached his mouth, and all that came out was a groan as his tongue lengthened and sharpened, incisors turning into true demonic fangs. The whites of his eyes darkened to pitch black, irises fading from brown to yellow to match his Master's, and he could even feel a pair of horns starting to grow from just above his ears. All of his body hair simply evaporated, leaving his soft skin just as smooth as his Master's hard scales. It felt like it should have hurt, but instead it just felt wonderful; he was becoming something far superior than what he used to be, discarding useless will for a more powerful existence.

The hand that was stroking his thigh drifted up and tugged down his pants and underwear and wrapped his cock in those long fingers. He didn't even need to stroke; he just filled Tyrek's body with pure pleasure and before long the mage was moaning and thrusting into his Master's hand as the demonic influence consumed him. He could feel his power growing as the corruption took hold; he could feel his Master's influence pressing into him; he could feel the last vestiges of his old self disappear. And when his Master whispered a single word in his ear, the corrupted mage obeyed eagerly; his body, mind, and soul yielded completely.

"Cum."

Astaroth pushed his hips forward and angled the new demon's cock back so that his climax landed all over his chest; the white liquid stood out in stark contrast to his newly darkened skin. Now that his transformation was complete, Astaroth removed his hand from his chest, showing Tyrek the same sigil that Tyrek he seen all over the mansion. It was a declaration of ownership; he was Lord Astaroth's servant, and he wouldn't have it any other way. He wiped up his chest with his fingers and sucked them clean, exploring what he could do with his new tongue. He turned around to face his Master, and the two of them grinned at each other: Master and pet, lord and servant.

Astaroth the Corrupter and Tyrek the Fallen.

Epilogue

It had been a week since the mage had set off to the demon's mansion, and nobody had seen him since. Everybody had naturally assumed the worst and was prepared for whatever retaliation they might face... but none had come. So they went about their business as best as they could and prepared for the weekly tribute; they selected their

'sacrifice', ensured that he didn't have any essential tasks in the coming month, and brought him into the town square.

There was a crowd, of course. The mayor was there, of course; she wouldn't let herself live with such an infernal bargain if she didn't watch. Some of them were families or friends of the victim-to-be, wanting to ensure that he wasn't killed (and to Astaroth's credit, none of them ever had been). Some of them were guards, though who they were protecting from who was left unsaid. Some just wanted to see a demon in person.

The town clock's bell struck once, and nothing happened. A second time. Still nothing. A third time, and a few of them started to wonder if maybe the demon had been slain after all; he was usually more punctual than this. But at the fourth toll, the air above the gate spell darkened as usual, and their hearts sank; that sadness mixed with confusion when the darkness vanished to reveal a figure none of them had ever seen with deep red skin, dressed in a black robe with golden trimmings that had a deep vee cut in front of it, a white leather collar adorning his dark red skin.

"I'm sure you're all wondering why I'm here today," the unfamiliar demon began, looking around the town. "Well, Lord Astaroth has some business to attend to, and even he can't be in two places at once, so he sent me." He grinned and swished his thin, spaded tail from side to side. "He did tell me to tell you that he is rather annoyed at your attempt on his life. But he is kind, and so he is willing to overlook your transgressions against him as long as you double your tribute starting next week. One for him and one for me. He would have tripled it, but he was grateful that you gave him a new servant."

Tyrek could see the realization of just who he was spread through the crowd like a ripple through a pond, and it only made his grin widen. Behind him, one of the guards had a change of heart. He unsheathed his sword and crept towards him as best as he could in his suit of armor; the other guards were all too busy trying to calm the rest of the crowd to notice or try and stop him. When he was barely a foot behind him, he started to bring it around in an arc towards his neck. . . only to have it stopped in midair by Tyrek's left hand grabbing his wrist.

"Looks like we've got a volunteer this week." Tyrek pulled the guard in towards him with a grip like iron, looking him deep in the eyes and seeing nothing but fear. Without a word, he pulled the other man against him, one hand on the back of his head and the other arm draped around his waist in a parody of romance, and kissed him deeply. The human tried to fight it at first, but his struggles weakened as his energy was drained from his body, and soon his entire body went limp as that long, slender tongue explored his mouth. He could feel everything about him: the slowing pace of his mind, his heartbeat, his fragile will. It took quite a bit of restraint not to drain him into utter oblivion or corrupt his soul, but his Master was very insistent that he not cause permanent harm.

Once he drank his fill of the man's vitality, Tyrek dropped him on the ground, licking his tongue over his fangs as he savored the taste. He used the tip of his tail to close the guard's slackened jaw, then returned to the gate circle. He laughed and blew a kiss at the week's tribute, who stood there staring at him in a mix of horror and relief, before reciting the recall incantation and disappearing from the town square.