

Fucked To Oblivion

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Vaaja grinned as the iron spikes of her high heels clacked on the hard, charred stones beneath her. There was a lava plume off to the right of her, and she smiled to see the various damned souls trapped within it shot high into the air, their burning limbs flailing as they screamed in agony. Some of the particularly unfortunate ones were impaled on the stalactites above, and seeing them writhe and struggle to free themselves. Vaaja might not be as cruel as some of the other demons in Hell, but she certainly enjoyed seeing the damned in pain. It was one of the only two things she was ever allowed to enjoy.

Vaaja had a strong feminine form, the bunny's hips, thighs, ass and bust were the sort mortal women would kill for. Her fur was a deep shade of turquoise, not the sort most mortals tended to have, but she loved the way it stood out in slight contrast to the black and red rocks all around her, and how her sky blue underfur taunted the damned. Most had not seen the sky in centuries, and the color of her fur filled them with thoughts and memories of the things they would never enjoy again.

She was dressed to taunt, her body clothed in painfully tight leather that no mortal woman could ever wear. Her leather corset exemplified the ample nature of her hips and ass, and her thigh-high boots were complemented with spikes at the top, her ankles and in the heel. She wore a spiked collar and spikes on her elbow-length gloves, as well as on her upper arms. Her nipples were pierced with spikes, and a small closed lock dangled from her clit. Her long, soft ears were also pierced in a number of places, though the demonic horns curling about them made certain no one mistook her for just the damned soul of some punkette. There were various other leather belts and spikes strapped tight to her from time to time, but the basic construction and point of her outfit remained constant. She was the sort of being which every male would want and yet none could ever have, and try as they might all they would ever do is hurt themselves upon her.

Vaaja was in charge of torturing the lewdest of the lewd. In life, they had been pimps, adulterers and rapists. In death, they were Vaaja's private playthings. She spent most of her day servicing higher demons, their cruel and pleasureless sex making up the most of her torment. But now it was time for her to put the torment onto others, and she was glad to go from the torture chamber she lived in to the one where she was permitted to work.

Vaaja opened the doors to her private torture chamber, smiling and waving to the souls she was personally permitted to torment. They

were locked tight in iron maidens with only their eyes exposed, and she had never bothered to learn their names or species. They were nothing but toys to her, screaming, crying toys that existed only for her to break.

"Hello there boys, ready for another show?" she said, grinning. Most of the souls had given up all hope long ago, but a few whimpered and begged for mercy. Vaaja liked the ones who still had a little spirit left, and she moved over to one, shaking her hips and making sure the damned soul got a good look at her.

"Please, I'll do anything, just let me out of this cage!" pleaded the soul. Vaaja could see only his eyes, but he was crying profusely. She licked her lips, bringing her hands up to her tits and squeezing them gently.

"Awh, don't you wanna stay for the show?" said Vaaja. She lifted one of her breasts up to her tongue, licking back and forth across the pierced nipple. Her tongue was likewise pierced, and the metal clacked against metal as she licked. Her hot, demonic flesh made the wet nipple sizzle a little, and she grinned as she heard her victim whimpering.

Vaaja marched back out into the center of the room, where every soul in the building could see her clearly. She spread her legs a bit and let her hand slide down to her pussy, her fingers gently rubbing and probing her folds. Her other hand continued to squeeze and rub at her tits, and her hot flesh began to become wet, the juices sizzling soon after they touched her folds. She was hot on several levels, and she cooed as she began to feel herself more and more. The souls screamed in agony, knowing that things were just going to get worse, and that there was no way they could hope to get the sexual satisfaction she was demonstrating.

Vaaja laid down on the hot stone floor, pressing her rear firmly against the flat surface as she spread her legs and rub herself furiously. Being a demon, the pain of digging deep with her long, sharp fingers didn't harm her in the least, indeed it served to only turn her on more. She twisted the little lock in her clit this way and that, shivering as it began to heat up, and resumed licking and biting at her nipples. She loved it rough, and the harder she played with herself, the more aroused she was.

Without warning, a pair of demons burst through the door with such force they almost flung it off it's hinges. They were humanoid, like her, and also had some rabbit aspects, but they were much more feral. They had huge, bulging muscles that were scarred and burned from the fires of Hell. Their fur had once been a deep red, but there were now massive stretches of burned black skin and hair tracing across them. The ears on their heads were also burn and torn, and they were complemented by large, curling horns that looked like those of a ram. They also had massive cocks, and though they were likewise scarred and damaged, they were certainly far larger than those of mortal males.

Vaaja pretended to be surprised and concerned by their intrusion, but deep down she controlled them as deeply and cruelly as she did the souls she had trapped all around her. These demons were ravenous, slobbering beasts with no minds who knew only obedience and pain. Still, they did their part, and their massive swinging shafts would do the job well.

Vaaja initially resisted them as they grabbed her, yanking on her arms and slapping her around as they forced her onto all fours. She cried out in pain as they struck her, but she was really enjoying herself immensely. Their rough, cruel passion was the ultimate turn-on for her, and even as they bounced her around like a rag doll all she felt was desire.

The demons roughly forced their cocks into her, jamming them into her mouth and cunt, slapping and beating her when she offered the slightest bit of resistance. Their shafts were hot to the point to where they made her spittle and sex juices boil, but Vaaja loved the painful heat. She wrapped her tongue around the shaft pounding away in her mouth, moaning and pressing her pierced tongue against the cum slit. The demon was a stupid brute who, if he felt any pleasure, didn't associate it much with Vaaja's talents. But her efforts were certainly giving a show to the souls around her, and that was her true objective.

As the demons began to pound her from both ends, their massive shafts sending her tits flying with their massive thrusts, Vaaja turned her ears this way and that to listen. Several of the souls had broken out with screams, and it was music to Vaaja's ears. She had equipped her iron maidens with one large, white-hot spike right at the crotch level of each of her victims. When their natural instincts betrayed them, they were horribly burned, and Vaaja didn't consider her performance a success until every lewd, filthy lecher trapped in those iron maidens was screaming in agony as their genitals were burned to a crisp.

Without warning, the demons stopped, pulling their shafts out of Vaaja with a hissing, popping sound. They paused only for a moment, and even then just to trade places, but Vaaja was so horny she almost reached out to drag them back onto her. She moaned as they started thrusting her again, squeezing and sucking down on the massive shafts. The position change seemed to recharge their libidos instantly, as well as inciting them to more cruelty. The demon pounding away at her ass began to dig his clawed fingers into her flesh, and the one at her face slapped her hard with his cock again and again, the hot meat making searing marks on her cheek.

The demons that were fucking Vaaja were getting more and more into their efforts, and Vaaja groaned as the massive shafts dug deep into her pussy and throat. She had no need for air, so as the shaft in her mouth dug in painfully deep and humped her deep, all she cared about was the heat, feel and taste of the cock in her mouth. She loved the flavor, the taste and the shape. They were the typical humanoid cocks, minus the scars, but they were much bigger and meaner

than any mortal could wield, almost as long as Vaaja's arm and thick as her wrist. They smelled thickly of sulfur and their precum was a powerful acid, but the stench and the burning just turned Vaaja on more. She was a demon, after all, and she had a demon's tastes. Rough as the fucking was, she pressed her lips and even her teeth down on the shaft, groaning and whimpering as she grabbed at her tits and squeezed them tight. The demon at her mouth had a firm grip on her horns and there was thus no need for her to support herself. Indeed, the demon pounding away at her cunt was already beginning to lift her off the floor, and as the pair of dicks gave her a firm spit roast, she felt herself less and less in control. They had been fucking her for what felt like hours now, and their precum was coming hard and steady. They were going to be cumming soon.

The demons roared as their shafts unleashed white-hot seed, the liquid boiling like molten lead as it shot into Vaaja and filled her holes. They pulled back a bit and let their mess splatter all over her thighs and face, and Vaaja licked at the demonic seed. The heat would be enough to kill a mortal female, but Vaaja just wanted more. Her hands came up to the areas where the demons had left their mark and she brought the mess to her lips, licking and lapping at it hungrily.

The demons were rubbing their shafts furiously, intending to bring along a second wave, but their efforts were cut short when a series of powerful inky-black tentacles burst through the open door, spawned from some gigantic monster outside the walls. They seemed to be everywhere at once, smashing against the iron maidens on the walls, ripping up the floor, and snatching at the two demons who had just finished fucking Vaaja. The demons grabbed at the floor, then at each other, in a desperate bid to keep from being pulled out. Their struggles were pointless, however, and soon they were dragged out of sight, their screams of pain giving way to sounds of crunching bones and tearing flesh.

The tentacles were not done, though. They wrapped tight around Vaaja's arms, legs and neck, lifting her high up into the air. They thrashed her around a bit while she screamed, but made no effort to draw her out the door or smash her against the walls. Instead, they simply began to press and whip against her, striking her ass and back firmly. It was like being whipped, or struck with a riding crop, only with much more heat and force. Vaaja loved it, and by the time the tentacles began to gently trace across her sex and nipples, she was already sopping wet.

The tentacles were not as cruel and mindless as were the demons they had just consumed, but they were no less insistent. They pressed hard on her sex and mouth, pounding away furiously. They also worked their way into her ass as well, pounding and fucking her in series, pushing her this way and that.

Massive black lengths formed themselves into cockheads and twisted away into her holes. They were thick, painfully so, and they dwarfed that of the demons the monster had just consumed. Vaaja was

being assaulted from all sides now, each of her holes mercilessly penetrated by massive black lengths. She was being fucked in every hole at once, the shafts jamming into her with a passionate ferocity. They even worked their way into her hands, practically forcing her to close her fingers down on them and milk them for all they were worth.

Vaaja was as close to heaven as a demon could ever hope to get. Her hands firmly gripped some of the tentacles, rubbing and squeezing them as they pounded her ravenously. She gasped and panted, her chest heaving as her nipples were firmly sucked and tugged by the whipping black lengths. The tentacles began to appear in a great variety of sizes now, twisting her this way and that as they fucked and worked her over. Thick, meaty shafts with suction cups and ridges worked their way deep into her cunt and ass, twisting and working her hard.

Vaaja worked to squeeze her sex down on the tentacles deep inside her. They were warming up, and she knew that a big, wet reward was forthcoming. Smaller, thinner tentacles were whipping her ass again, and she knew that the big monster would be splattering her soon. She was near to an orgasm herself, and so she urged the monster on with her hands, squeezing and massaging the thrashing lengths that wrapped around her.

Vaaja's climax hit her like a boulder, smashing against her head and sending wave after wave of pleasure lancing up and down her body. She groaned, her sex and mouth growing tight around the shafts inside her. They were hot and thick and the feeling of being so full while she had an orgasm was as good as it could get. She tried to hold the lengths into her, trying to drag out the pleasure as much as she could. But pleasure in Hell was quite fleeting, and the tentacles overpowered her and retracted, roughly dropping her on the floor.

Undeterred and wanting one last bit of pleasure, she dropped to her knees and cupped her hands under her mouth, pleading with the tentacles for one last, messy gift before they left. "Please, Omegnalon," pleaded Vaaja to the tentacles. "Please, I've fed you my minions, and given you my body as sacrifice. Coat me in your seed, I beg you Omegnalon!"

Omegnalon seemed to respond to his name and he obliged her, shooting out blast after blast across her face and chest. It was like she was being assaulted by huge black fire hoses, and the cum came down on her so hard that it knocked her around as well as leaving her sticky and stinking. She moaned, slurping up the messy cum from her face and hands, wiping them across her and shuddering at the warm, hot seed. It was dark black as opposed to bright white like the other demons, but she loved the feel and the taste and couldn't get enough of it.

She would have to be satisfied for now, though, as the tentacles retracted, the massive monster feeling sated and retreating. Vaaja panted, laying down on the floor and cooing, rubbing at herself a bit as the last vestiges of her orgasm faded away. Her ears perked up a bit as she heard the damned souls in the walls screaming in agony. She smiled, slowly getting to her feet and looked around, turning this way and that to face her tormented.

"What's wrong, boys?" she said, grinning and rubbing her tits a bit more. "You need a nice, cold shower to cool off? Well don't worry, I'll be happy to oblige." Giggling and shaking with glee, she raised up her hands and looked to the ceiling, speaking a deep and ancient language to the walls. Without warning, they suddenly turned into powder, along with the floor under them. The damned souls screamed in surprise and agony as their iron maidens dropped into the swarming, hissing sea of lava deep below. She could see that the lava and the fall was causing some of the maidens to bust open, giving their occupants a few agonizing moments of freedom before they were swept away by the current. Most of the victims were simply drowned in the burning mixture, and Vaaja leaned over at the edge to watch, smiling at the screaming, burning bodies down below.

"What's the matter? That lava is nowhere near as hot as me," she said. "And it's much colder than what us demons bathe in! Isn't it cooling you down?" By the time she said this, though, most of the souls had been borne away by the current. She sighed, her toys gone for the time being, and trotted off towards another portion of Hell. She was still pretty horny, and now that the tentacle monster was recharging deep in the bowels of the furnace, she'd need to find something else to keep her going. Maybe that big-dicked dragon monster was nearby, or she could just take a stroll of Sodom or Gomorrah. She grinned, rubbing some of the cum that stained her fur, and then licking at her fingers. It wouldn't be hard for a demoness like her to get what she wanted, especially when she looked as hot as Hell itself.