

The mage took a deep breath and checked over his calculations, scrutinized his work again, triple-checked his runes, securing the room. He took another deep breath. This was his first summoning. But he was confident. Demons were just tools to be handled. Pathways to power. He was ready.

The demon was not wearing any clothes. In hindsight, Daniel asked as he swallowed back the lump in his throat, why had he ever expected him to? It was hard to concentrate with that plump, throbbing maleness so directly on display before him.

"Go on," the demon whispered, his piercing red eyes staring down at Daniel. Daniel gazed up at him, clenching his jaws together, tearing his eyes away from the demon's crotch. He licked his lips, but before long he found his blue eyes once more locked upon the turgid, red flesh that throbbed at attention.

The reptilian demon had appeared but a minute before, and already he had Daniel blushing. The emerald green lizard lifted an excited hand and ran it across his scalp, sucking in a deep breath. The rich, salty scent the demon exuded was almost overpowering to his senses. He let his hands fall to fiddle with his silken blue robe once more.

"I... Demon, I summoned you here, because... I..."

"Hmm? What is it?" the demon asked, leaning forwards. His angular muzzle came within inches of Daniel's, kept separate only by the carefully crafted binding circle that held the demon captive. "More magic? Knowledge? Or was it simple curiosity, to see what you could do? What demons are, hmm?" he crooned, a thin smile spreading across his snout, revealing rows of white teeth sharper than even Daniel's. The lizard cleared his throat, looking at the demon.

It was true, he *was* curious. Ever since he had been young, an apprentice at his master's tower, he had been curious of the denizens below. In all honesty, he had not expected them to be so very... He searched for the word quickly, and felt embarrassed when he realised the closest one that fit was 'arousing'.

The demon was covered in armoured red scales, and bony spikes protruded from his shoulders. Thick, plated horns jutted out of the back of his head to give him an almost draconic appearance, and wisps of smoke seemed to rise from his nostrils. His body was lean, almost sculpted, hints of muscle upon his stomach – though Daniel knew that demons were almost invariably far stronger than they appeared. His tail was thick, the same deep red as his body. Down lower, however, Daniel could see his body lose its reptilian inspiration. The demon's legs were cervine and furred like a goat's. His feet were thick, black, cloven hooves, and both were firmly planted within the binding circle Daniel had drawn less than an hour ago.

Breath catching in his throat, Daniel let his eyes drift across the demon's groin. Two, heavy, grapefruit sized orbs hung between his legs, covered in fine red scales, while his fat, hairless shaft jutted out between his legs. It was longer than any Daniel had ever seen, perhaps a foot in length, and the demon's entire dick was as thick as Daniel's own knot. The demon had no slit or sheath; his maleness seemed to be permanently on display, a sheen of slimy fluids pooling in his dark red foreskin. Daniel swallowed heavily and forced himself to breathe normally. He was glad he was robed, for under his clothing he could feel his own slit bulging, his maleness threatening to slip free.

"I... summoned you because..."

"Yes?" the demon urged impatiently, his sibilant voice hissing through the air. Daniel shook his head. He didn't want to irritate the creature too much. His master had taught him that demons were difficult to bargain with when angry.

"I want... power. More magic," he said. The demon smiled, and brought his arms together, forked tongue licking his lips. His slitted red eyes crinkled, and he leaned in, right to the edge of his mystical prison.

"Why, O summoner, do you want that?" he asked, sounding particularly interested.

"My... My reasons are my own," Daniel said, shaking his head. "You demons are not trustworthy. I will have your service, but none of your trouble," he added. The demon leaned back again, looking almost offended.

"Oh... come now, summoner. I see the desire in your eyes.... Desire for power, but there are many kinds... However can I sate that *burning* hunger if I do not know what you crave?" he asked soothingly, that smile playing once more about his muzzle. Daniel frowned. He didn't know as much about demons as he would have liked, and not nearly enough to tell if the creature was lying. Yet, that made sense, too. If you wanted a wish granted, you *did* have to say what it was...

"...I want to be immortal," Daniel said, his words slow and measured. At that, the demon's toothy smile only grew.

"Immortality, hmm? A lofty goal, O summoner..."

"It is still what I want," the green summoner said, his breath catching in his throat. His eyes glanced downwards, and he saw a thick dollop of fluid ooze down from the demon's maleness, splattering onto the floor. Daniel couldn't hold back a blush.

"I can read your wants like an open book, summoner," the demon whispered. "And I can grant your wish, and then more. So very much more... If your desire is great enough," he rumbled.

Daniel bit his tongue gently, and looked up at the demon's red eyes.

"Oh..?" he asked quietly. The demon nodded slowly. "More?"

"The power of a demon is quite potent, quite *virile*, O summoner." The demon smirked. "A deal with me is all it takes, and I can not only ensure you live forever, but that all your desires are taken care of," he crooned.

There. The heart of the matter. A deal with the devil, so to speak. A lump rose in Daniel's throat, and he looked very carefully at the demon.

"A... deal? What would I get, *exactly*?" he asked quietly. The demon took a step forwards, leaving him not only leaning against his boundary, but standing before it. His rigid shaft bumped gently against the edge and a pale green light materialised in front of it, almost like the reflection of a bright light on glass.

"You, O summoner, would get life eternal... Never growing older, never growing sick... Countless decades of time on your hands. Beyond this, I would even train you, so generous is this offer," he crooned, his smile broadening. Daniel's eyes narrowed. There had to be a catch. He glanced around his study, filled with dozens of aged books and tomes. Silently, he wished he had had more than one on demons.

"And in .. return?" he asked hesitantly. The demon inclined his head.

"I am a demon of sin, O summoner," he smiled. "Namely, of lust... My price... is that you must get down onto your knees, and take a lick," he said, his hands lowering to his twitching, colossal maleness. He squeezed his base, and a slimy string of fluids drooled from his urethra, oozing onto the floor between his hoofed legs. Daniel's cheeks suddenly turned a deep red, and he realised he was gaping slightly. "My fluid will work itself into your very soul, O summoner... a pact of a very primal nature that will bind you to me. You will be bound to my will, to my every *lust*, and when I call upon you, you will answer. My taste will seep into your thoughts, into your consciousness, tainting your desires.

"There will be nights that you will lay there and shamelessly *beg* me to yank your tail high into the air and breed you until you faint; there will be nights where you will be unable to even *think* through the haze of lust my taste will infect you with. But..." he rumbled. "You will have life eternal... and my training to help you," he said, spreading his hands again.

Daniel's voice caught in his throat. His eyes looked down to the demon's shaft once more. He dare not say a word, not even breathe a whisper, for he feared it would come out as a groan. Under his robe, his own ridged, knotted maleness throbbed softly, grinding against his silks. What the demon offered was perverted and lewd, and the greatest of distractions. Who could say when he would call upon Daniel? Yet... He wouldn't exactly have any *shortage* of time. The demon said he would train him, too, so that would help even further.

"W-why would I agree to that?" he asked carefully, taking a deep breath.

"Because you are already so aching and aroused, O summoner," the demon smirked. His red eyes trailed down the lizard's body, and his forked tongue ran across his sharp teeth. "I am a demon of lust... I could tell the moment you began to grow firm. The thought of me excites you," he

rumbled teasingly. “The thought of being used by a demon. Having your body taken and filled with my essence over and over again, your tail abused and stretched until it gapes. The thought of being so smitten by lust that all thought fades away and you beg to be touched, willing to do anything to earn your keep. I can see it in your eyes, O summoner...”

Daniel's eyes widened and he took a half step backwards. He shook his head, and curled his tail gingerly around his right leg.

“I-I—”

“I will make you an offer, O summoner,” the demon smiled. He reached forwards, and pushed one finger against the perimeter of his bounds. Again, the faint green light materialised to block his passage, preventing him from escaping. “I shall do nothing to cause you any injury, and when our business is done, I shall willingly return to the world below. Simply break this boundary, and allow me to give you a simple taste of what it would be like,” he smiled. “I can see it in your eyes, O summoner. I can smell it on the *air*. You desire this... So sample it, O summoner, before you choose.”

Daniel's eyes once again trailed down to the demon's dripping, red member. He squeezed his legs together, and lifted one hand to rub at his blushing muzzle. The demon had to have something in mind. Some... trickery, some foul play. There was a reason demons were summoned into binding circles. Yet the offer made him ache with need, and he could feel the inside of his robe growing damp and slick. The demon said there would be no injury, and would go when—

Aha.

“When will our business be 'done'?” he asked, cautiously. The demon laughed.

“You are shrewder than you first appear, O summoner... I commend you. Very well... Our business shall be done when you have chosen on my offer,” he crooned.

Daniel relaxed slightly. Satisfied that he had stopped the demon's ploy, he started to turn the offer over in his mind. The green lizard walked slowly forwards, until he was mere inches from the demon, standing just outside the binding circle. He gazed down at it, taking in its design and intricacy. He had taken great care with it. Drawn in salt and ash and guided by his sole book on demons, he had even added runes within the borders just to reinforce it. It was almost a shame. The powerful twitching between his legs told him it would be worth it.

The summoner curled a toe, and scratched a break in the circle.

“Mmh, that is so much *better*, O summoner,” the demon sighed, reaching forwards. Daniel flinched for a moment, half fearing the worst, yet when the demon's touch came it was... surprisingly soft. “There, there, no need to fear,” the demon rumbled. Daniel felt a single, warm finger stroking under his muzzle. It traced up his throat, gliding all the way to his chin. The demon's touch felt nearly hot enough to burn. With a little effort, the lizard slowly forced himself to relax. “Now, O summoner... Disrobe,” the demon purred. “Let me see your need.”

The lizard hesitated, looking down at himself. His robes concealed his pulsing rod, and provided some level of dignity. With how warm and heavily bundled they were, Daniel didn't ever worry about wearing other clothing beneath. Any grime could be removed with a simple cleaning spell, after all, and with his fine silken drawstring there was little chance of his robes falling off by accident. Of course, he had to take them off, to proceed with the demon. Daniel swallowed back a nervous lump in his throat, and looked at the creature's fat, slick rod of flesh. The intoxicating, pleasantly tingling scent rolled off of it, reminding Daniel that the demon had no care for modesty...

“All...right,” Daniel murmured, staring at the demon's muzzle. He couldn't bring himself to look into the creature's eyes. His cheeks were burning, and he felt caught between embarrassment, arousal, and creeping trepidation. As the demon lifted his hand again and stroked his snout, Daniel fumbled with his drawstring, untying it. With it out of the way, he merely had to shrug his shoulders... and his robe crumpled to the floor.

The demon's gaze roamed downwards, and the smile on his deep red muzzle only grew. He beheld the lizard's emerald body with a vibrant hunger in his smile, the sheer *desire* in it making Daniel unable to watch. He closed his eyes as the demon's grin widened.

Even with his eyes closed, Daniel could feel the sharp gaze on his body. This close to the

creature, the salty musk was strong enough to tingle in his nostrils. Curiously, he inhaled through his nose, sampling it. It set his blood boiling, and he heard a weak moan escape his lips.

"Moaning already, O summoner?" he heard the demon whisper sibilantly. "I haven't even touched you, yet. There must be such a fire inside you. The ache to be touched... You are so very firm, O summoner, your pink flesh has gone *red*. Would you like me to touch you?" the demon's voice came, sounding right next to his ear. Daniel nodded weakly. "Pardon, O summoner? I cannot hear you."

"I... do," Daniel breathed, his body beginning to tremble.

"Do *what*?" the demon asked. Daniel swallowed, and drew in another breath of that intoxicating aroma. It calmed his nerves, and made him feel good.

"I... I want you to... touch me," he said. The demon chuckled darkly, and he heard it begin to almost *tut-tut* him.

"Where are your manners, O summoner?"

Daniel squeezed his eyelids more tightly together, and he shifted his weight from foot to foot nervously. The air was cold against his pulsing, sensitive rod.

"I want you to... touch me, please, demon," he said softly.

"We will have to *work* on your manners, O summoner," the demon growled teasingly. Yet no sooner had those words left its mouth than Daniel felt a powerful, *hot* hand close around his shaft. The demon's fiery touch made the lizard gasp, fingers dragging between the soft ridges along his underside and an uncomfortably hot thumb pressing against his spaded tip. Daniel pushed his hips forwards, feeling the demon's hand squeeze so delightfully around his dick. "Yes... It feels good, I know," the demon whispered. "And we have barely begun."

Daniel felt that burning hand slowly stroke down his flesh, grinding along his slick maleness halfway to his knot. It slowed down, then, before pulling back to his tip, where the demon's thumb ran across his plump crown. The feeling of his hot hand around his maleness sent shivers up and down his spine, and the places it no longer held ached to be touched again. The lizard found himself wondering what it would be like if the demon ever took him into his muzzle... Or even more, under his tail. He doubted that would ever happen, but his thoughts paid no heed to probability, simply running wild with what would feel good.

"You are so delightfully hard, O summoner," the demon whispered. "I know, it feels wonderful... Imagine what it would be like to feel this all the time; to have my hand tormenting you, teasing you, bringing you to the edge and urging you over it time and time again... To feel pleasure blotting out all worries and concerns, to lose yourself in *ecstasy*," he rumbled in his ear.

Down the demon's hand squeezed, clenching tightly around his rod, sinking lower on his fleshy spire. Daniel could only gasp, and shakily nod. Inch by throbbing, rigid inch, the demon's hand slid down his member, until he felt the creature's fingers bump against his knot. He gasped, his eyes nearly fluttering open, and his toes curled.

"Oh, what is this? A knot? Are you a dog, O summoner?" the demon asked, his voice almost dripping with delight. "I cannot say I have seen a lizard with one of these before," he murmured lightly, his fingers lifting from Daniel's sticky maleness to wrap around his dense knot, pressed up against his slit. "So I shall take *great* delight in exploring it," he finished. Daniel felt weak at the knees.

"Th...that is very sensitive," he gasped.

"Oh, is it?" the demon asked. Daniel felt his fingers squeeze down around his bulb of flesh. The demon's heated hand clenched, forefinger and thumb forming a ring just behind his knot. With a steady tugging motion, Daniel almost felt like he had just tied to someone. He gasped and his eyes snapped open in surprise, his hands coming forwards to grab a hold of the demon's shoulder. His head angled downwards as his jaws gaped. A deep, aching moan escaped his throat, and he bucked his hips against the demon's hand.

"A-ah! Yes! Yes!" he panted. Daniel wasn't even sure if he was answering the question or moaning.

"That's it, O summoner... You look so *delectable* when you lose control," the demon praised,

his hand groping, squeezing and abusing Daniel's knot.

Daniel's eyes bulged and he couldn't help himself from thrusting into the demon's achingly warm hand. Already he could feel a budding pressure welling up in his prostate, and his shaft was beginning to pulse wildly.

"I... Ahh! I'm going to... I'm going to finish, demon," Daniel moaned. The demon just chuckled. Daniel stared at the ground, his eyes crossing as the demon worked his knot mercilessly. His own red-pink shaft was a bare inch from the demon's fat, leaking maleness.

"So sensitive, O summoner... I shall *remember* this," the demon growled.

Daniel panted, trembling against the demon as the beast's hot hand drove him harder, and harder. Suddenly he felt the dam break. His eyes glazed over, and he pushed his hips as far forward as they could go, his mouth opening as he moaned loudly into the air.

Suddenly though, the demon's hand withdrew, letting go of the lizard's cock without a sound. His own hips drew back, keeping the reptile's tip from touching the demon's, keeping their dicks separate. Daniel's moan faded away, and his shaft spasmed in the air for a few moments... Yet his climax did not come.

"A delightful power I have, O summoner," the demon whispered sharply into Daniel's ear as he shook, "Is that I know precisely how close someone is to their peak... I can bring you to the edge as many times as I desire and always know *precisely* when to stop, so that you never find release," he teased, his hands lifting to run along the scales on Daniel's back. He felt so warm in the demon's arms. He squeezed his eyes shut, and reached for his dick, his own fingers trembling. If the demon wouldn't take him over the edge, then he would!

Before he could touch himself though, he felt a heated hand move from his back and catch his wrist.

"Not yet, O summoner... I will be the one to make you climax," the demon whispered. "And when I do, you will squeal like you have never done before. Your climax will be *mind-numbing*. You *do* want to finish, do you not?" he asked huskily. Daniel swallowed heavily.

"More than anything," he shuddered.

"Good," the demon praised. "That's so delightful to hear, O summoner," he crooned, sounding very pleased. "Now drop. You are to be on all fours," the demon instructed. Daniel's eyes lifted to look at the demon's chest, and he bit his tongue gently.

"If... licking is a contract, then..." he trailed off, his heart hammering in his chest.

"You *presume* I would *give* you my cock?" the demon asked suddenly, his face drawing into a frown. "That *privilege* is reserved for those who contract with me, O summoner... I am being generous as it is, do not take my generosity for *granted*," he warned.

Daniel's eyes widened, and he silently chided himself. He lifted his muzzle, searching for the beast's eyes, until their gazes locked. The green lizard's blue eyes met the demon's red, and he blushed. He had just let the demon free, and he did not want to aggravate him. While Daniel knew he would come to no physical harm, he doubted the demon was without ways to make him regret irritating him... So he simply nodded softly, and sank to his knees.

Suddenly Daniel found himself face to face with the demon's thick, dribbling cock. He quivered softly as its powerful musk invaded his nostrils, setting his heart aflutter. He eyed it warily for a moment, holding his breath.

It was as thick as a wine bottle, and entirely smooth. A dark red in colour, he could see thick veins meandering up its surface to its plump, slimy tip. It was thickest about halfway along the shaft, almost like a subtle bulging at the centre, and a copious, stretchy foreskin covered his crown. It looked like it could split Daniel in half... The idea of even fitting his *jaws* around it was slightly frightening. Yet, even as he knelt there, there was the almost intoxicating urge at the back of his mind to just lean in and *lick* it. To let his tongue slither into the demon's foreskin and scoop up every droplet of his precum, and let it drip down his throat; to give himself entirely to the beast in front of him and damn the consequences. Dimly he wondered... when the demon was done, would he do that anyway? Immortality and power in exchange for something so simple... A single lick.

Daniel slowly inhaled the demon's heady musk, and felt a wave of lust wash over him. He

could *feel* his resistance eroding away with every burning breath of that intoxicating smell. He bit his tongue gently to try and snap himself out of it, knowing that with a few more whiffs he would almost eagerly lick the demon's tip... It was almost a challenge to tear himself away from the demon's dick. Glancing upwards, he saw the creature smiling almost smugly down at him, approvingly. Daniel looked away, and turned on the cool stone floor.

He knelt on his robes to soften the floor, and then leaned forwards, placing his palms against the ground. He felt his dick throbbing between his legs, and let his eyes squeeze shut. It felt so *good*. The demon hadn't lied about being one of lust, that was for sure. He knew just how to make Daniel pant, just what buttons to press around him.

"Don't look behind you," he heard the demon order. Daniel swallowed in anticipation.

Don't look behind him? What was the demon going to do? He waited there on all fours, stripped naked, his shaft slowly oozing droplets of his own excitement onto his robes. The lizard vaguely regretted that, but they could be cleaned. He exhaled shakily, and glanced to the side. He wanted to look. He wanted to see what was going to happen.

Clop. Daniel heard a single hoof press down on the stone floor. A second shortly followed. He heard a soft thump from directly behind him, and the demon exhaled loudly, almost contentedly.

"Are you excited, O summoner?" he heard the demon ask. "Not knowing what is going to come next, not knowing how I will torment you, yet knowing that it will feel so pleasurable? Is your body aflame with eagerness?" There was a pause, followed by a deep chuckle. Two fingers formed a ring around his dick, and stroked right down to his tip, before sliding off. Daniel gasped, his muzzle lifting into the air as his breath escaped him. He felt his cock spasm and a thick glob of slime drooled from his tip. "Oh, I think we both know the answer... But I would hear it from your lips," he crooned. Daniel swallowed, drawing in a lungful of that teasing aroma. He could feel the heat of the demon behind him, pressing against the side of his tail, almost urging it out of the way. He was kneeling behind him, and Daniel felt nervous to have the demon so close to his private areas. Nervous, and yet... *thrilled*.

"I'm... excited, demon," he whispered.

"Good," came the rumbling answer.

Daniel felt two powerful hands taking a firm hold of his tail. Before he could formulate so much as a thought, they hoisted his tail up into the air, pushing it over his back, lifting Daniel's ass into the air with it. In that single moment, his ass bared to a demon from the underworld, erect and horny, about to be pleased in ways he wasn't even sure of, Daniel had never felt so utterly exposed. He expected to feel disgusted at himself. He thought that perhaps he should feel afraid. Instead, all he could feel was how hard his dick was throbbing, and how much he wanted to feel his balls emptying onto the floor beneath them. The demon had promised him a climax like no other, and he wanted it like nothing else.

A hot, slimy feeling pushed against his ass. His eyes widened as he felt it just to the right of his tailvent, and he clenched his jaws. It didn't feel big enough to be the demon's dick, but it was so wet and squishy. *It had to be the demon's tongue*. Daniel gasped, and his toes curled as his suspicions were confirmed. He felt the dark creature's tongue begin to lick across his hide, making a counter-clockwise motion around his pucker. The demon's tongue was so very hot, it felt like it would burn him if he didn't have scales. Wherever it went, it left a slick trail of saliva beneath his tail, and the air against it felt almost icy by comparison.

As he pressed his eyes shut, he couldn't help but imagine the demon's crotch flush against his rump, his mammoth dick hilted inside of his body, keeping him warm... He could almost imagine what it would be like to feel such an immense spire between his cheeks.

The demon's tongue caressed his rear slowly, dragging gradual, almost tender slurps over his scaled cheeks. Yet though his tongue came within millimetres of his entrance, never once did that heated, slimy flesh touch him. Daniel's lizardhood was at full mast between his legs, and his breathing was growing shakier by the second. The demon continued to tease him, never once bringing his tongue across the summoner's rim. Before, Daniel had been almost reluctant. Excited, but reluctant. Now... Now he wanted the demon to cut the foreplay. He wanted the demon to *do it!*

"Rrh... J-just... Touch me!" Daniel gasped. He waited for a moment, but there was no change, no impact as the demon's tongue simply continued toying with his flesh. Daniel whined quietly and looked at the floor, lifting his tail higher. "P..please!"

That plea seemed to have a profound effect on the demon. Before, he had seemed to be content to simply toy with the summoner, to almost bathe his rear slowly in his hot spittle. As the lizard had surrendered to his desire and implored him to go further, the demon seemed to have no qualms...

Daniel felt two powerful hands seize around his thighs, pushing them apart. He yelped as he felt his muscles straining from having his legs forced so wide apart.

"Keep your tail high, O summoner, I would hate to have to *stop* because it denied me access," he heard the demon nearly growl. His breath was hot on Daniel's flesh, almost like fire where it touched his rump. He did not need telling twice. He pushed his rear as high into the air as he could, and let his tail hang over his back. His spine was almost gracefully arched, and he lowered himself onto his elbows. Barely a moment later, he felt the demon's lips directly against his pucker.

Daniel's eyes fluttered shut, and his shaft pulsed from the sheer contact alone. Then he felt the demon's forked tongue *spike* into his body.

It shoved through his clenching muscles with ease, slithering into his rump within a heartbeat. Daniel gasped out loud, his sphincter squeezing down on the fleshy intruder. It would have none of it though, and slithered in through his clenching entrance anyway. He felt the demon's tongue drag across his inner walls, slurping inside of his ass slowly. He could almost *hear* it. It was a slow, deliberate, teasing affair. The way the demon's muzzle pushed against his sphincter, his tongue lodged inside of him, Daniel felt that he was almost french-kissing his tailvent.

Deeper and deeper the demon's tongue slithered, Daniel unable to halt its advance. He squeezed and clamped down around the intruder in his gut, but the demon seemed to almost delight in showing him how powerless he was to stop his tongue. Finally though, the slippery muscle reached Daniel's prostate. A single lick, and the lizard's cock sent a thick rope of precum splattering over his robes.

"A-ahhh!" he moaned, his eyes snapping open once again. He sucked in a deep breath, and felt his toes curling as the demon licked across his prostate again. Then again. Slowly, steadily, the demon's thick, long tongue was jabbing and slurping against his prostate. Undulating diabolically inside his gut, the demon's slimy muscle was driving Daniel up the wall. He didn't know how long he could hold back under the intimate, slippery assault he was being given.

Rivulets of saliva trickled down from his pucker to his genital slit, dripping onto his knot and then cascading down his sensitive flesh. His rump was a mess, and felt so wonderfully warm. The demon's tongue was hot enough that he felt unnaturally warm inside, and every time it moved another spark of heat ran through his insides. As the demon's burning tonguetip worked merry hell on his prostate, he could feel its radiating heat seeping *into* his spasming gland. Every time the demon breathed out, Daniel's wet tailbase was bathed in a wave of heat.

Just a few more licks, and Daniel knew he would be gone. A few more of the demon's wonderful, luscious slurps and he would be over the edge. An almost blissful, dazed smile crossed his muzzle as he imagined how good it would be to plunge over the edge. He was almost there. The pressure was budding in his prostate, and he could feel his balls churning inside him, tucked away internally. Al...most... there!

Right at the last moment, as if on cue, the demon's tongue slurped out even faster than it had plunged into him. Daniel realised he was panting, trembling on the floor.

The demon stood.

"Now, O summoner," he heard from behind him. "Turn... and kneel before me," he rumbled deeply. "It is time to choose."

Slowly, Daniel lowered his tail. His rump felt slimy and wet, and he could feel precum almost backed up in his urethra, drooling nearly constantly from his pink-red dick. The green scaled summoner pushed himself up, his whole body tingling with pleasure. He clenched his jaws, his balls aching inside of him, denied at the very edge for a second time in a row. He wanted to cum so

badly that it nearly hurt. He turned on his knees, and found himself face to face with the demon's rigid cock once more.

It occurred to him that he hadn't ever seen it soft. Dimly, he wondered if such a creature ever *went* soft. Daniel looked up at the demon towering above him, and swallowed heavily. The demon was smirking delightedly down at him, as though it were quite sure of his choice already. In the back of his thoughts, Daniel wondered if the demon wasn't right...

"Choose wisely, O summoner," the demon rumbled. "A single lifetime of simple study... Or all of eternity, so often being made to feel as you just felt. You will find yourself going mad with sheer, burning lust, unable to satisfy yourself... You will *beg* me to do the most depraved, vile things to your body, to use you until you squeal in ecstasy. And once my lust is quenched, you will be left to do as you please... All the time you could ever need," the demon urged. "All it takes... is a single lick."

Daniel's eyes lowered again to that fat, pulsing maleness. He realised his breathing was shaky, and he tried to steady it by breathing through his nose. The calming smell of the demon's musk flooded his nostrils once more, fogging his mind and setting his own dick throbbing again. He heard a weak moan escape his lips. It was so *big*. Giving himself to this demon surely would have its consequences. Surely. Daniel squeezed his eyes shut and bit his lip as he found he couldn't think of any. Pleasure like this... regularly. Immortality... Power... How could he resist? And all he had to do was lean forwards... and *taste* the demon. He just had to taste the powerful creature's dick, and he would get everything he wanted. So why was he even hesitating?

At the back of his mind, a tiny voice asked him if it was really a good idea. If he could bind himself to such a lusty, domineering creature. Yes, the rest of him groaned. Daniel pushed that thought away though: there would always be doubts. He had decided.

The smaller lizard leaned forwards towards that plump, monstrous dick, already parting his jaws. The demon above watched with bated breath, his cock pulsing in front of the smaller male's snout. His body was trembling with excitement. He shut his eyes and let his tongue slide out... and softly licked the demon's thick, almost purple tip.

Every muscle in the lizard's body tensed. Daniel suddenly felt like a bolt of electricity had arced down his spine. His whole body grew very warm, and he felt short of breath. The demon's thick, overpowering taste clung to his tongue and he felt flush with desire, even more than before. The demon's slime tasted salty and oily, a decidedly foul tasting goo, but he found himself filled with a strange want to take another lick, to paint his tongue with the demon's copious muck.

"Good boy," the demon praised, one hand reaching forwards. "You belong to *me*, now. O summoner, you are going to adore our deal," he whispered. Daniel blushed, looking at the dick he had just licked. Why had it seemed so difficult before? Licking the demon's shaft had been the most sensual thing he thought he'd ever done. It was so *thick* and *warm*, it was magnificent. He moaned softly, imagining how delightful it would feel to have it pushing between his slippery rump cheeks, breaking open his hole.

Wait... hadn't that very thought disturbed him not long ago?

Daniel shook his head, blinking as though trying to clear away sleep. The dripping member in front of him looked so arousing and exciting, now. He wanted to feel it inside of him like nothing else. Yet when he thought about it, he clearly remembered being afraid of that just before it had touched his tongue. He swallowed, as he realised that his mind was being played with. He had to pull away, before the demon's touch overwhelmed him. He began to move his head away from that turgid, pulsing shaft.

"Uh-uh, O summoner. The pact is made... You are bound to my needs, *my* desires," the demon hissed delightedly. "And I haven't had a throat wrapped around my dick in far too long," he growled. Suddenly Daniel felt one hot hand gripping his smooth head, forcing his face forwards. The demon's dripping foreskin pushed up against Daniel's lips, and simply prised his jaws open. He felt the beast's fat, meaty slab being fed into his helpless mouth, inch after inch simply sliding in. His foul, slimy taste covered Daniel's tongue, and the lizard gasped in through his nostrils as he felt himself being unceremoniously threaded onto the demon's dick. Immediately that blanketing, warm

calm surged out from his lungs, and he wanted to breathe in again. "As a warning, I like things rough, O summoner," he smirked.

Daniel gulped in mild fear as he heard those words, giving him a throatful of the demon's presap. A twinge of momentary regret registered in his thoughts, before they turned to the more pressing issue of the demon's plump, red cock battering against the back of his throat. He gagged, and felt his eyes starting to water. He wasn't just going to be used. He was going to be *abused*. The demon was going to treat his body like some sort of toy. Daniel groaned weakly, one hand coming up to the demon's crotch to try and push his head away. He gulped a mouthful of the demon's precum.

Then again, being abused wasn't so bad. Daniel already felt hornier than he ever had in his *life*, and he felt so tinglingly wonderful. His jaws ached, but he was getting to inhale the demon's thick, heady scent more strongly than he'd ever smelled it. So what if it hurt a little? The way his dick felt right now, it would be far more than worth it. The demon rocked his hips, trying to force his cock into Daniel's throat. It was too big, though, and all Daniel felt was pain as it tried to squeeze in where it could not. He could tell that the demon's precum was magical. He should have known from the start – it had been able to forge a contract by him tasting it. Now it was sculpting his mind, his desires. His thoughts didn't feel any different, but he knew his desires were being altered. If he didn't pop his mouth off of the demon's dick soon, who knew *what* would happen to him? The demon grunted in irritation and drew his cock back, before sliding it through Daniel's mouth again. The lizard felt another spurt of that vile-tasting precum drip onto his tongue, and he was forced to swallow it down.

So what if it was altering his desires? His thoughts were intact. He was still a rational, thinking guy. If his desires were a little manipulated, it was only so he and the demon would enjoy each other that much more... Daniel was more than willing to live with that. In fact, he almost *enjoyed* the idea. If he didn't like something, then he would be made to. Utterly controlled. It sent a secret thrill up and down his spine. He closed his eyes, breathing the demon's musk in deeply, and after a few seconds began to suckle on the powerful male's cock. He was rewarded with another mouthful of his sticky, foul fluids, which he gulped down again, feeling a soft tingle at the back of his mind as it helped him accept his new urges.

"Mmh, *good boy*," the demon crooned delightedly. "Suckle your master's cock, like a good little slut..." He bucked his hips, filling Daniel's mouth again. The lizard grunted, slurping messily around the fat shaft in his jaws as saliva began to spill out of the sides of his mouth. Another load of that slimy precum filled his jaws. In truth, it wasn't even all that bad... It was almost like ale: an acquired taste. Daniel found himself almost savouring that mouthful...

Suddenly, the demon drew back, popping his dick out of the lizard's mouth. Daniel gasped, falling onto his hands and knees, panting heavily. In front of him, the demon stood watching. He looked up to the creature's dripping shaft, and licked his lips.

"On your knees, summoner," the demon commanded. Daniel quivered as he found himself obeying. There was a secret thrill in doing what the demon ordered. "Put your lips to my foreskin, show me you *want* my slime," he instructed. Daniel leaned forwards, wrapping the very tip of his maw around the demon's cockhead. The demon smirked, squeezing one hand around his dick. His fingers found the underside of his shaft, and pinched his own cumtube. Ever so slowly, he pushed his fist forwards, towards Daniel's mouth. Daniel felt the demon's foreskin starting to fill up with his precum, trapped inside it by his pinching lips. All too soon, the pressure became too great, and it all spilled out into Daniel's muzzle in a great, slimy flood. It tasted delectable, and Daniel gave a soft, wordless moan as he drank it down, the demon's fist meeting his snout. He slithered his tongue forwards and into the demon's foreskin, licking around inside its musky confines, cleaning it out until the only fluid kept within was Daniel's own saliva.

The demon drew back, and then smirked. He stalked around the green lizard, who simply knelt there, trembling. Daniel's body felt all tingly, and his dick throbbed at full attention. He wanted to get off very badly, but he didn't even dream of touching his dick. That was a privilege for the demon, he knew. He knew that the demon's precum had slithered that thought into his mind, but

he was happy for that. It was almost a twisted, perverse means of communication. He licked his lips delightedly, imagining all the desires the demon could plant in his little head.

Suddenly a hoof met his back, *shoving* Daniel forwards onto all fours. The green lizard groaned weakly, and pushed his rump into the air, biting his lip. He didn't know how long demons could go for. They could be at this for hours yet... He moaned softly and lay his chest down on the ground, leaving his rear exposed to the sexy creature behind him. He didn't feel nervous any more. Having the demon so close to his rump felt *perfect*. He bit his tongue gently and swayed his hips, imagining what it was going to be like to have that fat, luscious dick pushing into his gut, flooding his rump with the demon's hot sperm.

"So, O summoner," he heard the demon croon, as his hooves came down between Daniel's legs. He sucked in a deep breath as the creature's cloven hooves spread outwards, forcing the summoner's legs apart. Daniel's breath caught in his throat, and he let himself moan softly through trembling jaws. This was the creature he had contracted with. After his studies were done tonight, he was going to jerk himself off furiously. He expected he would every night that the demon did not call on him. "Since we are agreed on no *expiration date*, I own you for, hmm... eternity," the beast chuckled. The lizard's eyes widened slightly as that thought sank in.

The demon was free to command him, for the rest of his life. His endless life. He was to be the demon's toy, his relief, when he was not studying. Well... With enough study, eventually he would gain enough power to sever the bond. Perhaps even turn their situation around... He briefly entertained the idea of having the demon utterly bound, strapped in place, his dick jutting upwards for the lizard to slurp on and ride at his leisure. Part of him knew that earlier he might have thought making the demon service him would be more satisfying, but now the mere *idea* of getting the demon off, of having that fat, slimy dick drooling into his gaping hole made him moan breathlessly... He knew the demon had done that to him. He didn't mind so much. It was what he wanted now, and it felt *good*. A slimy rope of precum oozed over his robes, and he couldn't help but grin sheepishly at how much mess he was making. After so many gulps of the demon's precum, an endless pact didn't seem as bad as it might have used to... Daniel didn't know how he felt about it all. Not as bad as he expected...

Suddenly he felt the demon's hands take hold of his ass, his fiery palms kneading the lizard's cheeks. Barely a moment later, he felt that titanic head squish firmly up against his wet pucker, still dripping with the demon's saliva. Daniel moaned headily, lifting his tail up for the creature behind him. He couldn't deny it. He *wanted* him. Slowly then, the demon began grinding his dick between Daniel's rump cheeks, smearing that delightfully warm precum over his scales.

"And since I own you, I would ask your name," the demon crooned. "Before I *break* your slutty little tail in."

Daniel gasped softly, pushing his rump against that dripping tip. He could feel the demon's precum slowly leaking over his sphincter, rolling down towards his crotch.

"D-Daniel Griggs," he whispered.

The demon paused. The lizard panted softly, swallowing back an almost giddy lump in his throat. Then... the demon began to chuckle.

"Good boy," he heard the demon whisper. The lizard blushed, feeling oddly happy at being praised. "Do you want this, my eager little lizard?" the demon growled lowly, grinding his fat tip against the lizard's entrance. The summoner parted his jaws and moaned, nodding his head. "Good... Then *beg* for it," the demon ordered.

"Oh, please give me your seed, demon," the lizard panted. "I want... I want to feel your cock inside of me, more than anything," he gasped.

"Come, little lizard, you can do better than that," the demon growled. The lizard whined, rubbing his ass against the demon's saliva-coated shaft.

"Please, I need your dick, so badly... I want to feel it inside me. I *need* to feel it inside me. Tell me what I have to do, and I'll do it, j-just fill me! I .. I need it, demon," he shivered, squeezing his eyes closed and panting.

"That's right, you *do*," the demon smirked, groping his rump almost painfully. The lizard's

cheeks felt good under the demon's squeezing abuse. Another gift of his precum, he wondered? Or had he always liked being so groped? The demon's thumbs spread apart his ass, and he moaned again. He didn't care. It didn't matter any more – the wants the demon had given him *were* his wants now. That was good. The most burning desire of all was about to be sated.

The demon pressed his cocktip right against the summoner's entrance, delighted croons and growls emanating from his angular muzzle. The lizard felt the pressure building under his tail. Within seconds his pucker was beginning to ache from the sheer force that the demon was using to try and wedge his plump cock into his body. Slowly, he relaxed, hoping to let the beast in faster, eager to feel that hot slime coating his insides, flooding his gut.

Steadily the pressure grew, and he felt the demon's claws digging into his hide. A deep ache was building under his tail, and he squeezed his eyes shut, focusing on the pleasure that would surely come soon... The unbearable, burning bliss that would come when he felt the demon's balls slap against his hips.

Suddenly his tailvent gave way, and the lizard howled out, his toes curling. He felt the demon's fat, monstrous head *pop* into his insides, and his sphincter began to burn from the sheer stretch. An almost painful pressure occupied his ass, and he could feel the demon's foreskin halfway pulled back, its role of easing the demon inside complete. Yet even as it burned, the summoner's body felt almost *electric*. His cock jerked and pulsed as his muscles clenched down around the searingly hot invader to his rump.

"Mmm, you feel so *delicious* around my dick, my hapless little slut," the demon praised. Then the creature snickered darkly, *squeezing* another inch of his fat pole into the lizard beneath him, leaving the summoner to howl and claw at the ground in a mixture of pain and pleasure. He had never felt so full in all of his life. His tailhole was squeezing, clamping down around the demon's cock with all the strength he had, but the demon just kept pushing, cramming his flesh into the summoner's slippery depths. He felt very happy that the demon had pushed his tongue inside him, otherwise even with the demon's dripping precum he felt like he would have *broken*.

"You see, O summoner," the demon smirked, as the lizard felt his precum already filling him up, making him feel strangely uncomfortable. "Even if you contract with a demon, there is one thing..." He trailed off, forcing another greasy, fat inch into the lizard. The summoner felt like he was going to cum then and there. He moaned headily, struggling to focus on what the demon was saying. "There is *one* thing that you can never be compelled to do. *Tell them your name*." He waited, while the lizard's eyes refocused for a moment. "It is your identity, your core, a life raft, if you will," he growled huskily. The lizard listened between his shaky breaths, as the demon ground his fleshy crown in and out of his stretched pucker, leaving the summoner's own cock dripping steadily onto the floor. "My cum has a very, mm... delectable property, O summoner," the demon whispered, leaning over the lizard's back. He felt the fiery beast weigh down on his form, his hands sliding up from his ass, taking hold of his hips instead, as though holding him in place. The summoner groaned as he realised he couldn't pull off of the demon even if he wanted to... Not that he did.

"A-ah, oh?" he trembled, his insides constricting around the thick rod of spongy flesh sinking slowly under his tail.

"My seed rarely sees .. true use, as any creature with a name is protected from its effect," he whispered, his voice almost tender, grunting while his hips drove a fifth, heavy inch into the summoner's painfully wide ass. The summoner felt a hot, pleasant squelch as more of the demon's precum spurted into his gut. Dimly he processed what the demon was saying. It didn't seem nearly as important as the feeling of his fat cock battering its way into his too-small hole. He was so *close*, he wanted to cum so badly. Desire painted his thoughts white, and he found it hard not to whimper. "A single spurt is all it takes to make their willpower surge down, bundling into their balls... until a single orgasm, and it all just squirts out, leaving them eager, obedient *sluts*," the demon growled, bucking his hips into the summoner's ass. The lizard moaned, pushing back against the demon as his own cock jumped. "You gave me your name, O summoner," the demon continued after a moment, seeing it was not sinking in... "You gave it *away*."

The lizard stopped suddenly. His toes curled, and he bit his tongue, his eyes opening. Any creature without a name.

"Wh-what," he gasped, scrambling to think through the lust that was whiting out his thoughts already. His name. That was crazy! His name was—

The lizard hesitated. His name... It was... What was it? Why couldn't he remember? Why was he so calm? He felt so horny still, and thoughts of pumping out his load at last was such a tempting thought. So what if the demon came in him, a sibilant voice asked. It would feel good... So very good, just to give in. "N-no..." he panted weakly.

"Yesss, O summoner," the demon smirked, grinding his cock slowly in and out of the lizard's slippery tailvent. He felt so warm back there, so *full*. "I'm going to cum in you... and you are going to spill your seed for me. No need to worry... No need to think... This is going to feel *good*. And it's going to never end," the demon promised. He pushed harder, and the pressure built in the summoner's tailvent. He felt like he was being split in two! And yet, it felt so wonderful. His body was tingling, and he could feel the demon's hot pre dribbling across his prostate. His toes curled, and he bit back a moan.

"Y..you said y-ahh! You said you would.. would.. *train* me!" the lizard protested.

"Mm, and I *will*, my eager slut-to-be," the demon whispered, pressing his belly down over the summoner's back. "Any obedient pet needs training," he said almost tenderly, stroking the lizard's thigh. "Mmm, I know how close you *are*... Once you feel my cum inside you, all your doubts will melt away," he assured him huskily. He drew his hips back, pulling the five inches of his titanic girth out of the lizard's rear, the airtight seal making his pucker distend outwards around the red demon's shaft... before he *drove* his dick into his reluctant prey.

The lizard's breath exploded from his lungs as he felt twice what had been buried under his tail before suddenly ram its way into his body. His sphincter stretched with a deep burn, and he cried out in shock as the demon held him in place. He wanted to pull off! He needed to pull off!

Yet he couldn't. The demon's body weighed down heavily on his own, and he couldn't pull free.

"N-nhh.. No," he moaned to the air, squeezing his eyes shut.

"Yes," came the answer. "*Give in... Give in, let it claim you. Everything is going to feel wonderful when you give in... No more worries, no more silly little struggles... Just an eternity of ecstasy, an endless sea of lust and desire... You want it... You need it... You're so close to the edge. Relax, and enjoy it...*" The voice whispered sibilantly, seductively in the lizard's ears, and he was powerless beneath it. The demon began to hump into his body, rolling his hips and pounding into the summoner's ruined tailhole. His every movement drove his fat cock against the lizard's prostate, and he could barely even breathe. Colourful lights exploded behind his eyes, and he gasped soundlessly as pleasure swamped his thoughts. "*Cum... Cum and be his forever. It's what you want... Let go, let him fill you...*"

The lizard whimpered as he realised the demon had not even been speaking. The seductive, urging voice came from within his own head, his own thoughts. *He wanted to lose*. His mind buzzed from a potent mixture of the demon's precum and his intoxicating smell. He... he had to avoid cumming. He had to hold back. Already he felt the aching, tense knot of pleasure in his prostate. He was so close to the edge. So close to losing. *He wanted to cum*. He wanted to win.

The smell of sex was heavy in the air. The lizard's nose was filled with it. His ass hurt, and yet it felt so *full* and sensitive. Every inch the demon slid inside of him was driving him up the wall, making his toes curl and his heart flutter. His raging arousal was pulsing between his legs, threatening to spill at any moment. Still the summoner fought back, his eyes lidding over and his jaws clenching. The demon seemed in no hurry though, simply bucking, slowly and steadily working him towards the edge.

"You're right on the edge, O summoner... I can *feel* it," the demon growled into his ear. The summoner felt a wet, slimy tongue suddenly drag along his jawline, caressing his muzzle. It felt so bad. It felt so *good*. The lizard whimpered and moaned, his tailhole squeezing around the demon's dick uselessly. "I bet if I finished now..." The demon broke off, panting for a second, before giving a

dark, toothy smile. "Then it would set you off on the spot... Are you ready for your new life, my little slut?" the demon whispered. The summoner gaped, feeling the demon hammering his cock deeper, and deeper. He could feel his pelvis bulging around the creature's plump girth with every thrust. He could hear wet, fleshy squelches every time the demon bucked into him. "So... then... *cum!*" the demon *snarled*, each of his final words being punctuated by a messy, hard *shove* of his hips. As that final word left his muzzle, the summoner felt that rock solid, deep red dick hammer against his pucker. The fat bulge in the middle squished up against his ass, just *too big* to fit in. For a moment, he felt an incredible pressure under his tail. The demon's cock bent slightly under the strain. Then the lizard's muscles gave out, and the demon's entire girth *sank* into his body with a heavy slap. His crotch met the underside of the lizard's tail as the lizard howled into the air in pleasure, and his massive, dense balls smacked against the summoner's downwards pointing cock.

For a moment the lizard felt only the fat, full feeling under his tail. Then he felt the demon's cock jerk and pulse inside of him. He cried out, squealing in helpless pleasure as he felt the first, fiery hot splatter of sperm fill his insides. It washed through him, a slimy, warm torrent of slick goo. The lizard suddenly felt dizzy.

The demon growled deeply, humping into his tailhole erratically even as his hand suddenly moved. The lizard felt the demon's heady slime surging through his insides, and he moaned. He had to stop from cumming. He was at the edge. He felt strangely drained, and every new splatter of burning spunk under his tail was making it harder to focus, harder to remember why he was so worried. The demon was driving him so hard... He bit down hard as another rope squelched under his tail, the sheer volume of it backwashing, forcing a splurt of goo out around the pulsing cock between his cheeks. He clenched his jaws and curled his toes, as the pleasure grew even more unbearable, but it was no use. Every shot of the demon's load was making the lizard feel even better, and every messy, sloppy thrust was battering his prostate. The lizard felt his body suddenly lock up, and he let out a deep, needy *squeal*. He was cumming! He was cumming!

"Yesss, my little slut... Cum for your Master. Let your fears fade away... No more thoughts... Just pleasure... *Good boy*," the demon praised. He felt a fiery hand wrap around his dick and he humped the air weakly, helping the demon drain his balls. Oh gods above, he was *cumming!* He--
Splurt.

The lizard's eyes fluttered shut, and a dazed, ecstatic smile plastered over his muzzle. His body squeezed down around his Master's cock buried under his tail, and he shuddered. He was in heaven. His body shuddered, and he could feel that slippery, still cumming rod moving in his loosened ass.

Splurt.

All thoughts of disobedience began to fade from his mind. The demon on his back was his Master, and he was his Master's property. Obeying felt good... He was so lucky, he had summoned just the right demon.

Splurt.

Another rope hit his robes, soaking them. He hadn't ever felt this good before. His cheeks burned, but he couldn't help but smile. His Master's hand began to pump his cock roughly, jerking him off even harder. He couldn't even think. He didn't need to think, didn't want to think. Pleasure was his world.

Every rope of cum his throbbing, aching dick shot pushed his resistance a little further away. Every time his dick sent a jet of cum to splatter against his robes, it carried more of his willpower with it. Before long, the lizard simply lay underneath the demon, a dazed smile on his muzzle as his dick shot the last of his pesky hesitation into the air... Feeling only the overpowering, numbing desire to obey the demon's cum tainted him with. His body was emptied of his spunk and his will, being replaced spurt after spurt by the demon's obedience-laden load. The lizard's climax lasted nearly an entire minute, so worked up was he, and when it finally came to an end he was panting raggedly, still clenching weakly around his Master. The demon smirked, letting his tongue lick across the now willing lizard's jawline.

"You're an eager little thing," the demon crooned. "Aren't you, now? Lusting after your

Master's spunk. You can't live without it, can you? Where is your place?" he growled quietly. The lizard moaned quietly.

"Y-yes, Master... My place is on the... on the end of your cock," he repeated softly. His Master's cum was so very *good*. He had been hesitant, he knew, but now he felt such a deep, welling *rightness* about his place. The demon had changed him, he knew, and he could tell that the old him would have been worried by that... But the lizard felt so blissful to serve the demon, now. What did it matter? All that mattered was the full, gooey sensation under his tail, and the fact that his Master was so very pleased...

"That's right," the demon hissed delightedly. "I've always wanted a cocksucker, little slut. Now get up," he crooned, pushing himself off of the lizard's back and onto his hooves. He moved very carefully, one hand coming to grip the freshly emptied lizard's tail, ensuring that his fat, slimy dick never slipped free of the green reptile's ass. He pressed his own will forwards, tearing open a dark, faintly glowing path to the underworld, almost like a shapeless window that hung in the air. "We're going to your new home," the demon rumbled. "Then we're going to get you all settled in... I have a few... friends who would *love* to see how hard they could break you in," the demon crooned. "I bet that sounds wonderful to you, now, doesn't it? For now, *walk*. And my cock better not slip free, my delectable little lizard," he added lowly.

The lizard blushed, and shook his head. He bit his tongue while his Master moved, taking another heady breath. He looked around the room he had called home for so long, imprinting the image in his mind. It was a shame to leave it behind, but he had such a wonderful place to go, now. He smiled ecstatically as he began to crawl forwards towards his new home. His Master's cock was pulsing inside his aching hole, and it never had to end. He could feel that dripping spunk leaking out around the demon's fat shaft. He smiled hazily as he crawled forwards, each step making the demon's cock grind in and out of his ass, dripping that sticky slime down his legs. He wondered what other desires his Master would give him, letting things he wasn't sure about fill his thoughts, trying to imagine liking them. He was sure he would, if he needed, he just had to take a mouthful of that oily, delicious precum; another breath of that intoxicating smell. He crawled carefully forwards towards the portal, hearing the reassuring clops of his Master's hooves and the slippery squelches of his dick, his reassuring smell all around him. He was more than happy.

He got his wish.