

Demonic Visitation

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"IKNIXOR, ZAZNERATUM, K'THU NARR BA'TETH!" chanted Irving, his fingers racing across the molding vellum of the Demonicon. He had gone to great trouble to procure the ancient book, and as he hurriedly cast powders into the pentagram he had inscribed on the floor, the rabbit's fingers eagerly flicked the blood of a virgin into the center of the star, the tiny flecks vanishing into the candle flames and burning with a thick, acrid smell. He smiled to himself as he thought about how it would be virgin's blood no more if his spell worked right. He would have to find a new source, but it would be worth it.

The scene was in sharp contrast to the rest of Irving's room, which was very modern and very nerdy. The walls were decorated with various posters from various Japanese cartoons, most of them featuring busty witches and demonesses showing off the finer points of their anatomy. Even as he thumbed through the ancient Demonicon, his modern, home-built computer patiently waited for his return; slowly flicking through a screensaver made entirely of sexy nude demons. One shelf was dedicated entirely to role playing game manuals, and many wooden and plastic costume props, all intended for a wizard, were strewn around the room. The only thing that was missing was the wizard robe, which he happened to be wearing, even though the costume shop's tags were still attached.

"RAZERNAZAK! KINUFARTUM! K'THU NARR BA'TETH!" As Irving's chanting continued his voice began to echo louder and louder, as if it was vanishing into a deep chasm and being amplified back to him. The distinct smell of burning sulfur entered his nose, and his body broke out in a thick flop-sweat as he found himself filled with fear and anticipation. His eyes took in the dark, ominous light seeping from the corners of the pentagram he had inscribed on the kitchen linoleum, and his breaths became deep and harried. The pentagram began to shake and then crack, an eerie light emerging along with a booming and evil voice.

Without warning, the cracks gave way to a single hole, consuming the entire area of the pentagram. An impossibly deep voice echoing a language Irving couldn't understand racked and echoed through the hole, which erupted in strange light and horrible screams. Searing hot winds blew out the candles even as it melted them into puddles and the acrid stench knocked Irving on his ass. The book went flying over to the refrigerator and Irving found himself cowering down before a column of horrible light, where something with giant wings and claws awaited him.

Just as suddenly as the screaming and stench arose they stopped, leaving Irving whimpering and cowering in silence. But he was not alone. In front of him, something big growled, audibly licking it's lips and clacking it's claws together as it examined him. Irving closed his eyes, terrified to look at what he might have summoned, and reached out grabbing at the book, hoping that by luck he might flip it open to a page to undo the horror he had just done.

"This is what passes for a wizard these days?" said the creature. Much to Irving's surprise, it was soft and feminine, even if it did appear to have some sort of otherworldly echo to it. Slowly, he opened his eyes, and much to his surprise saw that the figure before him was, while intimidating, filled with terrible beauty.

The demon he had summoned had the appearance of an anthropomorphic rabbit just like Irving, only it was very clearly female, with massive perky breasts and hips more curved and sensuous than Irving had ever seen. She had massive horns on her head that curled around her ears, and her long, sharp front teeth were complemented by a forked tongue, though the rest of her looked surprisingly normal. Excepting the wings, she looked astonishingly similar to the demoness girls that appeared on his various calendars and wall posters, right down to the skin-tight leather dominatrix outfit and the pierced clits and nipples. She looked down at him with disdain and disappointment, her face reminding him of someone who had just been woken up early for no good reason.

"Seriously, I think you pissed yourself," the demoness said. "And you can't even keep your hands on the book? Jeez, and here I was thinking it was that exorcism in 1423 that kept me from being summoned back to earth." She bent down and grabbed the Demonicon, jamming it into Irving's hands and flipping the pages until she found the one she wanted, pointing out a particular line in the page.

Irving adjusted his glasses and rubbed some of the acrid soot out of his white fur. He was still very much in shock from what had just happened, and much of him still didn't believe quite what was happening. He had tried many books before, and cast spells, yet none of them had actually worked. No matter how many handsomeness enchantments he cast he remained pudgy and short. Every one of his love potions ended up just tasting horrible, and the last one he tried turned out to be an ipecac. Though he didn't doubt the presence of Black Magic in the mortal realm, he never really expected to be able to manipulate it, much less manage to summon a demon.

"Demon, I bind thee to me, and demand thy services for my purpose!" said Irving, quickly translating the Old Latin on the page into English. The demoness seemed pleased to have him say such things, and as he stood up, she knelt before him on what remained of the pentagram. Irving couldn't help but noticed that, as he looked down, he was already sporting a clearly visible erection.

"Know, mortal, that I accept one payment for my services, and that is your soul, eternally bound to the will of my dark master!"

said the demoness. "For I am Ba'Teth, mistress of unknown lust, servant to the great Satan himself! Make unto me a sacrifice of virgin blood, that my powers be yours, my will subservient to your own!" At these words, Irving drew out a kitchen knife from his robe and cut a deep gash in his hand, dribbling the liquid out onto the demoness's forehead, his breath coming in deep, frightened pants as it sizzled on contact with her dark purple fur. She licked her muzzle with her black tongue and growled at Irving, her hands gently working their way towards his crotch as she crawled and pulled her way up his legs. Her hands were hot to the touch, not hot enough to burn but well past the point of comfort. She snorted at Irving's erection, her breath searingly hot even through his clothes.

"Serve me demon, honor your bond to your earthly master!" the demoness rolled her eyes at Irving, even as her claws shredded his robe to bits. She idly tapped at his erection, clearly not impressed.

"Well this is certainly an unfortunate penis," said Ba'Teth. "And call me by name, now that you've made the oath there's no reason to keep being so formal." Ba'Teth gently rubbed her fingers back and forth across Irving's length, chanting something in a deep and horrible voice. Much to his surprise, Irving's dick doubled in length and thickness, making Ba'Teth growl with satisfaction as she gently examined her handiwork. "There, NOW it's big enough to be worth my time," she said.

Irving was still apprehensive but as Ba'Teth's long forked tongue gently licked at his length he found himself overwhelmed by lust. It seemed to fill his nostrils and reverberate through his body, which felt somehow lighter and stronger and more powerful. As Ba'Teth gently worked his length into her mouth, he grabbed roughly at her horns, his fingers seeking a firm grip. This seemed only to encourage her, and as Irving jammed his newly acquired shaft into the demoness's mouth she let loose deep, powerful moans that shook his entire body, jiggling and caressing his shaft with power and aggression.

His lustful rise seemed to do nothing but encourage Ba'Teth. She groaned and rubbed herself furiously with her delicate, slender fingers, her long claw-like nails caressing and scraping across her clit. The demon bunny's fur seemed to glow with dark heat and energy as she drank in the hunger and anger present in Irving, feeding off his negative emotions. He growled and jammed his length in to the hilt, choking her with it, but that only made her moan. He pulled it out and slapped her with it, but that only made her gasp. The more he pushed, the more she pulled, dragging him closer and closer to the cliff's edge.

It wasn't long before Irving gave in completely. Ripping off his wizard's robe, he found that it wasn't just his cock that Ba'Teth had seen fit to enhance. His arms were now thick and bulging with power, his once flabby biceps now sinewy and powerful. His pecs were now pert, and his abs would put even the sternest washboard to shame. He paused for a moment to pose and flex his new body, thrilled at the

power it provided, but the eager and demanding demon on the floor in front of him would not be kept waiting. She crawled on all fours, presenting her ass and sex to him and moaning. Her voice was thick with desperation and desire, and even as Irving leapt on her and forced his enormous length into her folds she seemed to want nothing but more.

Irving dug his nails into Ba'Teth's thighs, groaning as he brought all the force his pelvis could muster to her sex. He forced and jammed and fucked his length into her, making her moan as her massive breasts swung back and forth beneath her. Irving was filled with emotions and power, his body almost sick with the onrush of new experiences. He'd known sex was going to be good, but he had no idea it would be anything like this! It was a rush of strength, a rush of power, and with each hard thrust of his massive hips he seemed to become more powerful, more aware, more capable.

Pulling out his length and rubbing furiously, he felt his load blow hard over Ba'Teth's back. Eager for a taste, she quickly flipped over and opened her mouth wide, whimpering and rubbing her tits as his last few jets blasted across them. She giggled and licked at the mess on her tits and in her mouth, grinning and savoring the flavor. Irving panted, his body suddenly feeling very much at ease. It was as if some great, steaming pressure had just been released, and as he rode the relaxing power of his orgasm. His body felt at peace and he shuddered with contentment as he sat down in his nearby desk chair.

It had been worth it. The years of being teased and taunted for his beliefs in the occult, all the times he'd bought supposedly ancient occult books that turned out to be fake, all the trouble he'd gone to trying to cast minor spells, the agony of all that dwarfed in comparison to the feeling rippling through his body. He'd never had sex with a mortal female, but he was certain that no mortal creature could compare to Ba'Teth. Not only had she enhanced certain parts of her anatomy, but also somehow, the intense heat and underworldly stench that seeped from her did nothing but also enhance the experience even more. He smiled down at Ba'Teth, gripping and flopping around his now flaccid member a bit, confirming that he was totally spent and wouldn't be getting hard again any time soon.

Ba'Teth grinned and began crawling towards him on all fours, grinning and licking her lips. But her demeanor wasn't exactly friendly. There was something sinister in her smile, in the way her long forked tongue caressed the purple fur of her cheeks. Irving smiled back a bit; adjusting himself and trying to look frank and satisfied, gesturing to his messy, flaccid member with a sheepish grin. "I've finished, Ba'Teth," said Irving. "See? I'm not a virgin anymore, and I've blown the whole load. I relieve you of your service, you can go back to Hell now." The moment he'd said those words he regretted it, realizing what he'd just done.

"Well then if I shall go back to Hell, then I will be taking your soul as payment right now!" Ba'Teth erupted in maniacal laughter, her eyes suddenly shining with a bright and terrible light. She

grabbed Irving by his legs and pulled hard, yanking him out of the chair and onto the floor. He clawed and scrabbled at the carpet, desperately trying to grip at it, at anything as he was dragged back towards the kitchen, where the pentagram had once again opened a manhole-sized gate into Hell. Ba'Teth's laughter seemed to only grow more cruel and powerful as she laughed and laughed at his futile scrabbling, her surprisingly strong arms easily dragging him bodily across the floor.

Irving latched on to various bits of furniture as he was dragged through the small apartment, overturning bookshelves and chairs as he was pulled past them. His efforts seemed unable to even slow him down, much less halt his progress, and as he was pulled into the kitchen he grabbed frantically at the Demonicon, flipping to one of the bookmarks he'd laid out hours before. "AZDERNARATH! BA'TETH KURR NON FATUUM!" he shouted, his feet already singed by the heat from the Hellfire creeping out of the portal. Ba'Teth shrieked in pain and frustration as he attempted to close the portal on her, the pain giving her a sudden burst of strength. "KULL DANN DERRN BA'TETH KABITCH!"

With a great and sudden pull, Irving found himself yanked so hard that he flew backwards, the book flipping up into the air as he was pulled hard into a horrible blast of hot, foul-smelling air. He opened his mouth and screamed as loud as he could, but no noise came out, and though his eyes were wide open he could see nothing but blackness. At first he thought he was falling, but when he kicked out with his legs his heels found Ba'Teth's firm grasp still locked on his ankles. He did his best to tug and yank at her grasp, but found that he succeeded only in struggling and writhing about in the air, much to his dismay. The air was impossibly hot, and though it caused him great pain he found that somehow it didn't burn him, though each gulp of air filled his nose and lungs with agonizing pain.

Irving continued to fall for what seemed like hours, when all of a sudden Ba'Teth let go. Irving flailed wildly, then came down hard. He could feel his entire body smashing and crashing into the hard surface on which he landed, yet despite this, he appeared to be unharmed. He was standing on a sharp, rough surface that cut into his feet even as it burned them. He yelped and danced around, hopping from one foot to the other as he attempted to relieve himself of the intense pain coming from his feet.

He could hear his own screams now, and as his eyes adjusted to the intense darkness, he could see that he was by the entrance of a cave cut into a massive tower of volcanic rock. Above, strange unseen things with massive leathery wings made their way through an acrid, smoke-drenched sky. All around him were the sounds of flowing magma and screams of pain. His body was overwhelmed with fear and pain, paralyzing his actions even as every part of him wanted to pick up and run.

"Oh hush, it's not so bad, once you get used to it," said Ba'Teth. It was only then that Irving realized that she was standing

by the cave entrance, calm and cool as could be. She walked over to him, shaking her hips and tits just as she had when she first came up to him. "And you'd better start getting used to it, because you're going to be here a long, long time."

Ba'Teth grabbed Irving by the ears and dragged him inside the cave, though he kicked and screamed the whole way and grabbed at the walls. The interior was somehow even hotter than the fiery hellscape outside, though it was well lit by small fires and by candles that neither melted nor were consumed by their own flames. Irving could see various cages and other confinements scattered throughout the area, each one containing some twisted and wretched soul. He could hear them whimpering and sobbing inside their tiny prisons, but they were all too horribly mangled by centuries of torture to be easily recognizable. The mere sight of them filled him with fear, and he began crying when he realized that he too would end up like that.

"Oh boo hoo hoo, you mortals are always like that," said Ba'Teth, who dragged Irving over to a set of iron manacles dangling from the ceiling. She shoved Irving's wrists into them and they locked of their own accord, magical bolts sliding through holes on the edge and fastening them tight. "You never bother thinking ahead ten minutes, then you end up crying about it for all eternity. You knew damn well that the price of summoning a demon was eternal damnation, and that the moment you released me I'd collect my dues. Why you didn't bother keeping me around until you died of old age is beyond me, though..."

"Look I'm sorry, this is all a big mistake!" said Irving. "I'm not really a wizard, I work at the West Hampshire Renaissance Faire and YEOWCH!" Irving cried out in pain and leapt up into the air, tugging on his manacles as Ba'Teth lashed his back with a long, whip-like chain. It was coated in a strange, sourceless flame that lashed out along with the rusty metal, and although it was exceedingly vicious it somehow didn't even cut into his back or burn it. The pain was unbelievable, though. His throat screamed until it hurt, his entire body crying out in agony as Ba'Teth brought it down on him again and again. "Please, for the love of God, stop it!"

"His reach doesn't extend down here," said Ba'Teth. She sighed and rolled up her chain whip, hanging it on the wall beside even nastier torture implements, the names and functions of which Irving didn't recognize. "But I suppose I could go easy on you for now, even if you did try to close the gate on me up there. Souls are always the most fun when they're fresh, of course, if I just want something to scream I can always play with my other toys...Isn't that right, Zizderax?" Ba'Teth smiled and grabbed a red-hot poker from one of the illuminating flames which belched out of the walls and then jammed it into one of her metal cages. The soul trapped within, presumably that of Zizderax, screamed and howled in pain as he cried out in an ancient language that Irving couldn't recognize. "It's been so long since I got a new toy to play with, I suppose I should hold off on breaking him for awhile at least..."

Ba'Teth made a quick gesture with her hand and the manacles that bound Irving let go, only to be replaced by a thick iron collar which wrapped itself firmly around Irving's neck. At first he thought it was the tightness of the collar choking him, but then he realized that it was lifting him up into the air by his neck, cutting off his air completely. He tried to cry out, kicking his legs and grabbing at the collar with his hands. Ba'Teth growled and shook her fist up at the ceiling. "Hey now! When I pay good money for a collection of possessed chains, I expect them to do as I say! Now put him down before I cast you into the lava pits where you belong!"

Irving came down on the floor hard with a thud, gasping for air and struggling to get on all fours. Ba'Teth idly took up the chain attached to his collar and pulled it taut, forcing Irving to his knees. She pushed his muzzle into her hot, wet sex, resting one of her heels on the small of his back to further confine him and reinforce her commands. "Now, how about you let me know whether or not I should leave your tongue in your head?" said Ba'Teth, smiling down at him with the cruelest grin Irving had ever seen.

Desperate to please his new mistress and avoid whatever horrible punishment she might see fit to think up, Irving dug deep into Ba'Teth's folds, licking and slurping on her sex, though the juice was so hot it almost seared his tongue and the smell was indescribable and unpleasant. He struggled to do his best, trying to remember what he'd seen done in all the pornos and dirty cartoons he'd seen back on earth. He'd certainly practiced licking his own fingers before, but that was a far cry from what he was struggling to do now. Still, he was driven by fear and he put his all into it, probing gently with his nose and fingers as Ba'Teth drove him on with her heel.

Irving whimpered and put his big ears down as he strained to work Ba'Teth. She was moaning and whimpering now, which seemed encouraging, and so he brought himself in again and again desperately trying to work between her folds. Her love juices were coming heavier now, thick and creamy and overwhelming with musk, triggering something deep and primal within Irving as he strained to continue.

Ba'Teth let out a low, deep cry of pleasure as her sex exploded around Irving's face, coating him in her juices. He yelped in pain and surprise, as the demon's love juices were scalding hot, and he hadn't expected his skills to be up to getting Ba'Teth to cum. She cooed and shoved him back down on the floor, though she kept the chain attached to his collar nice and taut. "Well, not good enough to rip out your tongue and keep it beside my bed, but not bad enough to throw it into the fire either," said Ba'Teth. "I dare say your front end is just good enough to keep the way it is for now. I'll have to wipe the cuteness off your face eventually, but for now, I think I'd like to see what else you have to offer.

Irving huddled up on the floor, whimpering and rocking himself a little as Ba'Teth bent over and began to dig through a massive iron chest she kept in the corner. Though her ass was shapely Irving had

trouble taking pleasure in the view, his mind aching under the realization that he would be the plaything of this monstrous and cruel creature for an eternity to come. As Ba'Teth rummaged through the chest she tossed various toys over her shoulder, from a cockring with spikes on the inside to a dildo with rusty razor blades embedded in it. Every one of them was horrible and well worn, and they seemed to progressively get worse and worse as she continued dumping them out.

Finally she found what she was looking for, a massive black strapon which appeared to be made out of stone or some other hard, heavy material. She smiled and sung a happy tune to herself as she stepped through the worn leather harness and buckled it tight around her waist, giggling as she spun around, the big fake cock bouncing up and down in front of her. Irving sighed with relief as he saw that it was just a black stone phallus, with neither razor blades nor spikes nor even anything slightly out of the ordinary. He knew that was no guarantee of comfort, especially considering he'd never even shoved a suppository up his rear end before, but it was certainly a lot better than many of the other sex toys laying on the floor in front of him.

Ba'Teth dragged and directed Irving to her bed, which was little more than a solid stone slab raised a few feet up off the floor. With a powerful shove she laid him out face down across it, his stomach on the rock, his ass hanging off and exposed. She gently tapped her stone dildo against Irving's ass, the bunny tensing up and biting his lower lip as he felt the hot phallus pressed against him. "You'd better relax, or else this is going to REALLY hurt," said Ba'Teth. She spat on the strapon, her spittle sizzling and popping even as she worked it and the tip of the dildo into Irving's ass. It wasn't exactly comfortable, but somehow, in some strange way, it wasn't without pleasure either. Deep down, there was a part of Irving who wanted nothing more than a cruel mistress telling him what to do, and so long as he wasn't getting burned, scarred or clawed, Irving could almost enjoy himself.

Ba'Teth wasn't much for foreplay, her powerful hips working the strapon into Irving quickly and mercilessly. He could feel himself stretching painfully out as he struggled to relax, gasping and groaning in agony, his nails digging at the hard stone of the bed as she worked the stony length into him. "Well well well, this is going rather nicely, really...I had a feeling you were a bitch-boy," said Ba'Teth, grinning and pulling hard on Irving's chain as she worked the entire length into his ass. "Aren't you a little bitch boy? Eager to make your demon mistress happy!"

Irving gagged and choked a bit under the collar, but now that his body was mostly numb to the heat and abuse, his inner hormones and lusts were beginning to take over. "Y...Yes," he gasped. "I...I want to make you happy!" Ba'Teth giggled, gripping his ass firmly and digging her claws in just a little.

"Somehow I don't think that this is quite entirely punishment for you," said Ba'Teth. "Better not let the big boss know, he might

have you reassigned." Ba'Teth groaned and began to thrust hard with the dildo, shoving and pushing and fucking Irving's ass mercilessly, abusing it with the massive stone cock strapped to her hips. She drove it in carefully, pushing and shoving it against her clit even as she sunk it in deep to Irving's ass. She moaned and panted, her free hand moving up to pinch and twist on her nipples as she worked Irving harder and harder.

Irving moaned and panted and reached down to rub and squeeze along his own length, panting as he masturbated furiously, his body heaving and groaning in the hot air as his pre dribbled on the stone slab of a bed. Ba'Teth was moaning and shaking now as she drove the phallus in and out of his ass, her own sex dribbling down onto the hot floor with an audible sizzle. Irving closed his eyes and panted, crying out and mewling with irrepressible delight as his shaft came and shot and spooGED all over the side of the bed. His mind went blank with orgasm, setting him adrift in an empty field of nothingness.

"Wow, that's an unusual side effect," said a soft female voice Irving didn't recognize. Startled, he tried to move, but he found himself reclining on a comfortably warm bed with soft, sticky sheets in a comfortingly cool room. He tried to move, but as he did so soft, gentle hands held him where he was.

"Yeah, these new painkillers make the patients do all sorts of weird things," said an older, male voice. "Cumming in his gown or not, do try to keep him still. He has some really nasty burns on his back, and until those start healing up we need to be very careful. Be sure to inspect the sutures when you turn him every couple hours."

"Yes doctor." Irving groaned, slowly opening his eyes to a painfully bright light. He could just barely see what was in front of him, but it seemed as though a smiling, tan-furred bunny was crouched over him, holding him down with a halo over her ears. As his eyes came into focus he realized instead that it was an examination light directed at his chest and stomach. Though he was filled from head to toe with a deep numbness, he felt no pain. In fact, he was surprisingly at peace, even though the nurse leaning over him ensured that he couldn't move. She smiled at him, her face only inches from his, her ample cleavage draped over him and pressing against his chest. She giggled. "Don't worry about the boner and the mess, hon. After what I did to pay for med school, it's nothing I haven't seen before."

"Oh I uh...What happened?" asked Irving, the room suddenly spinning as he moved his head to the side to try and look around. The nurse, realizing he was experiencing nausea, quickly put his head to the fore again, grinning and shaking her tits a bit to keep him from looking to the side too much.

"That little ritual thing you were doing in your apartment started a fire," said the doctor, who remained well out of view. "There was a lot of weird stuff in there, and while you were passed out a lot of strange chemicals and plastics caught fire. I'm sorry to say that a lot of your collectibles were burned and your landlord is probably going to evict you, but you'll be back on your feet in a couple of weeks and your friends at the Ren Faire have been checking in on you pretty religiously. I hope you don't mind that I helped myself to some of the mead they dropped off, but either it went bad or was never good enough to drink anyway. That's the nastiest swill I've ever put in my mouth."

"Heh, Joseph likes dressing as a brewer, but he's not a drinker so his skills leave much to be admired," said Irving. He looked ahead into the nurse's deep, heaving cleavage and then blushed, his half-hard shaft and the wetness he'd left in the sheets still very clearly visible. "So I'm all right then?" The nurse nodded and then moved off him slowly, still smiling and remaining clearly in view.

"Yes, I'll be back to check on you in a couple hours, and to turn you over to prevent sores," said the nurse. "But you slept through the worst of it, so just lie back and relax. The TV remote is to your right, and dinner is at six." The nurse's heels clacked on the hard marble floor as she made her way out of the hospital, the door locking securely behind her and the doctor.

Irving sighed and tried to relax in the bed without moving too much, idly examining his surroundings. He had his own room in this hospital, and though it was very small it seemed nice enough, and if the staff was willing to be polite to him even if he was cumming in his pants, they were no doubt going to take good care of him. Though he was worried about what figures and "artifacts" might have been consumed in the fire, he seemed to have escaped relatively unscathed.

Irving got a bit curious about what exactly had happened in the sheets, and so he lifted them up to get a look at himself, moving the gown aside to look at his half-hard penis. What he saw filled him with terror, and sent him crawling up the backside of the bed, stitching and grafts on his back be damned. In a ghostly-white glowing script, one word was written from the base to the tip of his cock: BA'TETH'S.